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NORTH WALES.

NOTES OF
FAMILY EXCURSIONS
IN NORTH WALES,

TAKEN CHIEFLY FROM RHYL, ABERGELE, LLANDUDNO, AND BANGOR.

BY

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PREFACE.

WHAT is it all to come to? Is it neceſſary, becauſe I take my family out for a few walks from ſome of the beſt known localities in Britain, that I ſhould tell all the world, or by printing fancy that I tell all the world, about them? And the queſtion may well be aſked, conſidering that All the World and his wife go to all theſe places, and that it is hard if, between them, they cannot pick up for themſelves what information is worth having; but they are eaſy-going, quiet people, who like ſmooth walking, and ſo miſs a great deal of what is to be ſeen in the byways. Still, this conſideration

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does not conſtitute a ſatisfactory reply. Well, I can only ſay, as an amiable and celebrated old-clothes' man once obſerved,—"I'll not anſwer that; but, ſay, it is my humour; is it anſwer'd?" People now-a-days, at leaſt ſome people, do not write books for other perſons to read, but to amuſe themſelves with the occupation of writing. It is impoſſible that we can all expect an audience, ſeeing that there are now more writers than there are readers.

But again I aſk, what is it all to come to? If not for one's own ſake, or for that of our friends, or of the public, yet in compaſſion to our libraries, I would aſk the queſtion, and, in the very act of tranſgreſſing, entreat all others, were it only for the laſt conſideration, not to ſin in this direction. It is fearful to imagine what will be the extent of the Britiſh Muſeum library two or three centuries hence, if book-making continues at its preſent rate. The catalogue, inſtead of as now being compriſed within the moderate compaſs of two thouſand folio volumes, will take about a mile of ſhelf. The

reading room will, in proportion, require ſomething like a length of way of ten miles, with a double line of rail for the convenience of readers paſſing to the various literary ſtations, conducted by a ſyſtem of cheap return-tickets. Taking up The Times in 2060, one may read an account of a fearful accident to a party of ſtudents proceeding to the Divinity Station on the Reading Room railway, ariſing from a colliſion with a book-train. To imagine that anything ſhort of an apparatus of this extent will ſuffice for the literature of that day, always ſuppoſing that the preſent productive rate is maintained, appears to be viſionary.

From this nonſenſe the reader,—if I have one,—will gather that I have been fiſhing for an excuſe to perpetrate this little volume, but that the bait has been loſt, and the hook irretrievably ruined, by a haul of uſeleſs weeds, videlicet, the rubbiſh juſt ſhot here.

St. Mary's Place, Weſt Brompton,
October, 1860.

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"A wander-wit of Wiltſhire, rambling to Rome to gaze at antiquities, and there ſcrewing himſelf into the company of antiquaries, they intreated him to illuſtrate unto them that famous monument in his country called Stonage. His anſwer was, he had never ſeen nor heard of it; whereupon they kicked him out of doors, and bade him go home and viſit Stonage."—John Gibbons.

NORTH WALES.

CALL this a lake?"—obſerved an Auſtralian friend, while we were ſtanding on the pictureſque little ruſtic bridge below the inn at Capel Curig;—"call this a lake?—why, we paſs twenty ſuch in a day in our country, and heed them no more than we ſhould ſo many ponds."

It is curious, or, rather, perhaps it is not curious. What I mean is that it is not curious that at firſt ſight, where grandeur is wanting in ſcenery, beauty ſhould not be immediately appreciated; but it is curious that nearly all of us, eſpecially of thoſe who

have ſeen ſome of the grander natural monuments of the world, ſhould deſpiſe the more beautiful allocations of nature when they are upon a ſomewhat diminutive ſcale. So ſay ſome,—" it is all very well, but Wales will not do after Switzerland." You might juſt as well throw Pope behind the fire, becauſe Pope won't do after Shakeſpeare. Compariſons, as a wiſe man once ſaid, are odorous. There is really but little to compare, each is ſo different and ſo agreeable in its kind. We do not ſee the grandeur of Switzerland in any part of Wales, it is true; but we ſee beauty, in its kind, developed in great variety, and of a ſtyle yielding perhaps more conſtant delight than in any part of the Continent. The Vale of the Conway is inferior, as a whole, to the Valley of the Rhine; but it has beauties of its own that would be ſought for in vain on the banks of that noble river. Thus, for example, as to the far-famed Seven Mountains, one need not travel far in Wales without meeting with ſpot upon ſpot far more ſtriking and beautiful. And the

ſame may be ſaid in regard to many of the vaunted attractions of the Continent. But, as was juſt obſerved, compariſons are odorous; and North Wales ſhould be ſtudied for itſelf and by itſelf.

If, then, we would deſire to appreciate Wales as it deſerves to be appreciated, let us in the firſt place baniſh from our minds a deſire to have our ſenſes aſtoniſhed by mere exhibitions of magnitude. Let us try to believe that the American was retorting truthfully when, in reply to the alleged ſuperiority of Mont Blanc, he aſſerted that there were mountains near New York ſo high that they became quite offenſive in ſummer. With ſome, nothing will paſs unleſs it is of ſome enormous height, width, or depth. The larger a mountain is, the more deſerving of our ſympathy; until, by-and-bye, no mountains in the world will be ſufficiently high to enable our touriſts to create a ſenſation by aſcending them, or even to gratify their morbid love of excitement by overcoming the difficulties attendant on the taſk. As a kind of gymnaſtic exerciſe the

paſſion is all very well; and the men who can accompliſh ſuch feats may ſo fit themſelves for nobler and more uſeful actions; but let not the votaries of glaciers throw cold water, I mean ice, on the humbler followers of the leſſer beauties of nature, thoſe who are contented with the aſcent of trumpery hillocks barely three or four thouſand feet high, and who are ſimple enough to fancy that they can diſcover beauties in lakes, albeit theſe may not be inland ſeas, in waterfalls ſomething ſmaller than thoſe of Niagara, and in mountains even ſo inſignificant as thoſe of the Eryri.

The late Albert Smith, in one of his novels, has thus graphically deſcribed the effects reſulting from the yearning after what may be termed the exciting grandeur of nature:—" A man ſees Niagara for the firſt time, and ſhouts with rapture, or is ſpeechleſs with admiration. The next day he thinks it ſimply a very fine fall. The next week it does not appear to tumble half ſo grandly as it did; and he wiſhes the water would come down in another faſhion.

Unleſs, like a fire-work, it alters its effects every minute, he wearies of it. And yet it is as grand as ever;—the ſame volume is pouring forth,—the ſame iris of brilliant light encompaſſes it,—it ſparkles and flaſhes as of old. But he meaſures the ſenſation only by the firſt effect it produced; and unleſs it can, in itſelf, exceed this by ſome new and utter convulſion of its nature, it is no more worth regarding." The effects of Niagara falls depend on their magnitude. Thoſe of many an inſignificant ſtreamlet, ſuch as are thoſe at Nant Mill, make a more charming picture, and one of more enduring power of giving pleaſure. Bear ſomething of theſe conſiderations in mind; let not the want of great magnitude prevent a calm and juſt obſervation; and the charms of North Wales will grow upon us day by day, ever yielding new combinations to ſurpriſe and delight.

There is yet another conſideration, a very practical one, why ſome of us ſhould be content to devote our ſummer holidays to ramble through the

many beautiful localities of our native land. It is becaufe, if they are not fo content, they muft ftay at home. It is not given to all to have purfes long enough, or to be fo free from engagements, as to enable them to pafs a vacation in Norway or Switzerland; nor, in company with children, would it be always defirable or agreeable to do fo. Now, gentle reader, I am what it is the fafhion now-a-days to call *paterfamilias;* and with a family party, eight in number, find that money goes quite faft enough even when we are content to enfconce ourfelves for the fummer at a moderate diftance from home in quiet lodgings, felecting places whence we can ever and anon have a good tramp over the hills and far away, breathing femi-mountain air, content to dine in gipfy fafhion by the fide of a rivulet, or of a lake, even of one which would be thought a pond at the Antipodes. So then let us have a fummer on the northern coaft of North Wales; and as foon as we have explored one locality, let us take the rail to the next. It will be hard if we cannot

find ſomething worth ſeeing between Cheſter and Carnarvon, aye and ſomething worth noting too, notwithſtanding that this part of the country is ſo much frequented and annually viſited by thouſands of touriſts, not a few of whom are bent on taking notes and printing them. A book is a book, &c. I won't complete the line, or there may ariſe an ill-natured remark of ſmall flattery to the penner of theſe pages. Suffice it to ſay, we, and the "we" include a daughter not yet twelve, are bent on walking excurſions over hill and dale, through foreſt and flood, ſuch as are to be met with anywhere within twenty miles of the railway line ſtretching from Cheſter to Carnarvon. I mention the age of the youngeſt of the party who joined in theſe excurſions, as ſome guide to others as to the want of difficulty attending them. At the ſame time, ſome routes are deſcribed which ſhould not be too raſhly undertaken in all weathers, or without due care. Lives are often placed in jeopardy by underrating dangers, and there are few places in which they

may be ſo eaſily loſt as in ſome parts of Wales. More perſons periſhed on Snowdon laſt year than upon Mont Blanc.

Cheſter is the chief point of departure for the touriſt into North Wales. This city has been ſo often and ſo well deſcribed, it would be preſumption to fancy one can ſay anything new; and yet it cannot be diſmiſſed without an alluſion to its walls, its old houſes, its crumbling churches, and its ſingular rows; the latter alone being ſufficient to render it one of the quainteſt old towns in England. We here take the "line" for the Principality. The firſt place reached of any note is Flint, fourteen miles from Cheſter. It is a mean town, only of intereſt to the touriſt, from the fragment ſtill preſerved of its ancient caſtle, which was diſmantled by order of Parliament in 1647. Taylor, the water-poet, gives the following dolorous account of the caſtle and town, as they appeared in the year 1652:—"On Fryday the 30. of July, I rode (and footed it) ten miles to Flint (which is the ſhire town of Flint-

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

We ſee enough of Flint from the rail, ſo, hey,

presto, for Holywell! And hey, presto, out of it, too, as soon as we can; for of all the specimens of a locality, beautiful in regard to its natural position and its remains of ancient architecture, rendered absolutely repulsive by squalor and dilapidated manufactories, this is surely one of the most conspicuous. I am speaking not of the town of Holywell, but of the descending valley between St. Winifred's Well and the sea. In the fifteenth century, when the chapel of the Well was in its pristine condition, and the powerful stream gushed unpolluted down the vale, turning but one mill, a picturesque one for corn, passing the calm retreat of Basingwerk Abbey amidst the green meadows in the lower ground, it must have been a place worthy of a photograph. Now-a-days the less that is said about it the better. The spring itself, however, was, is, and ever must be, one of the wonders of Wales. It rushes with constant impetuosity out of the rock, at the rate of eighty-four hogsheads every minute, and is received into an elegant polygonal well, canopied by a rich

arch ſupported by pillars, the whole encloſed in a beautifully formed building of a ſquare form, open on the ſide towards a large ſtone reſervoir, formerly the conſecrated bath. An ancient chapel over the well, erected by the pious mother of Henry the Seventh, is now uſed as a Sunday-ſchool. The blood-ſpotted ſtones, painful relics of the aſſaſſination of the ſaint, are no longer to be ſeen; the conſtant bathing having diſturbed the natural character of the baſin. Nor is the ſpot rendered more pictureſque by the crutches left in the fretted roof, memorials of wondrous cures here effected.

Higden, the chronicler of the fourteenth century, mentions the well as then an object of pilgrimage. Its reputation has continued, with ſome fluctuations, from that early period to the preſent day. The Reformation appears to have had little effect on the attention paid to it. The holy wells throughout Wales were very much frequented in Elizabeth's time. The writer of a letter, written about 1590, ſays, "they doe ſtill in heapes goe one pilgrimage

to the wonted welles and places of ſuperſtition, and in the nightes after the feaſtes when the ould off-ringes weare uſed to be kepte at anie chappell, albeit the church be pulled down, yet doe they come to the place where the church or chappell was by greate jorneys barefoote." Theſe pilgrimages continued in the following century. The authorities of the Government in the year 1617 took "order for the ſuppreſſing of ſuperſtitious flocking and re-ſort unto Holliewell, comonly called Saint Winifred's well, and for dailie ſervice and praiers there, as alſo for ſermons on Sabothes and feſtivall daies, and that the oath of ſupremacie and allegeance be tendred unto all ſuch ſtrangers, before they goe to the well, as ſhall refuſe to come to the church; by reaſon whereof the great concurſe of people thither is ſtopped."

Honeſt John Taylor, the ſculler of the Thames, who viſited Holywell in the year 1652, has left us the following quaint account of it,—"Saturday, the laſt of July, I left Flint, and went three miles to

Holy-well, of which place I muſt ſpeak ſomewhat materially. About the length of a furlong, down a very ſteep hill, is a well (full of wonder and admiration); it comes from a ſpring not far from Rudland caſtle; it is and hath been many hundred yeares knowne by the name of Holy-well, but it is more commonly and of moſt antiquity called Saint Winifrids well, in memory of the pious and chaſte virgin Winifrid, who was there beheaded for refuſing to yield her chaſtity to the furious luſt of a pagan prince: in that very place where her bloud was ſhed, this ſpring ſprang up; from it doth iſſue ſo forcible a ſtream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain mils, and ſome do ſay that nine corn mils and fulling mils are driven with the ſtream of that ſpring. It hath a fair chappell erected over it, called Saint Winifrids chappell, which is now much defaced by the injury of theſe late wars. The well is compaſſed about with a fine wall of free-ſtone; the wall hath eight angles or corners, and at every angle is a fair ſtone piller,

whereon the weſt end of the chappell is ſupported. In two ſeverall places of the wall there are neat ſtone ſtaires to go into the water that comes from the well, for it is to be noted that the well it ſelfe doth continually work and bubble with extream violence, like a boiling cauldron or furnace, and within the wall, or into the well, very few do enter. The water is chriſtalline, ſweet and medicinable; it is frequented daily by many people of rich and poore, of all diſeaſes, amongſt which great ſtore of folkes are cured, divers are eaſed, but none made the worſe. The hill deſcending is plentifully furniſhed (on both ſides of the way) with beggers of all ages, ſexes, conditions, ſorts and ſizes; many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embrodered all over with ſuch hexameter poudred ermins (or vermin) as are called lice in England."

In 1667, note is taken in the account-book of a churchwarden of one of the midland counties, of ſixpence paid "to Katherine Jones, coming with a

pafs from London to travel to Winifred's well." In 1686, James the Second honoured the well with a pious vifit, receiving in return for his condefcenfion a prefent of the fhift in which his great grandmother, Queen Mary of Scotland, was faid to have been executed; and about the fame time, as appears from the Prologue to Ravenfcroft's alteration of Titus Andronicus, 1687, a pilgrimage to the faint was made by the exceedingly lefs pious actreffes of the Theatre Royal. The town, early in the following century, is defcribed by De Foe as very Catholic,—"There is a little town near the well, which may indeed be faid to have rifen from the confluence of people thither; for almoft all the houfes are either publick houfes, or let into lodgings; and the priefts who attend here, and are very numerous, appear in difguife. Sometimes they are phyficians, fometimes furgeons, fometimes gentlemen, and fometimes patients, or anything as occafion prefents. Nobody takes notice of them as to their profeffion, though they know them well enough,

no, not the Roman Catholicks themſelves ; but in private, they have their proper oratories in certain places, whither the votaries reſort ; and good manners has prevail'd ſo far that no Proteſtant, let him know what he will, takes notice of it, or inquires where one goes, or has been gone."

Dr. Johnſon, who paſſed throuh Holywell in 1774, mentions that the ſtream even then turned no fewer than nineteen mills. The worthy moraliſt with his party viſited the well, but was ſhocked at the indecency of the devotees, for, "a woman bathed while we all looked on ;" a rather good obſervation, conſidering that they need not have "looked on" unleſs they had liked. The bathing is now conducted with ſtrict propriety. In fact, the appearance of the building is ruined by a number of hideous bathing-boxes erected on the ſides.

There was, and perhaps ſtill is, a ſingular cuſtom on the Sabbath at Holywell, which deſerves notice. It is thus pleaſantly deſcribed by Warner,—"Of local cuſtoms there is nothing particular, except an

unufual mode of fummoning the inhabitants to church. This edifice is fo fituated that when the wind blows from the fouth or the fouth-weft, the bell cannot be heard in moft parts of the town. The parifhioners, therefore, allow an annual ftipend to a poor man to notify the hour of prayer on Sundays and holidays, which he does in the following fingular manner. A leathern ftrap is fufpended round his neck, and a large and heavy bell attached to it, which refts upon a cufhion buckled over his knee. Thus accoutred, he traverfes the town, jingling his bell, to the furprife of thofe who are unacquainted with the cuftom. A ridiculous circumftance happened in confequence of this practice a fhort time fince. An honeft Hibernian, who, in paffing through Holywell, fojourned there a day to fee its curiofities, was ftanding at the door of the inn when this ecclefiaftical bellman paraded the ftreets in the exercife of his office; the traveller, aftonifhed at the fight, enquired of a fellow ftanding by, who had more fhrewdnefs than good-nature,

the caufe of it, and received for anfwer that it was to announce the arrival of an oyfter-boat at the well. The credulous Milefian, who was very partial to this fhell-fifh, inftantly hurried thither in order to make a firft purchafe; but found to his confufion, on enquiring for the veffel, that it was utterly impoffible, from the fituation of the place, any fort of boat fhould approach within a mile of it; a difappointment that was rendered ftill more painful by the gibes and jeerings of the attendants at the well."

Holywell fhould not be left without paying a vifit to the ruins of Bafingwerk Abbey, which are paffed in the way to and from the well. They belong to the large clafs of objects which are worth feeing, but not worth going to fee. The ruins, fituated in a meadow about half-a-mile from the coaft, would be picturefque in themfelves were not the appearance of the locality fpoilt by the requirements of manufactures. They confift of a fmall portion of the Abbey Church, a fragment of the

chapter-houſe, the refectory, and ſome remnants of the monaſtic barn.

Our deſtination is Rhyl, now a large watering-place ſituated in a ſterile diſtrict of the otherwiſe beautiful vale of Clwyd. A quarter of a century ago it was little more than an unencloſed common, and at firſt ſight it ſeems difficult to account for the cauſes of its rapid progreſs. It has no walks, no good drives, no trees, no flowers, nothing of the pictureſque, excepting the views of the mountains in the diſtance; it is ſituated on a dead flat, and moreover it is half choked with dry and flying ſand; but it has beautiful air, good bathing, fine ſands, and has the great advantage of cheap and eaſy acceſs from Liverpool by ſea. Rhyl is a chapelry in the pariſh of Rhuddlan. In 1811, it conſiſted of a few ſcattered dwellings, the population numbering only 252, and it was not until about the year 1828 that the place ſhowed any ſymptoms of proſperity. From that time to the preſent it has continued in a rapid courſe of progreſs, until now it takes its place

as one of the principal towns on the coaſt of North Wales.

When I ſaid that there was nothing of the picturesque at Rhyl, there ſhould have been excepted the ſpectacle of ſome of the fiſherwomen, who with nets on their ſhoulders, blue gowns reaching to their knees, and naked feet, trudging on the ſands early on a ſummer's morning carolling Welſh ſongs,—they ſhould only have been ſeen on the continent by ſome of our ſentimental travellers, and we ſhould have had a page or two of romantic deſcription. I can only obſerve that to ſee and hear them added a charm to the attractions of the ſands of Rhyl. To write eloquently on ſuch or any matters is beyond my capacity; but this is the leſs to be regretted as to the preſent volume, the authors of the well-known local guide-books excelling in this difficult ſpecies of compoſition. From one of theſe I cannot reſiſt the pleaſure of extracting the following graphic and powerfully written account of a ſun-ſet as ſeen from this ſhore. It will

exprefs the emotions attendant on a fcene we frequently witneffed during our ftay at Rhyl, in language befitting the grandeur of the fubject; and will well make amends for my own fhort-comings:—

"The great object of attraction, however, was the Sun,—fetting in a flood of golden beauty on his evening throne. How few underftand that the great luminary of the firmament, whofe activity daily influences their every moment, is an immoveable orb, actuating the planetary fyftem, and forming the fhadow of a great dial which meafures the thread of life, the exiftence of nations, and the cycle of the world's change; it is the centre of our folar fyftem,—the lamp that lights it,—the fire that heats it,—and the fceptre that guides and controls it.

"Every eye was intenfely fixed upon the Great Light as he gradually fank in the weftern fkies. He broadened by degrees, and as he approached the wave, his tinge changed fucceffively to a brilliant red, and became more tolerable, and his form more diftinct, exhibiting the appearance of an immenfe ball of fire, burning like the feal of God upon the clofe of day, putting the fky and the ocean into a perfect blaze of the brighteft rofe colour, which brought to our mind that fine paffage in Revelations,—"a fea of glafs mingled with fire," producing one of the moft fplendid fpectacles we ever faw. As his chariot wheels feemed to hover on the utmoft verge of the fky, the fhifting clouds, like a richly gorgeous train, affembled gay in all their pomp to attend his even-

ing throne; they were fteeped in the rainbow's richeft dyes; the beautiful tints of crimfon and flame colour which they difplayed, and which were ftrongly contrafted with the deep blue of the fea, and the brighter, but equally beautiful, blue of the fky were moft remarkable. More remote, the attendant clouds were faint and fcattered, as though overawed by the glory that beamed upon them, or fearful to intrude on retiring majefty. The King of Day now appeared to reft his refplendent rotundity upon the ocean; and hiding his face in a paradife of clouds, he gave one bright fmile, then fank in fplendour beyond the myftic weft.

"There was in the immediate neighbourhood of the fun foot-prints of glory, entrancingly beautiful. For fome time after his disc had difappeared, large tracts of pale tranflucent green, furpaffing every effort of paint, or glafs, or gem. Nature was fenfible of his abfence,—heaven and earth put on fackcloth,—and creation mourned the monarch of the fkies."

During our ftay at Rhyl, the fackcloth was generally thrown off the next morning. In other words, we had beautiful weather, and could well appreciate the really fine vale of Clwyd. This luxuriant valley, appropriately called by the Welfh Dyffryn Clwyd, the Vale of the Flat, extends from the fea, its wideft part, to beyond Ruthin, a diftance of twenty-four miles, a range of hills being on each fide of the level country. The moft confpicuous

object is the mountain of Moel Famma, about twenty miles diftant to the left. It is 1852 feet in height, and is eafily diftinguifhed by the jubilee tower erected on the top of it in 1809, to commemorate the fiftieth year of the reign of George the Third. The vale for the moft part retains its ancient character for fertility. Thomas Churchyard, nearly three centuries ago, in his Worthines of Wales, 1587, thus fpeaks of it:—

> This vale doth reach fo farre in vewe of man,
> As he farre of may fee the feas indeede;
> And who a while for pleafure travayle can
> Throughout this vale, and thereof take good heede,
> He fhall delight to fee a foyle fo fine,
> For ground and graffe a paffing plot devine;
> And if the troth thereof a man may tell,
> This vale alone doth all the reft excell.

Our firft excurfion from Rhyl is to the village of Dyferth, where the chief attraction was, ought, and may hereafter be, one of the moft fingular cafcades of the kind in the kingdom. The ftream that rifes at Ffynnon Afaph, afterwards mentioned, falls here

into a perpendicular cylindrical paſſage in the rock, darkened with moſs and ivy; or, rather, it ſhould fall here, but the water is at preſent chiefly diverted into a neighbouring mine. One of my daughters, though ſhe got laughed at for the apparent bull, not inaptly entered it in her diary as "a waterfall with no water in it." And this is literally the caſe. Inſtead of a powerful ſtream ruſhing over the precipice, the appearance now preſents rather that of a dropping-well. It is beautiful, however, even in its deſolation of water.

Dr. Johnſon does not mention Dyſerth by name, but there can be no doubt that this was the ſpot he viſited in 1774, which is thus mentioned in his Welſh journal,—"We then went to ſee a Caſcade. I trudged unwillingly, and was not ſorry to find it dry. The water was, however, turned on, and produced a very ſtriking cataract. They are paid an hundred pounds a year for permiſſion to divert the ſtream to the mines. The river, for ſuch it may be termed, riſes from a ſingle ſpring, which, like

that of Winifred's, is covered with a building." The "they" the Doctor alludes to were the owners of a water-mill to the right hand of the cafcade, to turn which a fmall portion of the ftream is artificially carried down the fide of the hill.

About a mile from the village, on a high rock amidft the hills near the road to Newmarket, are the remains of Dyferth Caftle. Leland thus alludes to it, giving it a derivation that may fuit the village, but not the caftle,—"Thifarte, or Difarte, caftelle yn Flyntfhire, by the name yn Walfche is thus expounded: *Thi* is, not; *Sarte* is, ftepe up. Not ftepe or clining up, that is to fay, playne." This caftle was deftroyed as early as 1261, and what now remains of it is very infignificant. The views from this fpot over the vale of Clwyd are very fine. In a field a little to the fouth is an old ruined building called Siambre Wen, the White Chamber, of the hiftory of which nothing appears to be known.

There is a pleafant walk after paffing Dyferth Caftle to St. Afaph's well and Newmarket. The

former is reached by taking a turning to the right a little before arriving at Newmarket, keeping ſtill to the right along pretty winding country lanes, and a finely wooded dell, near the laſt of which, on the brow of a ſmall hill to the right, is Ffynnon Aſaph. This well ranks next to that of Holywell in its volume of water, throwing up no leſs than ſeven tons every minute. It is encloſed with ſtone, in a rectangular form, and, according to Pennant, had formerly its votaries, like that of St. Winifred. The ſtream of water is of ſingular clearneſs and purity, and, when an adjacent mill is not at work, it forms a pretty inclined caſcade, about forty yards from its ſource. This is the ſame ſtream which is ſeen at the waterfall at Dyſerth, whence it runs through the vale joining the Elwy at a ſhort diſtance below Rhuddlan.

There is little of intereſt in the neighbouring village of Newmarket. An ancient ornamented croſs in the churchyard, of the fourteenth century, is worthy of notice. The church itſelf is a modern

ſtructure. There are two ſmall inns, one of them, although modernized, being probably of ſome antiquity. It has the only ſpecimen I have ſeen in this part of the country of thoſe old poliſhed, dark, and ſlippery ſtaircaſes ſo common at Antwerp and at ſome other places on the continent. The other tavern is a good example of the one-parloured houſe of entertainment once ſo univerſal in the country, and now ſo rapidly being ſuperſeded. Here we had all the reſources of the houſe placed in requiſition for refreſhment, which reſulted in a diſplay of excellent bread and butter and cheeſe, exceedingly acceptable after a long walk, and which I believe we all enjoyed far more than we ſhould have done a ſet luncheon at any of the grand hotels which are now ſpringing up in North Wales, bringing the very eſſence of expenſive cockneydom down into localities which ſhould breathe only of pure air and humble fare. Moreover, we were ſurrounded by treaſures of art. In the corner, ſhelves of china elaborately diſplayed; on the walls, ſamplers adorned with

ufeful and really well-felected fentences from Scripture; and—incongruous in its juxta-pofition—a large oil painting of Venus rifing from the fea, her nudity only relieved by the introduction of two large modern ear-rings. It may be truly affirmed that one might fearch all the galleries of Europe without meeting with fuch a picture as that. There was a fafcination in its very ftupidity and grotefqueness, which rivetted my attention in a fimilar manner, but perhaps in a greater degree, than a fight of thofe fputters of red paint they fhow at Kenfington for high works of art by Turner.

Near the village, on the fummit of a hill called Gop, is an enormous tumulus, upwards of eight hundred feet in circumference. Part of the brow of the hill is cally Bryn y Saethan, or the hill of arrows, poffibly from a battle fought near this fpot. Near this is Bryn y Lladdfa, the hill of flaughter; and Pant y Gwae, the hollow of woe. The locality was, at fome very ancient period, one immenfe cemetery, as is proved by the large number of

ſepulchral tumuli that have been opened at various times in this neighbourhood. The tumulus above mentioned is probably the largeſt in North Wales. From the ſummit there is a magnificent view of the neighbouring counties, extending over the eſtuaries of the Dee and Merſey to a large portion of Cheſhire and the coaſt of Lancaſhire.

Every viſitor to Rhyl goes to St. Aſaph, Denbigh, and other ſet places for excurſions. We are on the look out for the picturesque and the curious, ſo, inſtead of following in the herd, take the rail to Trefnant, whence there is a ſhort and charming walk to the comparatively little known Ffynnon Vair, or St. Mary's Well. The moſt agreeable path is by the banks of the river turning to the left immediately after paſſing over the bridge that ſpans the Elwy about a mile from Trefnant. At a farm-yard, where a turn in the river forms a pool in which the trout are diſporting themſelves by dozens, turn through the fields to the right, and, ſhortly regaining the road, paſs on one ſide of a wooded valley,

turning again on reaching a mill, and, in a few minutes, Ffynnon Vair, ſeated in a luxuriant meadow on the brow of a hill, appears in ſight. This holy well pours forth a ſmall ſtream of water that runs down into the Elwy. The ſhrine-work which covered it has diſappeared, but a ſmall portion of the adjacent cruciform chapel, although a mere ruin, ſtill remains, nearly covered with ivy, and emboſomed in trees, the whole in a moſt ſecluded ſpot. The ruins appear to belong to a building of the fifteenth century. It is curious that, ſome time after the Reformation, this place ſhould have been a kind of Gretna Green. Here runaway couples were married. In a regiſter ſtill preſerved may be remarked ſeveral entries ſimilar to the following:—"1611. Mem. thatt upon Fridaye at night, happening upon vij. daye of Februarie, one Pyers Gryffith ab Inn Gryffydd, my brother in lawe, was married clandeſtinely with one Jane vch Thomas hys ſecond wieff at the chappel at Wicwer called Capel Fynnon Vair."

There is a charming walk, after paſſing this ruin, along the high banks that overhang the ſtream, the channel of which generally appears in ſummer ſo much wider than the body of water requires. No doubt in floods here is a powerful river, covering all that uſually appears ſtrand; but, in all ſeaſons, this part of the Elwy, daſhing by the ſide of lofty wooded rocks, is romantic and beautiful. We continued our walk ſome diſtance beyond the bend of the river, paſſed a ruſtic wooden bridge erected at a conſiderable elevation over the ſtream, purſuing our path through a thickly wooded dingle by the river ſide. This upper courſe of the Elwy is well worth following.

Another day's walk to Rhuddlan Caſtle. This is the great antiquarian attraction to the Rhyl viſitors, being the only ruin of any importance in its immediate neighbourhood. It is ſo well known, and has been ſo often deſcribed, that, as I am not writing a guide-book, it is unneceſſary to enter into its hiſtory or preſent condition. It was of great

ſtrength, as ſufficiently appears from the veſtiges of it ſtill remaining. A writer of the time of Richard the Second obſerves that "it is very ſtrong, becauſe the ſea comes into the foſſes, and on the other ſide it is poſted very loftily upon a rock; its walls are ſtrong and thick, well provided with large towers." Some of theſe towers ſtill remain. This caſtle was taken by the Parliament forces in 1646, and ordered to be diſmantled. Taylor, the water-poet, who viſited it in 1652, ſpeaks of it then as "an old, ruined, winde, and war-ſhaken caſtle."

In Rhyl itſelf there is nothing that has the appearance of antiquity. A new town in the far weſt of America could hardly exhibit a more excluſively modern appearance. I looked in vain for a remnant of what Rhyl once was; and yet it ſeems there was one if I had only followed my noſe a little way out of the town. This is deſcribed as Ty-yn-Rhyl, "the houſe of Miſs Lloyd, part of which was built in the latter portion of the ſeventeenth century, and, within the memory of the preſent generation,

the only dwelling-houſe in the place." This means, I preſume, the only ſubſtantial houſe. There were no doubt ſcattered fiſhermen's huts and the like, ſuch as are ſtill to be ſeen on the eaſt ſide of Rhyl. The carved wood-work of the mantel-piece in the entrance-hall was made out of the bedſtead of Griffith, the Gentleman-uſher to Catharine of Aragon.

Abergele is the next watering-place to Rhyl. This ſmall town is ſituated on a gently riſing ground three quarters of a mile from the ſhore. Near the beach is the riſing bathing hamlet of Penſarn, this name implying that it was the head of a Roman road. *Pen* is head in Welſh, and the term *ſarn*, a cauſeway, is generally connected with traces of a Roman road. It is ſituated on a dead flat, and with the inconvenience of being compelled to croſs the railway line on a level in order to reach the ſea. Penſarn at preſent conſiſts of a few terraces and rows of houſes. Fifteen years ago there were only two cottages here. One of theſe, Penſarn Cottage,

may thus be confidered the antiquity of the place. There are fcarcely any fhops, the vifitors being fupplied chiefly from perambulating wooden fheds. The fands here are very fine and good, and a walk along them of three miles to Foryd is unequalled in its way. The land, at fome diftant period, extended far beyond the prefent beach. An epitaph at Abergele, of uncertain antiquity, records the burial of a man "who lived three miles to the north." It is difficult to believe that any one lived three miles to the north of Abergele at any time within the probable era of a recorded epitaph. At the fame time, traces of a fubmerged foreft are diftinctly to be traced in the long tract of hard loam exhibited on this beach at low water. There are maffes of decayed wood and leaves; and in one fpot we obferved the remains of a tree of twenty-five feet in height, the trunk and branches being traceable very clearly. The wood was fufficiently foft to be eafily cut with a knife.

Abergele feems to have been an uncouth place

ſome century ago. An old ſailor, who viſited it in September, 1769, gives the following quaint account of the reception he met with,—" We came to an anchor in the very midſt of the harbour of Abergele about 2 o'clock P. M. At a diſtance it made a tolerable appearance, from whence we all expected better anchorage than was to be found in that place; in ſhort, it was by much the worſt part we had on the whole cruize. If ever I ſhould by chance be driven by ſtreſs of weather upon any part of the coaſt, I ſhall endeavour to avoid coming to an anchor if poſſible in that harbour, yet the natives have as much politeneſs as them who are bred up in Peru or Nova Zembla. We dined at one of the principal taverns, which had for a ſign a man upon a goat, with ſome kind of an animal under its belly, they ſaid it was a dragon; what I thought had been the goat I found they called a horſe, and the man that rode thereon was St. George. Ay, ay, they ſaid, that was St. George, indeed truth it was, and that he did kill a great dragon. By this time our

appetites began to be uneafy, and certainly would have proclaimed war againft the bowels, had not a large detachment of eggs and bacon appeared on the table. I fhould not call it a detachment; it was the whole body that could be muftered in that quarter, and a very formidable appearance they made; they were drawn up, not in rank and file, but in the form of a pyramid upon a large piece of clay (an earthen difh), in the form of a circle, but in fuch a confufed heap, there was no diftinguifhing one from the other, the whole having the appearance of nothing but a rotten carcafe. To tell you the plain truth, they were tumbled together in fuch a hotch-potch manner, that, and the afpect of the cook, which was by no means inviting, curbed my appetite pretty much, fo I did not fall in amongft them — however, fome of my comrades made terrible havock amongft them, in particular our commodore, who after he had demolifhed them in a very furprifing manner, would have made you or any one elfe to have laughed at him, to fee how he

tipped them about the difh with his fork, declaring they were not fit to be eat. I am ftill of his opinion, for I firmly believe moft of the eggs were rotten. I dined upon bread and butter, as they called it, for cheefe there was not any ; what butter I eat might have been dug out of the falt mines at Northwich, for its relifh, befide it had a very fine aromatic fmell and flavour, too, which, I fuppofe, might be owing to the cleanlinefs of the dairymaid, moft of the females all upon this coaft bearing a very near refemblance to the people called Hottentots. Finding no better accommodation in this harbour, you may be fure our ftay was not long." Five years later, in 1774, Dr. Johnfon defcribes Abergele as "a mean town, in which little but Welfh is fpoken, and divine fervice feldom performed in Englifh." It could not have been many years after this before it came into repute as a watering-place, for Aikin, in 1797, fays that it was then "much frequented in the bathing feafon, though people of fafhion in general prefer Park-gate."

Abergele itſelf is a ſmall old rambling town, ſituated on a little rivulet, though one unfortunately of ſmall beauty. It ſhould be called the river Gele, but it does not appear to be ſufficiently important to deſerve a name; and Leland ſo conjectured ſome four centuries ago, when, ſpeaking of this town, he adds, "where be likelihood is a water caullid Gelle." The Welſh name Abergele means literally, the woody rivulet; and the ſtream that paſſes the town iſſues out of deep wooded ravines a little way beyond, amidſt which are ſeveral very pleaſant walks, though ones little frequented. It is difficult to ſay anything of intereſt about the town itſelf. An old inn, the Ship, with its ancient penthouſe, juſt ſuch a one as Dogberry and his ſtaff ſheltered under, took my fancy the moſt; and it is hardly neceſſary to ſay that my nephew and myſelf went in to beer, when, in admiring its quaintneſs, the following irreſiſtible invitation over the door, in Engliſh and Welſh, was ſeen in bold relief,—

In this place there is a vault;
Such liquors is ever fixed:

Water, hops, and malt,
Ever better mixed!

There are numerous pretty walks on the hills above Abergele. The beſt is perhaps that on the one called Caſtell Cawr, an ancient fortified hill. The forms of the defences are now greatly obſcured by plantations. The only relic of antiquity of much intereſt hereabouts is the Roman mine, a deep trench cut right through the hill, inſtead of a ſhaft being made, as in more recent times. This mine is on the ſide of Caſtell Cawr, a raiſed modern pathway having been formed acroſs it. The ancient trench is, in ſome parts, of amazing depth. It is, or was, called by the Welſh, Ffos-y-bleiddiaid, or the ditch of the wolves. According to a local guide-book,—"In driving a level into the mountain, ſome years ago, the miners diſcovered that the Romans had been deep in the bowels of the earth before them. They had followed the vein, where it was large enough to admit of a ſmall man, and where it opened out into a larger chamber, they

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had cleared it quite away. When the vein became too ſmall to admit a man, they were obliged to relinquiſh the ore. Some curious hammers and tools, but almoſt decayed into duſt, were found in theſe chambers; alſo the golden hilt of a Roman ſword."

There is a long but beautiful walk, after paſſing the village of St. George, through a ſomewhat unfrequented part of the country to Llanſannan. The beſt road is that commencing up a hill on a turning to the right before reaching the former village; and then paſſing the Elwy over Pont Meredudd, about three miles and a half from St. George. Then take the firſt turning to the right, when a walk of a mile brings us to the junction of the Elwy with the Aled; the latter here ruſhing down to meet its leſs impetuous companion in a charming valley. This laſt part of the route is acceſſible only on horſeback or on foot. Carriages muſt paſs along an elevated road on the other ſide of the Elwy, and paſs over Pont-y-Gwyddel, a bridge ſituated a few hundred yards below the junction of the rivers. This entire

valley reveals a ſucceſſion of beautiful and varying proſpects. The road follows the courſe of the Aled, paſſing over the ſtream at a bridge called Pont-yr-Aled, where the river haſtens beautifully over an angular, rocky bottom, ſhowing perhaps to greater advantage here than in any other part of its courſe. Between this ſpot and Llanſannan, although pretty in many places, the ſtream is too placid to create much obſervation. About two miles from Llanſannan it is joined by a pretty rivulet, termed Nant-y-Terfyn; and ſhortly afterwards is paſſed Dryffyn Aled, a large plain country houſe, the ſeat of the Yorke family.

Llyn Aled, the ſource of the river ſo called, is between ſix and ſeven miles from Llanſannan. The track, called by courteſy a road, is bad, through a very bleak, unintereſting country. It is nearly always raining about here; and our hoſteſs, on our return to Llanſannan, was ſurpriſed to find that we had no occaſion for the large fires and change of dreſs ſhe had prepared, in full expectation of our

having been drenched on the mountains. We fancied that ſhe felt diſappointed at our return in a dry ſtate rendering her preparations uſeleſs, as if it were an infringement of the rules of the neighbourhood to ſee Lake Aled without getting a ducking. About half-way there is a fine and perfect tumulus to the right of the road. The lake is ſituated amidſt gloomy heathy hills, and is certainly in itſelf not worth the trouble of getting to it; but the river, after flowing about a mile and a half, ſuddenly reaches a fine ravine, down which it ruſhes over the nearly flat ſurface of a wide and high rock, forming in a flood a magnificent cataract. This ravine, which is far grander than could have been anticipated by any one taking the beaten road, is well worth following until the next fall, called Llyn Yr Oror, is reached, ſhortly after paſſing a beautifully wooded portion of the ravine. This is a ſmall fall in compariſon with the other, but it is one of rather a ſingular character. It is completely ſhaded by trees, the river falling into a dark cylindrical baſin

at the bottom of a finely wooded dell. This is probably the gloomieſt waterfall in Wales. If any of the early touriſts had noticed it, we could hardly have failed to have had an eloquent compariſon of it with Avernus.

Llanſannan is a ſmall country village, very prettily ſituated, neſtled amongſt the hills. It is a good fiſhing ſtation, the Aled abounding in trout. The church is a plain, low ſtructure. There is a ſmall inn, the "Saracen's Head," where we taſted, for the firſt time, chicken-and-rabbit pies; not chicken pies and rabbit pies, but pies conſtructed of the fleſh of chicken and rabbit intermingled. And very good they were; though I ſhould hardly be inclined to ſuggeſt their introduction into the beau ideal of a country-inn dinner, and which, after a variety of experiments, I conclude to be this,—videlicet, freſhly caught trout, broiled fowl with muſhroom ſauce, and plum tart; a dinner, in the eſtimation of my primitive taſte, if eaten with the roaring appetite induced by a twenty-mile ſtroll

over the mountains, unequalled in the lift that can be felected by men with fhort purfes. But the pies alluded to were very fuperior to the fare that the village afforded a century ago. I have before me a failor's account of his vifit there in September, 1769, and he gives a curious but doleful defcription of the entertainment then to be met with :—" The weather ftill continuing wet and hazy, about one o'clock, P.M., we came to an anchor in the town of Llanfannan, fituated betwixt two exceeding high mountains. It is a fmall village containing about ten or twelve poor houfes, with a church almoft in ruins, clofe by which runs a very rapid meandering river. We put up at the fign of the 'Hand,' in the centre of the town; it looked an extreme good houfe in that part of the world—it was a Welfh houfe, with an Englifh face, viz. a brick front. The houfe appearing fo well on the outfide, we expected to have found good accommodations within, but we were greatly difappointed. As for that they called ale, we could not drink it, by reafon of the fmoky

flavour; beſides, the colour was very like what remains in the bottom of a veſſel, (as to a caſk, I verily believe it had never entered;) in ſhort, it could ſcarce be called liquid; the ſolids were little better than the fluids; but, luckily, we found a piece of a good Cheſhire cheeſe, upon which, with a large toaſt put into a bowl of water, we all dined very well. The water was quite pure, and freſh off the ſlates, for it rained prodigiouſly."

Of courſe it did. It always has rained at Llanſannan except on the day we outwitted our hoſteſs by arriving dry from the Aled. Do not let any touriſt calculate on meeting with the ſame luck. "Coachman," ſaid my father, ſome half century ago, when travelling on the box over the Lancaſhire hills in a drenching ſtorm, "it always rains here, does it not?" "Oh dear no, ſir," replied this diſciple of the whip, "it ſnaws ſometimes." And ſomething like this, if accounts are to be believed, is the caſe at Llanſannan, unleſs perhaps it occaſionally hails.

We did not viſit Bwrdd Arthur, although, if

ſtill in its ancient ſtate, it is worth notice, were it only on account of the many times it is named by our early writers as one of the curioſities of Wales. Leland, in the ſixteenth century, thus deſcribes it:—"There is in the paroch of Llanſannan, in the ſide of a ſtony hille, a place wher ther be 24 holes or places in a roundel for men to ſitte in, but ſum leſſe and ſum bigger, cutte oute of the mayne rok by mannes hand, and there childern and young men, cumming to ſeke their catelle, uſe to ſitte and play. Sum caulle it the 'Rounde Table.' Kiddes uſe ther communely to play and ſkip from ſete to ſete."

One of the moſt charming walks in the neighbourhood of Abergele is that to Llanfair Talhaiarn. It is only ſeven miles from Penſarn, but the route we ſelected was the ſomewhat diſcurſive one through St. George, then paſſing the Elwy at Pont Meredudd, and ſo onwards to Llanfair. The approach to it from this ſide, on the ſummit of the hills above Llanfair, is conſiderably finer than that from any

other, preſenting a truly beautiful view; the river is ſeen winding for miles between the tortuous hills, the Snowdon range being viſible in the diſtance. Dine at the Black Lion Inn. The trout here is of a delicious flavour. We returned by the more direct route through country lanes, entering Abergele through the hamlet of Twll Llwynog, making a good day's walk, reckoning twiſtings and turnings, of about eighteen miles. The vale of Llanfair is exceedingly pretty, to judge from the walk we took on the ſouth of the river as far as Henllys.

In a rock to the weſtward of Abergele, high above the road, after paſſing the large modern caſtellated manſion called Gwrych Caſtle, is a ſingular cavern termed Cefn Ogo, the entrance of which has not been inaptly compared to "the portal of a noble cathedral, arched, and divided within by what has the appearance of a great column." This cave ſeems never to have been thoroughly explored. It is ſaid to be penetrable about forty yards, when further progreſs is arreſted by a chaſm or by water,

I could not with certainty afcertain which. The entrance is dirty and unpromifing, and the large ftalactites with which it abounds are neither fanciful nor brilliant. It is ftrange that no adventurous Welfhman has yet penetrated the depths of this cavern, in defiance of the witch, who, according to local tradition, guards a vaft treafure of gold at the very extremity of the cave. There is an abfurd ftory told in the Month's Tour in North Wales, 1781, to the effect that four men, who attempted to explore the cavern, penetrated to a diftance that required the confumption of three pounds of candles, and that two of the company were loft in its receffes.

Thomas Johnfon, an enthufiaftic botanift of the feventeenth century, vifited this cave in 1639. The hill itfelf was, he fays, called Garth Gogo, and the popular name of the cavern was Ogo Gumbyd, fo ftyled after the giant Gumbyd, who was faid to have been its original inhabitant. All traces of this tradition appear to be now loft. Johnfon, who

cared more for wild flowers than for old tales, notes having found in the cavern ſpecimens of the golden ſaxifrage and other plants.

The appearance of theſe hills has been very much altered in the laſt half century by the numerous plantations of trees with which it now abounds. Its previous bleakneſs excited the attention of the traveller. Thus, in a little hand-book called the Traveller's Companion from Holyhead to London, 1793, Gwrych is mentioned with the obſervation,—"whoſe bleak ſituation calls aloud for plantations to ſhelter it from the winter's blaſt."

A little further to the weſtward is the very pretty village of Llandulas, ſituated in a vale at the entrance of a paſs between the limeſtone rocks, the little ſtream Dulas paſſing through it in its way to the ſea. This is a ſmall rapid ſtreamlet of conſiderable beauty; but, like all other Welſh rivers, the volume of water in it varies conſiderably at different times. Paſſing upwards along the valley, until the larger expanſe of country is reached, the ſcenery is

very pleaſing ; but towards the manſion of Coed Coch, and in the walk to the ſmall village of Bettws Abergele, the country becomes tame. After paſſing the church at Llandulas, take the turning to the left, and walk up the hill to Llysfaen, a village of ſome dozen ſcattered houſes and a church, a plain ſtructure with two aiſles. From the telegraph ſtation above the church are fine and extenſive proſpects.

This ſpot is only about a mile from the ridge of Penmaen Rhos, where, as I think, it clearly appears, from the contemporary Anglo-Norman narrative, the capture of Richard the Second, after he had left Conway, took place either on the ſummit near the ſea, or juſt over it on the ſide near Llandulas. Northumberland had "formed his men into two bodies under the rough and lofty cliffs of a rock," leaving them there while he went to ſee the king at Conway ; and it is afterwards ſtated that this rock was "waſhed by the main ſea," which proves clearly that it was not the one at Cefn Ogo, ſo often ſtated as the locality of this remarkable hiſtorical event.

Richard was no doubt taken when paſſing along the ancient bridle path ſkirting Penmaen Rhos. "The king," ſays the contemporary narrative, "had come ſo near to them, that it was much further to return to the town than to deſcend the rock, which was waſhed by the main ſea. We could not get away on the other ſide, owing to the rock; ſo that, coſt what it might, we were forced either to die or to paſs on into the midſt of the body of the earl's people." According to another account, the king alighted from his horſe to walk down the hill on account of its ſteepneſs. There is no other locality on this part of the coaſt that exactly tallies with the various circumſtances recorded by this contemporary hiſtorian; ſo the rock of Penmaen Rhos has a ſpecial intereſt attached to it, even though our hand-books deem it hardly worth a paſſing notice. From this ſpot, the unfortunate ſovereign of England proceeded to a ſumptuous dinner prepared for him at Rhuddlan, the beſt of the later ones he was deſtined to enjoy.

Until within the laſt hundred years, the paſſage over this rock was one of the moſt troubleſome on the north coaſt. Inſtead of there being, as at preſent, a good road at ſome diſtance behind the precipice, "the traveller," ſays Pennant, "went along a narrow path cut on its front, like the road on Penmaen Mawr, but infinitely more terrible and dangerous." This path, obſerves Wyndham, in 1774, "is ſo formidably narrow and unprotected, that few people dare truſt themſelves or their horſes on it." A ſimilar account is given by Dr. Johnſon, who paſſed over it the ſame year:—"To ſpare the horrors at Penmaen Rhos, between Conway and St. Aſaph, we ſent the coach over the road croſs the mountain with Mrs. Thrale, who had been tired with a walk ſometime before; and I, with Mr. Thrale and Miſs, walked along the edge, where the path is very narrow, and much encumbered by little looſe ſtones, which had fallen down, as we thought, upon the way ſince we paſſed it before." Cradock, who paſſed over Penmaen Rhos in the autumn of

1776, defcribes it as " by far the worft part of the road between Holyhead and Chefter ; — a nearer path was fome time fince cut along the fide of the fea-cliff, but a man and horfe had lately been killed, and, by order of the commiffioners, it is now entirely broken up."

On the other fide of Penmaen Rhos is the pretty bay and rural valley of Colwyn, one of the few fpots where all the characteriftics of the country are found up to the water-edge. Here are wooded glens, and numerous country walks. The fmall village, with its neat church, is at a fhort diftance from the fea. But we were trudging along not to fee Colwyn, but to have a peep at the celebrated curfing-well of Llanelian, a village higher up on the hills. Here is a plain church. In a corner of the churchyard is a fragment of an ancient crofs. There are about a dozen houfes in the immediate vicinity of the church, a few others being fparfely fcattered about the parifh. The views from this fpot are good. Ffynnon Elian, the curfing-well, is

ſituated in ſome field about half-a-mile from the church, near the left-hand road which leads to Colwyn. Unfortunately, the well eſcaped our notice; nor were we aware of its exact locality until long after we had paſſed it; when, hot and tired, and being aſſured by an intelligent ſtranger that there were no characteriſtics about it worthy of obſervation, we made up our minds to paſs on and leave well alone. It derives, indeed, its only intereſt from its being one of the places where obtained the barbarous cuſtom of invoking the preſiding ſaint to injure an enemy, who was at the ſame time curſed with a ſuppoſed peculiar effect. Pennant ſays that in his time the belief in the ſaint's power of inflicting vengeance was ſtill ſtrong. That accurate traveller, about 1770, "was threatened by a fellow, who imagined he had injured him, with the vengeance of St. Ælian, and a journey to his well, to curſe him with effect." There is reaſon to believe that this wretched ſuperſtition is not yet quite obſolete. An intelligent Welſh writer in 1846 informs

us that "this is the moſt dreadful of all the wells, and the one in whoſe miraculous powers the peaſants of the preſent day moſt fully believe. Perſons who bear any great malice againſt others, and wiſh to injure them, frequently reſort to the miniſter of the well, who for a ſum of money undertakes to *offer* them in it. The penalty conſiſts either in perſonal pain, or loſs of property, as the offerer pleaſes. Various ceremonies are gone through on the occaſion; amongſt others, the name of the devoted is regiſtered in a book—a pin in his name, and a pebble with his initials inſcribed thereon, are thrown into the well. When the curſe is to be removed, the ceremonies are to a certain extent reverſed, ſuch as eraſing the name from the book, taking up the pebble, with ſeveral other practices of a ſuperſtitious character."

Leaving Abergele, the next principal ſtarting-points for excurſions are Conway and Llandudno. We ſelect the latter, and perch ourſelves at an Elizabethan-looking cottage, bearing the romantic

names of Tower View and Elwy Villa; built on a ledge half-way up the Great Orme's Head, with views over the oppoſite country and the Carnarvonſhire mountains on the right. Theſe kind of places do not ſuit gouty folks, or invalids, or lazy people; but, for health and pure air, always, at watering-places, chooſe the higher ground, if there is any. Llandudno is peculiarly ſituated. The large limeſtone rock of the Great Orme, nearly ſix miles in circumference, is ſurrounded by the ſea, excepting on the ſouth-eaſt, at which point it is connected with the main land by a long narrow ſlip bounded on one ſide by the ſea that flows over the Conway-ſands; and on the other, by the very beautiful Orme's Bay. It is on this neck of land, and on the brow of the Orme's Head, that the ſplendid new watering-place of Llandudno is now advancing, with rapid ſtrides, to become eventually perhaps to the north coaſt what Brighton is to the ſouth. It is thus ſo nearly ſurrounded by the ſea, the ocean-breezes paſſing over it with nearly every direction

of the wind, that a lodging in Llandudno has not been inaptly compared to that in the berth of a ſhip, with all its advantages and none of its draw-backs. It ſeems impoſſible but that this ſhould be a healthy place, with its fine air, and, in moſt parts, good drainage. Its chief defect is the want of ſhade, there ſcarcely being a tree to be ſeen nearer than at Gloddaeth. The town now ſtretches in terraces from the Great Orme about half-way along Orme's Bay, and there are ſeveral fine ſtreets on the back and towards St. George's church, with houſes ſcattered on the brow of the hill. No houſes have yet been built on the ſide of Conway Bay. It is worthy of remark that, in moſt directions of the wind, the two bays may be ſaid to have different climates; for, owing to the peculiar ſituation of the iſthmus, when it is rough in one bay, it is generally calm in the other.

Llandudno has ariſen out of obſcurity only within a very few years. Twenty years ago it was a mere village; moſt of the dwellings in it conſiſting of

cottages built on the brow and under the cliff fronting the plain. Even as lately as 1848, there was nothing deſerving the appellation of a ſtreet, though a number of ſcattered houſes had been erected, moſt of them in the vicinity of St. George's church, which was built in 1840. At that time, there were only a few cottages on the Orme's Bay, which have ſince been removed to make way for the modern buildings. In the ſummer, however, of that year, numerous parcels of land were ſold on building leaſes, and, from that period, the town has continued to make rapid progreſs. The aſpect of Llandudno in paſt times was of a character very different to that it poſſeſſes at the preſent day. An old ſailor, who viſited it nearly a century ago, has given the following quaint deſcription, one which would doubtleſs have applied to the locality in all eſſential particulars until within the laſt twenty years:—

MONDAY, Sept. 11th, 1769.—We went to Llanrhos, breakfaſted at the gardener's houſe, whoſe name is Sanders, went into

the woods belonging to Gloddaeth and Bofcatlin, returned to dinner, after which Commodore White and me were to take a ride, in order to reconnoitre the Great Orme's Head, which lay about a mile and half diftance from us. This was done in order to prove whether it was or was not practicable to remove it altogether to Liverpool, which we found might be done very eafy, though we had much ado to convince them in reality; however, we brought them over to our opinion, although they fo ftrenuoufly affirmed the contrary over-night. The main difficulty that occurred to them now was this, that the mouth of the Merfey near the Black Rock would not admit the raft it was floated upon. Be that as it will, if we get it no further it may be left there. We had a pleafant ride along the gravilly beach of the fea, which, in that place, forms a femicircle betwixt the two Ormefheads, being about a mile diftance from each other in a chord line. This mountain appearing, at a diftance, like a rock in the fea, is a peninfula, nearly circular, about four miles in circumference. It has ten or twelve fmall houfes, or huts, with very fruitful valleys on the fouth fide; there is a church upon the north fide, next the fea, founded upon the rock, very near the precipiece, which is fome hundred yards above the furface, and in many places almoft perpendicular, againft which the fea is always beating, making a hideous noife, fo that it is really fhocking to be near the declivity. The church and few houfes mentioned before are an entire parifh, called Llandudno. We left our horfes at one of the cottages under the mount, and afcended the hill on foot, which is about a mile to the top; to have rode up was impracticable. We marched on, fometimes

over barren rocks, and rubbiſh out of the copper-mines, which lies there in great plenty; then we paſſed a ſmall valley about the midway, with ſeveral incloſures of very fine corn, both barley and oats, and wheat I ſaw none. After paſſing this valley we came to a fine open plane, well ſtored with great numbers of fine large ſheep, which are of a much larger kind than is commonly ſeen upon the adjacent hills; and they are reckoned the ſweeteſt mutton in Wales. It is not much to be wondered at the mutton being ſo ſweet, the graſs being the thickeſt and the turf the fineſt I ever ſaw; and, were it not for, here and there, whins, breſk or bracken, no bowling-green could equal it. Mr. Griffith aſſured me it afforded paſture for near two hundred ſheep annually.

By this time we were got very near the ſummit, which was very ſteep, but covered with the ſame green turf; it terminated in a kind of round mound or hummock, not unlike Caſtle-cob upon the forreſt of Delamere. Being arrived at the top of the hill or higheſt point of the Peninſula, we ſat down to refreſh ourſelves, being a little fatigued with clambering up. We had rum and fruit in our pockets, which refreſhed us much; we planted the ſtones of ſome fruit, particularly a nectarine. The mould was as rich as moſt gardens, but not quite ſo ſheltered from winds. Our ſtay you may think was not long in that place. It remained to know the moſt expeditious way to deſcend, which was this—we lay flat on our backs, and ſlided down at a great rate; the natives have a more expeditious way than this. When they have a mind to deſcend a mountain with ſpeed, they fix their backs upon a flat kind of ſtone, holding the forepart faſt with both the

hands, betwixt the legs; then giving a ſpring, away they go, at the rate of a mile in a minute or more, according as the deſcent is. This is called "riding the ſtone-horſe." We got upon our feet, and walked where the deſcent was not ſo ſteep; and before we arrived at the bottom, we were ſaluted by a youth (who came out of one of the huts) with a tune upon the German flute; which, by the height of the hill and the hollow rocks around us, cauſing an echo, made it the moſt delightful muſic imaginable. We made ſigns for the youth to come nearer to us, which at laſt he did, though with ſome reluctance; yet when we were able to make him underſtand his muſic was agreeable, and that he ſhould have ſome *cwrw* for his civility to us, he ſeemed well-pleaſed. He had juſt Engliſh and we Welſh enough to underſtand one another, and a ſtrange jargon there was betwixt us; but it happened very well we could make ſhift to converſe a little. There was not one ſoul at the houſe where we left our horſes could underſtand one word of Engliſh, although it was a public-houſe, and the principal one in the pariſh. Aſk what queſtions you would to any of the people in the houſe, the anſwers were all alike affirmatives—*dim ſarcenik.*

We had only one pint of that liquor called ale, which was ſo ſtrong that we could not drink it. However, had we called for a gallon, our Apollo, aſſiſted by old Bacchus, would have ſipped it cheerfully. The cream of the jeſt was this,—we had no copper to pay for it, and to exchange other metal in that remote part of the globe was impracticable. We made the old man underſtand by our interpreter (who was a very bad one) that we ſhould be glad to ſee him in the morning at Gloddaeth, and aſſured him we

ſhould be then able to pay for his liquor. We mounted our horſes, and bore away for the above-mentioned port; it being a fine evening, and right before the wind, we arrived about eight o'clock, all well, drank two jugs of fine ale, which was good ſauce to a toaſt of plated cheeſe; and after chatting a little while with the houſekeeper, who was a ſociable, clean, pretty, decent little Welſh woman, we went to bed, and ſlept very well.

The new town of Llandudno is built on land which was formerly, and until within a recent period, a marſh. Leland ſays, "This Commote (Credine) partely be Conwey ryver, partely by the Se, is yn a maner as inſulatid, and one way owte of Denbigh land; the way is over a made cauſey, over a marſch often overflowen." There are perſons ſtill living in the neighbourhood, ſays Evans, writing about 1800, "who ſay they can remember when the preſent marſh, which forms the communication, was uſually waſhed over by high tides."

There are ſcarcely any traces left of the old village. The moſt ancient cottage in the place is probably the ſmall country inn, on the brow of the hill overlooking the preſent town, called the Miners'

Arms. It is an old cottage, with three gable windows in the roof, and one of thoſe in which the inmates never run the riſk of injuring themſelves by falling down the ſtairs. It may probably be as old as the commencement of the laſt century. Another inn, a little lower down the hill, called the King's Head, although now modernized, is alſo probably of ſome antiquity.

The moſt intereſting antiquarian remain in Llandudno, albeit much altered of late years, and injured by the working of limeſtone quarries on its ſide, is unqueſtionably the ancient fortified encampment called Pen y Ddinas, ſituated on the top of a large oval-ſhaped hill which overlooks Llandudno bay. It is of an inferior elevation to the Orme's Head, from which it is divided by a ſmall hollow. The top, which occupies a conſiderable ſpace, is nearly flat. The intrenchments on the ſides are ſtill traceable. In ſome parts it was defended by the natural cliff, improved perhaps in ſome places by art, for in one ſpot may ſtill be noticed a ſmall piece of dry

wall filling up a fiſſure in the rock. In the laſt century, the edge of the hill was ſurrounded with a rude wall. On the top were numerous circular houſes about twelve feet in diameter, traces of an entire row of which are ſtill viſible on the weſtern ſide. Theſe houſes are ſuppoſed to have been ſtone huts covered over ſomething like beehives, and, from excavations that have been made, it would ſeem that the fire was made in the middle of the floor, traces of wood-aſhes having been found mixed with the earth.

At one corner of the plateau on Pen y Ddinas is a Maen Sigl, a rocking-ſtone ſix feet long, two feet four inches wide, and two feet in depth. It may ſtill be termed a rocking-ſtone, for, although miſchievouſly thrown down about two years ago, it could and will no doubt be reſtored to its original poſition. According to Pennant, the point of contact with the ground was ſo ſmall as to make it moveable with the leaſt touch. The provincial name of it is Cryd Tudno, the Cradle of St. Tudno.

The antiquities on the Great Orme's Head are neither numerous nor of great importance. There is a ſmall cromlech in the hollow ground juſt below the old mine, not far from a recently erected diſſenting chapel. It conſiſts of four upright blocks of ſtone, four feet and a half in height, ſupporting a large flat ſtone on the top. Like many other cromlechs, the four ſupporting ſtones are cloſe together, leaving a wide open ſpace four feet and a half in width for the reception of the ſepulchral remains. There is nothing peculiar in it to diſtinguiſh it from the numerous other relics of the ſame kind ſtill preſerved in various parts of the country. The Welſh name of this cromlech is Llety y filiaſt, the greyhound's kennel or the ſtone of the greyhound bitch. On the ſummit of the hill near the ſea, a ſhort diſtance to the weſtward of St. Tudno's, is an unnoticed early remain, a circular ſpot ſurrounded by a double narrow circle of ſunken ſtones, one, in fact, of the curious antiquities uſually called remains of Britiſh circular houſes. In the ſame

neighbourhood are the remnants of two ſingular avenues of upright ſtones, placed diagonally to each other, forming, between two rows of ſtones, a walk in the ſhape of the letter L, one of the avenues deſcending towards the ſea, the other parallel with it. Many of theſe upright ſtones have been unfortunately removed of late years, but a ſufficient number of the ſmaller ones remain to enable the directions of the avenues to be traced. No plauſible explanation of the character of theſe remains has been given; but avenues of ſtones have been found at Avebury, and in other places, leading to what are called Druidical circles. The Welſh call them Hwylfar Ceirw, the high road of the deer, the tradition being that theſe ſtones formed a path by which thoſe animals, formerly numerous in this county, deſcended to a meadow below. Near theſe are the remains of ſeveral rude dry ſtone walls, bearing the appearance of having belonged to the ground-floor of a large ſquare ſtone building, the remains of ſome of the diviſion walls being clearly

viſible. This place is called Llety Fadog, or the houſe of Madoc, a ſuppoſed anceſtor of Gloddaeth; but there does not appear to be any good evidence of its hiſtory or great antiquity. Theſe few notices are all that is neceſſary of what a dealer might term the miſcellaneous antiquities of the Great Orme. Of theſe, Hwylfar Ceirw is the moſt curious, and pity it is that it ſhould have been ſo materially injured by the removal of the largeſt ſtones. It is to be hoped that what ſtill remains of it will be carefully preſerved. There is little doubt but that it is of remote antiquity, connected in ſome way with a circle or cromlech.

Leaving Hwylfar Ceirw, a few minutes' walk to the eaſt brings us to the little church of St. Tudno, built in a ſmall hollow on the top of the cliffs, but expoſed to all the fury of the elements. This building was for many years in a dilapidated condition, but it has been recently reſtored, and may now ſtill laſt for centuries. Mr. Longueville Jones, judging from the maſonry, conſiders that part of it

belongs to the eleventh or twelfth century, and part, including all the architectural features of the edifice, to the fifteenth. There is a ſmall circular font in the church of great antiquity, and near the altar are preſerved two inciſed ſlabs or coffin-lids of the thirteenth century, poſſibly originally belonging to the lords of Gogarth. A wooden tablet, erected in 1732, records that Lewis Owen of Twickenham left the eighth part of the tithes of Conway to be expended in the purchaſe of wearing apparel for the aged poor of Llandudno. There is alſo the record of another bequeſt to the poor, made by Thomas Evans of Gogarth.

On the ſouth-weſtern ſide of the Great Orme is a narrow ſlip of cultivated land, upon which, near the ſea, are ſome remains ſuppoſed to be thoſe of what once was the reſidence of the biſhop of Bangor. Leland, temp. Henry the Eighth, thus ſpeaks of it,—" There is by Conway, on the hither ſide of Conway water, an arme like a peninſula, called Gogarth, lying againſt Prieſtholme, and ther

be the ruines of a place of the Biſhops of Bangor." Theſe ruins are now of a very inſignificant character, conſiſting chiefly of the remains of a chimney, and the fragments of a few walls, one of which is preſerved as high as the middle of the firſt ſtory. The foundations of ſome of the apartments are traceable. In a looſe dry field wall cloſe by I noticed a ſmall portion of what was anciently a fine ſtone column nine inches in diameter.

The ſea-bound cliffs of this promontory have loſt much of their ancient wild character, a good walking path having been formed entirely round the Head. The haunts of many of the ſea-fowls have thus been diſturbed, and Llandudno, once diſtinguiſhed by its immenſe number of wild birds, is rapidly loſing its intereſt to the ornithologiſt. Another cauſe of their diminution is the wanton deſtruction of them by the viſitors, ſome of whom ſeem to take delight in ſhooting for the mere pleaſure of deſtruction. To take away a life wantonly, even although it may be only that of a bird, deſtroys

the enjoyment of an entire world in refpect of that life. When taken for food, or for purpofes of fcience, it becomes a different matter; and in this way I faved the credit of one of thefe pfeudo-fportfmen, by picking up and having cooked the refults of a double-barrelled difcharge in the fhape of a fine fpecimen of the *anas nigra*, the black diver or fcoter, the *macreufe* of the French, one of the articles of food allowed by the Romifh church to be eaten in Lent. It is a great diver, living almoft always at fea, and is often feen in Conway bay. The flefh refembles in appearance that of wild duck, the flavour of it being fomewhat peculiar, but without any offenfive fifhy tafte. It is fometimes to be bought in the London market.

According to Pennant, who is fpeaking of the precipices of the weftern extremity of the Great Orme, "the gulls poffefs the loweft part; above them the razor-bills and guillemots have their quarters; over them croak the cormorants; the herons occupy the higheft regions; and fcattered in different

parts are a ſew puffins and black guillemots." A touriſt, who viſited Llandudno in 1837, thus deſcribes the method then practiſed of getting their eggs,—" When very near the edge of the water, we met with a party of young men, who had juſt been gathering the eggs depoſited by the gulls and razor-bills in the clefts and on the ledges of the rocks overhanging the ſea. The expedient reſorted to for obtaining poſſeſſion of theſe eggs is extremely hazardous. The bold adventurer is let down by a rope which is faſtened around his middle, and planting his feet againſt the ſides, and carefully ſhifting his hands, he gradually arrives at the haunts of the birds. Having filled the baſket, which is ſlung on his ſhoulder, he aſcends to the ſummit of the cliff with the aſſiſtance of his partner, who is ſtationed above. This is a dangerous employment, and there are ſeveral inſtances on record, where, from the rope ſlipping, or other caſualties, lives have been loſt and the mangled bodies buried in the ſea. I purchaſed ſix of the eggs for a ſhilling. Thoſe of the razor-

bill and guillemots are reckoned great delicacies." The traffic in wild eggs at Llandudno has now nearly, if not quite, been relinquifhed.

Botanifts fare no better than ornithologifts, the wild plants of a rarer character being unmercifully poached upon. The rareft of all is the fhrub called the *cotoneafter vulgaris*, the downy-leaved medlar, which has been difcovered nowhere elfe in this country. The guide-books fay that it is found on the rocks above the mines; but this is hardly a fufficient direction, and we had many a hunt without finding a fpecimen. Afterwards, we were referred to the cottage of a Mrs. Evans, above which we were affured that it would be feen growing in profufion. This information did not help the matter very much, nearly every other cottage being tenanted by a lady of that name; but at length our pains were rewarded by the difcovery of the locality,—the rocks which are fituated at fome diftance to the weft of the old mine above the road which paffes the farm-houfe of Tyn-y-cae. The

easiest way to it is to take the first turning to the left in going up the hill from the town to the old mine.

Old Gerard, the splendid botanist of Elizabeth's reign, to whose memory posterity has meted out yet but scanty justice, does not name this as an English plant; but it seems to be referred to in the following passage in his Herbal, fol. Lond. 1597, p. 1266,—"There is a dwarffe kinde of medlar growing naturally upon the Alpes, and hils of Narbone and Verona, which hath beene by some of the best learned esteemed for a kinde of medlar; others, whose judgements cannot stande with truth or probabilitie, have supposed it to be *Euonimus*, of the Alpes; this dwarffe medlar groweth like a small hedge tree, of fower or five cubits high, bearing many small twiggie wandes or crops, beset with many slender leaves, greene above, and of a skie colour underneath, in shewe and to beholde a dwarffe apple tree, but the fruite is very like the hawe, or fruite of the white thorne, and of a red colour."

The plant was firſt obſerved at Llandudno by J. W. Griffith, of Garn, in the year 1783.

There are ſeveral caves in the cliffs next the ſea. The moſt curious one is that called Llech, a ſquare room about ſix feet and a half in extent, and ten feet in height. The ſhape of this cavern, to uſe the words of Dr. Ingleby, "is ſemi-octagonal, terminated in front by two ſquare columns of freeſtone. The front and ſeats are in perfect preſervation; but of the ſtone table which many years ago occupied the centre, the pedeſtal only remains. The font, or rather ſtone baſin, is ſupplied by a ſpring of moſt delicious water, which, at certain ſeaſons, flows in copious quantities into an artificial bath, excavated in the rock below. It is ſaid that the cave was fitted up as a grotto, or pleaſure-houſe, by ſome anceſtors of the Moſtyn family; and this is all that is known about it." Llech is beſt reached from the ſea, but there is a zigzag pathway to it from the cliffs, which may be uſed if with care, and with a little improvement, ſuch as an iron railing placed

on the ſea margin of the path at precipitous places, this old footpath might be ſafely followed even by children. Near this is Ogo Hornby, or Hornby's cave, ſo called from a perſon of that name, the only one ſaved in a wreck, he being miraculouſly thrown ſafely out of the veſſel upon a rock at this ſpot, the ſhip itſelf and all the other members of the crew having been loſt. "He was hanging to the bowſprit when the veſſel ſtruck againſt the rocks, and was thrown off by the violence of the concuſſion on a projecting ledge, to which he clung until he found himſelf able to clamber up the acclivity—a taſk ſo difficult of accompliſhment that the villagers to whom he applied for ſhelter would not credit his ſtory, until the morning diſcovered to them the awful evidences of the ravages committed by the preceding night's ſtorm." A good way further on, towards the eaſt, under the Pen Trwyn rocks, is Ogo Golomenod, or the Pigeon's Cave, which is only acceſſible at low water. Between this laſt-named cave and St. Tudno's is a flat ſtony ledge,

which is covered about two feet in depth at high water, called Maine y Stewardiad, or the Steward's Bench, where, according to a ſilly tradition, the ſteward of the Moſtyn family, if convicted of wronging any of the tenants, was compelled to ſit naked during "the waſhing of two tides."

The views from the Little Orme's Head are, I think, although not ſo various, ſuperior to thoſe on its larger nameſake. There is here ſeen the country and mountains which are hidden from Llandudno by this range of hills. At the baſe of this large rock are two caverns, frequently viſited in boats from the town; one called Ogof Cythreuliaid, the devil's cave; the other, Eglwys Wen, or the White Church.

About a mile from the foot of the Little Orme, towards the ſhore on the other ſide, is the ancient farm-houſe of Penrhyn, mentioned by Leland in the time of Henry the Eighth,—"Place Penrine, an auncient ſtone houſe by eſt north eſt on the ſhore, longing to Mr. Poel of Flintſhire," Itinerary, v. 50. The only portion of the mediæval buildings remain-

ing is a ſmall chapel, now uſed for common farming purpoſes, and the windows ſo built up that its original character is hardly diſtinguiſhable. Penrhyn was formerly thought ſo important that it is placed in moſt of the early maps of North Wales, in which very few private reſidences were noted. In Speed's Maps, 1608, Penrhyn and Eglwys Rhos are the only places mentioned on this range of hills. The main portion of the preſent building was erected in 1590, that date, ſurmounted by the monogram I. H. C., being on the mantel-piece; to the left of which is a curious old ſemicircular open wooden cupboard of probably the ſame date, bearing a Welſh inſcription. The houſe is ſomewhat modernized, and recent plaſtering conceals much of its ancient external character. A ſtone, let into the outer wall of an additional wing, is inſcribed,—"W. P. 1635." There are ſome curious traditions connected with this houſe, which were firſt, I believe, narrated in Williams' Hiſtory of Aberconwy, 1835, p. 123, and are worth tranſcribing:—

Penrhyn was for ſeveral centuries the ſeat of the family of Pugh, the laſt of whom married the heireſs of Coytmor, and having iſſue two daughters only, the name is now extinct. Robert Pugh of Penrhyn Creiddyn was ſheriff of Caernarvonſhire in 1561. This family was deſcended from Ednyved Vychan, and his arms are carved in ſtone on the houſe. At a ſhort diſtance from it is the family chapel, now deſecrated into a ſtable; it is about twenty-five feet long, by fifteen wide; the altar table of ſtone is recollected by ſeveral now living; by a grant of pope Nicholas, three-fourths of the tithe of Penrhyn were attached to this chapel, and the ſame is now veſted in the eſtate. The family for a long period after the Reformation profeſſed the Roman catholic religion, and they kept a prieſt, who officiated in this chapel for themſelves, and a few catholic neighbours; in connection with this circumſtance is the following anecdote, which is current in the neighbourhood: it is ſaid that a plot was formed here to put to death all the Proteſtants in Creiddyn, and for the accompliſhment of this deed a body of men was to arrive at a certain time of the night; previouſly to their coming, great preparations were made in preparing proviſions, and a ſervant of Gloddaith, who paid his addreſſes to a woman in the ſervice of the family, finding her engaged at an unſeaſonable hour, obtained by his urgent inquiries a knowledge of the conſpiracy: he immediately haſtened home, and diſcloſed what he had heard to his maſter, who with the greateſt deſpatch procured a troop of horſe, and inveſted Penrhyn. This ſpeedy intervention fruſtrated their deſigns, and ſome of the inmates eſcaped, while others were taken; but the prieſt, who was ſuppoſed to be the contriver of

the plot, for ſome time eluded the ſtrict ſearch made for him: it happened, however, that ſome perſons, being in a boat out at ſea, obſerved ſmoke aſcending from Rhiwleden rock (the Little Orme), which circumſtance exciting their curioſity, they haſtened there, and in a ſmall cave called *Ty yn y graig*, which is about ninety feet from the ſummit, and the approach to which is extremely difficult, the prieſt was diſcovered; he was drawn and quartered in a field below the houſe, and his name, Sir William Guy, is even preſerved. There was a hole behind the houſe called *Twll arvau cant o wyr*, where it was ſuppoſed that the arms were concealed; and after the departure of the Pughs to Coytmor, among other things left behind, was an old trunk, which the tenants and ſome of their neighbours opened, and found therein a withered hand, which is ſuppoſed to have been one of the members of this ſame prieſt.

As theſe traditionary accounts are generally intereſting, I ſhall make no apology for inſerting another, ſtill more curious, relating to Penrhyn, the truth of which ſeems never to have been doubted by the neighbourhood. At the time of the following occurrence, the family at Penrhyn conſiſted of a ſon and two daughters; the former, according to the practice of the age, went on his travels abroad; but before he ſet out, he took the precaution of putting a needle between one of the joiſts and the ceiling in the little kitchen, and he alſo drove the tooth of a harrow into a pear-tree in the orchard. After a lapſe of many years, and all hopes of his return being given over, he arrived a beggar, and coming home he found his parents dead, and his ſiſters in poſſeſſion of his property. He ſtated who he was; but the ſiſters inſiſted that he was an

impoſtor, aſſerting that they were certified of their brother's death: to prove his identity, he ſaid that the needle would be found in a certain place, and as a further proof he named a particular tree into which he had driven the harrow tooth. The needle was found, and when they followed him to the orchard, he removed the bark which had grown over the iron, and ſhowed it to the ſiſters; notwithſtanding he was forcibly ejected from the premiſes, and it is ſaid that he was flogged with a whip, in which large pins were fixed, as an additional puniſhment of his ſuppoſed impoſture. He was received into a neighbouring cottage by the inhabitants, who had known him before he went abroad, and were ſatisfied of his identity; he remained here for ſome time; but having gone out one day, he was miſſed, and never returned. Although his fate was ſurmiſed, no clue could be obtained to what had become of him; and this myſterious event was conſtantly talked of by the country, and ſucceſſively handed down from father to ſon; to this cauſe alſo the common people, fond of the marvellous, have aſſigned the decay of the family, as being under a curſe, which had once been of the higheſt reſpectability; the eſtates have long been ſold, and the family is now extinct. It is always difficult to arrive at the exact date of this ſort of traditionary tales; but as the great grandſon of the perſon, who received the outcaſt into his houſe, is now living, this and ſome other circumſtances will enable us to place this occurrence about a hundred and fifty years ago. To make the above account complete, I ſhould obſerve that Mr. Hughes, the tenant at Penrhyn, not many years ſince, had occaſion to build a lime-kiln, and in a fiſſure of the rock, filled with ſoil, he diſcovered a perfect ſkeleton, immediately behind the houſe.

Continuing our walk paſt Penrhyn, thoſe who are intereſted in ſuch matters may turn to the right after a quarter of a mile to viſit a large tumulus, now partially levelled, which is ſituated a few yards to the left of the road in a field a quarter of a mile diſtant from the turning. Others may well neglect this, and paſs on to the coaſt, where, after a ſhingly walk of a mile, we reach, cloſe to the ſhore, the ſingular little building of Capel Saint Trillo. This intereſting but mean-looking edifice meaſures internally eight feet by eleven feet and a half. The walls are five feet in height from the ground to the commencement of an arched roof, which is curiouſly formed of common boulders and rude pieces of ſlate placed endwiſe in mortar. This roof is upwards of two feet thick in the centre, tapering to a thickneſs of fifteen inches on the ſides. The outer walls are maſſively conſtructed, being twenty-two inches in thickneſs, and the building is lighted by three ſmall loop-holes. The entrance is twenty-ſeven inches wide, but the roof over it has given way, ſo that its

original character is not discoverable. Mr. Longueville Jones, an experienced antiquary, assigns this structure to the commencement of the sixteenth century. It covers a spring of water celebrated in the neighbourhood for its purity, and there seems to be little doubt but that it enshrined it as a holy well. In Pennant's time, the building was surrounded with a stone wall, few traces of which now remain. Amongst the *débris* there is a portion of the upper part of a regularly carved stone column, possibly a fragment belonging to the ancient entrance to the chapel.

A short walk hence to the old beacon-turreted church of Llandrillo yn Rhos, near which are the ivy-covered ruins of an old house, called Plas Bryneuryn, generally stated to be of remote antiquity. They are, however, not more ancient than the reign of Elizabeth. On a large hill to the south of this, Bryn Eurian, are the remains of a very extensive British fortification. According to the Rev. Robert Williams,—"On the summit of Bryn

Euryn, in this pariſh, was Llys Maelgwn Gwynedd, where he reſided before he removed to Dyganwy. There ſtill remain evidences of an early fortification here; on the ſouth ſide the rock is cut precipitouſly, ſimilarly to Dyganwy hill, and the remains of a rampart on the other ſide are diſcernible. Within the area there is a circle of thirteen yards in diameter, and three graves, fifteen yards long by ſeven wide." The extent and character of this fortified poſt are traceable by the viſitor with great eaſe, the remains being far more perfect than thoſe of Pen y Dinas.

There is but one ſhaded walk for the ſummer in the neighbourhood, but a beautiful walk it is,—that to Gloddaeth. Turn to the left on reaching the little church of Eglwys Rhos, and paſs through the charming woods on the ſide of the hill called Bryn Maelgwyn. On the brow of the next hill is the ancient manſion of Gloddaeth, for many generations the ſeat of the Moſtyn family. Part of the preſent building was erected in 1584. The heights

above are covered with fine plantations, the walks through which reveal a ſucceſſion of charming views. On the ſummit of the hill are ſeen traces of a maze, which, it is ſaid, is to be reſtored. It is alluded to in a notice of Gloddaeth which occurs in the ſailor's diary of 1769, previouſly quoted,—" After dinner, we had an invitation to ſee Gloddaeth, an ancient ſeat belonging to Sir Roger Moſtyn, Bart. Gloddaeth Hall is a large old building, ſituated upon the ſouth ſide of a mountain, in the midſt of a fine wood, with avenues cut through in many places, each of which is near half a mile in length, which affords a beautiful proſpect in every way. Theſe avenues, ſeveral of which lie one above another, form a kind of amphitheatre, the ſight whereof is moſt delightful. And what adds ſtill more to its beauty, is a level tract of land which lies above it, upon which grows a ſtately grove of a circular form, with avenues cut (or rather planted) round the centre in the form of a maze, or the walls of ancient Troy, ſo that if you enter it in a careleſs manner,

you may meander about a confiderable time before you find the way out. From thence we were conducted to the very fummit of the mountain, or rather rock, it being little elfe, called in Welfh, Arerig or Carrig Carrig; from which place you have a view of the fea as far as the eye can carry you, and in a clear day you may fee the Ifle of Man; the mountains in Cumberland we faw, befides eight or nine more different counties; in fhort, I fpent the moft pleafant afternoon imaginable. We had in company Mr. Griffith, a jovial fat fteward, with four or five more jovial companions, two bottles of rum, fugar, a pitcher of water, pipes and tobacco, a fire upon the rock, and a flave of the fteward's to attend us, and, had the Druids themfelves been there, they certainly would have joined chorus. The evening approaching, we defcended the rugged mount, went along with the fteward to Gloddaeth, where we were to lodge, fpent the evening like true fons of Bacchus, and there went to fleep as is neceffary in fuch cafes."

There are very pleaſant ſtrolls on the hills on the Llandudno ſide of Gloddaeth. Leaving the rock of Bryn Maelgwyn to the right, and paſſing to the high ground over the farm called Fferm, the pedeſtrian ſoon reaches Cadair-fy-nain, My-grandmother's-chair, a name given to a large ſquare piece of rock, on one ſide of which, fronting Llandudno, is placed a flat-ſhaped ſtone, the latter being the ſeat, and the other forming a back to it. Cadair-fy-nain is really a comfortable ſeat for two perſons belonging to the preſent degenerate races of the world; but even, in remote times, "my grandmother" muſt have been remarkable for width to have required a chair of this magnitude. Walk on, paſt an old mill, to a hill on the Conway ſide of the Little Orme's Head called Mynydd Pentre. About this ſpot, the ſtones, in their natural poſitions, are ſometimes ſo fantaſtically placed, it is often difficult to ſtate with certainty that any particular ones belong to Britiſh antiquities; but on the ſummit of this eminence are what appear to me to be remains

of a cromlech, one upright ſtone only remaining, the others having been diſperſed and broken in the locality.

Eglwys Rhos is chiefly noted as the traditional ſpot of the death of Maelgwyn, who, in mythic hiſtory, is ſaid to have ſucceeded to the ſovereignty of Britain on the death of King Arthur in the ſixth century. His name is not only preſerved in that of the adjacent hill, but has been preſſed into the ſervice of the nomenclature of Llandudno, where we have already Plas Maelgwyn, Maelgwyn Houſe, and Bryn Maelgwyn; a conſolatory fact for all ſinners and tyrants, ſhowing that no amount of wickedneſs need deter its perpetrator from indulging in the hope of attaining an honourable poſthumous reputation. This Maelgwyn is ſaid, "when at Bangor, to have been ſtruck with remorſe for the crimes of his paſt life, and to have come to a reſolution of retiring from the world, and devoting himſelf to a cloiſter; a deſign which he did not perſiſt in, but returned to the affairs of government. He

died of the *vad velen*, or yellow plague, in the church of Llanrhos, whither he had taken himſelf for ſhelter. The Britiſh poets perſonified diſeaſe, and this, in the form of a woman, was to ſlay Maelgwn, if he looked upon it, which he incautiouſly did through the window. Talieſin's prophetic words are theſe :—

> E ddaw pryv rhyvedd—O Vorva Rhianedd
> I ddial anwiredd—Ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd ;
> Ai vlew ai ddannedd—Ai lygaid yn euredd,
> A hyn a wna ddiwedd—Ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd.

" A ſtrange creature will come from the Marſh of Rhianedd, to puniſh the crimes of Maelgwn Gwynedd : its hair, its teeth, and its eyes are yellow, and this will deſtroy Maelgwn Gwynedd."

This peſtilence, which raged in the diſtrict between the Conway and Dyffryn Clwyd, is recorded in the following Triad :—" Tair haint echrys Ynys Prydain : Cyntav, haint o gelanedd y Gwyddyl a laddwyd ym Manuba gwedi gormeſu o honynt ugain mlynedd a naw a'r wlad Wynedd. Ail, haint y vad

velen o Ros, ac achos celaneddau lladdedigion y bu honno, ac od elai neb o vewn eu gwynt cwympo 'n varw yn ddioed a wnelai: a'r drydydd haint, y chwys drewllyd, achos llygru yr yd gan wlybaniaeth yn amſer Gormes y Normeinwyr, y gan Wiliam y Baſtardd.—The three dreadful peſtilences of the Iſle of Britain. Firſt, the peſtilence from the carcaſes of the Gwyddelians, who were ſlain in Manuba, after they had oppreſſed the country of Gwynedd for twenty-nine years. Second, the peſtilence of the yellow plague of Rhos, and which was cauſed by the carcaſes of the ſlain, and whoever went within reach of the effluvia fell dead immediately: and the third was the peſtilence of the fetid ſweat, in conſequence of the corn having been injured by wet in the time of the oppreſſion of the Normans by William the Baſtard."—WILLIAMS' *Hiſtory of Aberconwy*, pp. 6—9.

About a mile from Eglwys Rhos, near the banks of the eſtuary of the Conway, are two conſpicuous hills, the ſite of the ancient caſtle of Diganwy, a

place diſtinguiſhed in Welſh hiſtory. Its name breathes of poetry rather than of war,—Dy gan wy, the white waves breaking on the ſhore. According to the Welſh writers, the original caſtle was erected in the ſixth century by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, the ſovereign above mentioned; but there does not appear to be anything known with certainty of its hiſtory, before its deſtruction by Llewelyn the Great, after which it was rebuilt, in 1210, by Randal Blondevil, earl of Cheſter. The caſtle deſtroyed by Llewelyn is ſpoken of by Giraldus Cambrenſis, in 1188, as a noble ſtructure. Its poſſeſſion was of great importance to the Engliſh, who retained it with difficulty, owing to its ſituation enabling the Welſh to cut off their ſupplies. King John encamped here in 1211, but Llewelyn took poſſeſſion of the intervening country, and the former was reduced to ſuch ſtraits that he was compelled to retreat with his army, numbers of which died from ſtarvation. A greater monarch, Henry the Third, fared no better in 1245, being compelled to retreat

from Diganwy ; a procefs which was again repeated in 1258 ; and four years later, in 1262, the caftle was taken and demolifhed by Llewelyn. The few remains now vifible are thofe of the caftle then deftroyed. In Leland's time there were "greate ruines," fo that probably much has been fince taken away for other buildings. The larger hill, that neareft the fea, had its fides cut, any crevices being filled up with mafonry, fo as to form a high precipice on all fides excepting on that fronting the other hill. The remains on this larger hill confift of thofe of a tower on the fide oppofite the Great Orme, of the walls furmounting the precipice, and of the keep, the latter being a rectangular excavation in the middle of the levelled top of the hill. This is now feen about twenty feet in depth, but much earth and rubbifh has fallen in, and it was originally no doubt much deeper. The outer wall ran down the fouth fide acrofs the intervening fpace to the other hill, with forts midway between, where may ftill be obferved maffive fragments of wall four

feet and a half thick. There appears to have been a wall carried through the middle of the intervening ſpace to the north ſide, a ſmall portion of which, being no leſs than ten feet in width, ſtill remains. On the inner hill there are no veſtiges of fortification left, if we except ſome earthen trenches, and a large fragment of maſonry, being the end of the principal ſouthern wall between the two hills. It will thus be ſeen that, although the ruins of Diganwy are inſignificant in extent, ſufficient remains to ſhow the great ſtrength of the ancient caſtle, and to caſt luſtre on the proweſs of its conqueror, the great Llewelyn.

According to a manuſcript of the ſixteenth century, "Tyganwy alias Gannocke Caſtell was an ancient Brittiſhe fortifficacion in the tyme of the Kinges of Brittayne, for Maelgwn lyved there, and lyeth buried at Prieſtholme where hee dyed, havynge taken uppon hym the habitt of a monke, and all the Kinges after Maelgwn untill . . . . lyved there, and after ytt continued to bee the ſeate of the

kinges of North Wales untill the Conqueſt, that the kinges of England began to invade North Wales, and ſometymes to gayne that and other Caſtells in Rhos Rhynoniog and Tegengle. Once you may ſee ytt reediffied in Kinge Johns tyme to the Kinges uſe by the earle of Cheſter, but the Caſtell was not originally buylte by any one of the earles of Cheſter." It is by no means impoſſible that there was a Britiſh fortification at Diganwy in ancient times, for in the ſeventeenth century there were found here a large number of the inſtruments generally called celts. According to an old unpubliſhed letter, now before me, a number of moulds uſed for caſting theſe inſtruments were alſo diſcovered.

Half a mile from Diganwy, on the ſummit of a ſmall hill near Bryniau, are the remains of an ancient circular tower, twelve feet in diameter inſide. Not much more than half of the walls of this tower now exiſt, forming a ſemicircular fragment of maſonry, upwards of four feet thick, and about twenty feet in height. The mortar appears to be very ancient,

and it is ufually confidered by antiquaries to have been a Roman watch-tower. There are marks of floors which appear to me to partake of a more modern character, but it is a fubject on which my opinion is worthlefs. The celebrated Roman pharos at Dover is certainly conftructed in a very different manner.

Nearly oppofite Diganwy, at the mouth of the eftuary of the Conway, are the large mufcle banks, which for fo many generations have yielded an apparently inexhauftible fupply of mufcles for the pearl fifhery, which is ftill carried on energetically. The beft account of it that I have met with is that given by Mr. Williams,—"There are two kinds of mufcles found in the Conwy, from which pearls are obtained; mya margaritifera, *cragen y diluw*, and the mytilus edulis, *cragen las*. Thofe of the former fpecies are procured high up the river, above Trevriw, and pearls fcarcely inferior to the oriental ones are occafionally found in them. The pearl which Sir Richard Wynne of Gwydir, chamberlain to

Catherine, queen of Charles the Second, presented to her majesty, was of this kind, and it is said that it adorned the regal crown. These fine pearls are but seldom met with, although the shells are common, and the search of them does not afford regular employment. This shell is five inches and a half long, and two and a half broad. The other variety, the *cragen las*, is found in abundance on the bar at the mouth of the river, and great quantities of the muscles are daily gathered by numbers of industrious persons. At ebb tide, the fishers, men, women, and children, may be observed busily collecting the muscles, until they are driven away by the flood. They then carry the contents of their sacks and baskets to Cevnvro, the northern extremity of the marsh, where the muscles are boiled; for this operation there are large *crochanau*, or iron pots, placed in slight huts; or rather pits, as they are almost buried in a vast heap of shells. The fish are picked out, and put into a tub, and stamped with the feet until they are reduced to a pulp; when, water being

poured in, the animal matter floats, which is called *ſolach*, and is uſed as food for ducks, while the ſand, particles of ſtone, and the pearls, ſettle in the bottom. After numerous waſhings the ſediment is carefully collected and dried; and the pearls, even the moſt minute, are ſeparated with a feather on a large wooden platter." The muſcles are found in conſiderable abundance at low water all along the ſhore at the entrance of the river, and are dredged by boatmen along the courſe of the ſtream as well as collected on the muſcle banks. I tried my fortune with about a hundred of them, a number which yielded nearly a dozen pearls, two or three of the ſize of a large pin's head, the others exceedingly minute.

We ſaw no ſpecimens of the larger kind of muſcles found higher up the river. There is a very curious notice of theſe latter in a letter written from Nant Francon in the year 1690,—"As for the pearls found in theſe mountainous rivers, they are very plentifull, and commonly large; though few of

them well coloured; they are found in a large black muſcle, peculiar to ſuch rivers. Several ladyes of this county and Denbigh-ſhire have collections of good pearle, found cheifly in the river Conwy. One Mr Wynne of Bodyſkalhen (a gentleman in ſeverall reſpects very curious and ingenious) hath a ſtool-pearle out of the river as big as the kernell of a field-berd, much of the colour of a common blew agat, but with two white circles: one at the baſis (if I well remember) and the other about the midſt of it. Common people call the muſcels, wherein they are found, by a name ſignifying deluge-ſhells: as if nature had not intended ſhells for the rivers, but being left there at the univerſall flood they had bred there, and ſoe propagated their kinde ever ſince. They know whether a muſcle have a pearle in it before they open it: for ſuch as have it are allwayes contracted and ſomewhat diſtorted from their uſuall ſhape."

Having picked out our Conway pearls, let us go and ſee if there are any pearls left at Conway.

Alas! thefe latter are of a dingy colour, albeit interefting even in their difcolourment. The largeft is the ancient caftle, built in the latter part of the thirteenth century, the remains of which are very extenfive, and form a picturefque object in many views in the neighbourhood. They are not fo grand as thofe of Carnarvon, but they partake of a more antique-looking and artiftic character, the crumbling towers and walls rifing darkly out of flaty rocks that project into the river. Another confpicuous object in Conway is the large old Elizabethan manfion, Plas Mawr, erected in 1577; and an ancient ftone building, called the College, has been affigned to the early period of Edward the Firft, but it clearly belongs to the fixteenth century. Oppofite the Caftle inn is a large old houfe with wooden framework and lathed and plaftered interftices, probably belonging to the fixteenth century. Adjoining that inn is an old hoftel, now modernized, but retaining traces of its antiquity, the King's Head, where refted in former times a large propor-

tion of the travellers between Chefter and Holyhead. There is a ftill better example of an old inn, the Black Lion, a gabled houfe bearing the date of 1589. The Town Hall was erected in the reign of James the Firft, on a beam over the fireplace of which is the name of Alderman Hookes, 1613. This perfon, who died in 1637, is recorded in his epitaph at Conway church to have been the forty-firft child of his father, and himfelf the father of twenty-feven children; a ftatement which, for the fake of Mifs Martineau, we may hope is exaggerated. The poffibility of fuch a calamity would be fufficient to make her frantic. The Conway hiftorian naively calls it "an inftance of extraordinary fecundity." I rather think it is.

Conway Caftle is now a mere ruin. It was difmantled in 1665, but it had been in a dilapidated ftate long previoufly, even as far back as the reign of James the Firft. In a letter of that period it is ftated that "the king's caftle of Conway, in the county of Carnarvon, is in great ruin and decay,

whereof the greater part hath been downe and uninhabitable for manie ages paſt; the reſt of the tymber ſupporting the roofe is all, or for the moſt parte, rotten, and growth daylie by wet more and more in decay, no man having dwelt in anie part thereof theſe thirty years paſſed; the leades are for a great part gone, the mayne wall being of a ragged, hard, and ſmall ſtone, is of no value or worth; there is no land confeſſed to belonge thereto, without the wall thereof; within it is of a ſmall compaſs, builded on a rocke, pile wyſe, all which, at the intreatie of Mr. Huggen, we have thought good to certifye to your honor." The caſtle was granted to Lord Conway by Charles the Firſt, and was wantonly diſmantled by that nobleman, not by order of the Government, in the reign of Charles the Second.

When I firſt ſaw Conway, ſome years ago, it was all but a perfect ſpecimen of a mediæval fortified town, which, from the outſkirts, realized an illumination of the chronicles of Froiſſart more vividly perhaps than any other city in the world. The

very meanneſs of the town aided the deception, and a ſpectator could almoſt imagine himſelf transferred into a city of the middle ages. As the place has improved in material wealth, this bit of ſentimentality is ruined. The walls are ſtill there, but the effect of the whole is marred by the new buildings, eſpecially by thoſe outſide the boundaries; while the ſcreaming railway engine, darting forth from that deteſtable-looking tubular bridge through an ancient fortification, with which its acceſſories have been formed with ill ſucceſs to aſſimilate, renders all incongruous. "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together." Railways don't get on at all with antiquities. Who would care for Stonehenge if it were placed in the court-yard of a railway ſtation? The Conway folks do not look upon the matter at all in this light. They talk with pardonable elation of the progreſs of their city. It is very natural. They don't care much for mediæval towns, and they do care a great deal for the money they have put into their pockets.

At Conway there is, or was a few years ſince, a cuſtom on Eaſter Sunday ſomewhat ſimilar to the ancient Swearing at Highgate. It was ruled that no one under twenty years of age was to go to bed that night under pain of being put in the ſtocks. No mercy was ſhown to the tranſgreſſor, who was dragged out of bed, hurried to the place of correction, and only releaſed upon his giving ſatisfactory replies to ſuch queſtions as, whether he liked beſt the miſtreſs or the maid, ale or butter-milk, an open gate or a ſtile, and ſuch like.

At high water, the large baſin of the Conway juſt above the town appears as a beautiful inland lake. The village of Llanſaintffraid, on the water edge of a wooded ſloping hill, ſhows here to great advantage. It reſembles, in ſituation and, at a diſtance, even in appearance, thoſe pictureſque towns which border ſo numerouſly many of the lakes of Switzerland. It is a pity that the ſtream ſhould not be ever ſeen as it is at high tide. Were a breakwater formed between the ſhore at Diganwy and

Conway Marſh, with ſluices opened only at high water, the river might be made one of the moſt beautiful in Great Britain. With this contrivance, and its bed deepened, a more regular navigation could be obtained between this and Trefriw, without intrenching too far on veſted intereſts, and ultimately to the advantage of all.

A ſhort and pleaſant walk from Conway in the direction of Penmaenmawr, between the two coach-roads, leads to the long ſerrated ridge called the Town Hill. Here are fine ſea and land views, but the chief intereſt conſiſts in the remains of what is ſuppoſed to have been a large fortified Britiſh town. It is certainly of great antiquity, being alluded to in a mediæval Welſh poem. There are the ſhattered walls of what is called the citadel, a large ſpace formerly ſurrounded by thick walls of dry ſtones. There appear to have been ſeveral outworks, and the whole further ſtrengthened by intrenchments, traces of which are diſtinctly viſible. Numerous ſpecimens of the remains of what are called circular

houſes are ſcattered about the encampment, and the whole locality is well worth a viſit from any who can take an intereſt in the moſt ancient antiquities of this country, thoſe which belong to a people antecedent even to the Roman invaſion. The ridges of theſe hills terminate with the huge limeſtone rock of Penmaen Bach, before reaching which is a ſmall cwm, in a dreary ſituation, in which, however, a ſolitary cottage gives evidence of civilization at a ſpot one would imagine hardly ſuited for any more advanced than our celtic anceſtors.

There is a pleaſant walk from Conway to the deſolate church of Llangelynin. Take the road which leads to Ro, turning to the right before reaching that village, and keep in a ſtraight direction up the hills, along a ſhaded road, through plantations. In a bleak ſpot, after paſſing the woods, the church is reached. It is remote from habitations, and has long been diſuſed. In the churchyard I noticed a ſlab of ſtone, evidently detached from its proper reſting-place, on which was

infcribed,—" Sidney, ye Daughter of Lancelot Bulkley, 1684." Shortly before the church is reached, to the right of the road, in the elevated part of a boggy field, are diftinct traces of a large circular Britifh houfe. There are feveral encampments in this locality. The one moft noticeable is that called Craig-y-dinas, a fhort diftance from the church on the Conway fide. It is a large intrenched pofition, which muft naturally have been very ftrong, owing to the original formation of the rocks. Some traces of the old dry ftone fortifications may ftill be obferved, but moft of the loofe ftones have been taken away for farming purpofes.

Afcending the hills above Llangelynin, we arrive at a ridge called Cefn Maen Namor, overlooking the fhallow valley that defcends towards the tops of the hills above the old village at Dwygyfylchi. Turn to the left over the high ferrated ridge of Tal-y-fan, whence there are charming views, and then defcend on the other fide until you reach a rough cartway. Again turn to the left, and before

long there is ſeen the little village of Ro. This route cannot be taken quite with-drawing-room faſhion. Parts of it are rough and boggy. Ro is a miſerable little village prettily ſituated at the foot of the mountains, on the banks of Afon Ro, a ſhallow river paſſing over boulders. There are two ſmall wooden foot-bridges over the ſtream, which have a picturesque look. There is ſmall accommodation here in the refreſhment way. The traveller may content himſelf with eggs and bacon at a little beer-ſhop, with perhaps a diſh of trout.

Another day, and it requires a long one, ſtart from Conway to Ro, and then walk over the mountains to the charming village of Aber. This is rather a long walk, and was undertaken by us in happy ignorance of its extent, the ordnance map having been left behind. We trudged and trudged along, thinking that Aber was only two or three miles diſtant from Ro; but having walked a conſiderable diſtance, a chance Welſh ſhepherd told us it was ſtill about two or three miles off. Another

hour's walk, and another chance ſhepherd again to tell us that our deſtination was about two or three miles diſtant; but this would have been the anſwer no matter what part of the road we had been in. The Welſh ſhepherds, as a rule, do not underſtand Engliſh, but they have picked up a few ſet phraſes, with which they favour the touriſt; and this is one of them. To be ſure, the Welſh miles may be longer than Engliſh ones. This is not unlikely. Taylor the Water-poet complained of their length more than two centuries ago. "Moſt of the Welſh miles," obſerves the pleaſant old waterman, "are large London meaſure; not any one of them but hath a hand-bredth or ſmall cantle at each end; by which means, what they want in broadneſs, they have it in length; beſides the aſcending and deſcending almoſt impaſſable mountains, and the break-neck ſtony ways, doth make ſuch travellers as myſelfe judge that they were no miſers in meaſuring their miles. Beſides, the land is courſer then it is in moſt parts about London, which makes them to

afford the larger meaſure; for courſe broad-cloath is not at the rate of velvet or ſatten."

The road we are now traverſing, that from Ro to Aber, was occaſionally uſed by travellers to Ireland, in preference to going round by Conway and Penmaenmawr. "This is nearer by ſix or eight miles, but an exceedingly bad mountainous road, and which I would not adviſe the traveller to take." —*Letters from Snowdon*, 1770. The firſt part of the walk from Ro, up a ſomewhat ſteep aſcent, affords a variety of charming views of the vale of the Conway. After paſſing a farm-houſe called Buarth, about a mile from Ro, note on the right-hand ſide, a few yards from the road, in the line of a looſe wall, a fine cromlech, conſiſting of four upright ſtones ſurmounted by a very large rude ſlab. This cromlech is not noticed in the ordnance map, nor by any touriſt; but it may perhaps, notwithſtanding a diſcrepancy as to the number of the ſupporting ſtones, be the ſame which is mentioned in a curious manuſcript account of Britiſh antiqui-

ties, compiled in the year 1772,—"In a hedge row, a bow-ſhot from the houſe (Buarth), ſtands Llech yr aſt, in length five cubits, in breadth four and a half, ſupported by five pillars, two taller than the reſt, which gives it an inclination to the north." The haſty note I made of the cromlech does not enable me to verify the correctneſs of this deſcription; nor, when I ſaw it, did I know of the manuſcript account. A century ago this locality was literally ſtudded with remains of primeval antiquities, but moſt of them have now been deſtroyed. About two miles and a half further on is the paſs of Bwlch y Ddwyfaen, formerly diſtinguiſhed by two large ſtone pillars fixed upright in the ground at about a hundred yards' diſtance from each other. Only one of them, that to the left of the road, is now ſtanding. It is a block of ſtone, about ten feet high, quadrilateral at bottom and tapering to a point at top. It has the appearance of having been originally a huge boulder, partially and rudely cut on the ſides, and then placed upright in the ground.

The other ſtone, a little further on to the right of the road, has fallen down, and has evidently been partially cut by rude workmen. Theſe ſtones once probably belonged to a large circle. Near them, to the left, is a mutilated cairn of looſe ſtones. All theſe ſtones, according to local tradition, came there in ſomewhat an odd manner. A giant and his wife, many centuries ago, were travelling along this route to Angleſea. At this ſpot, they met a ruſtic of whom they enquired the diſtance. The poor fellow ſhook his head, and lifting up his feet, protected only by the remnants of what were evidently once thick wooden clogs, informed his aſtoniſhed hearers that theſe were quite new when he quitted the iſland, and that he had walked direct from it ever ſince. The giant's wife was ſo diſ-

couraged by this that ſhe gave the whole matter up as a bad job, and in her deſpair let fall the contents of her apron, theſe identical ſtones. If theſe roads in ancient times were anything like what they now are, we can readily believe in the ſtate of the ruſtic's clogs. They are quite rough enough to wear out ſoles of any thickneſs, whether of leather or of wood. Ours were in a rare ſtate by the time we got to the ſtation at Aber, between five and ſix miles further on. The deſcent into Aber, from the brow of the hill, Foel Aduarth, is very pleaſing; the more ſo from the contraſt it affords to the wild and deſolate waſte that has been traverſed from Bwlch y Ddwy-faen.

Porthlwyd is a favourite ſpot for an excurſion from Conway. The bridge over the ſtream at the bottom of the falls is about ſeven miles on the Llanrwſt road. Shortly before reaching this, note in the hedge of a field a few yards from the road, on the left-hand ſide, a ſmall cromlech. The road here paſſes under a fine ridge of hills, fringed with

woods in the midſt of which ever and anon are jutting rocks. The cataract of Porthlwyd, called Rhaiadr Mawr, is, in a flood, an extremely fine one; but in dry weather it is generally ſeen to great diſadvantage. A good account of it, far better than I could give, is found in Bingley,—"Aſcending a winding path the touriſt will, after about a quarter of an hour's walk, arrive at the bed of the river, near the ſtation from whence the fall is to be ſeen to the greateſt advantage. The ſcene is highly pictureſque. From the upper part two ſtreams deſcend at ſome diſtance from each other. The range of rock down which the water is thrown is very wide and extremely rude, being formed, in horizontal ledges, into deep clefts and enormous chaſms. The ſtreams unite a little above the middle of the fall; they ruſh from thence in foam over the rocks, and, from the deep ſhelvings, in many places the water is entirely hidden from below. In addition to this, nearly every different ſtratum of rock throws it into a freſh direction. In the whole

ſcene there is the utmoſt irregularity. On the right of the cataract the incloſing rocks are nearly perpendicular, very lofty, and crowned with pendant foliage. Thoſe on the left are very high and towering, adorned on the lodgements with graſs and ferns."

The ſpot here deſcribed is now, owing to the ground being encloſed, reached with ſome difficulty. The guides take viſitors to a place over the falls, where the water ruſhes over a wide ſpace interſperſed with romantically diſpoſed rocks, a ſort of caſcade plateau, a charming ſituation for a picnic; a corner too that reveals ſome of the fineſt views that can be obtained of the valley of the Conway. Above this ſpot, for ſome diſtance, the river is ſeen as a torrent forming a ſucceſſion of ſmall caſcades. It flows from Llyn Eigiau, a ſmall lake about three quarters of a mile wide. In Speed's maps, 1608, it is written Llynyga. Leland has it, Linne Yge.

At the diſtance of a mile from Porthlwyd are the falls of Dolgarrog, which are formed by the deſcent of the waters of Llyn Cwlyd, a lake, upwards of a

mile and a half in length, ſituated in the mountains to the North of Capel Curig. Theſe falls are difficult to deſcribe. The water daſhes along, foaming in every direction through channels hidden by ſhrubs and trees growing on the ledges of the rocks, ſo that neither pen nor pencil can give an adequate idea of the romantic character of the ſcene, which at beſt can only be ſtudied in detached portions. This cataract will not be appreciated if only ſeen, as moſt perſons are content to ſee it, from the carriage road. The ſummit of it muſt be attained before a judgment be formed. There will be ſeen deep falls of water, ruſhing, by the ſides of mighty boulders and large fragments of fallen rocks, into the numerous hidden channels previouſly alluded to.

Our excurſions did not now extend in this direction beyond the falls of Dolgarrog; nor am I ſure, although duly appreciating the beauties of the well-known route paſt theſe through Llanrwſt and Bettwys-y-Coed, not forgetting that moſt charming of all river croſſings, the Pont-y-Pair, that it would be

at all eaſy to do more than repeat what is found in other works. There is the mineral ſpring near Trefriw, from which runs about the naſtieſt iron chalybeate I ever had the folly to taſte. Then is paſſed the beautifully ſituated, though I fancy the ſomewhat overrated, town of Llanrwſt, now rapidly riſing in importance, and perhaps deſtined, when the railway to Conway is completed, to become a large city. Should ſuch be the caſe, the following extract from a ſailor's diary, penned in 1769, and giving an account of its appearance at that period, may ſome day be peruſed with intereſt,—"About ſix o'clock the ſame evening, we came to an anchor at the Spread Eagle in a very ſhattered condition. Llanrwſt is ſituated in a very deep bottom upon the river Conway, betwixt Denbigh hills and Carnarvon rocks, ſome of which appear to hang over the town. Neverthelеſs we found much better anchorage than could have been expected at ſuch a bottom. Llanrwſt is a ſmall market town, containing one church, a market hall, as they call it, and about fifty or

ſixty houſes, or rather huts, but never a good houſe amongſt the whole lot. The houſes and the inhabitants are much the ſame, viz., both of the ruſtick order. The houſes conſiſt chiefly of one ſtory, which makes them ſo lofty that I obſerved more ſmoke come out of the doors of moſt of them than out at the chimneys, but I rather think ſeveral modern built houſes which we ſaw had no chimneys at all. The inhabitants, who are natives, ſeem to be real deſcendants of the ancient Druids, both in ſhape and dreſs. Numbers of both ſexes which we ſaw, I am pretty ſure, never wore a ſhoe or ſtocking ſince they were created. After we had refreſhed ourſelves, taken our beer on board, and freſh ſheathed our commodore, we went to ſleep and ſlept very well till morning."

Llanbedr, on the hills above the Llanrwſt road about ſix miles from Conway, is well worth a viſit, were it only for the opportunity of ſeeing one of the moſt remarkable ancient primitive fortifications preſerved in this country. It is called Pen Caer

Helen, and is ſituated on the ſummit of a hill about a mile from the village. Pennant is, I believe, the only writer who has deſcribed this remain from original obſervation. He notices it as "a Britiſh poſt of great ſtrength, and in ſome parts ſingularly guarded. It had the uſual foſſes, and vaſt ramparts of ſtones, with ſome remains of the facing of walls, and the foundations of three or four round buildings." Notwithſtanding that many of the ſtones of this fortification have been taken away for uſe in modern diviſion walls and ſheep-pens, the remains are ſtill very extenſive, and ſhow clearly the extent of the ancient huge dry-ſtone ramparts. But the chief peculiarity of this fortified poſt conſiſts in the curious fact that, near the outer walls, on the weſtern ſide, are two large ſpaces of ground thickly ſet with ſmall ſharp-pointed ſtones, placed upright in the ground; a peculiarity which I cannot find is noticed in regard to any other ſimilar work, and which ſeems to defy the probability of our diſcovering a plauſible explanation.

From this ſpot the views are extenſive, reaching on one ſide over the vale of Conway and the Denbighſhire hills, and on another over a ſterile waſte up to Carnedd Llewelyn. We deſcended hence, over rather boggy ground, to the pretty little river, Afon Dulyn, three quarters of a mile diſtant ; the ſtream here charmingly meandering between wooded banks, in ſome ſpots the waters ruſhing over numberleſs boulders fantaſtically diſtributed. There is a beautiful walk by the ſide of this ſtream, through ſhrubbed paths, into the Conway road. The ſtream riſes in Llyn Dulyn, below Carnedd Llewelyn, a lake which is mentioned by Leland as the Black Pool, and as being "full of ſtones," alluding to the ſtrange maſſes of rock with which it is ſurrounded. We did not reach this pool, but as it is mentioned by many early writers, and is not deſcribed in the ordinary guide-books, I am induced to extract the following account of a walk to it from Llanbedr, which is given by an anonymous touriſt of 1837,— "From Pen Caer Helen we proceeded to Pen-y-

Gadair, which is nearly of the ſame elevation as the preceding, and which preſents the ſame proſpect, but varied in its aſpect. Deſcending from this, we purſued our route towards Llyn Dulyn. On our way we paſſed ſeveral immenſe detached ſtones, one of which, called Carreg Saeſon, or the Saxon Stone, muſt have been at leaſt ſixty or ſeventy tons in weight. I noticed one very large ſtone, which from its poſition and appearance ſtruck me as deſigned for a rocking-ſtone. A trial proved my conjecture to be correct, as the guide and myſelf were enabled to move it with very little exertion. At length, after a walk which was by no means laborious, we reached Llyn Dulyn, or the Black Lake. Its appearance very ſtrikingly correſponds with its name. It is ſituated a little below Carnedd Llewelyn, and is approached by deſcending a precipitous rock, or rather large maſſes of ſhapeleſs and disjointed ſtones, the undoubted reſult of a volcanic eruption at ſome former period. It is ſurrounded by huge maſſes of a very peculiar ſtone, the geological deſignation of

which I am not acquainted with, but which eminent geologifts, who have examined it, affert is only to be found in the vicinity of volcanos. In addition to this, calcined maffes of ftone are to be found fcattered over a circuit of the country for feven miles round. Again, the very appearance of the rocks around the lake teftify to fome great convulfion, which has fhattered them into ten thoufand ruinous fragments. The lake itfelf has a very gloomy appearance, the colour being almoft black, though the water which flows from it is perfectly clear. Several attempts have been made to found its depth, but without fuccefs, as a line of ninety-fix fathoms found no bottom. Some fay that a much greater length of line than even this has been tried, with the fame refult. It abounds with excellent fifh, as indeed do all the ftreams which iffue both from this and the other lakes in this neighbourhood.

" Leaving this we proceeded to afcend to Llyn-Henllyn and Ffynnon y Llyffant, two other lakes between Llyn Dulyn and Carnedd Llewelyn. The

former of theſe abounds in fiſh of a very large ſize. The latter is ſituated immediately below the peak of the mountain. In a ſhort time we attained to the ſummit of Carnedd Llewelyn. On our aſcent we encountered ſome difficulty in conſequence of the violence of the gale which ſwept over this towering elevation. The cold was intenſe; I ſhould ſuppoſe it to be five or ſix degrees below the freezing point, and this while the ſun was ſhining at noon day, and the temperature in the valley was ſixty-two degrees of Fahrenheit. The ſnow lay very deep in ſome ſituations. We walked over a ravine which my guide informed me was at leaſt forty feet in depth. In this, and ſimilar places, he ſaid that it would not diſappear until the cloſe of Auguſt." This mountain is only about a hundred feet lower than Snowdon, and there does not ſeem to be any reaſon why the aſcent to it, in the direction here deſcribed, ſhould not become a favourite excurſion from Conway or Llandudno.

Johnſon, the naturaliſt, viſited this mountain in

1639, and his account is probably the firſt recorded one of an aſcent of it. He took altogether a different route to that above deſcribed, ſtarting from the village of Llanllechid on the other ſide; and was much annoyed becauſe his ruſtic guide would not be perſuaded to take him "to the ſteep parts where the rare plants only grow." The guide was alſo afraid of the eagles, and told our naturaliſt that they ſtarted from their neſts after their prey with ſuch force that it was unſafe to venture to the higheſt crags. According to local tradition, a giant named Rhitta, the terror of the ſurrounding country, clothed in a garment woven from the beards of the enemies he had ſlain, was formerly the ſole inhabitant of Carnedd Llewelyn.

Dwygyfylchi is within an eaſy diſtance of Conway or Llandudno. There is a pleaſant walk to it by the inland or old coach road which led from Conway to Penmaenmawr, and at about three miles from the former we reach the paſs of Sychnant, or the dry hollow, an appropriate name for a romantic

divifion between lofty rocks on one fide and a fteep incline of loofe limeftone on the other. The ancient road was at the bottom of the pafs. The prefent one winds up the hill on the fouth fide, near the top of which, and under a rock flightly projecting over the road, is one of the moft remarkable fingle echoes I ever heard, unequalled, in my fmall experience, excepting perhaps by one that the drivers paufe at on the St. Gothard road in Switzerland. If you exprefs a hope that it is quite well, the echo replies "quite well" fo clearly and diftinctly, that you feel hurt at its want of politenefs in not adding the fully anticipated "I thank you." At the bottom of the pafs is reached the old ruftic village of Dwygyfylchi, built on the fide of a little mountain ftream which Leland calls Avon Duegeuelth, but which now is known as Nant Dacar Llwynog. This ftream, which abounds with fmall trout, fhould be followed on the right hand fide through a long glen, wooded at the further end, where it falls over the upper rock, forming a fmall but romantic cafcade.

If the brook is paſſed before the wood is reached, turning to the left up the hills, we reach the upper range over the mountains, and in an elevated vale obſerve the celebrated Maen y Campiau, a large upright ſtone, the Pillar of Games, ſuppoſed to be a relic of a Britiſh circus for the exhibition of ancient ſports. It is more likely to be the remaining ſtone of a ſepulchral circle. On the ſummit of a hill to the left are the remains of an immenſe cromlech, Maen-nanmor, the upper ſlab of which has fallen in huge broken pieces between the enormous blocks upon which it once reſted. This cromlech appears to have been raiſed in the centre of two very large circles of upright ſtones, faint traces of which may ſtill be obſerved.

The vale of Dwygyfylchi is encloſed by mountains on all ſides except towards the north, where it is bounded for two miles by the ſea. At the eaſtern extremity is Penmaen Bach, the Little Penmaen, a large limeſtone rock, and on the other ſide is the mountain of Penmaenmawr, the laſt of the

Snowdonian range, which, although only 1545 feet in height, is, from its peculiar poſition, jutting boldly into the ſea, one of the moſt conſpicuous mountains in Wales. It is oftener alluded to by early writers than any of the reſt. It conſiſts of a huge promontory of limeſtone rock, on a kind of table-land, on the top of which, at ſome diſtance from the edge of the cliff, riſes a pyramidical hill, the latter covered with the *débris* of extenſive ancient fortifications. Travellers from Cheſter to Holyhead, in former times, paſſed under the rock on the ſands at low water, but when the tide was up, they were compelled to traverſe an unprotected path high up on the ſide of the cliff, a road that involved dangers not only from the precipitous character of the rocks on the ſea boundary, but from overhanging cliffs that were ever and anon diſlodged by ſtorms or froſts.

The earlieſt deſcription of Penmaenmawr that I have met with occurs in Camden's Britannia, 1586, p. 388, in a paſſage thus fairly tranſlated by

Holland,—"The ſhore, raiſing itſelf with a bending aſcent, runneth on by Penmaen-maur, that is, the great ſtony head, a very exceeding high and ſteepe rock, which, hanging over the ſea when it is floud, affourdeth a very narrow pathway for paſſengers, having on the one ſide huge ſtones over their heads, as if they were ready to fall upon them; on the other ſide the raging ocean lying of a wonderfull ſteepe depth under it." The ſtory goes that this pathway was firſt formed by St. Seiriol, after the inundation which is ſaid to have ſwept over the flat land that is ſuppoſed to have anciently connected Prieſtholme with this coaſt. There is a curious account of this in a manuſcript of the early part of the ſeventeenth century written by Sir John Gwynn of Gwedir, in the following terms,—"Sythence this greate and lamentable innundacion, the waye and paſſage beynge ſtopped in this ſtraight in regard the ſea was come in, and did beate uppon the rockes att Penmen Mawre, this holy man Seirial, lieke a good heremite, did cauſe a way to bee beaten and

cutte through the mayne rocke, which is the onely paſſage that is to paſſe that ſtraight. This way leadeth from Dwygyfylchi to Llanvair Vechan, and is the kinges high way from Conewey to Bewmares, Bangor and Carnarvon, and the onely paſſage that the kynges poſte hath to ryde to and from Ireland. This rocke is a myle and a haulf in hight and very pendicular, eſpecially beneath this way; the way begyninge att the ſea-ſhore within the pariſhe of Dwygyfylchi is cutt through the ſyd of a rocke ſtill aſcendynge untill you come to a cricke uppon the rocke called Clippyn Seiriall, and thence is cutt directly forward through the ſyde of a ſteepe hard rocke neither deſcendyng nor aſcendynge untill you come to Seirialls Chappell, beynge aboutes a quarter of a myle from Clippyn Seiriall, and all that way is two hundred yardes above the ſea, over which yf either man or beaſte ſhoulde fall, both ſea and rocke, rocke and ſea, woulde ſtrive and contend whether of both ſhoulde doe hym the greateſt miſchief; and from the Chappell aforeſayd forward the way is

cutt through the ſyde of a gravely, rocky hill, ſtill deſcendynge untill you come agayne to the ſea-ſhore within the pariſhe of Llanvair; this way in leangth is aboute a myle and ſomewhat better, and in breadth two yardes, but in ſome places ſcarce a yard and a quarter, or a yarde. And this way is ever ſythence kepte and repayred by a heremyte, who hath nothinge for his labour and ſervice therein but the charity of well diſpoſed people and paſſengers, and a gatheringe once every yeere in the pariſhes and towne churches adjoyninge, and the benevolence of the Juſtices of Peace, and ſuch as bee ympanelled of the graund enqueſts in every ſeſſions within the three ſhires of Northwales, and for all this the way woulde ſoone periſhe, weare ytt not for the fyrmenes of the rocke, by reaſon of greate ſtones and rubbell that often fall from the hill, beynge diſſolved uppon the thawynge of every greate ſnowe and froſte, and ſometymes either choake and fill upp the paſſage or ells breake downe greate gappes in the way, which are repayred by the ſaid

heremyte with the healpe of thinhabitantes of the parifhes adjoyninge, and newe foundacions wrought in fuch gappes uppon poles and thornes." Pennant mentions having feen the ruins of this chapel, or, as it is here called, his Gweli, or bed; and they are faid to be ftill difcernible on the fteep front of the mountain next the fea. The tradition goes that St. Seiriol had a church at Prieftholme, from which ifland he had a raifed pathway made to Penmaenmawr, "which pavement," obferves an old writer, "may at this day be difcerned when the fea is clear, if a man lift to go in a boat to fee it." A hill near the village of Penmaenmawr is ftill called Trwyn-yr-wylfa, the point of the doleful hill, a fpot which tradition fays was that on which the inhabitants of the low ground ftood tearfully, whilft beholding the fad effects of the inundation.

In Camden's time, and for long afterwards, the paffage by the fide of Penmaenmawr was by a mere bridle-path, no doubt one of more peril than can well be imagined by any one acquainted with the

mountain in its prefent ftate. Sir John Bramfton, in his Autobiography, thus defcribes a journey over it in the year 1631, taken in company with a lady, —"As wee rode, her feet hunge, as it were, over the rocke into the fea, and by degrees wee came foe high that fhee was not able to fitt any longer, fhe was fo affrighted; and the way was fo narrow that fhe was taken backward from off the horfe from behind, and foe fhe walked, as we all did, over the hill, the rock beinge extreame high, both from our feete to the fea and above our heads too, fo that we rode and walkt as in the midle of the rock."

Johnfon, the naturalift, who paffed over it in 1639, fpeaks of its dangers in a fimilar manner; and fo do moft of the early travellers who allude to it. It muft be recollected that many of the paffengers from London to Dublin, as at prefent, paffed this fpot; the reafon of its being fo notorious. Shirley, in his Saint Patrick for Ireland, 1640, fpeaks of "the root of Penmaenmawr" as the type of depth; Gayton, in 1654, compares it with

Teneriffe; and Taylor, the water-poet, refers to it thus in hobbling rhyme,—.

> The next day, when the clock ftrok two and foure,
> I mounted Dun,—Dun mounted Penmen Mawre;
> And if I do not take my aime amiffe,
> That lofty mountain feems the fkies to kiffe.

It is probable that foon after the Reftoration of Charles the Second the path was widened. At all events a fcheme about that time was approved of by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the defign of which was to form a new carriage road, to be "in the narroweft place four feet wide," over Penmaenmawr, "at prefent too well known for its deep and dangerous paffage."

It appears from fome letters of the Earl of Clarendon, addreffed to the Earl of Rochefter in 1685, that at that period it was ufual for carriages to pafs on the fands of the fhore under the mountain, the paffengers in them waiting for low water, only foot and horfe travellers taking the road. Lord Clarendon arrived at Penmaenmawr on De-

cember the 30th, 1685, but was compelled to return to Conway on account of the ſtate of the tides leaving no ſpace on the ſands for his carriage. The next day, inſtead of attempting to paſs with this encumbrance, he went over on foot, his lady accompanying him in a litter, and the reſt of the ſuite on horſeback. The noble writer then relates the aſtoniſhment created by the feat performed by two country people, who managed to drag his carriage over Penmaenmawr, and on to Beaumaris. The whole account preſents ſo ſtriking a contraſt to the ſtate of things at this day, it may not be amiſs to give the earl's own words, as they appear in a letter written from Beaumaris on New-year's-day, 1686,—"We left Conway yeſterday at ſix in the morning, and purſued the methods for our journey which I mentioned in my laſt from thence; my wife in a litter, and the reſt of us on horſeback,—though I confeſs, for my own particular, I went on foot,—paſſed over Penmaen Mawr, at the foot of which, on this ſide, I met my Lord Bulkeley's coach and

ſervants, but they told us they had eſcaped very narrowly being caſt away in coming over the ferry, and that the winds were ſo very high that it was not fit for us to attempt going that way; ſo the coach carried us to Bangor, where we ferried over into Angleſey, and then put my wife into the litter again; for never was or can come a coach into that part of the country; and thus we came ſafe hither about three in the afternoon, God be praiſed, without any miſchance to any of our company; and here we are lodged at my Lord Bulkeley's, who makes very much of us, and entertains us moſt nobly. I left Sir Paul Rycaut at Conway, who had a mind to ſee what ſucceſs I had in paſſing the mountains before he would venture, but I expect him here this day; he offered two guineas to have his chariot carried over Penman; and the Dean of Bangor, who met me on the borders of Wales, and will ſee me on board, offered him to have it done for ten ſhillings. He brought two honeſt fellows to me at Conway, who undertook to carry my

coach over Penman for twenty ſhillings; they propoſed to take it off the carriage, and ſo to carry it by ſtrength of hands, and the carriage afterwards. This ſeemed feaſible and likely to be accompliſhed, and I thereupon agreed to it; but, to the amazement of all the company, laſt night at ſupper your officer, William, who is a very diligent fellow, came into us, and told us the coach was come, and that without taking it to pieces; but by ſetting the horſes in trace, one behind another, and keeping three or four men behind, that it might not ſlip back, they had drawn it over the hill upon the carriage and wheels. This would ſcarce have been believed, conſidering it is a great heavy coach, had not the coach been at the ſame time in my Lord Bulkeley's yard; ſo that, God be thanked, we have now overcome all the difficulties of our land journey without the leaſt ill accident; and we are now ready to go to Holyhead, and to embark as ſoon as the wind is fair, but it is now full in our teeth." The waggon was afterwards "brought over Penman

Mawr, with all its lading; ſo that it is ſaid here I have introduced a new way of travelling."

Some years after this, it would appear that protection had been placed on the ſide of the path nearer the ſea, at leaſt on ſome portion of it. De Foe, in his Tour printed in 1725, diſtinctly aſſerts that a wall had then been built all the way on the edge of the precipice. Nevertheleſs, in Boydell's large view of Penmaenmawr, publiſhed in 1750, the portion of the carriage road there repreſented is without any protective wall, and we ſee a coach partially thrown over the edge of the rock, narrowly eſcaping deſtruction. The overhanging rocks are well repreſented in this engraving. "Frightful enough," obſerves a touriſt of 1748, "to ſee ſome of the chips of thoſe old blocks cut off by the hand of time, hanging in the midway of their downward courſe to the ſea." Lord Lyttelton, in 1756, mentions the road as then protected by a wall. It was, however, uſual even at this date to paſs by the ſands at low water in preference to going over the road.

A guide-book of the ſame year, 1756, recommends the traveller to "keep the right hand way over a ſkirt of Pen-maen-bycan, or the leſſer Stony-head; come upon the ſands, and ſo continue; but if the tide is in, aſcend a ſkirt of Pen-maen-maur, that is, the great Stony-head, a path difficult and dangerous, the aſcent rough and ſteep, with a perpendicular precipice on the right to the ſea, and an over-hanging rock on the left towards the land."

A more complete account of its ſtate in the middle of the laſt century, and one apparently to be relied upon as reconciling ſome of the diſcrepancies above alluded to, is given in a Deſcription of England and Wales, publiſhed in the year 1769,—"The moſt remarkable mountain next to Snowdon is Penman-mawr, the moſt northerly of this chain, which, on the ſide next the ſea, riſes almoſt perpendicular to ſo great a height, that few ſpectators would be able to look down the dreadful ſteep without terror. On that ſide a road about ſeven feet wide is cut out of the rock; winding up the ſteep

aſcent hill, it riſes about two hundred and forty feet above the level of the ſea; and is nearly the ſame diſtance from the top of the rock, which at a great height hangs over the head of the paſſenger. On the ſide of this road next the precipice, the traveller was, till lately, only defended by a ſlight wall, in few places above a yard high, and in others by only a bank, that ſcarce roſe a foot above the road; while the ſea, of which he has an unbounded proſpect, is ſeen daſhing its waves below. But it is ſaid that a few years ago a wall was built, breaſt high, to the building of which the city of Dublin greatly contributed." This wall is noticed by Pownall, who viſited Penmaenmawr the ſame year, 1769, and who obſerves that the "paſs would be really terrible, were there not this parapet."

In the year 1772, a new road below the old one was commenced, after which the chief dangers of the paſſage were avoided. Dr. Johnſon, when at Conway in 1774, was afraid of paſſing over Penmaenmawr after duſk, but he had not then heard of the

improvements,—"Our coach was at laſt brought, and we ſet out with ſome anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and found a way, lately made, very eaſy, and very ſafe. It was cut ſmooth, and encloſed between parallel walls; the outer of which ſecures the paſſenger from the precipice, which is deep and dreadful. This wall is here and there broken, by miſchievous wantonneſs. The inner wall preſerves the road from the looſe ſtones, which the ſhattered ſteep above it would pour down. That ſide of the mountain ſeems to have a ſurface of looſe ſtones, which every accident may crumble. The old road was higher, and muſt have been very formidable. The ſea beats at the bottom of the way."

Travellers long after this, however, inſiſted on perpetuating a ſtrong idea of the dangers of this road. Thus Wigſtead, in 1797, obſerves that "the ſurface of the mountain, which is very ſteep, is covered with tremendous maſſes of ſtone, which ſeem ready to ſlide from their ſlippery baſe, and

overwhelm the paſſenger in inevitable deſtruction. From the almoſt inceſſant rain we had experienced for ſome time before, and the rapidity of the land-ſprings, which poured down on every ſide from the very ſummit, we were very much alarmed in our paſſage, leſt one of theſe maſſes ſhould arreſt us; particularly as the wall had been driven in ſeveral parts down the precipice into the ſea by ſimilar accident; and, indeed, one huge fragment lay in the middle of the road, to all appearance very recently removed from above, and which I am certain, if broken up, could not have been cleared away by ten large waggons." The road was again improved, or rather reconſtructed, by Telford in 1827; ſince which period no one has had the temerity to ſpeak of the dangers of the journey. The face of the rock is now undergoing great alterations from the quarries that are in conſtant work. Boydell's engraving of 1750, and Pownall's of 1769, are probably the only memorials that will now convey a faithful idea of its original character.

The firſt one is alſo curious as ſhowing that at that time the valley of Penmaenmawr was uninhabited. The other repreſents a portion of the country on the Llanfair Fechan ſide, the latter ſhowing only fields and trees.

From the table ſurface of the large rock of Penmaenmawr riſes, at a very ſhort diſtance from the ledge overhanging the ſea, a conical hill, called Dinas Penmaen, which is covered with the ruins of what was once the largeſt fortified poſition in North Wales. The earlieſt and moſt curious notice of this fortification that has been preſerved occurs in the manuſcript written by Sir John Wynn of Gwedir in the reign of Charles the Firſt, in the following terms,—" On the toppe of Penmen Mawr ſtandes a high ſtronge rocky hill called Braych y Dinas, wheruppon is to bee ſeene the ruynous walles of a ſtronge and invincible fortifficacion compaſſed with a treble walle, and within every walle there are to bee ſeene the ffoundacion of att leaſte a hundreth towres all round and of æquall bignes, in breadth ſome ſixe

yardes every way within the walles. The walles of this ſame Dinas weare in moſte places two yardes thicke, and in ſome places aboutes three yardes thicke. This caſtle, when ytt ſtood, was ympregnable, and noe way to offer any aſſaulte unto ytt, the hill beynge high, rocky, and perpendicular, and the wales very ſtronge. The way or entrance unto ytt is aſcendynge with many turnynges, ſometymes one way, ſometymes an other way, ſoe that a hundreth men might defend themſelves in this caſtle agaynſt a whole legion that ſhould aſſayle them, and yett ytt ſhould ſeeme that there weare lodgynges within theſe walles for twenty thouſand men. In the higheſt toppe of the rocke, within the innermoſt wall of this Dinas, there is a fyne delicate well wherin there is plentye of ſweate wholeſome ſpringe water att all tymes and in the drieſt ſummer, which is a wonderfull guyfte of God, that for the uſe of man water ſhould ſpringe uppe in the very uppermoſt toppe of ſoe highe and ſo hard a rocke, beynge att leaſte a myle and a haulf or a myle and a quar-

ter in hight from the foote of Penmen Mawre. By tradicion wee doe receave ytt from our forefathers that this was the ultimum refugium, the ſtrongeſt, ſureſt, and ſafeſt refuge and place of defence that the auncient Brittaynes hadd in all Snowden to defende themſealves from the incurſions and inrodes of there enemyes, for the lieke place ſoe ſtronge, ſoe ympregnable, ſoe deffenſive, is not to bee found in all Snowden; and beſydes, the greatenes and lardgenes of the worke ſheweth that ytt was a princlye and royall fortificacion, ſtreangthened both by nature and workmanſhippe, ſeated in the toppe of one of the higheſt mountaynes in Snowden neare the ſea, and in the myddeſt of the beſt and fertileſt ſoyle in all Carnarvonſhire. The mountteynes adjoyninge to this place is fyne delicate dry paſture, and hath beene auncientl y incloſed and inhabited, as appereth by the foundacions of ſtone wales which are every where to bee diſcerned, and by ridges which are in very many places ſoe apparant as yf itt hadd beene plowed within this ſixe yeeres; but nowe ytt lyeth

wafte, and is occupyed in common by the inhabitantes of the parifhes adjoyninge, wheruppon they have pafture for all maner of beaftes fans number, and have greate ftore of very good turffe and gorfe for there fyringe."

This curious defcription was to a great extent verified by Pennant about a century ago, although much of the fortification had become ruinous in the interval. "After climbing," he fays, "for fome fpace among the loofe ftones, the fronts of three, if not four, walls prefented themfelves very diftinctly one above the other. In moft places the facings appeared very perfect; but all of dry work. I meafured the height of one wall, which was at the time nine feet; the thicknefs feven feet and a half. Between thefe walls, in all parts, were innumerable fmall buildings, moftly circular, and regularly faced within and without, but not difpofed in any certain order. Thefe had been much higher, as is evident from the fall of ftones, which lie fcattered at their bottoms; and probably had once the form of towers,

as Sir John aſſerts. Their diameter in general is from twelve to eighteen feet; but ſome were far leſs, not exceeding five feet. The walls were in certain places interſected with others equally ſtrong. On the north-weſt and ſouth-eaſt ſides are the plain marks of two roads, of a zigzag form, with the remains of walls on both ſides, which lead to the ſummit. On the ſmall area of the top had been a group of towers, or cells, like the former; one in the centre, and five other ſurrounding it. Three are ſtill diſtinct; of the two others are only faint veſtiges. Near this had been, I believe, a ſimilar group; but at preſent reduced to a ſhapeleſs heap of ſtones." Sir John Wynn certainly erred in deſcribing the towers as being all of the ſame ſize, and there is alſo of courſe an exaggeration in the ſtatement that there were "lodgings within theſe walls for twenty thouſand men." It is difficult to imagine that towers five feet in diameter could ever have been intended for lodgings at all.

The hill now preſents to the eye a rude maſs of

loofe ftones, and it is not without clofe examination that the circuits of the ancient thick ftone walls are at all traceable. The beft account of it, in its prefent ftate, is that given by Mr. Longuevile Jones. "We found," he obferves, "the circuits of ftone walls ftill perfect in fome parts, but greatly dilapidated in others. They are about twelve to fifteen feet high, and about twelve feet thick; of loofe ftones, not fitting into each other with any attempt at mafonry, but merely the fhattered *débris* of that rough mountain piled together by human art. There is no appearance of mortar, nor of vitrification. Between the walls, and infide the central inclofure, but efpecially on the north eaftern fide of the fummit, are a vaft number of fmall circular cells, or cyttiau, which no doubt ferved for the habitations of the perfons occupying this fortified poft, and fimilar to thofe fo common on the Caernarvonfhire hills. Some of them were fingularly perfect, and one, near the prefent north weftern entrance to the fortrefs, is ftill covered with its roof, but we could

THE ANCIENT CIRCLE, MEINIAU HIRION.

not penetrate within, and we did not feel ourſelves juſtified in attempting to remove the ſtones. A tradition prevails that one of the Welſh armies took refuge here while Edward I. was invading this part of Wales. The likelihood of the account may be doubted, inaſmuch as an army might be immediately ſtarved out in ſo barren a poſition ; but, that it muſt have been a ſtrong place of refuge in earlier times, there can be no doubt." There were, I think, intrenchments carried round the loweſt outer wall. The well which is ſpoken of by Sir John Wynn is only a receptacle cut in the rock to receive the rain water, which, flavoured with weeds, is not always very agreeable to the taſte.

About a mile and a half from Dinas Penmaen, near a rough cart road leading from Llanfair Fechan to the old village at Dwygyfylchi, is what is popularly called a Druidical circle, one of the moſt celebrated in North Wales. It is known as Meiniau Hirion, and conſiſts of a circle of ten upright ſtones, ſmaller ones being placed between

the greater, completing the circle. It is now generally believed that theſe remains are ſepulchral, the ſtones having been arranged to define and ſupport the circle of the mound which was raiſed over the graves. In the preſent inſtance, there was alſo a wall originally ſurrounding the circle of ſtones. This curious fact appears from the following account written by Sir John Wynn early in the ſeventeenth century,—" Aboutes a myle from this fortification ſtandeth the rareſt monument that is to bee found in all Snowden, called, y Meini Hirion ; ytt ſtandes within the pariſhe of Dwygyfylchi above Gwddwglaſe, uppon the playne mownteyne. This monumente ſtandes rownd as a circle compaſſed about with a ſtone wale, and within the wale cloſe unto the wale are longe greate ſtones rownd aboutes the circle ſtandynge uppon there endes in the grounde, that a man woulde wonder where in theſe partes ſuch ſtones weare to bee found, and howe they weare ſoe ſett uppon there endes in the grownd. There are of theſe ſtones nowe ſtandynge in this

circle, as I take ytt, twelve, wherof ſome of them are ij. yardes and three quarters, ſome two yardes, ſome a yarde and three quarters above grownd, beſydes what is within the grownd; the cyrcle within theſe longe ſtones, which wee call Meini Hirion, is every way in breadth ſome ſixe and twenty yardes; this ſtandes uppon the playne mownteyne as ſoone as you come to the height, and hath much playne even grownd aboutes ytt. Ytt ſhoulde ſeeme that this was a place wherunto the auncient Brittaynes came from the Dinas aforeſayd to encampe themſealves and trayne there ſouldiers; ytt ſtandes in a place fytte for juſtes and turnamentes, and this cyrcle thus rounded with theſe longe ſtones might bee the place where the kinges tente was pitched; and neere to this circle there are three pretty bigg ſtones uppon there endes ſtandynge triangle wieſe lieke a tribbett, wheruppon as they ſay was ſett a greate caudron to boyle meate in, and ſuerly the three ſtones doe looke as yf they hadd beene longe in a greate fyre." It would ſeem that

the laſt-named ſtones, or at leaſt two of them, are ſtill preſerved ; and will be noticed in the right-hand corner of Mr. Longuevile Jones's excellent ſketch of the circle. Cloſe by Meiniau Herion are the remains of another circle of ſmaller ſtones.

A ſhort diſtance from this ſpot is a ſmooth round hill called Moelfre, upon which is a carnedd, covered with turf, about ſeventeen feet in diameter. I allude to it chiefly for the ſake of introducing the following very curious unpubliſhed notice of it which occurs in the manuſcript of Sir John Wynn, previouſly quoted,—" Neare unto this place there is a ffyne delicate hill called Moelvre, rownd by nature and mownted very highe ; and in the toppe very playne and pleaſant uppon this hill there is a cyrcle marked, wheruppon ſtood three ſtones aboutes a yard and a quarter above grownd, the one redd as blood, the other white, and the thyrd a litle bluer then the white ſtone, ſtandynge in triangle wieſe. What ſhoulde bee the reaſon of placynge ſuch three ſtones in ſuch a place upon ſoe highe and ſoe plea-

ſant a mounte, and to place there ſtones of ſuch colloures, I cannott expreſſe otherwieſe then wee have ytt by tradicion. The tradicion is this, that God Allmighty hath wrought in this place a miracle for increaſynge of our fayth. And that was thus. Three women, aboutes ſuch tyme as Chriſtianity began to creepe in amongeſt us, uppon a Sabaoth day in the mornynge went to the toppe of this hill to wynowe there corne, and havynge ſpread there wynowynge ſheete uppon the grownd and begunn there worke, ſome of there neightbours came unto them and did reprehend them for violatynge and breakynge the Lordes commaundement by workynge uppon the Saboathe day. Theſe faythles women, regardynge there profytt more then the obſearvynge of God's commandements, made ſlight of there neighbours admonition, and healde on in there worke; wheruppon ytt pleaſed God inſtantly to transfourme them into three pillars of ſtones, and to frame theſe ſtones of the ſame collour as the womens clothes weare, one read, thother white, and the

thyrd bluifhe, and to transfourme there winowyng fheete and corne into earth, and foe to leave them there in example unto others. This is a tradicion wee have and beleeved by the oulde people in that neightbourhood, and houfoever, whether ytt was foe or noe, the tradicion is wholefome, and will deterr others from workynge uppon the Sabaoth day. Thefe ftones, beynge worth the feynge as they weare there placed, have beene digged uppe by fome idle headed youthes within this fixe yeeres, and weare rowled downe the hill, and doe nowe lye togyther att the foote of the hill." Sir John's obfervations on the wholefomenefs of the tradition, independent of its truth, are not bad.

The beft path of afcent to the top of Penmaen-mawr is from the village of Llanfair Fechan, which is beginning to obtain repute as a watering-place, and is prettily fituated on the brow of the hills to the weftward of the mountain. This parifh, obferves the author of a Hiftory of Caernarvonfhire, 1792, is "remarkable for the beauty of the fite

and the earlineſs of the land. Here is a field that produces corn three weeks at leaſt before any other in Wales. Probably this forwardneſs proceeds from the ſituation, rather than the richneſs of the ſoil. The foundation ſeems to be pebbles upon a bed of rock, which are covered with an artificial layer of good mould. When once the ſummer heats have pierced the outward coat, and imparted warmth to the pebbles, they retain more than an ordinary degree of heat, and force the ſuperficies to throw out its produce with rapidity. In a wood called Coed Iſa are circles of ſtone, ſuppoſed to be druid-ical."

The next village in the direction of Bangor is the charmingly ſituated one of Aber, which lies at the entrance of one of the moſt beautiful glens in any part of Wales, winding upwards of two miles into the very boſom of the mountains. The name of it, in its full proportions, is Aber Gwyngregin, the ſtream of the white ſhells, a name as pretty as the locality, derived, it is moſt probable, from the

large number of cockles once and perhaps now found near its mouth. At the entrance of the glen, in the middle of the village, at the back of ſome cottages, is a large artificial mound, called the Mwd, a ſort of ſugar-loaf about twenty-four feet high, and ſixty feet in diameter, flattened at the top. This is ſaid to be the ſite of a caſtle belonging to Prince Llewelyn, and where he received the ſummons from the Engliſh king to ſurrender the principality. The tradition was current in the ſixteenth century at leaſt, if not previouſly; and may probably be founded upon fact. Paſſing the village, we walk by the ſide of the little cryſtal ſtream, which is here waſhing romantic boulders only a few miles from its mountain home. The very ſhallowneſs of theſe beautiful ſtreamlets add, in my mind, to their faſcination; the water, ſparkling in the ſunſhine over the bright-looking pebbles, imparting a grace to the ſcene that no deep river could effect. Hence onwards, over a ruſtic bridge, to a riſing ground abounding in ſea and land views

of a charming defcription. In fact, were it not that the fea-beach is unfuited for walking or bathing, Aber would unqueftionably become the favourite place of refort on this coaft. As it is, the village has lately made rapid progrefs. Where no long time ago were nought but fqualid cottages, houfes of fome pretenfions have been erected. The inn, the Bulkeley Arms, which till lately was only a fmall old-fafhioned houfe, with one door and two parlours next the road, has been converted this year into a larger eftablifhment, I prefume expecting to be called an hotel. Thefe modernizations do not improve the romance, nor always the comfort, of thefe mountain hamlets; but if thus a larger number are enabled to enter into the enjoyment of the neighbouring fcenery, we muft not complain. It will be fomething to have feen them in their whilom primitive ftate.

At the extremity of the glen, two waterfalls, formed by ftreams taking their rife in boggy land near the fummits of the mountains at fome diftance

beyond, are ſeen pouring down the flat ſurface of the nearly perpendicular cliffs. The largeſt and beſt is that to the left. It appears from a diſtance like a ſilver thread on the mountain ſlope, and its beauty and even grandeur will not be appreciated until the ſpectator ſtands immediately at the foot of the fall. Here we ſee the ſtream pouring down the ſcooped-out cliff in foam and ſpray, falling at the bottom into its time-worn ſtony baſon, while a few ſcattered trees growing on the ſides of the almoſt perpendicular rock increaſe the beauty of the ſcene. About a quarter of a mile to the right is another fall of very inferior volume, but of a greater height, and worth a viſit were it merely to note the extremely graceful manner in which the water in ſome places glides over the fretted rock, giving the appearance of fine lace. The upper part of this fall appears to form a kind of curved direction over the worn rocks. This ſtream joins the other at a little diſtance below, whence the river is well worth following. It ruſhes through ſeveral wild ravines,

and many a winding nook, amidſt brake and briar, and dark rocks, until it reaches the bridge, after which it glides more tranquilly in its journey to the ſea.

There is a very pleaſant walk over the hills on the weſtern ſide of the valley, revealing a ſucceſſion of charming views, turning to the left paſt the church and then upwards, ſkirting after a walk of two miles the ſide of Moel Wnion. Soon after this mountain is paſſed, turn to the left, following the courſe of a little ſtreamlet, Afon y Garn, which falls into the Aber river half a mile below the caſcade. When on the ſide of Moel Wnion, the upper courſe of the Aber above the fall is ſeen, meandering between the mountain ſummits, to great advantage. Some parts of the ſtream, Afon y Garn, have a ſingular appearance, the bottom being enamelled with a variety of coloured ſtones, chiefly of a reddiſh colour, the hue ariſing from depoſits of oxide of iron.

A good day at Aber for a five miles' roughiſh

walk to a lake unmentioned in any guide-book, or by any tourift, fince the days of Henry the Eighth. And yet it is a fpot approaching in wildnefs to the famed cwm of the Idwal. It is Leland, in his Itinerary, v. 44, who fpeaks of "Linne Mamavon, a little poole in Llechuuethe Veha." This is all he fays about it. It is now called Llyn Anafon. The beft way to reach it from Aber is over the ftone bridge, and then, after keeping to the road for about a mile, turn to the right along a path on the fide of Foel Aduarth. This road can be followed till a fheep-pen near the ftream is reached, after which there is no beaten track, but it is impoffible to mifs the way if the ftream is kept in fight. The lake can alfo be reached from the Aber fall, by afcending to the left and paffing along the fide of the mountains bearing always to the left, but without paffing the lake ftream. This latter route is more circuitous and difficult, but furnifhes the beft views. The Anafon ftream meets that of Aber a little above the bridge. Following its upward

courſe, for a ſhort diſtance from this junction it rolls charmingly between wooded banks, after which its way is in a hollow between bleak mountains. Llyn Anafon is only a quarter of a mile wide, nearly the ſame ſize as Llyn Idwal, and ſimilarly ſituated, in a baſon, as it were, ſurrounded by lofty and barren rocks. The approach to it is ſingularly wild, the hills on either ſide being ſtrewed with fragments of grey limeſtone, with hardly a blade of graſs to relieve the barrenneſs of the ſcene. Stones, indeed, appear to be the only articles that come to maturity in this locality. The outlet from the lake preſents a ſingular appearance, the water rolling under and between a wide ſpace filled with maſſes of grey rock, which in many places completely hide the ſtream. On the left of this is a ſmall bog, with a concave ſurface, which, although only three feet deep, is as well avoided. In a good light, with the ſurface of the lake reflecting like a mirror the ſhadows on the rocks, the effect is wonderfully fine. On a dark day, or towards evening, the ſcene is

one of indefcribable gloom, partaking very much of the folemn character of the Idwal, although the rocks furrounding the latter are of a grander defcription.

From Llyn Anafon afcend the hills to the fouth-eaft, the fummits of which yield fine views, fome extending over the vale of the Conway, others over the pafs of Nant Francon; but much of the ground hereabouts is very boggy, and, excepting in very fine fettled weather, walks fhould not be taken in this direction without a guide. There is a tiny brook in this route, one of the feveral fmall channels that feed the lake. I allude to it for the fake of mentioning a fingularly fafhioned fmall fall of water, which rufhes through a narrow trough formed of long flabs of ftone, no lefs than eighty-two feet in length. Return to the lake, and tafte, with a qualifying adjunct—a polite expreffion for a little brandy, which is at the fervice of the next guide-book maker, I mean the expreffion, not the brandy, the latter having been then and there taken.—But I am running away from my verb, and

have made the ſentence too long for it. Return then to the lake, and there taſte, with the qualification, ſome of its beautifully pure and cold water; and gaze on the grey cliffs of Llwydmor Achaf, as the later ſhadows of the ſun are falling acroſs them; and watch the trout riſing to the ſurface literally in ſhoals, for no boat has yet traverſed theſe waters, which no doubt conceal objects of unknown glory for the angler. This ſpot is reluctantly left for our home-return to Aber, and following the courſe of the ſtream, any one as paſſionately fond of any ſort of natural caſcade as myſelf may think it worth while to ſtop a few minutes at a very inclined fall, 180 feet in length, where the river, here of ſome width, paſſes over a ſucceſſion of rocks diſpoſed in ſtony crevices and flattened ſteps. The ſtream thence purſues its tortuous way, between lofty ſloping hills moſtly covered with graſs and fern.

Aber was in former days the point of departure to Beaumaris acroſs the Lavan ſands, which are uncovered to an immenſe diſtance at low water, and

can then be traverſed on foot the whole way with the exception of a ſhort ferry that muſt be croſſed near the latter town. There was frequently ſome danger incurred in the paſſage, and many ſtories of hair-breadth eſcapes, owing to the unexpected return of the tide, have been related. One of the moſt curious is that told in the autobiography of Sir John Bramſton, who paſſed the ſands in the year 1631,—"One Mr. Fountain and Sir Thomas Cary went alonge with us, and paſſinge over the mountains Pen Men Maure, in the narrow paſſage wee met a gentleman of whome Mr. Fountain and Sir Thomas inquired how the tyde was, whoe told them we might paſs well if wee made haſt; ſoe they putt on, wee following, not knowinge what had paſſed. Soe ſoone as they were downe the mountaine they fell to gallopinge. Neither my father nor my ſelfe underſtood at firſt the meaninge; but findinge the water grow deeper, for it came in rills, wee ſuſpected the ſea might be comeinge in, as it was, and ſoe I deſired my father to

gallop too. The ſands, ſave only in thoſe rills, were carpet wayes. At laſt wee came to the place where they were (I meane Sir Thomas and Mr. Fountain) expectinge the ferrie boat, which was at Beaumaris and the ferrimen drinkinge. We all made as loud a call as we could. We did ſee ſome fiſherboats, and beinge in great perplexitie and feare, we all rode on breſt up the ſtreame, purpoſeinge to trie if our horſes (the worſt comeing to the worſt) would carrie us over. I aſkt my father if he could ſwim; he ſayd when he was younge he could. Sayd I, Wee will keepe up the tyde, with the helpe of our horſes, and by ſwymminge, we may either gett over, or elſe ſome of the boates may take us in. At laſt the ferriemen ſett out and came to us, tellinge us we were in noe dainger; but by ſuch tyme as we and our horſes were on board, a ſhip might have rode betweene us and the ſhoare behind us, and all was covered with water where wee ſtood longe before we gott to Beaumaris. There wee lay that night, and the next morninge wee rode to

Holliehead, where we ſtayd expecting a wind, and the Welch parſon putt himſelfe to the truble to prepare an Engliſh ſermon againſt Sunday, but the wind beinge faire on Sunday morninge we went on board, and left our hoſt, black Hugh, and the parſon, to eate what was prepared for dinner."

In the laſt century, poſts were placed to guide the direction of the touriſt to Aber, where, in foggy weather, the church bell uſed to be rung for a like purpoſe. The paſſage is ſtill frequently made by the country people, but very ſeldom by ſtrangers.

A few minutes on by the rail, and the touriſt arrives at Bangor, ſituated in a narrow valley between ſlaty rocks. A new town is now ſpringing up on the weſtern heights, in a remarkably fine ſituation, abounding in walks that reveal a great variety of landſcape. In fact, all the hills about Bangor furniſh beautiful combinations of ſcenery in nearly every direction, whether we look towards the mountains, the ſea, or the plains. The town has made great progreſs of late years. Dr. Johnſon

notes it in 1774 as poſſeſſing "a very mean inn," where he had ſome difficulty in obtaining a lodging, and where at laſt he was compelled to "lay in a room where the other bed had two men." Hutton, in 1803, ſpeaks of it as then conſiſting of a ſingle ſtreet compriſing ninety-two houſes; ſo that it muſt have remained ſtagnant for two centuries, the latter deſcription well applying to the town as delineated in Speed's maps, 1608. At that time there was only one houſe in Upper Bangor. Both towns are now crowded every ſummer by touriſts, who pay dutiful viſits to all the preſcribed lions, ſuch as the bridges, Beaumaris Caſtle, the Angleſea column, and Puffin iſland; and, to ſay the truth, are not ill-adviſed, for the unnoted routes in the neighbourhood do not yield much of a high degree of intereſt.

To thoſe, however, who can appreciate beauty, unaccompanied with grandeur, I can recommend a walk to the half-way houſe, a ſmall inn cloſe to the bridge over the Ogwen three miles from Bangor on the road to Betheſda. Turn by a footpath on the

ſide of this inn, and follow up for a ſhort diſtance the minute ſtreamlet which here falls into the Ogwen. In a few minutes the ſtream is divided into two branches, and on the one to the right is a ſmall caſcade, emboſomed in the trees, ſurpaſſingly beautiful when ſeen, as I have ſeen it, full of water, the rays of the ſun falling upon it through the fantaſtic network of branches by which it is encompaſſed. This tiny caſcade is only about fifteen feet high and four feet wide, the water falling over four ſtony ledges, diſtributing itſelf at the bottom amidſt ſcattered boulders. When quite full of water, the whole of the bottom rock is covered with foam, with the exception of about a foot of width on the extreme left, where the water falls more calmly over a ſmooth ſtone. This ſtreamlet, dignified by the appellation of Afon-y-Llan, takes its riſe in the mountain above the village of Llanllechid, to which is a charming walk, chiefly by the ſide of the ſtream, the diminutive ſize of which may be imagined from the ſtatement that it varies in width from two to ſix

feet. The moſt ſtriking part of the rivulet is near a cottage on the left of the footpath about half way to the village, where the brook for a ſhort ſpace is divided into four or five narrow channels, meandering through a graſs plot interſperſed with grey boulders. A little below is an inſignificant caſcade, rather more than twenty feet in height, the firſt fall of ſix feet ſpreading over a large rock thirteen feet wide, then narrowing over four feet more of fall, the larger and loweſt being about eleven feet in depth, falling in three diviſions over two large boulders and ſeveral ſmaller ones. Neither of theſe caſcades, if they deſerve ſuch an appellation, would be worthy of note were it not for the manner in which the water, rocks, and trees are diſtributed. A few ſtrokes of the axe, and what is now a charming picture may be turned into a trifling fall of water undeſerving of notice by either the artiſt or touriſt.

In the fields near Llanllechid may be noticed boundary walls of dry ſtones, perhaps ancient, of

the enormous thicknefs of four feet. The views of Nant Francon, part of the Snowdon range of mountains, and Anglefea, are here fine and extenfive. When at the village, note, on the right, Moel Faban, and the curious hollow, Ffos Rhufeiniaid; and, on the left, Moel Wnion. The village is fmall, and modernized. Walk home to Bangor through the fmall village of Maes-y-Groes, a country road chiefly on a defcent, thence over the Ogwen and through Llandegai. In this road, a tiny ftreamlet from Moel Wnion, which empties itfelf into the Ogwen a little below Penrhyn Park, is paffed three times. Moel Wnion is a romantic name. It means, being interpreted, the fairies' hill. Thefe pretty creatures are there no longer. It would be ftrange indeed if they could find a fpot for their dances and revels in the vicinity of a flate-quarry.

It may here be worth mentioning, as an excufe for a difcurfive walk from Llandegai, that at the bafe of the mountain called Moelycci, is an interefting fpecimen of an ancient Britifh camp, which is

probably unnoticed in any work. A ſmall portion of it has been levelled by the plough, but about two-thirds of it is quite perfect. It partakes of the uſual character of ſuch remains; a circular flat top, ſurrounded by a wide trench, beneath which is another embankment, both circular. The approach to this camp from Bangor is through Llandegai, then turning to the right paſt a farm houſe called Cefn-y-coed, until the baſe of the mountain is reached. The camp is about a quarter of a mile from the farm houſe at the foot of Moelycci. Returning to Bangor, diverge a little from the road to viſit the ſmall pool termed Llyn Cororion, ſo called from the ancient name of Llandegai. It is a diminutive lake of clear water, calmly repoſing in the midſt of green meadows, and frequented by numerous wild-fowl. In a field in the neighbourhood are three upright ſtones, poſſibly a fragment of an ancient Britiſh circle.

Betheſda and the Slate Quarries are viſited by all touriſts to Bangor, the former ſolely for the ſake of

the latter, for it is a poor town, inhabited chiefly by quarrymen. Here the cry of children, too often heard in Wales, for a ha'pennee, a ha'pennee, ſeems to be a kind of inſtitution. The quarries, now ſo extenſive, were not worked to much purpoſe until 1782, when the then Lord Penrhyn embarked large ſums in them. Before that period, barely eighty perſons in all were engaged here in the obtaining and the preparation of the ſlates; and the work was done in a manner very different to what is the faſhion now. Even at the commencement of the preſent century, the ſlates here were partly excavated by quarrymen who were ſuſpended from the tops of the cliffs by ropes attached to a wooden ledge. The quarries now, it is ſaid, occupy the labours of 2,500 individuals. "Fortune on his quarry ſmiling," *Macbeth.* At a mile from Betheſda is Ogwen Bank, a charming retreat amidſt plantations and ſhrubs at a ſpot where a century ago nought but barren rock was viſible. The Ogwen here falls in a wide and romantic caſcade over a variety of

disjointed rocks about fifteen feet in height. At Tyn-y-maes, a mile and a half further on, formerly a ſtation on the old Holyhead road, the ſplendid paſs of Nant Francon commences; a paſs which is always grand and ſtriking, but ſeen, as we have ſeen it, with a full moon paſſing through changing clouds, caſting its ſhadows on them as they rolled in heavy and conſtantly changing maſſes between the mountains, there is an impreſſion of grandeur far beyond that made by any other ſcene I have yet witneſſed in this country. The paſs itſelf, about three miles long, is ſituated between two ſolemn mountain ranges, the river Ogwen flowing at the bottom, amidſt dark fields of peat. The wildneſs of Nant Francon, though ſtill ſtriking, muſt now, with its fine roads, convey a ſmall idea of its ſtate in ancient times, when the Welſh prophet, who ventured to predict that a path would be formed through it, was accounted a madman. Even late in the laſt century, the route along its ſide was deſcribed as one of the worſt bridle-paths in all Wales.

At the extremity of the paſs, we arrive at the falls of the Benglog, three fine cataracts formed by the overflow from Llyn Ogwen. Unfortunately, the three falls are ſo arranged that they cannot be ſeen at one view; and the touriſt muſt encounter a good deal of climbing and ſcrambling if he wiſhes to view any of them to advantage. "The higheſt fall," obſerves Bingley, "is grand and majeſtic, yet by no means equal to the other two. At the ſecond or middle fall the river is precipitated, in a fine ſtream, through a chaſm between two perpendicular rocks that each riſe ſeveral yards above. The mountain Trivaen fills up the wide ſpace at the top, and forms a rude and ſublime diſtance. The ſtream widens as it deſcends, and below paſſes over a ſlanting rock, which gives it a ſomewhat different direction. In the foreground is the rugged bed of the ſtream, and the water is ſeen to daſh in various directions among the broken maſſes of rock. Deſcending a rocky ſteep, he will reach the loweſt fall. Here the ſtream roars with vaſt fury, and in one

ſheet of foam, down an unbroken and almoſt perpendicular rock. The roar of the water and the broken and uncouth diſpoſition of the ſurrounding rocks add greatly to the intereſt of the ſcene." The appearance of the river Ogwen between the lake and the bridge is curious, running over a wide ſpace interſperſed with fragments of rock, the waters then concentrating and falling with tremendous force juſt under the bridge.

An aſcending walk of half a mile from the Benglog falls leads to an elevated receſs in the mountains, a kind of ſtony bowl ſurrounded on the further ſide by dark lofty perpendicular cliffs, in which is the gloomy lake, Llyn Idwal. Leland, in the ſixteenth century, ſpeaks of it as "a ſmaule pole wher they ſay that Idwalle, Prince of Wales, was killid and drounid." There is a ridge of riſing ground, near the lake, under which tradition ſays that he is buried. His murderer was his foſter-father,—"no human ear but Dunawt's heard, young Idwal's dying ſcream." This lake, owing to its peculiar

pofition, is agitated like the fea in a ftorm when violent gufts of wind rufh down the ravine. Even a flight breeze will change the afpect of its furface in an almoft incredible manner. In the rocks at the further end of the lake will be obferved a large rent or chafm, not far fhort of five hundred feet in depth, called Tull Du, the Black Cleft, down which the water rufhes from Llyn y Cwm, a tiny pool on the top of the mountain. The ftream falls at the bottom of the chafm, forming a number of fmall hollows in the ftone, popularly called the devil's pans, the place itfelf bearing the name of the devil's kitchen. The overflow of Llyn Idwal forms a fmall but pretty ftreamlet, which falls into the Ogwen juft below the fecond cataract of Benglog, forming there of itfelf a cafcade falling over a large fmooth inclined rock in a wide fheet of water.

High up amongft the rocks, on the left hand in going up to Llyn Idwal, is a very fmall pool, Llyn Bochlwyd, the waters of which overflow at a great elevation, and fall into the Ogwen lake. There is

nothing remarkable in this fall, a great portion of it being concealed by the rocks, and the volume of water being generally inſignificant.

Llyn Ogwen is a lake about three-quarters of a mile long, nearly ſurrounded by lofty precipices. The road paſſes along its ſide, following the courſe of Afon Llugwy, through a wild but fine paſs, until we reach Capel Curig, which is exquiſitely ſituated in the midſt of beautiful but ſomewhat gloomy mountain ſcenery. The ſmall lakes here owe their attraction to their fine ſituation amidſt ſome of the loftieſt mountains in the Principality, in a ſolitude that would be complete were it not for that rambling inn, which anything but graces the brow of the adjacent ſlope.

To turn to a proſaic and unromantic ſubject, but one which, if not ſpeedily conſidered, will ſend both touriſts and romance out of Wales, it was with regret I here obſerved that the drainage of the inn was diverted into the lake. To be ſure, the drainage of one houſe, however large, would be attended

with an inappreciable effect; but if the syſtem once ſpreads, and is generally adopted, the conſequences will be diſaſtrous. Neither the Welſh lakes nor ſtreams are large enough to bear the diverſion of ſewerage into them with impunity; and, as the various places of reſort become more built upon, if other plans of drainage be not adopted, the beautiful caſcades of Wales, and its ſilvery ſtreams, will be turned from with diſpleaſure, inſtead of, as now, proving the great attraction to the viſitor. There is alſo a tendency to diminiſh the volume of water in ſeveral of the ſtreams by collecting it into reſervoirs for the ſupply of towns. In this way, that once impetuous little river, Avon Gaſeg, which paſſes the road near Betheſda, and which formerly was in ſuch a hurry to get into the Ogwen that it is ſaid to have preſented a ſheet of white foam viſible at the diſtance of fifteen miles, is ruined by the waterworks that ſupply Bangor. This is bad enough; but if, in addition, our beautiful ſtreamlets are to receive the annually increaſing volume of liquid

houſe drainage, it needs no ghoſt to come and tell us that we ſhall ere long be glad to get out of their way. Only fancy if that moſt charming little river Ogwen be eventually bricked over, when Betheſda is a large city, to form its main ſewer! More unlikely things have happened; but the very idea makes one's fleſh creep, and induces me to entertain a ſerious doubt if the ſyſtem of dilution is one which in the long run will not involve greater evils than thoſe it is now believed to remedy.

The road from Capel Curig to Bettws-y-coed, paſſing along the beautiful valley of the rapid river Llugwy, is perhaps one of the moſt charming in North Wales. At the diſtance of a mile and a half, at the bridge called Pont Gyfyng, is a fine bold caſcade about fifty feet high, falling over ledges, the ſtream in ſeveral places divided by projecting rocks. Two miles and a half beyond this ſpot is Rhaiadar y Wennol, the waterfall of the Swallow, a caſcade which, in dry weather, is extremely pleaſing and beautiful; and, in a flood, the

grandeſt probably in this country. Although cloſe to the road, it is completely hidden from the view of the paſſer-by, by thick plantations; but there is a pathway formed to the lower part of the fall, and there is that proſaic article, here quite unneceſſary, a guide to ſhow you what you can ſee yourſelf at noon. She might poſſibly be uſeful in dim moonlight. A lively touriſt, Mr. Baker, well obſerves,—"I like to viſit caſtles, churches, and waterfalls by myſelf, when I can take my own time, and indulge my own thoughts, without having my fairy imaginings interrupted, as they were at the Swallow Falls, ſomething after this manner:—'This is the Swallow Fall, ſir; very pretty, ſir; another view above, ſir;' and then, after a repetition of the trot, to the utter confuſion of one's breathing apparatus—'Sorry there is not much water, ſir; weather too dry, ſir; laſt week, ſir, very grand, ſir.' This brief addreſs terminated with a look that meant ſixpence, if ever there could be a ſilvery look, as well as ſilvery words."

The river at the Swallow Falls tumbles over a very wide ledge, firſt falling for a ſhort ſpace over rectangular rocks, then rolling down a long flat incline, at the bottom of which is a ſhort perpendicular fall, where the water with gathered ſtrength daſhes upon the dark rocks in ſheets of foam. At various parts of the fall, numerous maſſes of protruding rock are ledged, oppoſing the fury of the water, and ſending it, in floods, foaming in all directions. In dry weather, the effect is ſimply pictureſque; and no one, who has not ſeen the falls after rainy weather, can form any idea of their magnificent character at ſuch times. The cataracts of Wales are, indeed, generally ſeen to great diſadvantage; the dry ſummer weather coveted by touriſts being juſt the kind that converts many a beautiful caſcade into a rocky gully. Well, we can't have our cake and eat it too; ſo let thoſe who are inclined to find fault with our waterfalls pauſe firſt to conſider if the blame ſhould not be thrown upon their fear of getting a wetting. Both mountains and cataracts are beſt ſeen in a grand ſummer tempeſt.

Rhaiadar y Wennol is ſaid to be about ſixty feet high, a meaſurement inſignificant when compared with that of Piſtyll Rhaiadr near Llanrhaiadr, where the impetuous river Rhaiadr ruſhes over a nearly perpendicular rock upwards of two hundred and forty feet in height! Yet ſo little has mere magnitude the power to control a deciſion, no one can deny but that the Swallow Falls are not only more picturesque, but even far grander than the latter. Theſe dimenſions, and thoſe of moſt of the other falls here noted, are taken from the guide books; but I have a ſuſpicion that there has been a great deal of gueſs-work in the matter, and that the altitudes have not been aſcertained by actual meaſurement. So my nephew and myſelf went out one day on a cataract ſurvey, the former not at all underſtanding the uſe or fun of the matter, but well content to have a day's holiday. My apparatus was a very ſimple one, conſiſting merely of a long pole, and a ſtout rope about 250 feet long, the latter having a weight attached to one end. With this,

I expected to be enabled to compafs the exact length by gently lowering the rope from the top of the falls. "Pardon me, uncle," faid my impudent young companion, "but if any people happen to pafs while you are at this work, they will certainly think that you have got a flate off." I could not but laugh, having nearly come to a fimilar conclufion myfelf. In fact, I had overlooked the continual lodgements that the weight would make in the various ledges of the rocks, fo that the contrivance was ufelefs excepting where the water defcended over a fmooth furface. Moreover, we found that, as a general rule, the procefs, owing to the fmoothnefs and flippery nature of the rocks, was attended with dangers that were not worth encountering for fuch an object.

There is a pleafant but rather hilly walk from Bangor through Pentir to the interefting encampment of Dinas Dinorwig. Pentir is a fmall neat village, with a new church, the old one having been pulled down a few years ago. The fame note

applies to the village of Llanddeiniolen, a little further on, where the only appearance of antiquity connected with the church arises from three very large yew trees in the churchyard, one of them being not far short of thirty feet in diameter. It is to be feared that many an interesting relic of antiquity is destroyed by this rage for modernization. This last-named village comprises only two old stone cottages close to the church, and a few small houses scattered in the neighbourhood. About half-a-mile to the south-east is Dinas Dinorwig, one of the most perfect ancient British encampments now remaining in Wales. It consists of three trenches nearly circular, one above the other, the top being a large round flat. One end appears to be protected by a natural rock, but in that part the form of the fortification is not easily traced. The best account I have met with of this camp is that given by Dr. Williams, who thus describes it,—"This British encampment is surrounded by an agger of small stones, backed by another of very large ones; then

ſucceeds a deep ditch or foſſe, a rampart of earth, and a ſecond vaſt ditch; another enormous rampart of earth, meaſuring from top to the bottom fifty feet, and another ditch, which alſo appears to have been uſed as a road to and from the different entrances. It is not entirely ſurrounded by theſe ramparts, but only for about three-fourths of its extent. On the northern ſide is a ſteep aſcent, terminated by a very precipitous rock, a ſufficient natural defence. Within the area, near the rock above mentioned, is a circle of ſtones, the poſt, as Pennant ſuppoſes, of the commander-in-chief. It appears to have had five gateways or entrances, the main ones looking eaſt and weſt; two on either ſide of the rock before mentioned, and one on the ſouth-eaſt ſide; the ſtones, forming the entrances, being ſtill diſtinctly viſible. It is not circular in the whole of its extent, but only forms a portion of a circle. That part ſurrounded by the ramparts is very nearly circular. It then runs into a pyraform ſhape, ſo as to take advantage of the ſtrong natural

barrier. The area thus enclofed is very extenfive, meafuring from 90 to 100 yards from eaft to weft, but from the point of the rock to the furtheft extremity of the circle, 150 yards. On the eaftern fide is another fmaller enclofure, round which the road winds from the bottom of the hill, and has an entrance through the outer or larger rampart. This rampart appears to have been continued by the fide of the road round the fmaller camp, thus placing it within the outer or larger rampart, but without the fmall ones." The fame writer tells us of various ancient Britifh remains in the neighbourhood. He alfo mentions a large rocking-ftone, weighing from ten to fifteen tons, fo balanced that a child can move it with eafe. We were not fortunate enough to difcover this relic. In fact, the only ftone we could find at all anfwering the defcription remained immoveable, not only defying the united exertions of our party, but alfo the additional preffure of an old cow, who opportunely affifted the attempted movement by reforting to what was evidently a favourite corner for rubbing her fides.

Leaving Dinas Dinorwig, a ſhort walk into the plain towards Llanberris, a wild, boggy, uncultivated diſtrict, brings us to a chalybeate ſpring called Ffynon Cegin Arthur, or the Water of Arthur's Kitchen, which empties itſelf into the Aber Cegin, the ſmall ſtreamlet which falls into the ſea between Bangor and Penrhyn. The water is a ſtrong chalybeate, and was formerly in much repute. After having been neglected for upwards of a century, it has been brought into note again recently, a ſmall bath and a cottage for an attendant having been erected on the ſpot, the remains of the old ſtone bath being now concealed. Pennant ſays that it is the ſource of the Aber Cegin, but it may be more correctly deſcribed as one and the leaſt of the ſources, the main ſupply of water in that ſtream coming from a bog about half-a-mile to the eaſtward. Pennant's ſtatement, however, agrees with that in an old Welſh poem, entitled,—"Cyngor i wneuthur Pont y Marchogion y Penrhyn ar afon ſydd yn eodi lle y bu Gegin Tywyſog Arthur, yn

Llys Dinordde, ym mhlwyf Llan-Ddaniolen, ac a elwir Afon Gegin, yn agos i Fangor-fawr-yng Ngwynedd,—An Advice to erect a Bridge of the Knights of Penrhyn, over the River that ſprings where the Kitchen of Prince Arthur ſtood at Dinordde Hall, in the pariſh of Llanddeiniolen, which is called Afon Gegin, near Bangor Fawr in Gwynedd (Venedotia)." To thoſe who have ſeen this diminutive ſtreamlet, the following notice of it, extracted from this poem, will appear ſomewhat exaggerated, —" Thence the ſalubrious current meanders paſt the Weir, where the Menai, of fineſt refreſhment, flows full into it;—Here the River boils like yeaſt, mixing freſhwater with brine, and the Menai damming it up at flowing and ebbing." One only wonders what a poet, who can write thus of a brook a few feet wide, would make of the waters of Niagara.

Taking the rail to Carnarvon, we get into a new line of excurſions. Its magnificent Caſtle has been too often deſcribed to need a notice here, ſo we will

paſs on to Bethgelert for a day, ſtopping, of courſe, to viſit the ſmall but beautiful caſcade of Nant Mill, where the ſtream from Llyn Cwellyn paſſes over ſome rocks, perhaps in all about forty feet in depth, but not in one fall. It commences by ruſhing over a rock ſix feet high, then falling over an inclined ſurface which narrows between two rocks, afterwards widening over a number of crooked ſtony ſteps. An old mill on the left-hand ſide adds to the picturеſque character of the caſcade, which, in the opinion of artiſts, is one of the moſt beautiful in Wales. About a mile-and-a-half further on is Llyn Cwellyn, a lake upwards of a mile in length; and at a ſhort diſtance beyond this, note a well-known quaintly-formed rock, called Pitt's Head, ſo named from a fancied reſemblance it bears to the countenance of that celebrated ſtateſman. Bethgelert is then ſoon reached, and we of courſe ſee the grave of the hound, the faithful Gelert; and the romantic bridge in the ravine at the entrance into Merionethſhire, Pont Aberglaſlyn. We re-

turned to Bangor by the other road, paſſing by the ſide of the beautiful lake, Llyn Gwynant, and then through Nant Gwynant, to the left of which the falls of the Cwm Dyli appeared, in the diſtance, very like clothes laid out to dry on the mountain ſide. Our road then lay through part of the paſs of Llanberis, to Capel Curig, and ſo, through Nant Francon, home.

Shortly after paſſing Llyn Cwellyn, about three quarters of a mile to the right of the road, is the very ſmall and oddly-ſhaped, but celebrated, lake of Llyn-y-dywarchen. This pool was viſited by Giraldus Cambrenſis as early as the year 1188, and he ſays that it had a floating iſland in it, which, he adds, "is often driven from one ſide to the other by the force of the winds; and the ſhepherds behold with aſtoniſhment their cattle whilſt feeding carried to the diſtant parts of the lake." Leland, in the time of Henry the Eighth, ſpeaks of this as "the Swymming Iſland." It appears to have been merely a detached piece of turbary, which is now

no longer to be ſeen, although ſuch a curioſity certainly exiſted in Pennant's time. The lake and the iſland are introduced by Wilſon into one of his pictures. It is ſaid that the artiſt was for a long time puzzled how to give a notion of the phenomenon in a painting, but at length he conquered the difficulty by depicting a man ſtanding on the iſland in the act of wafting it nearer the ſhore with the aid of a long ſtaff.

Halley, the celebrated aſtronomer, who viſited this lake in the year 1697, gives the following intereſting account of it in the Philoſophical Tranſactions for 1698, p. 584,—" In one of theſe lakes I was on board a floating iſland, as it may be called; the lake is ſcarce half-a-mile about, environed with a boggy turfy ſoil, a piece of which, about ſix yards long and four broad, floats on the water, being about five or ſix inches raiſed above it, but is, I believe, about eighteen inches deep within the water, having broad ſpreading fungous roots on its ſides, the lightneſs of which buoys it up. It was

driven on the lee ſhore, but I lanched it off and ſwam it, to be ſatisfied it floated. This I take the more notice of, becauſe it is denied to be true by the author of the additions to Camden, lately publiſhed; but I myſelf ſaw it as deſcribed, and was told it had formerly been bigger, there being a leſſer ſpot that they told us had been heretofore a part thereof, which floated likewiſe."

Snowdon and Llanberis ſhould not have been left to the laſt, but better late than never. They make objects for a long day's excurſion from Bangor, too much in general for the time of year we viſited them, October the 6th, but the weather was very fine, and we got to and from the ſummit under a delightful ſky. Snowdon is only 3,571 feet in height, and the aſcent from Dolbadarn may now be denominated "mountain made eaſy;" but we muſt not too readily laugh at the apparently inflated accounts of the difficulties encountered by the early touriſts. When Llanberis could only be traverſed by a horſe-path ſo rugged that much of

it was like going up and down rough ſtone ſtairs, and before any ways were formed on the mountain, the aſcent could have been no eaſy taſk, eſpecially if the weather were unfavourable. Even now, with the road to the ſummit becoming eaſier every year by improvements made in it, there are ſpots that will try weak nerves, and danger of life incurred from ſudden miſts by thoſe adventurous enough to travel without a guide. The Llanberis route is about five miles to the top, a fair walk on ſuch a ſteep aſcent. The other approaches to it are more difficult and leſs frequented. All of them are, however, ſo well known, it will not do to add another account of an aſcent of Snowdon to the numbers already publiſhed; but there may be ſome intereſt and novelty attached to a brief notice of ſome of the earlier journeys made to the ſummit.

N.B.—Pennant, in 1780, deſcribes a certain mountain as rugged and difficult of acceſs. Mr. John Robinſon, junior, in the year 1860, gets to the top with eaſe, and ſets down our author, to uſe his own words, as an exaggerating old party. My good friend, if you had attempted the aſcent in Pennant's time, before the rude pathway had been formed, you'd have broken your neck.

The mountain muſt have been occaſionally aſcended from a very ancient period; but the earlieſt deſcriptive account of any one going to the top of it, and that a very brief one, that I have met with, occurs in the botanical tour of Thomas Johnſon, the naturaliſt, made in the year 1639. He ſeems to have aſcended from the Llanberis ſide. His words are, literally tranſlated,—"At daybreak, on the third of Auguſt, having mounted our horſes, we proceeded to the Britiſh Alps. The higheſt mountain of all theſe is called by the Engliſh, Snowdon, and by the Welſh, Widhfa. Deſiring to ſee this, we obtained a boy for our guide, becauſe not only the ſummit, but the whole mountain, was veiled in clouds. Then leaving our horſes and our outer garments, we began to aſcend the mountain. The firſt aſcent is difficult, but afterwards it ſpreads out into a wider ſpace, but equally ſteep; to the left, immenſe precipices; to the right, a difficult ſlope. Thus having gone three miles, we at length reached the very top of the mountain,

which was veiled in thick clouds. Here the way is rather narrow, and precipices rough with ſharp crags on both ſides ſtrike the utmoſt horror into thoſe who are aſcending. Here and there alſo Stygian lakes, the greateſt of which is called by the natives the Devil's Houſe. When we had attained the utmoſt point of the ridge, we ſat down amongſt the clouds, and firſt arranged in order the plants we had collected perilouſly amongſt the rocks and precipices, and then partook of the luncheon that we had brought with us."

Johnſon then gives a liſt of the plants he found on Snowdon, which is no doubt the firſt Snowdonian flora ever formed. He does not pretend that the catalogue is complete, reſtricting it to the enumeration of thoſe he conſidered beſt worth notice. The following are the names of the plants he mentions:—"*Naſturtium petræum; oxalis rotundifolia*, French ſorrell or round-leaved ſorrell; *viola martia paluſtris*, red violet; *ſerpillum hirſutum*, hoary wilde time; *rhodia radix*, roſewort or roſe-

roote; *caryophyllus montanus minimus*, moſſe-pinkes or dwarfe mountaine pinkes; *ſedum rotundifolium ſerratum*, the prince's feather; *ſedum minus flore albido*, white ſengreene of the Alpes; *ſedum tridactylites*, handed houſleeke or ſengreene; *cotyledon ſive ſedum petræum hirſutum*, hairy kidneywort, upon the moyſt rockes at Snowdon; *gentianella Bavarica*, dwarfe gentian; *gramen ſparteum ſpica foliacea minus*, the leſſer graſſe-eared graſſe, or graſſe upon graſſe; *muſcus cupreſſi facie*, heath cypres; *muſcus ceranoides*, horned moſs; *carduus mollis*, thiſtle gentle, growes on the rockes on the higheſt part of Snowdon; *ſalix humilis ſaxatilis*, round-leaved mountaine willow; *filix petræa elegans*, rocke ferne; *gramen junceum marinum*, ſea ruſh-graſſe; *caryophyllum marinum; lychnidem marinam Anglicam.*"

During the ſeventeenth century, the mountain was not aſcended by travellers, excepting for ſcientific purpoſes. Caſwell went up to meaſure its height, and made it 3,720 feet. The more cele-

brated Halley afcended it on May 26th, 1697, in order to make fome fcientific experiments on what he calls "this horrid fpot of hills." "We faw," he obferves, "Ireland plainly, and the mountains of Cumberland or Weftmoreland very faintly, but evidently in the north; and I think we faw as far as St. David's head into the fouth. Carnarvonfhire and Anglefey lay under us like a map, affording a very pleafant profpect, were it not for the horrours of the neighbouring precipices. Hence we counted fifteen or fixteen lakes, great and fmall, where the cavities of the rocks are filled up with the rills that gleet from the hills. All thefe are faid to abound with trouts, fome of which we found to be efpecial good fifh."

It was not until the middle of the laft century that an afcent to the fummit of Snowdon became a popular undertaking with tourifts; and it was fome years after that time, before any accounts of the journey were publifhed. Lord Lyttelton, who paffed the foot of the mountain in 1756, was de-

terred by the weather from going up to the top. The earlieſt printed narrative that I can diſcover is an extremely meagre one in a little volume called Letters from Snowdon, 1770. The writer appears to have aſcended from the Snowdon Ranger, or from that locality, on the ſhores of Llyn Cwellyn; but he gives no information of any value, and that which he does give is hardly to be depended upon. It is intereſting, however, as the earlieſt touriſt's account of the aſcent:—"I had long a deſire of viſiting the Welſh Alps, the ſummit of Snowdon. The curate was ſo much devoted to me, that I did not employ my rhetoric long before I prevailed upon him to accompany me in the expedition. We ſet out from our hermitage in the month of July. We arrived in the evening at a ſmall thatched hut at the foot of the mountain, near a lake which they call Llyn Cychwhechlyn, which I leave you to pronounce as well as you are able. At this hut we found a poor labouring man, with five or ſix children, the pictures of health and innocence. We

had brought provifions with us for our journey, and we regaled ourfelves in this fituation, the family partaking of our feaft with more fatisfaction and glee than I have ever found at a nobleman's entertainment. At the dawn of day, we began our journey up the mountain, which feemed to fcale the heavens. We found a great change in the temperature of the atmofphere, as we afcended. When we had gone half way up, we found the wind rather high, attended with fcudding clouds; but when we arrived at the fummit, the air was calm and ferene, and feemed much more fubtle and rarified, lefs impregnated with vapors, and more agreeable for refpiration. How fhall I defcribe to you the infinitely extenfive and variegated profpects we enjoyed from the fummit? Lakes, mountains, feas, rivers, plains, woods, and iflands, lay before us in the greateft diverfity. We faw diftinctly the north of England, the greateft part of Wales, Chefhire, Shropfhire, Ireland, the Ifle of Man, and Scotland. I doubt whether fo extenfive a circular

prospect is to be seen in any part of the terraqueous globe. The sun had now gained its meridian height, and shot forth its noontide rays with unusual fervor. When we began to descend the hill, we perceived a small murky cloud rise out of the sea. The cloud condensed and increased until the whole atmosphere became inveloped in darkness, and night seemed to have regained her ebon throne. Neither house nor tree was near to afford us protection, but all was one vast continued waste. In this situation we could only have recourse to the hospitable shelter of the next impending rock. Here we awaited, with fear and impatience, till the storm was spent. When the storm was appeased, and the face of heaven had reassumed its wonted serenity, we continued our journey. Pleased, though fatigued with our excursion, we regained our homely dwelling."

The next recorded ascent is that of one made by Joseph Cradock late in the year 1776,—"I passed my evening at a very good inn at Carnarvon, and

having procured an intelligent guide, returned early next morning through Bettus to the foot of Snowdon. Having left my horſes at a ſmall hut, and hired a mountaineer to carry ſome cordials and proviſions, with a ſpiked ſtick, but imprudently without nails in my ſhoes, about ten o'clock I began to aſcend the mountain. The two firſt miles were rather boggy and diſagreeable, but when the proſpect opened, I ſoon forgot all difficulties. In the courſe of the two laſt I paſſed by ſix precipices, which I believe were very formidable, but as I was near the brink, and the wind very high, I did not venture to examine too narrowly. On the ſummit, which is a plain about ſix yards in circumference, the air was perfectly mild and ſerene, and I could with pleaſure contemplate the amazing map that was unfolded to my view. From hence may be diſtinctly ſeen Wicklow hills in Ireland, the Iſle of Man, Cumberland, Lancaſhire, Cheſhire, Shropſhire, and part of Scotland; all the counties of North Wales; the Iſle of Angleſea; rivers, plains,

woods, rocks, and mountains, ſix-and-twenty lakes, and two ſeas." Cradock made the deſcent on the Llanberris ſide, paſſing the waterfall of Caunant Mawr.

From theſe barren notices, it is a pleaſure to turn to the lucid narrative of the third hiſtorian of the aſcent, the accurate Pennant, who gives an account of two tours to the ſummit in a work publiſhed in 1781. Pennant's deſcription has ſcarcely been ſurpaſſed in neatneſs and point by any of his ſucceſſors.

He commenced the aſcent, as is uſual now, paſt Caunant Mawr, but the route taken after that was much more circuitous than the preſent one. His words are,—" Aſcend above Cwm Brwynog, a very deep bottom, fertile in Gwair y Rhoſydd, which is compoſed chiefly of different kinds of ruſhes, particularly *juncus ſquarroſus*, the moſs-ruſh; *ſcirpus cæſpitoſus*, the heath club ruſh; *ſchænus nigricans*, the black bog ruſh, and *carexes*, intermixed with few kinds of graſs. The hay which the lower meadows produce is very different in

quality, being remarkably fine and ſoft; and conſiſts in great part of the fine bent graſs, *agroſtis capillaris*. In the courſe of our aſcent, ſaw on the left, above the cwm, Moel y Cynhorion, or the Hill of Council. Paſs through Bwlch y Maeſcwm, and ſkirt the ſide of Snowdon, till we reach Bwlch y Cwm Brynog, where the aſcent becomes very difficult by reaſon of its vaſt ſteepneſs. People here uſually quit their horſes. We began a toilſome march, clambering among the rocks. On the left were the precipices over Cwm Brynog, with Llyn du yr Arddwy at their foot. On our right were thoſe over the ſmall lakes, Llyn Glas, Llyn-y-Nadroedd, and Llyn Coch. The laſt is the higheſt on this ſide of the mountain; and on whoſe margins we were told that, in fairy days, thoſe diminutive gentry kept their revels. This ſpace between precipice and precipice forms a ſhort and no very agreeable iſthmus, till we reached a verdant expanſe, which gave us ſome reſpite, before we laboured up another ſeries of broken crags. After theſe is a

ſecond ſmooth tract, which reaches almoſt to the ſummit, which, by way of pre-eminence, is ſtyled Y Wyddfa, or The Conſpicuous. It riſes almoſt to a point, or, at beſt, there is but room for a circular wall of looſe ſtones, within which travellers uſually take their repaſt. The mountain from hence ſeems propped by four vaſt buttreſſes; between which are four deep cwms or hollows. Each, excepting one, had one or more lakes lodged in its diſtant bottom. The neareſt was Ffynnon Las, or the Green Well, lying immediately below us. One of the company had the curioſity to deſcend a very bad way to a jutting rock that impended over the monſtrous precipice; and he ſeemed like Mercury ready to take his flight from the ſummit of Atlas. The waters of Ffynnon Las from this height appeared black and unfathomable, and the edges quite green. From thence is a ſucceſſion of bottoms, ſurrounded by the moſt lofty and rugged hills, the greateſt part of whoſe ſides are quite mural, and form the moſt magnificent amphitheatre in nature.

The Wyddfa is on one ſide; Crib y Diſtill, with its ſerrated tops, on another; Crib Coch, a ridge of fiery redneſs, appears beneath the preceding; and oppoſite to it is the boundary called the Lliwedd. Another very ſingular ſupport to this mountain is Y Clawdd Coch, riſing into a ſharp ridge, ſo narrow as not to afford breadth even for a path. The view from this exalted ſituation is unbounded. In a former tour, I ſaw from it the county of Cheſter, the high hills of Yorkſhire, part of the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland; a plain view of the Iſle of Man; and that of Angleſea lay extended like a map beneath us, with every rill viſible. I counted at this time between twenty and thirty lakes either in this county or in Meirionyddſhire. On the preſent occaſion, the ſky was obſcured very ſoon after I got up. A vaſt miſt enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain. The proſpect down was horrible. It gave an idea of numbers of abyſſes, concealed by a thick ſmoke furiouſly circulating around us. Very often a guſt of wind formed an

opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and diftant vifta of lake and valley. Sometimes they opened only in one place; at others, in many at once, exhibiting a moft ftrange and perplexing fight of water, fields, rocks, or chafms, in fifty different places. They then clofed at once, and left us involved in darknefs. In a fmall fpace, they would feparate again, and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expofe, in parts, both tops and bafes clear to our view. We defcended from this various fcene with great reluctance; but before we reached our horfes, a thunder-ftorm overtook us. Its rolling among the mountains was inexpreffibly awful; the rain uncommonly heavy. We remounted our horfes, and gained the bottom with great hazard. The little rills, which on our afcent trickled along the gullies on the fides of the mountain, were now fwelled into torrents; and we and our fteeds paffed with the utmoft rifque of being fwept away by thefe fudden waters. At length we arrived fafe, yet fufficiently wet and weary, to our former quarters."

The three accounts above quoted are, ſo far as I can diſcover, the earlieſt ones by regular touriſts that were publiſhed. Since Pennant wrote, the various routes have been deſcribed by a great number of travellers. Thoſe of old date, beſt worth notice are, perhaps, Warner's, made in the autumn of 1797, and Bingley's, undertaken about the ſame time. There have alſo been many excellent accounts publiſhed by recent touriſts; and the ſubject may now be ſaid to be fairly exhauſted, unleſs a tradition or two may be left to be picked up. There is one relating to a ſtone that ſtands, or formerly ſtood, in Yr Arddu, not very far from the ſummit. This ſtone, a large one, upon the top of which is a ſmaller one, is called Maen du yr Arddu, the Black Stone of Arddu; and it was believed that if two perſons ſlept a night on the top of it, in the morning one would become a poet and the other a madman. The ſimple inventor of this legend did not know that the terms were too often ſynonymous. Another tradition belongs to fairy land. The fairies

were dancing one night near Llyn Cwellyn, when a young man, who had hidden himſelf in a thicket, ruſhed out and ſeized a beautiful fay, whom, it is needleſs to add, was a lady. The reſt inſtantly vaniſhed, while he brought his prize in triumph home. After many entreaties, ſhe conſented to become his wife on condition that, if he ſhould ever ſtrike her with cold iron, ſhe would leave him for ever. The happy ſwain had no difficulty in entering into an engagement ſo readily, as he thought, obſerved. They were married, and, in courſe of time, a ſon and daughter appeared on the ſcene; but unfortunately one day, in throwing a miſſile at a horſe, it hit his fairy wife, who inſtantaneouſly diſappeared, and for ever. Her beautiful face was never again beheld by mortál, but one evening theſe plaintive lines were whiſpered in the breeze, heard only by the bereaved huſband,—

Rhag bod anwyd ar fy mab,
Yn rhodd rhowch arno gob ei dad;
Rhag bod anwyd ar liw 'r cann,
Rhoddwch arni bais ei mam.

Oh! left my fon fhould fuffer cold,
Him in his father's coat infold;
Left cold fhould feize my darling fair,
For her, her mother's robe prepare.

If you want a tafte of Switzerland without going out of Wales, make the afcent of Snowdon in the depths of winter. According to a narrative now before me,—"The fnow on the mountain was nearly three feet in depth, and the ice in many places lay in fheets more than half a mile in extent. The fummit was attained by great exertion in two hours and a half. There was a cloudlefs fky, and an excellent view was obtained. A ftrong eafterly wind prevailed, and the cold was intenfe. Not only the mountain ftreams, but the fpring near the top, were entirely frozen, and the travellers mixed fome fnow with their brandy, which froze hard in a few minutes. The defcent was made in an hour and a quarter." Thus it appears that there are glaciers in Wales as well as in Switzerland, if only people would feek after them at the proper time. Perhaps, at fome

no diſtant period, winter excurſions to the mountains of North Wales may prove to be the faſhion. There is juſt a little danger attached to them, and that, as times go, is the great recommendation in ſuch matters. Whether this prove the caſe or no, it may be ſafely aſſerted that the Welſh mountains appear grander in the winter than in the ſummer. The range of the Eryri, when covered with ſnow, ſeen from a point of advantage, as from the heights above Bangor, really then deſerve their ancient title of the Britiſh Alps.

Near the foot of the mountain, about half a mile from Dolbadarn Caſtle, is a cataract called Caunant Mawr, the Waterfall of the Great Chaſm, upwards of ſixty feet in height. The ſtream, after tumbling over a few rocky ledges, ruſhes down a wide inclined plane, in a different direction, into the pool below. There is an engraving of this fall made by Boydell as early as the year 1750; a period which may be conſidered the commencing era of Wales as a country of reſort for touriſts.

Our next long excurſion was homewards. We had outſtayed our ſummer's welcome, and even Bangor, ſo picturеſque in brighter weather, began to look ſomewhat dreary. While there, we were reſiding in a terrace, of modern growth, erected on the hills at right angles to the Menai Straits, a mile diſtant from Garth Point; a ſituation commanding exquiſite views of ſea and country, the wide expanſe of water over the Lavan Sands, bounded by the promontory of the Great Orme, appearing as a large and beautiful lake; with the charming entrance to the Straits and the oppoſite coaſt of Angleſea on our left. It was here, late in October, 1859, that we paſſed a night unequalled perhaps in the annals of ſtorms for the duration and fury of a tempeſt. The violence of the wind was ſo great that it burſt into the front rooms deluging them with water, howling and beating along like a madman. With ſuch effects on ſhore, no marvel that the ſea in the morning exhibited a dread catalogue of wreck and ruin. The veſſels in Bangor harbour had literally

dafhed againft each other, and burft in pieces. The fhore was fcattered for miles with fragments of what were yefterday the pride of the waters. It was a painful day for either the coming or the parting gueft, and fad was the fpectacle exhibited along the fhore between this and Chefter, the fands being literally dotted with the wrecks. The telegraph wires having been broken, we were without an intimation that there was difficulty in the homeward journey, and it was not until we reached the foot of Penmaenmawr that we found the fea had undermined the rails, which had fallen in within a few minutes after the paffage of one of the morning trains; and fo we were obliged to fcramble up the hill into the old coach-road, walking on to the miferable little ftation on the other fide of the mountain to await our chance of getting forwards. The rails in many other parts were confiderably damaged, and at one place, a line had been wafhed away by the fea which had penetrated over the embankment, fo that our train literally walked through the waters,

very ſlowly to be ſure, for a falſe ſtep would have been fatal. It was late at night before we reached Cheſter, where we firſt heard the news of the fearful and memorable wreck of the Royal Charter, which, although occurring that morning ſo near to Bangor, was, it is ſingular to mention, not known in that town when we ſtarted from it ſoon after mid-day.

The wreck of the large ſteamer called the Royal Charter was one of the moſt appalling cataſtrophes of the kind that had ever occurred ; hundreds who had ſo far ſafely journeyed from Auſtralia, and fondly anticipating the welcome of long-ſeparated friends and relatives before another day had paſſed, ſadly meeting with death within a few yards of the ſhore of Angleſea. The accounts of their laſt moments were heart-rending ;—huſbands and wives, parents and children, ſiſters and brothers, clinging together in a laſt fond embrace before they were overwhelmed by the waters. It is alas that the ſounds of mourning and lamentation that then aroſe

from Moelfra are not yet huſhed, and that they ſadden the heart in a country that we traverſe in the hope of meeting with ſunſhine and joy. For years and years there will be viſitors to Bangor, who will never gaze on its beautiful landſcape without there flitting by a viſion of the pall and the ſhroud; and the graves near Red Wharf Bay will be the object of ſad pilgrimage, tinging with melancholy and gloom excurſions from the beautiful city of the Menai.

IN an obſcure corner of the deſolate churchyard of Llangelynin, there lay, when we paſſed by, a human ſkull expoſed to air and weather. Amidſt thoſe mountain wilds no one with ſpade or mattock to give it reinterment, not even a ruddock with charitable bill to cover it with leaves. Yet it is not ſo many years agone that the occupier of that narrow tenement ſighed and laughed, and eat and drank, like you and I. And to be ſo ſoon forgotten! Alas that it be ſo, but it is a rare affection that retains for long the memory of the dead. Happy for him if he, in his day, cultivated favour in that Court where alone forgetfulneſs never enters.

Theſe reflections are as old as the hills, but I do not know that they are of much uſe. We all are aware how fleeting and ſhort is life; and many of us often ſadly think how like it is to a ſhadow or a dream, but without being very much the better for it. I have been abſorbed in worldly buſineſs the entire morning, without one upward thought, when on a ſudden I aſk if it is to be always thus, are our days to glide away with only an occaſional and ſpaſmodic effort to reach the goal for the attainment of which the devotion of an entire life would ſeem to be inadequate? Barely another mile is traverſed, when, turning a corner, they are playing Punch and Judy. I ſtop of courſe. I never miſs a chance of witneſſing a repreſentation of that ancient and inimitable tragi-comedy; and at the mimic belabouring I laugh until I feel that the tears are coming into my eyes. So, you ſee, there cannot be much good in moralizing.

No, I was not intending to moralize; but the ſight of that lonely ſkull occurring to my mind's

eye, Horatio, I could not help reflecting upon it, at the same time thinking how accurate a type it was of a book. There is not one volume in fifty thousand with which it may not be compared. It is born. It may be the ugliest little toad that ever existed, but its parent cherishes it. Its grand-mamma, the printer, considers it a good-looking babe; and even its aunt, the binder, regards the bantling with pardonable satisfaction in its first new robes. If it dies in its infancy, it is soon thrown under the shards, the flints, and the pebbles. If it survives, it flourishes for a few brief years in the midst of a limited circle of friends and acquaintances; it dies; and it is ultimately thrown into a corner, to be as completely forgotten by the world as is that solitary skull in the churchyard at Llangelynin.

Dear Guildenstern, you are a young author, much such another as I was some twenty years ago. The commencements of our literary careers are so alike that we can dodge one another in the true nursery

fashion. You have published a book, and are delighted at seeing yourself in print;—that's getting up the first pair of stairs. Just like me. You are patted on the back by your friends, and anxiously scan the opinions of the weekly critics;—that's getting up the second pair of stairs. Just like me. You have positively been reviewed at length and with favour by the leading journal, and you walk along Fleet Street believing that you are a distinguished author;—that's getting up the third pair of stairs. Just like me. But you hear sinister forebodings and ill-natured remarks, chiefly made by those who never did write books themselves, never could, and never will, and you feel quite savage;—that's getting up the fourth pair of stairs. Just like me. My beloved friend, when the time arrives that you can take up the refrain of the nursery dialogue, and say ditto to me, when I talk of twenty additional years from your age having passed over my head, and grey hairs, the harbingers of man's winter, making their appearance, you will think very differ-

ently of all thefe matters. You will be purfuing literature for its own fake, or for the fake of the good it may effect, not heeding the attainment of that very fmall and infipid bubble, known as literary reputation. Of courfe the finifter prophets will fay that the grapes are green; but you will laugh, knowing the infinuation to be erroneous, and that this is the laft dig they can have at you; for goffips and critics are very like fchoolboys, who leave off teazing as foon as they find that you don't care a halfpenny about it. I fhould not be in the leaft degree furprifed to find that if, fome day in the year 1880, a younger and more enthufiaftic friend rufhes into your dining-room bringing a long and flattering review of your laft work that has that day come out in the Quarterly, you afk him to take a flice of widgeon, and go on quietly fprinkling your own with lemon and cayenne, undifturbed by the important news that have juft arrived.

But, dear Guildenftern, although I think it kinder to warn you that literature will not fulfil the bright-

neſs of its early promiſe, do not relinquiſh a purſuit, the labours of which, while, as to the world, it is probable they would not be more advantageous if directed to other objects, will, as to yourſelf, yield more abundant pleaſure than any other worldly occupation. You may alſo reſt aſſured that, independent of your own capacity, if you continue as you have commenced, honeſtly collecting facts and truthfully recording them, you will, albeit you may wiſely learn to diſregard it, leave behind you footprints on the ſands, dimly marked, but ſufficient to tell that you have not been entirely without uſe in this your day of labour. I heard of our friend Hamlet laughing at you for your book the other day, and telling you that it contained,—words, words, words! Do not be thus diſcouraged, for, between ourſelves,—you need not mention my opinion out of doors,—poor Hamlet is half cracked. My experience may help to conſole you. It leads me to believe that while very few books will outlive a generation, on the other hand there is hardly one

which does not contain one uſeful fact or the germ of an idea worthy of preſervation. Even in the rare inſtance in which this is not the caſe, the author may ſtill be juſtified, for the work may poſſibly be, like this, produced with ſanitary motives. The time is not far diſtant when the authorſhip-cure will take its place by the ſide of hydropathy, homœopathy, and the various other opathies. In that day, a phyſician will ſay to his patient, a merchant (he may be) who has been too deeply abſorbed by the anxieties of buſineſs,—" My good friend, it is no uſe my giving you phyſic. You ſay you have tried change of air, and your headaches ſtill remain. I do not wonder at it, becauſe they ariſe from the reflective nerves of the brain having been too long in action on one ſubject.—You muſt change your mental purſuits.—You muſt write a book." If the invalid be one who is already an author, and who has worked too intenſely in a particular direction, the latter part of this addreſs will run ſomething as follows,—" You muſt abandon for a time the ſtudies

upon which you have been ſo intently engaged. You had better write a book on ſome ſubject which you have never yet conſidered,—one which has no connection with your previous line of thought." And the patient does ſo. He takes up the firſt ſubject that comes uppermoſt, pegs away at it anyhow, and, after amuſing himſelf with correcting the proof-ſheets, turns out a little volume much ſuch a one as this is. It is not the leaſt odds to him if any one reads it or no. The object is attained; the brain is relieved; the headaches are gone. Now doctors' medicines occaſionally do harm, and certainly never do good to any but the recipient; but here is a noſtrum, of unfailing efficacy to the patient, and one of certain benefit to others. The firſt propoſition I take for granted. The ſecond I prove thus. —The elder Mr. Weller, moralizing on Death, touchingly obſerved,—"There's a Providence in it, Sammy; there's a Providence in it, or what 'ud become of the undertakers?" So is there a Providence in the rage for authorſhip; for, if there were

no cacoethes to write, what in the world would become of the printers? Tell me that, and I'll unyoke.

As I don't ſuppoſe, however, that either you or any one elſe will attempt to controvert ſuch a ſplendid argument as this, I'll now, dear Guildenſtern, ſay,—good night!

FINIS.

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