



Ysaith enaid ar ei thannau



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Carhuanawc.

From the Bust by W. M. Thomas, Sculptor.

THE

Literary Remains

OF

THE REV. THOMAS PRICE,

Carnhuanawc,

VICAR OF CWMDŪ, BRECONSHIRE; AND RURAL DEAN:

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE, BY JANE WILLIAMS, YSGAFELL.

VOLUME II.

“Whole troops of heroes WALES has yet to boast,
And sends thee One, a sample of her host.”

POPE'S ILLAD, Book vii. Line 279.

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CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

- CHAPTER I. The Parentage, Birth, and early Childhood of Thomas Price. 1787—1794.
- CHAPTER II. The School-boy Days of Thomas Price. 1794—1800.
- CHAPTER III. Removal of the Rev. Rice Price and his Family to Builth, and Residence there. 1800—1808.
- CHAPTER IV. Lady Hester Stanhope. 1808—1809.
- CHAPTER V. History of Brecknockshire—Musical reminiscences—Death of the Rev. Rice Price—Thomas Price's Ordination—Clerical appointments. 1809—1813.
- CHAPTER VI. The Rev. Thomas Price's Removal from Builth to Crickhowel, his Curacies in that vicinity, Extracts from his Sermons, &c. &c. 1813—1816.
- CHAPTER VII. Mr. Price becomes Curate of Llangattoc, Llanelly, and Llanegneu. 1816—1822.
- CHAPTER VIII. Family Episodes.
- CHAPTER IX. Mr. Price's Literary Connections and Bardic Name—His Early Writings—Welsh Music—Induction to the Vicarage of Cwmdŷ—Essay on Physiology, &c. 1823—1829.
- CHAPTER X. Orations delivered by the Rev. T. Price, at the Brecon, Caermarthen, Welshpool, Brecon, and Denbigh Eisteddfodau. From records made by himself immediately after each meeting. 1822—1828.
- CHAPTER XI. The Translation of the Scriptures into the Breton Language.
- CHAPTER XII. Sir Isaac Newton—The Hanes Cymrŷ—Mr. Tudor's Reminiscences, &c. &c. 1830—1836.
- CHAPTER XIII. Cwmdŷ. Yr Eglwys.
- CHAPTER XIV. Literary Correspondence. 1826—1834.
- CHAPTER XV. Cymreigyddion y Fenni. 1833—1840.
- CHAPTER XVI. Travels—Liverpool Eisteddfod—Welsh Traditions. 1837—1841.
- CHAPTER XVII. Literary Correspondence. 1837—1847.
- CHAPTER XVIII. Y Persondy—Cwmdŷ.
- CHAPTER XIX. Completion of the Hanes Cymrŷ—Letters—and Eisteddfodau of 1842—1845.
- CHAPTER XX. The Established Church in Wales.
- CHAPTER XXI. Essay on the Geographical Progress of Empire and Civilization—The Commission of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales. &c. &c.
- CHAPTER XXII. Various Reminiscences.
- CHAPTER XXIII. Closing Scenes.
- CHAPTER XXIV. Testimonies to Carnhuanawc's worth.
- CHAPTER XXV. Welsh Music.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
Photograph of the Bust of Carnhuanawc. Frontispiece.	15
View of Builth	40
View of Brecon	49
View of Crickhowel	61
View of Glangrwny	62
Bridge on the Clydach	200
View of Cwmdû Church	202
Ancient Cross and Sepulchral Stone in Cwmdû Churchyard	267
View of Tretwr	277
The Vicarage, Cwmdû	280
Cromlech and Maenhîr	281
Facsimile of Mr. Price's writing	282
View of Velindre, Cwmdû	300
Copy of Mr. Price's Original Design sent to Sir Charles Barry	344
View of the Ffynnon Ofer	358
Old Tree on the Clydach (a favourite of Mr. Price's)	360
Sketch of a Welsh Travelling Bookseller	370
Facsimile of a Memorial to the Prince of Wales	381
Sketch of John Richards's Harp	393
Sketch of Jones, the Llanover Harper	

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P R E F A C E .

THE present volume contains selections from Mr. Price's Private Manuscripts, from his Fugitive Papers and from his Correspondence, completing, with the reprint of the Tour in Brittany, and the four Essays printed for the first time in the former volume, all those Literary Remains of Carnhuanawc which combine the double requisites of interest for his Cambrian friends and fitness for general readers. "His Hanes Cymrû," his "Essay on Physiology," and his "Essay on the Geographical Progress of Civilization," are separate works, and can be obtained from their respective publishers. His contributions to the Periodical Literature of the Principality, remain among the treasures of the Welsh language.

The various particulars of information comprised in the Memoir have been carefully drawn from the most original and authentic sources, and in every instance where comparative evidence could be obtained it has been rigorously applied as a test to elicit truth. By

interweaving the communications of correspondents, and the minor compositions of Thomas Price, with the chronological record of events, that natural order has been as far as possible preserved unbroken which renders human life an alternating stage of acts and pauses, and shows in due succession the outward course of conduct, and the inward tenor of thought. To this method of arrangement belongs also the advantage of relieving the stress of continuous attention, while it deepens the impression of each preceding series of facts upon the reader's memory.

It is much to be lamented that many potent directors of public opinion still cherish strong prejudices not merely against Welshmen, but also against every branch of Cambrian and Celtic Literature. Experience has proved that the division of labour tends to promote both the accuracy and the enlargement of scientific knowledge. The correctness of the map of the world depends upon the exactness of local surveys. Alike in the study of the literature of nations, and in the investigation of the physical sciences, it is necessary that a general acquaintance with the nature of many and of their relative action and connection should accompany the more particular and exact application of the mind to effect the elucidation of one. It must therefore be in the highest degree inconsistent and invidious while eulogizing the Lindleys, the Lyells and the Owens of our day, to despise the pursuits of the Herberts, the Williamses and the Prices. As particular soils are naturally favourable to one sort of crop or to another, so do certain races evince strong hereditary tendencies towards certain pursuits. Music, Poetry, Oratory, Natural History, and Antiquities, have more especially occupied Cambrian minds from the earliest periods of their written and traditional records.

Thomas Price was in all respects a true representative of his people, and as well might a White of Selborne, a Cowper of Olney, an Oberlin of the Ban de la Roche, or any other zealous home labourer be satirized as local and narrowly provincial.

The obligations of the work to many of Thomas Price's friends and contemporaries, for materials supplied by them, are acknowledged in the course of the narration. The thanks of the Biographer are also due to the Rev. George Howell of Llangattoc; to the Rev. Daniel Evans, of Llanafan-fawr; to the Rev. W. Williams of Maesmynys; to the Rev. John Hughes, of Cwmdû; to Mr. Pratt of Crickhowel, and to the Rev. T. Phillips of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for valuable information supplied by them.

Some other obligations which greatly enhance the value of these volumes, still remain to be gratefully acknowledged. The liberality of Mr. J. Evan Thomas, the Sculptor, is recorded in Chapter XXIV, with some interesting details in his own words concerning his brother's bust of Carnhuanawc. The delicate and difficult task of taking the Photographic negatives from that bust was executed by Mrs. Berrington and Miss Waddington, and the same skilful and indefatigable friends have also labouriously printed off the greater part of the 700 positive copies required to supply the whole edition of this second volume with its frontispiece. Several original sketches of Cwmdû and other places in the neighbourhood were taken in the year 1845, by the late Miss Anne Tylee of Bath. Copies from her sketches, and from other drawings, have been made for the illustration of the present work, by Lady Hall of Llanover, by Mrs. Herbert of Llanarth, and by Mr. and Mrs. Berrington.

Working constantly against the drawback of ill-health, and lately under a weight of suffering, I regret that some few repetitions have escaped suppression, and that I have not duly applied the rectifying touches of criticism to some slight errors in the text and type. Conscious, however, that under disadvantageous circumstances, I have faithfully done my best, I now lay before the public the second volume of the *Literary Remains*, with a *Memoir of the Life of Thomas Price*,

JANE WILLIAMS,

Ysgafell.

April 14, 1855.

CHAPTER I.

The Parentage, Birth and early Childhood of Thomas Price.

1787—1794.

“There are three privileges of gentility according to the politeness of the Welsh nation ; the privilege of birth, the privilege of literature and science, and the privilege of laudable feats performed for the sake of country and nation.”
—ARCH. CAMB. Oct. 1846, p. 379: translated from the *Myf. Arch.* vol. iii.

IN recording the lives of eminent men, biographers have often been constrained by circumstances to suppress or to over-shadow many facts connected with the origin and early years of their respective heroes. The elegant Dr. Spratt, preparing his *Life of Cowley* for the eyes of high-born Cavaliers, did not venture by assertion or allusion to remind them, that their late polished and admired associate, was the son of a grocer. The philosophic Mason, in prefacing and filling up the well-constructed, though unintentional, autobiography of Gray, thought, perhaps, of the fastidious Horace Walpole, when he hastily and ambiguously mentioned the commercial occupations of the poet's forefathers. The Author of the present *Memoir* is, happily, exempted from similar temptations, for its interest and value, alike to the patrician, the scholar, and the Cambrian peasant, must chiefly spring from the means afforded them of tracing the process of that

reciprocal action between external circumstances and inherent qualities, which gradually accomplishes the development of character. The simple dignity of moral and intellectual worth, the evidence of self-cultivated abilities, and of extensive usefulness, are certain, in our happy land and in our happy days, to meet deserved respect, in spite of encompassing disadvantages.

A knowledge of the objects which first impressed and directed the unfolding faculties of the individual, becomes essential to the writer who attempts, as Tacitus finely expresses it, to render the "form and features of the mind." To compile a bare chronicle of incidents, to group together an assemblage of partial reminiscences, might, indeed, gratify curiosity, but could scarcely be expected to promote that higher purpose, which ought to be incessantly regarded and wrought out, alike in biography and history. Both teach philosophy by examples; and hearts indeed possessed by that noblest impulse of human nature, the desire for self-improvement, need not depart uninterested or uninstructed from the contemplation of the honest portraiture of Thomas Price.

Through thirteen descents from the Cambrian hero, Elystan Glodrydd, who flourished early in the eleventh century, and bore on his shield Gules, a Lion rampant regardant Or; Thomas ab Owen, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was of Gylwen, in the parish of Llanafan Fawr, and county of Brecon, traced his illustrious lineage. Conforming tardily to English usage, Meredydd, the grandson of Thomas ab Owen, assumed for himself and his posterity the permanent surname of Bowen. Early in the seventeenth century, his descendant, Thomas ab Rhys Meredydd Bowen, was of Bwlch y Garth, in the parochial district of Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan, Breconshire. This Thomas had two sons and a daughter. The second son, William, died in 1715, leaving a son named Thomas, who married Margaret Price. Their eldest son, Thomas, took holy orders, and while yet a deacon, in the year 1736, married Elizabeth, one of the many children of William ab Evan Williams, of Llanbedr Pont Stephan, in Cardiganshire.

The Rev. Thomas Bowen and his wife had a family of

four sons and two daughters. Thomas, the eldest son, became a clergyman, and curate of Llanynis. The parents being dead, the two daughters removed to the house of their uncle, Mr. Evan Bowen, of Pencaerelin,* in the same parochial district. Elinor, the eldest, married a person named Morgan. Mary, the youngest, a woman of remarkable sense and spirit, formed an attachment to a young artisan, named Rice Price, of the neighbouring parish of Maesmynis. He was the son of John Price, a respectable and skilful mason and stone-cutter, but without any other inheritance than the paternal craft. Like all other true Welshmen, Rice Price could clearly trace an unblemished descent for four generations; but the family did not derive its origin from a noble stock; and Rhys Domas o'r Pantgwyn, his great-grandfather, who lived to a good old age, was only renowned in memory for the maiden-like profusion and fineness of his hair. Rice Price, however, possessed a vigorous intellect, and indomitable stedfastness of purpose. He felt his own ability for usefulness in a higher and wider sphere, and prolonging his courtship of Mary Bowen through a period of twenty-one years, he acquired, by incessant diligence and frugality, the means of attending the College School at Brecon; from whence, after a proper course of classical and theological study, he was ordained by the Bishop of St. David's.

The following letter bears testimony at once to his abilities, and to their inadequate requital.

“Dr. Sir

“Your kind Epistle deserved a much earlier acknowledgment but the life of hurry I have lately led has hitherto prevented me from writing—I am exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to explain the antiquity lately found at Llanfrynach and if at any time in your walks you should meet with any thing curious in the antiquarian line, I shall esteem myself greatly obliged in hearing from you.

“I am sorry there should be any person so avaricious as to

* Pen, a head; caer, a camp; elin, an elbow; i.e. the head of the angular camp; thus Mr. Price wrote the name. Mr. Rees ingeniously suggests that for *elin*, *elyn* being read, the meaning would be, the summit of the enemy's camp.

refuse so trifling an addition to the income of a worthy man, esteemed by his Flock as you must have been, or they would not have petitioned for the advance. Disappointments often turn out to advantage and I hope this may be the case with you and that you may meet with some cure or living that may sufficiently compensate you for the loss of Brecknock is the sincere wish of Dr. Sr.

Your much obliged

Janry 26th. 1784

hble Servt

Thos. Combe.

My wife desires her best respects.

Excuse haste."

On the 7th of November, 1784, the Rev. Rice Price married the object of his long and faithful attachment, Mary Bowen, in the church of Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan. Mr. Evan Bowen was then a widower, and childless. Elinor Morgan and her husband kept house for him, and assisted in managing the farm of which he was the tenant. Mr. and Mrs. Price, therefore, took up their residence with him, occupying the parlour and other spare rooms in the Pencaerelin farm-house.

The eldest son of this marriage, John Rice Price, was born there, in the year 1785. Thomas, the subject of this Memoir, second son and youngest child of the Rev. Rice Price, and Mary his wife, was born at Pencaerelin, in Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan, within the parish of Llanafan Fawr, on the 2nd of October, 1787, and baptised on the 19th day of the same month. His birthplace and the home of his infancy was an isolated old farm house, with high gables and a thatched roof. The principal windows opened over a fold in which then stood a fine oak tree. The house was burned down in the spring of the year 1852. It has since been re-built, and is now inhabited by strangers. All is now changed and new there, excepting the venerable old tree, which has stood beside that farm-homestead for centuries, and now remains scathed and injured by the fire, which reduced the old domicile of Evan Bowen to a heap of smouldering ruins.

In April, 1789, the Rev. Rice Price was presented by Bishop Horsley, the diocesan, to the Vicarage of Llanwrthwl

and to the perpetual curacy of Llanganten. Llanwrthwl lies upon the rivers Elan and Wye, and forms the northern extremity of the county of Brecon. The inappropriate tythes belong to the Llanwrthwl Prebend in the Collegiate Church of Brecon, and the parish has neither vicarage nor glebe. Its population was estimated in 1841 at 568; and that of Llanganten at 177. It appears by the document which attests the reading in at Llanwrthwl, that the Rev. Rice Price had made and subscribed his declaration before the Rev. Hugh Jones, vicar of Llywel, who was the Bishop's Commissary upon that occasion. This Rev. Hugh Jones was the father of Theophilus Jones, afterwards well known as the Historian of Brecknockshire.

In the year 1792, the Rev. Rice Price was presented by the Prebendary of Llanwrthwl to the Perpetual Curacy of Llanlleonfel, a parochial district of that parish, possessing likewise neither parsonage nor glebe. Its population in 1841 numbered 261.

Llanganten adjoins Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan, and is traversed by the high road, which leads from Builth to Llandovery. The Prebendary of Llandarog in the Collegiate Church of Brecon, owns the right of presentation, and receives the inappropriate tythes. This parish has neither parsonage nor glebe. The Perpetual Curacy of Llangynog is held in combination with that of Llanganten, and impoverished also by the Prebend of Llandarog. The census of 1841 returns the population of Llangynog at only 54.

The Rev. Rice Price, had now become a beneficed clergyman and a pluralist, possessing no less than three nominal livings. It must, however, be remarked, that two-thirds of the tythes of Llanwrthwl, all the tythes of Llanlleonfel, and all the tythes of Llanganten, being the property of the College at Brecon, the three parishes together did not afford their incumbent a single acre of land, or a single place of abode. All that was left for his subsistence, out of their ample endowments, was one-third part of the tythes of Llanwrthwl, a pittance from Queen Anne's Bounty and the surplice fees, while the distance of Llanwrthwl from the other churches obliged him either to keep a horse or to pay a curate.

The "History of Breconshire" does not record the annual income of the several benefices. The Clergy List of 1853 states that of—

Llanlleonfel at	£60 a year,
Llangynog	69
Llanganten at	64
Llanwrthwl	85 :

but it would appear that in the days of the Rev. Rice Price, the principal parts of these small revenues were unjustly diverted from their proper channel. The nett annual income of the Rev. Rice Price is believed by a cotemporary not to have exceeded £50, in his most prosperous days.

Thomas Price was sent, with his brother, at a very early age to the Village Dame School, where, kindly and cleverly taught, he learned with great facility to spell and read in his native tongue. "I have always spoken the Welsh from my infancy," records Mr. Price in one of his little note books: "I suppose that the Welsh has been spoken by my ancestors, as their native tongue, ever since the dispersion of Babel. My father spoke it, and my mother, and my grandfathers, &c. &c. Brought up, as I have been, in the remote parts of the Principality, often do I dwell with pleasure upon the recollections of my infancy: when in the winter's night I sat in the circle around the fire, under the spacious chimney piece, and listened to the songs and traditions of the peasantry, or to the poetry of David ab Gwilym read by the firelight; and if but a harper should chance to visit us happy was the day, yea, I might say, earthly speaking, blessed was the time. I must confess that these are recollections which often recur with extraordinary effect, and I believe there are few Welshmen brought up under similar circumstances, as the generality are, but must experience the same affections with myself; and would you wish to eradicate these feelings from our bosoms?"

CHAPTER II.

The School-boy Days of Thomas Price.

1794—1800.

“ Ere yet of life the first seven years be past,
A work is done through life itself to last.”

BADHAM'S JUVENAL. Satire xiv.

“ What transport to retrace our boyish days,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks.”

THOMSON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE," Canto 1, Stanza 48.

AN aged and intelligent man, born at a farm-house, within a short distance of Pencaerelin, distinctly recollects the long wooing of Rice Price and Mary Bowen, and their occasional meetings at his father's house. He recalls the boyhood of Rice, junior, and of Thomas Price, the remarkable cleverness and amiability of both brothers, and their very different and strongly contrasted characteristics. The elder was vivacious, merry and alert, and had the natural carelessness and sportiveness of childhood. Thomas Price was never thoughtless and frivolous like other boys, but "always something heavy in the head, thinking of his studies at all times;" very kind, compliant and obliging to every body, and delighting to do any sort of good, "wonderfully clever, and very odd in his ways." In the first part of this description, the good man who gave it appears to have translated from the Welsh rather too literally for th

English idiom. He meant not to convey any notion of dulness by the words, "something heavy in the head," but to express the early steadfastness of Thomas Price's character. Having acquired such elementary knowledge as the village Dame could impart, Thomas Price and his brother were transferred by their kind and careful father to a school kept in the same village by a Mr. James Jones, which they continued to attend as day scholars for about two years. Here both brothers first learned English. They afterwards, for a short time, attended a school set up in the same village by a person named Williams, from whom they learned the elements of the Latin and Greek languages. They were subsequently sent to a superior school at the Vicarage house of Llanafan Fawr, where classical instruction was given by the Rev. Henry Beynon, the Incumbent of the living. This place, called Berth y Sant, being situated upon the river Chwefri, two miles from their home, the brothers were in the habit of walking thither after breakfast, taking their dinner with them in a satchel, and returning, when school-hours were over, to share their parents' evening meal at Pencaerelin. One of their surviving school-fellows, now an intelligent and respectable craftsman, still recalls with pride and pleasure, the memory of those happy days, when he habitually enjoyed the companionship of Thomas Price, then a boy of his own age: having even at that period felt conscious that such society was a privilege, and receiving even then, ineffaceable impressions of affectionate respect for his distinguished school-fellow's mental and moral superiority.

Thomas Price was habitually attentive to reading, and eager in the acquisition of knowledge of every kind, but he applied himself with peculiar diligence to the study of Geometry, Astronomy and Mechanics; and appeared to derive great satisfaction from his frequent practice of the self-taught art of drawing. It was generally observed of him also, that he took no interest in the careless pastimes of boyhood, though he entered with ardour into games of skill; so that he never seemed to play merely for the sake of playing, but rather for the pleasurable exercise of adroitness and ingenuity.

His conscientious self-control was invariably manifested, not only in a blameless course of conduct, but also in his behaviour under all temptations and provocations, for nothing could draw forth or extort from him anything like levity or unbecoming irreverence of speech. Being then very young, and always modest and unpretending, he was accustomed, nevertheless, to take great delight in listening to the discussions held by the most intelligent of the elder boys upon various points suggested by their lessons. Whenever any of them chanced to deviate from the true course of argument, he would gravely interpose, saying, "Stop, stop, Multum in parvo!"

In the intervals between school-hours, his favourite recreation, in fine weather, was a walk; and he would often contrive to steal away alone to the summit of a neighbouring hill, or to some secluded dell, or remarkable spot, where he could enjoy the scenery and the changing aspects of the sky in perfect solitude; sometimes inviting one or other of the most thoughtful from among his school-fellows to accompany the quiet ramble, and share his pensive pleasures. Standing one day upon a high rock on the brink of the river Chwefri, with a small spy-glass in his hand, he lamented audibly that he did not possess a telescope such as Sir Isaac Newton had used, with which, instead of merely getting a view of Llandrindod, he could also have seen the planet Saturn.

He was fond of all manual arts, and would stand watching craftsmen at their work, occasionally practising the handling of their tools, with such accuracy of observation and natural dexterity, that he acquired, thus easily and as a pastime, the ability to rival their performances. When bad weather prevented excursions, he used to resort to a neighbouring cottage, where he had fitted up for himself a little workshop, and occupied his leisure time with a few old tools and rude materials in the construction of various instruments. One of the first which he ever made was a sort of lyre, which with a very impartial and candid acknowledgement of its defects, he declared to bear, at least, more resemblance to a harp than to a harrow. Thus early did he manifest at once his ingenuity and his ingenuousness, while

framing a rude imitation of that graceful national instrument, which proved to be through life the favourite idol of his fancy.

The uniform gentleness of his manners, the usual mildness of his temper, and the kindness of his disposition, endeared him greatly to his associates ; while his spontaneous alacrity in seizing occasions of doing services, and the generous self-denial, which he was ever ready to exercise, won their grateful admiration, and secured their esteem. The perception of another's need was ever a sufficient motive to incite him to attempt its supply ; and he would gladly endure the pain attendant upon the real want of a dinner, when sustained by the invigorating thought, that his own had served even to mitigate the hunger of some passing gypsy. It is related that on a particular occasion, after his commiseration for a poor destitute old man had produced due practical effects, the elder boy, on looking in vain for the eatables, inquired with vivacity, "Tom, what have you done with the bread and cheese?" Tom answered in a deprecating tone, "Dear brother, you do not know what it is to want food ;" and then confessed how he had disposed of their store.

Excessive sensibility is an essential attribute of native refinement ; and ere the soul of the possessor has been subjected to the discipline of time, its inborn averseness to all opposite qualities may often by mere involuntary expression render it liable to provoke the lasting hatred of the vulgar. The simple fact that the inoffensiveness of his character is the quality universally borne in mind, and most endeared to the seniors and contemporaries of his early life, gives tacit proof that his extraordinary abilities, self-denying acts, and considerate habits, had effectually wrought conviction in the hearts of his associates of the energetic power of his will. Nothing is more touching and attaching to those who feel comparatively weak, than the gentle forbearance of the strong. When the gifted child's first eager claim for human sympathy with its pure and fresh enjoyments, is coldly checked and contemptuously disallowed, the heart is aroused in self-defence to the adoption of sufficient reserve to save henceforth its best delights from the bedimming touch of

depreciation, and from the intolerable profanation of ridicule. Such is too frequently the origin of the self-absorption and misery of men of genius, and more especially of those who do not by birth belong to the upper classes of society, and, consequently, stand unshielded by courtesy, and exposed to the rudest shafts of envy and resentment. In Mr. Price's case, however, no disappointment of fellow-feeling, no mortification at obtuse incredulity, no resentment for the denial of self-conscious truth, blighted the spring-shoots of genius, or obstructed the full and harmonious flow of the social affections. In the discriminative sense of his mother, in his father's extensive information, in his brother's scholastic tendencies, and in the traditionary lore of his race, he found so many ties of strong attachment to his family. Nor was there anything in the conduct of his rural companions to counteract the congeniality of his familiar associates. The Welsh peasantry have ever been remarkable for gentle and cheerful suavity of manners, for an acute perception of distinctions and differences, and for readiness in yielding respect to every sort and degree of real superiority.

The recollected rank of Thomas Price's maternal ancestry, the professional station of his father, the friendly character of his family, and his personal advantages, physical, intellectual and moral, won therefore from his neighbours, both old and young, a spontaneous tribute of esteem and admiration, and his susceptible affections, early soothed by such homage, expanded for ever towards his countrymen in boundless gratitude and self-sacrificing love. Yet he was constitutionally of a reserved disposition, and he evidently regarded many of his favourite ideas as incommunicable delights, to be enjoyed in sacred secrecy between the soul and God.

The turf which he daily trod was deeply marked, thickly strewn and underlaid with memorials of the past, and the general veneration of the Welsh peasantry for everything belonging to departed centuries, cherished in his breast an enthusiastic feeling for his nation's ancestral monuments. Mountains with their ever changing aspects of majestic serenity; hills clothed with rich woods of varied hues and

outlines ; rivers and brooks with their broad cataracts and spouting waterfalls ; wild crags and embattled cliffs with their sparkling crystals and antediluvian trilobites ; fertile valleys and luxuriant groves and fields with mineral springs of curative repute, all lay around him, ready prepared by Divine Providence to meet the capacities of his soul.

The Norman castles of the district illustrated traditional tales of the encroachments and acts of oppression practised by the Lords Marchers. Aggers and trenches, pillars, cromlechau and cistfaenau told of druidic rites, and the struggles of the Cymry, throughout successive ages, against Roman, Danish, and Saxon invaders ; and while such tangible remembrancers stimulated his inquiring mind to historical researches, his fervid imagination vaguely shadowed out aërial forms of ancient sages and chieftains, incessantly hovering, as beneficent or malevolent sentinels, over the desolate sites of their earthly sojourn.

Recollected lines from the poems of the ancient Bards of his country, and snatches of her Minstrels' wildly plaintive melodies, intermingled themselves inseparably with such visible and viewless things, imparting to them life and breath and voice, for the ceaseless gratification of their enthusiastic votary. His poetic aspirations found encouragement and sanction in the traditional fame of Mab y Clochddyn (the Sexton's Son,) a poet, born at Llanafan Fawr, who flourished between the years 1340 and 1380.

In the churchyard of Llanafan Fawr, the sepulchral stone of Bishop Afanus, the founder, might carry back the mind of the student to the sixth century, when that venerable personage, the most pious and revered of that country in his day, consecrated the ground set apart for God's sanctuary and service, by a bivouac of forty successive days and nights, incessantly devoted to fasting and prayer. "But here," in the words of Giraldus Cambrensis, "it is proper to mention what happened during the reign of King Henry I, to the Lord of the Castle of Radnor, in the adjoining territory of Buelt, who had entered the church of St. Avan, (which is called in the British language Llan Afan) and, without sufficient caution or reverence, had passed the night there with his hounds. Arising early in the morn-

ing, according to the custom of hunters, he found his hounds mad, and himself struck blind. After a long, dark and tedious existence, he was conveyed to Jerusalem, happily taking care that his inward sight should not in a similar manner be extinguished; and there, being accoutred and led to the field of battle on horseback, he made a spirited attack upon the enemies of the faith, and being mortally wounded, closed his life with honour." *

The example of Artists is, in general, sufficient to prove, that although among the middle and working classes, certain gifted individuals do attain by cultivation to very exquisite conceptions of some particular forms of essential beauty; yet, very rarely indeed are those admirable conceptions accompanied by thorough and pervading exaltation and refinement of personal character. To persons whose habits and manners from infancy have been shaped in the moulds of hereditary elegance, and long polished, like artificial gems, by congenial attrition, it may therefore be difficult to realize the fact, that there are human beings, without these patrician advantages, whose innate nobility of soul forms and irradiates from within, a character surpassing theirs as much, in native grace and lustre, as Golconda's precious stones intrinsically out-value the sparkling glass prisms of Osler. The process by which the brightness of such superior beings is elicited, will be found on examination to be extremely simple. To have experienced so often the exalted emotions produced by the glorious skies, mountain scenery, and an expanse of waters, that a lofty serenity becomes habitual; to have gazed upon luxuriant foliage, herbage, and flowers, until love for the symmetrical shapes and charming tints has filled the heart with the happy consciousness of possessing a source of ever fresh and various pleasure; to have watched the bending tree and quivering leaf, the soaring bird and flitting bee or butterfly, until gentleness, alacrity, and grace, seemed mere necessary attributes of motive power; to have listened to the voices of the winds, of the waters, and of singing birds, until harmony became

* Hoare's Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin, Vol. 1, page 4.

an accompaniment to every action : thus to have seen, and heard, and felt, is not merely to rejoice in the privilege of genius, it is also to live in the exercise of its powers. When the feelings are thus interested in early life by the beauty and sublimity of external nature, by the enchanting melody of natural sounds, by the ineffable grace of spontaneous movement, the faculty of taste becomes rapidly developed, in a form susceptible, indeed, of continual improvement, but otherwise permanent as existence.



Bwilt.

CHAPTER III.

Removal

Of the Rev. Rice Price and his Family To Builth, and Residence there.

1800—1808.

“Philosophers should diligently inquire into the powers and energy of custom, exercise, habit, education, example, imitation, emulation, company, friendship, praise, reproof, exhortation, reputation, laws, books, studies, &c.”

BACON'S "ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING." Book vii, chapter iii.

IN the year 1800, the Rev. Rice Price, with his wife and children, removed from Pencaerelin, to the town of Builth, where they tenanted a small house, next door to the Greyhound Inn, near the turnpike gate of the Llanwrtyd road. Builth and its neighbourhood are memorably connected with the fall of two Ancient British Dynasties. Thither the wretched Vortigern (Gwrtheyrn) retreated in the despair which preceded his destruction, A. D. 452, and thither the last Llewelyn marched to his betrayal and death, A. D. 1282.

The Rev. Rice Price is remembered by the contemporaries of his latter years, as a man of grave deportment and gentle manners, possessing a great deal of general information and fond of retired studies. As a clergyman he was eminently devoted, benevolent and diligent; dwelling among

his neighbours as a friend and counsellor, and always endeavouring to do them good. All these valuable qualifications, however, were of little avail, except to his immediate neighbours. Employing a curate at Llanwrthwl; he is recollected as going on foot every Sunday to perform divine service in three or four other churches; hastening from parish to parish all day long, and beginning every week with a different church, so as to give to each, in regular rotation, the advantage and disadvantage of a morning, an afternoon, or an evening service. One of his youthful hearers at Llanlleonfel still remembers in old age, the stately and interesting appearance of the Rev. Rice Price when officiating: the mild solemnity of his manner in reading prayers, the service shortened by all possible omissions to enable the harassed minister to complete his sum of Sabbath labour; and the extemporary sermon delivered always with impressive but unimpassioned earnestness. In these Sunday walks and church attendances, he was often accompanied by his son Thomas. He lived at a period when religion was reviving in the Principality; the scarcity of its ordinances was therefore deeply felt. Excepting one short weekly service, the parishioners received no spiritual instruction from their pastor; and from Sunday to Sunday he never appeared among them, unless summoned to perform the rites of baptism, of marriage or of burial. The fluent addresses of self-constituted teachers were consequently encouraged; local and itinerant preachers began to assemble congregations, and the constrained limitations of duty in a pious and willing clergyman, depressed by poverty and worn down with unremitting toil, caused a rapid and durable increase of dissent within the sphere of his personal ministrations.

In almost every parish throughout the whole Principality, simultaneous desertions were then taking place. This popular disfavour traced its origin to that false political principle, which guided successive advisers of the Crown, sacrilegiously to attempt the submersion of a distinct nationality, by interdicting to a whole people, the public use of their own mother tongue; the most ancient of all the existing languages of Europe. In furtherance of this design, prelates of English birth and education were exclusively appointed to the Welsh

Dioceses. Most of them were men of worldly minds, and their neglect, injustice, nepotism, multiplication of pluralities, bestowment of the best benefices upon Englishmen, and contemptuous discouragement and depression of the native Welsh Clergy, wrought, with inevitable propension, the dilapidation of the ancient and long venerated Established Church of Wales. That church must, under the wisest and best ecclesiastical administration, and without such super-additions of malversation, have great difficulty in bearing up against the oppressive poverty, which results from the extraordinary extent to which its parochial tythes have been alienated by foreign conquerors and unparental sovereign.

A combination of such inauspicious influences marred the temporal prosperity, and impaired the spiritual usefulness of the Vicar of Llanwrthwl. His wife was a notable domestic manager, and their worldly cares were all concentrated in the desires to procure the means of a frugal maintenance for their family, and a clerical education for their highly-gifted sons.

The Rev. Rice Price, immediately upon his settlement at Builth, sent his two boys to a classical school, then kept in the town by the Rev. Thomas Morgan, the licensed Curate of the parish. Under his tuition, Thomas Price continued for about five years; strenuously endeavouring to profit, not only by the instructions of his able master, but by every other means of information and improvement which he could find. Shortly after the removal to Builth, commenced his acquaintance with Howel Evans, a youth of the neighbourhood, who soon became his favourite friend, the frequent partaker of his musical practice, the associate of his mathematical studies, and the expansive depository of all the scientific and literary acquisitions which gradually enriched his mind and exercised his faculties. While thus engaged, young Rice, Thomas Price's elder brother, would sometimes come in upon them, gay, airy and playful, interrupting and trying to divert their attention, by some droll speech or piece of boyish fun: on such occasions, Thomas Price, quite disconcerted, would gravely turn away, and mutter, "Folly."

Several of Thomas Price's friends have been led to infer, from a misapprehension of certain particulars related by

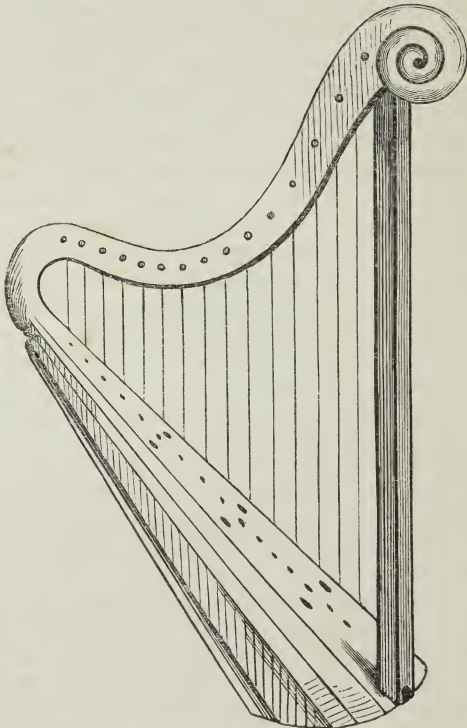
himself, that he had once been apprenticed, at his own desire, to a line engraver, and afterwards relinquished the occupation in disgust. The fact, however, is distinctly denied by many persons of unimpeachable veracity, who perfectly remember all the events and circumstances of his early life. They separately, but unanimously aver, that Thomas Price was from childhood destined by his father, and self-devoted, to the ministry of the Established Church; and that he never swerved from the course of study which led to the fulfilment of this intention. Plausible grounds for the mistake may, however, be found in the following recital. There lived at Builth in those days a Mr. William Davies, an engraver, who chiefly practised that branch of his art, which includes marking letters and devices upon silver and other metals. This man, being ingenious, versatile, and poor, was accustomed to undertake the execution of any little works of taste and skill which occasions chanced to call for, such as lettering placards, flags and banners for festivals, or painting heraldic pennons and hatchments. Thomas Price soon found him out, and frequenting his workshop, acquired by observation all that the practice of its master could teach. After a very few essays, far surpassing Mr. William Lewis in painting and the noble art of blazon, he became a most welcome assistant and auxiliary in the preparation of decorative national emblems, while the prosperity of the nominal performer increased with his fame, by the gratuitous aid of his zealous volunteer. Thomas Price's first attempts at engraving on metal were made upon the copper and silver coin of the realm. From his father he learned the principles and practice of theoretical and spherical Astronomy, and he diligently pursued the study by means of observation, conversation and books. He added thereto an acquaintance with those positions and aspects of the heavenly bodies which form the imaginary basis of deducible predictions, and constitute the miscalled science of Astrology.

In the year 1805, Thomas Price, being then in his eighteenth year, took lodgings at Brecon, and became a student of the Grammar School attached to Christ's College. The Rev. Mr. Barber was then the head master. Seven years' residence in a licensed Grammar School was required by Dr. Burgess, then Bishop of St. David's, as a necessary

preparative for diaconal ordination; and the Rev. Rice Price, with a prudent reservation of time for contingent causes of absence, then entered his favourite son as a candidate for the ministry of the Welsh Church Establishment. The year of his entering the Brecon College School was that eventful year in which the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte assumed the title of King of Italy, in which Lord Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar with the forfeit of his life, and in which the French army defeated the combined forces of Austria and Russia at Austerlitz. Several French naval officers, prisoners of war on parole, resided then and in subsequent years at Brecon; and Thomas Price met them occasionally at the hospitable board of Mr. Theophilus Jones. Pleased with the engaging manners of the youth, they courted assiduously his society; and admiring their intelligence, good breeding and accomplishments, he eagerly cultivated their proffered friendship. Time increased their intimacy, and enhanced their reciprocal esteem. During his intercourse with those officers, Thomas Price became thoroughly conversant with the French language. From one of them he acquired a practical knowledge of the sword exercise, and from another he obtained a series of valuable lessons in the higher branches of the Mathematics.

In his constant visits to his home, Thomas Price never failed to resort to his neighbour Howel Evans, who, busy at his trade as a shoemaker, paused often over his awl and last, enchanted to imbibe all the new influxes of knowledge which his more privileged friend had treasured up for such transfusion since last they met. Howel Evans still recalls to memory with peculiar liveliness, the earnestness with which Thomas Price explained to him the solution of certain algebraic theorems, and the exultation with which he dwelt upon the advantageous insight thus gained into the depths of science, exclaiming with intense delight, "It opens a new world of ideas before us!" Often, during colloquies of this sort, Thomas Price would stand the whole time, working away with a graving tool upon a small block of wood in his hand. In after-life, he used a folio volume of blank leaves bound up in green cloth as a common-place book of Welsh Music. The very first entry ever made in it belongs to the present chapter of his juvenile history.

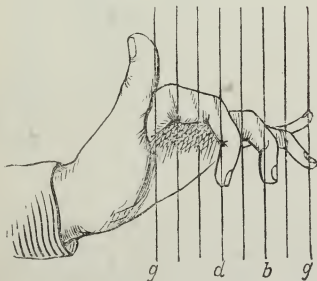
“The earliest recollection I have of the harp is that of Old Sam the harper, who lived at Builth, and whom I have often seen, previous to the year 1800, going towards Llanafan feast and other places, to play for dancing, carrying his harp slung at his back. His name was Samuel Davies, and he might have been about 50 years of age at that time. I have also seen him, on the club feast at Builth, play before the club whilst they walked in procession to church. He carried his harp slung about his shoulders, so as to be able to play as he marched along. His harp was a single string harp, and formed like the other single stringed harps of the time. I cannot be very certain of the exact form, but this is the impression I have retained of it in my recollection.



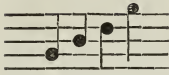
It was between 3 and 4 feet high or thereabouts. When he sat down to play he crossed his feet, so that the back of one foot touched that of the other, and let the bottom of the harp rest on the calves of his legs.—Old Sam has been dead many years. I have lately made inquiry respecting his harp, but could not find any trace of it. Old Sam the harper sometimes played for dancing on the green and in the open air on the Gro at Builth, and sometimes, when he rested from playing and held his harp with the bottom placed on the ground, the wind would pass through the strings and produce an effect resembling that of the Æolian harp, but more full, in consequence of the greater number of strings. I was then a boy, and was greatly delighted with the effect, thinking it the sweetest sound I had ever heard; nor am I certain that ever I heard sweeter since.

“I have no recollection of the tunes he played, excepting *Hén Sibil*, and of that I only recollect the name, which he pronounced with the accent on the last syllable *Hén Sabèl*.”

“Old David Watkins played on the single-stringed harp, an instrument in form resembling the others. He lived in Llanfaes in Brecon, and when I was a boy at the College School, about the year 1805, I began to learn the harp of him. The first thing he taught me was to place my fingers on the strings to make the four chord notes of the octave, viz. G B D G, placing the three fingers and thumb on those strings, leaving a string untouched between each finger, and two strings between the fore finger and thumb.



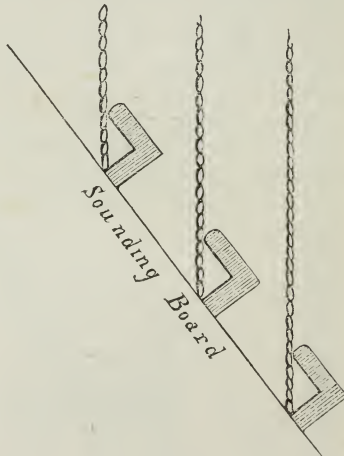
The notes were to be struck one after the other thus



and not altogether thus

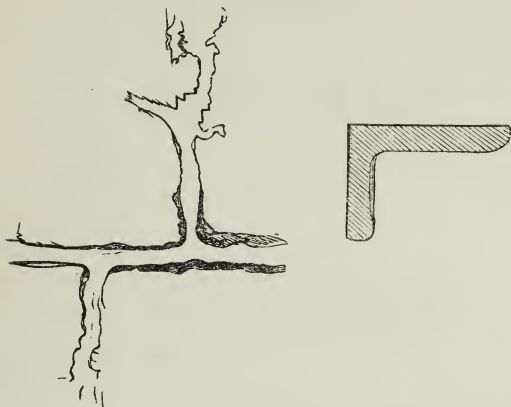


He was very particular in making me keep my hand in a proper position, with the thumb perpendicular up, and the fore finger as near as possible perpendicular down, so that the fore finger was a good deal bent at the root, and the back of the hand turned upwards. The little finger was not used, and when I forgot this position of the hand, the old fellow would take hold of my thumb and screw it upwards most viciously, at the same time pulling my fore finger down in the opposite direction, and accompanying this gentle practical admonition with a spiteful sounding ee—ee, &c. As old David Watkins played a good deal for dancing, his harp was not furnished with pegs of the usual make, but the strings were fastened in the sounding board with *Gwrachod* or angular pegs of this form,



the nose of each being close to the string which it fastened, giving it a jarring sound, which produced a good effect in a dancing tune. But when that was not wanted, the peg

turned off the string, and then it was no other than a common peg. These *Gwrachod* pegs he made of thorn twigs: the thorn being tough and strong, and affording horizontal lateral branches, so that the key might be formed with a right angle—



The first tune I began to learn on the harp from old David Watkins was *Butter and Pease*, in Welsh *Pys a Menin*; and Theophilus Jones, Author of the History of Breconshire, told me that when he was young he learnt to play the harp, and that he learnt the same tune *Butter and Pease*."

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Hester Stanhope.

1808—1809.

“The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves, and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish.”

HENRY TAYLOR'S "ERNESTO."

IN the year 1808, the Rev. Rice Price, and his son, Thomas Price, first became acquainted with Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, born March 12, 1776, the eldest of the three children, all daughters, of Charles, third Earl Stanhope, by his first marriage with Lady Hester Pitt. By his second-marriage the Earl had three sons: Phillip Henry, his successor; Charles Banks Stanhope, born June 3, 1785; James Hamilton Stanhope, born September 7, 1788. Being the favourite niece of Mr. Pitt, Lady Hester L. Stanhope presided over his household for several years; and lost at once her dearest friend and her home by the death of that eminent statesman, January 23, 1806. We are informed by her Ladyship's biographer, that—

“At first, after Mr. Pitt's death, she established herself in Montague Square, with her two brothers, and she there continued to see much company.” *Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, by her Physician.* Vol. ii. p. 5.

At this period, Lady Hester was also an occasional sojourner at Bath ; and from thence, in the summer of 1808, she first visited Wales, and took up her temporary abode at the Royal Oak Inn, in the town of Builth. That inn then occupied the site of the present Lion Hotel, beside the river Wye, facing the end of the Llanelwedd bridge, and commanding fine views of the opposite country. The Royal Oak was kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, whose only child was at that time a girl of thirteen years of age. Lady Hester became very partial to this pretty, good-humoured and sprightly Betsey Jones, and obtained the parents' permission for the young girl to accompany her in an excursion, which she made from Builth that summer. Thomas Price was of the party, and they travelled in her Ladyship's coach to Aberystwyth. After sojourning there for a few weeks, Lady Hester and her suite proceeded to Tregaron, and as the roads across that part of the country proved too rough for the carriage, she provided saddle-horses for herself and her companions. Lady Hester led the way on her own spirited palfrey, and made the others follow her in single file ; Elizabeth Williams, her personal attendant, rode second ; then Betsey Jones ; and next Mr. Thomas Price ; while the groom brought up the rear, leading a sumpter horse with panniers. After tarrying a while at Tregaron, they journeyed in the same way to Llanwrtyd, where they took up their abode for a time, and drank the waters ; returning from thence to the Royal Oak at Builth. Cheerful, affable, and indulgent, Lady Hester rendered this excursion delightful to all her companions. Mr. Thomas Price sometimes murmured a little at the rear-ward place assigned to him in the procession, having a particular aversion to the vicinity of the panniers ; but upon sending forward a remonstrance along the line, he seldom failed to gain permission to ride where he liked, which, of course, was by Lady Hester's side. Her liveliness, kindness, and genial humour won confidence and affection wherever she went. She liked to assemble smiling faces and gay spirits around her, and rejoiced in opportunities of communicating pleasure. Lord Kensington's family happened that summer to be sojourning at another inn of the same town, and Lady Hester kept

up habits of friendly intercourse with them, and with a l other persons of rank and station, or of education and talents, who chanced to come in her way. The desire of action was her strongest incentive, and prompted her incessantly to direct and to assist whatever works of skill and industry were carrying on around her. Medicine was her favourite study, and she took a benevolent pleasure in practising the art. A child of Lord Kensington's having, while at Builth, accidentally swallowed an ear-ring, Lady Hester instantly sent a prescription for the case, with exact verbal directions for the proper treatment of the patient.

Lady Hester once occupied the large apartment over the pump-room, at Builth Wells, and at various times she peregrinated about the neighbourhood, and stayed for a few days or weeks here and there. In her different rides and drives, she had visited Rhosforlo, then in the occupation of a Mr. Price, own brother to the Rev. Rice Price; Cefnybedd, the resting-place of the last native sovereign of Wales; and Glan Irfon, all three being farms then belonging to Thomas Price, Esq. of the Strand at Builth. The tenant of Glan Irfon, at that time, was a widow named Price, who with her son inhabited the farm house. They were very respectable people, but of a different family to all the other persons of the same name mentioned in this volume. At the approach of cold weather, Lady Hester left Wales, with an avowed resolution to return in the spring, and with a predilection for Glan Irfon as the place of her future sojourn.

Mr. J. Rice Price, some time before, had entered Wedham College as a servitor, and in the autumn of the year 1808, his brother Thomas spent several months with him at Oxford, endeavouring by sedulous application to supply the want of that regular course of university training, from which he was debarred by poverty. Mr. J. Rice Price was soon afterwards ordained to a curacy in Gloucestershire.

The winter of 1808—9 proved to be one of deep affliction to the Stanhope family, for at that period occurred the disastrous campaign of Sir John Moore in the Peninsula. The official dispatch of Lieutenant General Hope, dated—“H.M.'s Ship Audacious, off Corunna, January 18, 1809,” mentions, “Major Stanhope, 50th regiment, killed.” This

gallant young officer was Lady Hester's second brother, and one of the two juniors who had shared her home in Montague Square. Colonel Anderson, the intimate friend of Sir John Moore, who held him by the hand when he died, in his account of that General's last moments, written on the morning after his death, records his last words to have been, "Stanhope—remember me to your sister." A note appended by Mr. Moore explains, that the Captain Stanhope, Aide de Camp to Sir John Moore, and thus addressed by him, was "third son to Earl Stanhope, and nephew to the late Mr. Pitt."*

In the ensuing spring, Lady Hester Stanhope addressed the following letters to the Rev. Rice Price.

"The paper alluded to in another cover franked.

Montague Square

April the 24th (1809.)

Dear Sir,

You cannot be ignorant of the severe afflictions which it has pleased God to visit me with since I left BUILT. I have suffered, as you may imagine, most severely, both in mind and body. Some little time ago, I thought I had almost decided to visit some of my relations in Scotland this summer, but have been so unwell of late, that I find I am unequal to the journey, and now propose again trying the waters and air of BUILT. May I trouble you to give Mrs. Price of Glan Irvon the enclosed paper, which contains the conditions upon which I shall become her lodger, if she agrees to them? You will read them first, and I hope you will think them fair ones. I have entered into minute details, as I was so tormented last year, not that I in the least suspect Mrs. Price to be of the same imposing disposition as those I had to deal with before, only I like great exactness in doing business; it has always been my practice, [and if ever I have deviated from it I have had occasion to repent it. If I get pretty well, I must go to Ireland, to visit the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and may be away 6 weeks

* Vide Moore's "Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain." 4to. 1809.

or 2 months, at all events I shall not occupy my lodgings all the time I take them for, but I like to insure them. I have put nothing in the inclosed paper not absolutely necessary to my convenience, except the door between the great and small room above stairs, which will add much to the comfort of the bed-room, as the little room will contain all my boxes, washing things, &c. therefore I suppose neither Mrs. Price or her landlord can object to this little improvement. I have made no bargain about garden-stuff, but if Mrs. Price and I agree, I intend to send her down directly some very valuable seeds of various vegetables and flowers, to improve her garden, and then she will let me have part of the produce gratis. If her rooms are not already painted, I shall also beg her acceptance of a small packet of paint which has no smell, and which is of a beautiful green, pale and yet lively, I know nothing about what is going on at Builth, for, &c. I have one more commission to trouble you with, Would you have the goodness to write a line to the Rev. Mr. Jones of Glascombe (Glascwm,) and say that I answered his letter some weeks ago, but having received no answer I fear it never reached him. It was franked, and directed Glascombe near Kington, Herefordshire. I fear the direction was not right, but desire him to inquire for it at Kington and elsewhere, and answer it directly. Pray remember me to your son, and believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely

H. L. S."

" I want the parlour, the room above it for my bedroom, and the little room next for a dressing-room; a door to be made near the window to communicate with the bed room. The room over the kitchen for my maids, and a bed, in the loft or elsewhere, for a boy. The parlour must have tidy rush chairs or wooden ones, and be carpeted all over with green baize, or coarse gray cloth like soldiers' great coats, a table to dine on, a fly table, and shelves for books. The bed-room must have two chairs, a table—no bed, as I shall bring down a camp bed, and furniture complete. Bed-side carpets I shall expect to find and a chest of drawers—The dressing-room must have two chairs and a table, with a looking glass,

two wash-hand basons, two water jugs, one large stone pitcher for water, two large tumbler glasses, and two large cups for soap, a tin kettle for warm water, and a little strip of carpet before the table. The room for my two maids must have two beds in it, and a cupboard to lock up, basons, &c. that may be wanted; and a chest of drawers, an ironing-board before the window to let up and down. If Mrs. Price chosés to put things in this order, I will give her £25 for part of the months of May, June, July, August, September, and part of October, in short the season.—I certainly shall not be there all the time, perhaps away a month or six weeks at a time: I may come in May or perhaps in June, perhaps leave in September for good; yet I wish it to be understood that I may stay on thro' the greatest part of October if convenient to myself. In short I offer about £5 per month. I shall want no attendance from any part of the family. If Mrs. Price will kill her own mutton, I will buy it of her at the market price, also oats for my horses; and poultry, if she will let me have it at a moderate price, butter, milk, eggs, and all other things I may want, which Mrs. Price's farm may produce. I wish to know immediately if these terms are agreed to, and what Mrs. Price will ask a week to give me leave to turn out my horses to grass, that is what each horse will be charged per week.

“Further remarks.—If blinds or window curtains are wanted, I shall put them up myself, and shall bring linen for my use and that of the maids, but sheets must be found for the boy's bed. If I have a fire in my parlour or bed-room, I shall lay in coals, but nothing is to be charged for the use of the kitchen fire—crockery ware and china to be found by Mrs. Price, and servants' knives and forks—I shall bring down what I want for my own use. There must be a lock-up closet below stairs in a cool place, for Miss Williams. I have entered into all these particulars that there may be no misunderstanding in the bargain, as I wish things to be well understood and made comfortable to both parties. What things I shall bring down will come by the waggon to the Hay or Brecon, and the boy with them: when he comes over, Mrs. Price must have a cart ready the next day to fetch them, as &c. I shall pay the same for the cart as if I hired it elsewhere.”

Indorsed "Copy of the terms I offer Mrs. Price for her Lodgings.

Hester Lucy Stanhope.

Montague Square
April the 24th 1809."

" M. Sqr.
April 24th

Dear Sir,

I suppose this will reach you on Thursday, probably you will be able to send me Mrs. Price's answer on Saturday, which I shall receive Monday or Tuesday next. I shall be sure to write in good time to let her know when my things may be expected, and when I am likely to arrive, but as I am so uncertain a person, I can give no guess at present whether I shall leave town the middle or end of next month. I must again apologize for the trouble I am giving you, and remain

Yours sincerely, H. L. S."

" Montague Sqr.
May the 1st

Dear Sir,

I this morning received your letter which is very satisfactory, and it is odd to say that my last was hardly gone when I recollected that I had a carpet at Bath, which has never been laid down, and which I therefore intend to send into Wales and make a present of to Mrs. Price, with a rug which belongs to it to put before the fire: the two cost me about 8 or 9£, and when I am gone they will serve to put the good woman in mind of me, and to make her house smart and warm. The carpet will be too big, but she must cut it into the shape of the room, making it go into all the corners close up to the wall: the door will open over it if put very smooth, and she must then nail it down with nails about a foot apart. What she cuts off she must patch together for bed-side carpets. The carpet and rug, a box of candles (for I found so much difficulty in getting good ones last year) will be sent from Bath in a few days to the Three Cocks at Hay, directed to you, with orders to be left at the Three Cocks till called for, or rather sent for. I shall therefore

trouble you to make inquiry after them, and give them to Mrs. Price: the carpet of course she will open, the box she will not meddle with, only take care of. The paint and seeds I shall send also in a few days ; as they will go by the coach, I shall direct them to the coach-office Brecon, also addressed to you, for fear of mistake. Mrs. Price must make haste and get the things in order, for as the weather has changed, I wish to be down the beginning of the last week in May. The boy and the bed, &c. &c. shall come down a week before me, as he may be of use. When Mrs. Price receives the paint, she will also receive directions for using it, and also directions how to plant the seeds I shall send, but if she does not understand gardening, any gardener in your neighbourhood will be too happy to instruct her what use to make of them, if she will give him a few of the seeds, which are very remarkable I can assure you. The cucumbers often turn 18 inches long. I hope you will excuse the trouble I am giving, and believe that it will give me the greatest pleasure if I have it in my power to return your kind attentions.

Yours sincerely
H. L. S."

"May the 8th

Dear Sir,

The flowers and herbs I promised shall be sent to the Hay by the coach on Tuesday next. They must be well watered if the weather continues dry ; in time Mrs. Price will have a smart and useful garden from the plants these will produce.

Yours sincerely
H.L . S.

Turn over.

"I forget if Mrs. Price's house is brick colour or white, but I should advise her washing over the front white at all events, it gives such a neatness to a place, and the green will set it off very much.

"P. S. I beg no flourishes may be put on the green paint, like the parlour at, it must be left quite plain and no border at all. The window sashes may be painted inside and out with green, if there is enough, if not the inside must be white."

“ M. Sqr.
Thursday

Dear Sir,

I enclose the seeds I promised Mrs. Price, the paints will not be prepared till too late to-day to send them by the coach, but they shall leave town on Sunday next, as I find the Brecon coach must go thro' the Hay, I shall direct the paints to be left at the Cocks, as the pots are not large, they can come over in any return chaise or cart going that way. I believe they will get to the Hay next Tuesday. As I said before, I shall direct all my parcels to you. When you see Mr. Jones of Glascombe, Will you say I got his letter yesterday, and he may expect to hear from me by the end of this month, in the mean time his girl must put all her clothes in order to be ready to go to her place. I must just observe that the direction for mixing and using the paint will be sent with it. I send two sorts, one to paint the parlour and any part of the bed-room that wants it, the other of a darker and different kind to paint the windows and door of the house on the outside, to make it more smart than any in your neighbourhood; and good paint cannot be got in the country I know. I beg Mrs. P. will set about painting without loss of time that the smell may be gone off. Nothing can preserve the door and window cases from the weather more than the paint I send.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely

H. L. S.

“ P. S. I omitted to say that two or three people have applied to me for recommendations to in order to enter upon terms to take his, but as I do not like people to be trifled with, I have declined interfering. Should you know of its being Mr. intention to make any new arrangement about them, you may let me know, and I will tell the people, at least the one I think the most fair dealing, to go down and take his chance, taking all proper recommendations from persons well known to every body in his pocket. Mr. had better farm his he will never make any thing of them himself, not understanding those matters, and the pro-

fits he is to make will be in letting land in holding leases, or building lodging houses himself, when the are put in order."

" May the 9th

Dear Sir,

I have just recollected that I ought to have sent down some white paint for the window-shutters, skirting-board, if there is one, and door of the parlour ; otherwise, as every thing will be new and clean, it is but too probable Mrs. Price may set about painting them with paint which may smell shockingly, and make me sick for two months. I therefore send the quantity of white paint I think will be sufficient to do the work complete,

Yours most sincerely

H. L. S.

"I would not seal this till I had heard the paint was actually set off; I find it is impossible it can go to-day, but on Thursday, without fail, it will be sent by the Brecon coach to the Hay, where I suppose it will arrive Friday night or Saturday, and therefore all the painting can be begun next week ; the light green should be done first, because there is no oil in it, and the brushes must be used for that first. On no account must Mrs. P. allow the workmen to mix any nastiness with any of the paints to make them stink, or any of their nasty oil. I am almost shocked at the trouble I am giving you, but I am anxious to make Glan Irfon neat and comfortable ; nothing is so necessary in rooms, after they are painted, as to set a large pail of fresh water to stand in the middle of the room, changed night and morning, it draws down the unwholesome damp and fusty smell, and all the doors and windows should be kept open all day."

" London, May the 23d

Dear Sir,

Last Thursday I sent 6 packages by the waggon, directed to myself, with orders to be left at the Hay till sent for ; Will you therefore have the goodness to see that Jones's waggon brings them safe, or take some means of having them brought immediately to Builth? Do not allow them to remain tossing about at the Oak, but have them sent to Glan Irfon : they will reach the Hay on Friday, I suppose.

Have the goodness also to let me know if the paints and plants arrived safe, and also if the rooms are finished, at least painted. I propose being down myself on the 5th of June, but I shall write again and name the time for certain. Direct your letter as usual, Montague Sqr.

Yours sincerely

H. L. S.

“I shall send Tom down in the course of a week, and I must beg Mrs. Price and her son to be very sharp with him, as he turns out *idle*, and if he does not mend, I shall turn him away in a week after I get to Builth; this you will be so good as to tell his father *from me*, I have had much patience with him, but shall not have much more. I have given him a complete set of new clothes very lately, and I shall take them all away if he does not mind what he is about. I don't wish at present to give him a bad character in his native place, but merely for you to state to his father and Mrs. Price the consequences of any further neglect on his part. He just stays out upon a message three hours, when he ought to be gone one, and never sets to work but when he is told, and this will never do for me; I took him out of charity, but I cannot allow him to remain in my family to set a bad example to others, and encourage his own faults.

This letter, unfortunately, was too late for the post yesterday, so I get it franked for to day.”

The following letter was addressed to the tenant of Glan Irfon :

“London, May the 30th,

My good Mrs. Price,

As I never like to recommend people without knowing what they are good for, it is my intention to take Mr. Jones of Glascombe's daughter to assist Williams, my maid, while I stay at Glan Irfon. I wrote to Mr. Jones last week to say, that I should desire you to send for the girl as soon as it was convenient to you, that she may not be quite strange when I arrive. I shall write to you again before I come down, but should a groom and a stallion of my brother's come first, I shall trouble you to find a place for the horse

where he can be safe, and if you cannot contrive to lodge the man for a little while, procure him a clean bed in some cottage near Glan Irfon. This stallion I have a great respect for, as he has carried my brother about 2,000 miles, and has been in battle; it is the best tempered, good little creature that can be, and came from Poland. James gave 60 guineas for him, and he is worth it, for he tired out all the English horses and went 900 miles without resting one day, only a few hours at a time, and never got a feed of corn the whole time, only peas. His feet now are grown tender, and I want him to be turned out soon in some safe, low land to coat them. Tom will also come before me, I am sorry to say he has turned out a very unwilling idle fellow, and if he does not mend, I shall send him back to his father, so pray look very sharp after him. I shall send down, per coach, on Thursday, to be at the Hay on Saturday, a pot of white distemper paint for the parlour door, &c., it will not smell, and will look well for 6 months, then you can wash it off, and paint the doors about &c. with oil paint when I am gone. Is the carpet come from Bath, done up in an old carpet which I desired to be sent a long time ago? and also a box with it, which is not to be opened till I come? Write me the particulars of this on Saturday, for I shall not leave town till next week. Also, if the other things sent to the Hay Thursday se'night arrived, 6 packages in all: 3 more packages and a side-saddle will set off next Thursday, and then that is all.

Yours truly

Hester Lucy Stanhope.

Direct, 4 Montague Square,

London."

The farm-house of Glan Irfon (the river Irfon's bank) stands about three or four miles from Builth, and is approached by diverging towards the left from the high road, between Builth and Llanwrtyd, down a declivitous and angular lane. The house faces the farm buildings, and is divided from the fold by a low wooden paling. It has gables in front, and is faced with dark slate-coloured tile-stones overlapping each other. The only parlour lies to the left

hand on entering, the best kitchen to the right, and a narrow hall between them. The staircase is good, broad, and easy of ascent, having the balustrades and the steps of dark polished oak. Lady Hester's bedroom is small, and the adjacent dressing-room still smaller. The bed-room over the kitchen is a commodious and well-shaped chamber, and was occupied in 1809 by Lady Hester's maids.

Disappointed and mortified, aggrieved and saddened, by the failure of all her dependencies in friendship, ambition and love, she came into Wales, at once to escape from the expensive and wearisome routine of fashionable life, to be diverted by a total change of occupations and associates, and to be soothed and solaced by the influences of majestic and lovely scenery, and of the fragrant and inspiring mountain air. Ostensibly she sought for health, but in reality for consolation and peace.

Masons and other workmen were still busy at Glan Irfon when she arrived, and with the sanction of the landlord of the premises, Lady Hester undertook to superintend, direct, and expedite their tardy operations.

Lady Hester brought with her into Wales a coach, which she kept at the Royal Oak in readiness for particular occasions, and had a lighter carriage, better adapted for country roads, with her at Glan Irfon; where she also kept two saddle-horses, and a cow. The latter was named *Pretty-face*, and Lady Hester amused herself with managing this favourite's dairy produce. She successfully skimmed the milk, churned the cream, and washed the butter with her own hands, but she never attempted to make cheese. She never drank Chinese tea, but in its stead quaffed twice a day an infusion of fresh Balm leaves. Her porcelain services were fine, but every cup and saucer differed in pattern from all the rest of the set.

Lady Hester sought in Wales to become the acknowledged and admired queen of her company, and she received their willing homage most graciously. She enjoyed there the gaiety of youthful spirits, the fresh originality of intelligent minds, and the inartificial graces of native refinement, sometimes in sociable excursions from her sequestered retreat, and sometimes bringing a few favourite companions within

its precincts. She was very compassionate and bountiful to the poor; and besides medicine and money, gave away among them great quantities of dark striped flannel, and of the coarse grey cloth made by the neighbouring weavers. Her address and manners were most attractive and conciliating, but she was neither beautiful nor handsome in any degree. Her visage was long, very full and fat about the lower part, and quite pale, bearing altogether a strong resemblance to the portraits and busts of Mr. Pitt. During her residence at Glan Irfon, Captain Stanhope, her youngest brother, came into the country to visit her. An autograph note from Lady Hester remains among Mr. Price's papers, written to solicit the pleasure of his own and his father's company to dine with her at four o'clock at the Royal Oak, in order to afford an opportunity of introducing them to her brother, Captain Stanhope: agreeable recollections of him still blend with the local traditions of Lady Hester Stanhope. He died a Lieut. Colonel of the 1st Foot Guards, March 6th, 1825.

Nopersons in Wales possessed longer or more durably the favour of Lady Hester, than Rice Price and his youngest son. Thomas Price was always a welcome guest at Glan Irfon, and an invited associate of all excursions. During the time occupied by his necessary attendance at the College School, he executed commissions for her in the town of Brecon; and on all occasions Lady Hester appreciated his obliging disposition, gentle manners, fine talents, and intelligent conversation.

Her "Physician" gives the following defective and erroneous account of this period:—"For some time did Lady Hester remain in Montague Square; but her brother and General Moore having fallen at the battle of Corunna, I believe she grew entirely disgusted with London; and breaking up her little establishment, she went down into Wales, and resided in a small cottage at Builth, somewhere near Brecon, in a room not more than a dozen feet square. Here she amused herself in curing the poor, in her dairy, and in other rustic occupations."*

* Memoir, vol. II, page 7.

Mrs. Davies of Builth, once Betsey Jones, sole off-shoot of the "Royal Oak," has communicated many of the particulars recorded and printed for the first time in the present volume. Lady Hester, when leaving Wales, and projecting her oriental travels, would gladly have taken charge of Betsey Jones, and her future fortunes; but the parents were averse to the proposal, and could not be persuaded to part, for an indefinite time, from their only child.

According to her Physician's record, Lady Hester Stanhope appears to have remained in Wales—"Until not finding herself so far removed from her English acquaintances, but what they were always coming across and breaking in upon her solitude, she resolved on going abroad, up the Mediterranean."*

On finally leaving Wales, Lady Hester consigned two pictures to the care of Mrs. Price of the Strand. One was a portrait of Mr. Pitt, and the other a portrait of Frederick, Duke of York. Lady Hester enjoined Mrs. Price never to deliver them up to any person, without a written order from herself: they never were reclaimed, and on Mrs. Price's decease, passed with her house and heir-looms to the present possessor. Lady Hester treated her hostess with great liberality, and in departing left many permanent improvements, fixtures and articles of furniture behind her. The bath, which she had fixed in her dressing-room, was long afterwards used as a corn-bin, and is now removed.

Mrs. Davies, having mentioned the published Diary and Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, remarked; that she could not believe that so free, and kind, and jolly a lady, could ever have become so unamiably harsh and severe as she is there represented to have been: nor did Mrs. Davies find it possible to identify or recognize any likeness in a picture which assigns to Lady Hester the strange attribute of a pipe.

Lady Hester Stanhope's Letters to the Rev. Rice Price may critically be deemed a superfluous redundancy in a Biographical Memoir of his son; but their insertion will scarcely be excepted against, either by the inhabitants of

* Ibid, vol. II, page 7.

the district in which recollections of Thomas Price are intermingled with those of Lady Hester, or by the general public, who take an interest in all that relates to the favourite niece of Mr. Pitt. They throw some little fresh light upon the vigorous and eccentric character of that accomplished woman of the world, whose experience enlarged Mr. Price's acquaintance with human nature, and aided his youthful efforts in the life-long work of self-improvement.

CHAPTER V.

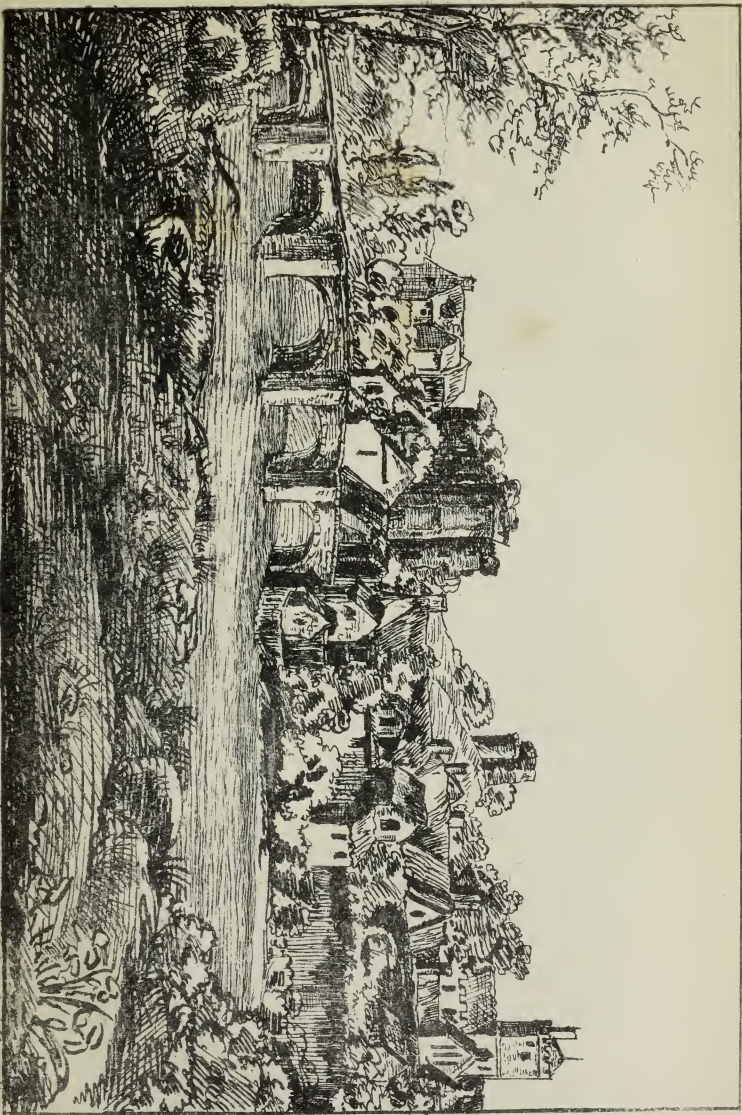
History of Brecknockshire, Musical Reminiscences, death of the Rev. Rice Price, Thomas Price's Ordination, Clerical Appointments &c.

1809—1813.

“I take no true knowledge as contemptible. And when I truly say that he knoweth nothing as he ought to know, that doth not know and love his God, and is not wise to his duty and salvation ; yet if this fundamental knowledge be pre-supposed, we should build all other useful knowledge on it, to the utmost of our capacity: and from this one stock may spring and spread a thousand branches which may all bear fruit.”

BAXTER'S "KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE." Part ii. chap. v.

From the beginning of the year 1805, until the beginning of the year 1812, Mr. Price remained a student at the Brecon Grammar School, lodging generally in the town, visiting constantly at the house of Mr. Theophilus Jones, and associating with the French naval officers, from whom he continued to derive valuable instruction. Mr. Theophilus Jones, while employed in collecting materials for his county history, was in the habit of sending circular letters, containing lists of queries, addressed to the incumbents and officiating ministers of the several parishes of Breconshire. From personal regard for Mr. Theophilus Jones and his progenitors, from fellow-feeling in such pursuits, and from a



Bream.

The River of Bream
1851.

naturally obliging disposition, the Rev. Rice Price was consequently induced to furnish a large contribution of local particulars.

The Rev. Theophilus Evans, the celebrated author of the popular historical compendium, entitled, "Drych y Prif Oesoedd," (A Mirror of the Primitive Ages,) had been successively Curate of Tyr yr Abad, of Llanlleonfel, with the domestic chaplaincy at Garth; Rector of Llanynis (1728,) Rector of Llangammarch (1733,) and Rector of St. David's Llanfaes (1739.) He lived a great part of his life at a farm house called Llwyneinon, in the parish of Llanlleonfel. His only child married the Rev. Hugh Jones, to whom Mr. Evans subsequently ceded the living of Llangammarch; and Mr. Evans's only grandson, Mr. Theophilus Jones, inherited the property, honouring the memory of his maternal ancestor by peculiar attachment to the little estate of Llwyneinon. His frequent visits thither, appear, among other circumstances, to have been the means of converting an hereditary acquaintance into a personal and intimate friendship with the Price family. During a period of six or seven years, the Rev. Rice Price continued to render him valuable assistance in collecting topographical information; and, within the last year or two, Thomas Price devoted his time and talents to the general objects of the work, and more especially to its heraldic and antiquarian departments, with unremitting diligence and activity, both of body and mind. All the plates of arms in the second volume of the History of Breconshire were drawn by Thomas Price, and many copies of those plates were coloured by his indefatigable hand. Nearly all the engraved representations of archæological remains, which illustrate that volume, were taken from original drawings made by him. He likewise prepared the ground plan of the Priory Church, &c. &c. Mr. Theophilus Jones had brought an engraver to Brecon to execute the plates, and Thomas Price used to observe his method, and watch his artistic processes, with the attention of a pupil emulous of excellence.

These interesting occupations did not in any degree interrupt or diminish his musical ardour. Connecting the harp of his country with the choral services of the Ancient

British Church, he always associated the sweet tones of that instrument with holy and ennobling influences; thus investing, even its most frivolous use, with the moral dignity of an elevated purpose. The following are among his youthful reminiscences.

“About the year 1750, the young people in Wales were very fond of dancing, as I heard my Aunt Elinor Morgan say [formerly Elinor Bowen.] They met together frequently in parties, and danced country dances, some of which had four and twenty variations, all of which were to be danced through; and I think there were variations in the figure of the dance to correspond with those of the tune. When I was a boy, I remember playing on the flute the Irish air of *Shela na Guiry*, to which there are several variations, and my aunt, who was then an elderly woman, said she remembered dancing it when young, under the name of *Y Crythwr du bach*. At these dances the harper seldom played alone, but was generally accompanied by a fiddler. The harp in use in that part of the country [the Hundred of Builth and the neighbourhood] was generally the single string harp; but the *Triple Harp* was occasionally seen, and I remember my mother speaking of some person whom she recollected, who had several sons, and they all played the *Triple String Harp*.

“I remember Thomas Blayney coming about with a triple harp, who was an excellent performer, and sometimes stayed for a long time at Rhosferig, a farm-house near Builth, then occupied by a very hospitable farmer of the name of Williams. Blayney was a North Wales’ man, and died several years back. There were also two brothers from North Wales of the name of Ricketts, who came about, one played the triple harp, and the other, who was blind, accompanied him on the violin.”

“The introduction of Methodism made a great change in the habits of the people. Dancing was altogether discouraged as profane. My father told me that he remembered an old man, I think about Llangammarch or Abergwessin; who played the harp, but who joined the Methodists or

Dissenters and then gave up the harp, and threw it under the bed, where it lay till it got unglewed and worm-eaten, and fell to pieces.

“About the year 1810, I remember Old Daniel, the harper, playing at Llanwrtyd Wells; he used a single string harp, resembling Old Sam’s; he played for dancing, and I have also heard him play several Welsh Airs, and amongst the rest ‘Ar hyd y nôs.’ When he had finished the air, he stood up, and holding his harp on the ground by his left side, with his left hand resting upon the comb, he made a polite bow to the company, waving his right hand in the usual style. I think his harp was tall enough to rest it on the ground when playing, without placing it on the calves of the legs.”

Thomas Price, long before his ordination, and while he was quite a youth, often used to volunteer his services in visiting the sick poor, not only for the purpose of relieving their temporal necessities to the extent of his scanty means, but also to read, converse, and pray with them.

A strong sense of personal responsibility to God, appears to have been awakened in his mind with almost the earliest exercise of thought. The religious instructions of his parents, their pious example, and that of his brother, habits of regular attendance upon public and private ordinances, and a constant perusal of the Holy Scriptures, concurring with the indications of reason, and the convictions of conscience, tended to establish for ever, his unwavering faith in the doctrines of Christianity, and to cherish his prevailing hope of gradually acquiring upon earth, the capacities necessary for the enjoyment of Heaven; and enabled him deliberately to devote himself to the promotion of God’s glory in the temporal and immortal benefit of his fellow creatures.

In the autumn of the year 1810, the health of the Rev. Rice Price rapidly declined, and in anticipation of this life’s approaching close, he detained his son Thomas in attendance upon him, for a period of three months. He died in peaceful hope, and was buried with his fore-fathers in the churchyard of Llanynys, December 1, 1810.

The time spent beside his dying father, being deducted from the probationary term of seven years at the Grammar School of Brecon College, caused some difficulties to be raised against Mr. Price's immediate reception as a candidate for holy orders. His superior scholastic attainments, however, having been carefully ascertained by the Bishop, his Lordship was induced to over-look the informality.

The decease of the Rev. William Bowen, of Nettleton, in the county of Wilts, at this period, added a few hundred pounds to the pecuniary means of his sister, Mrs. Price, and enabled her opportunely to assist her sons.

A letter dated Tuesday, February 19, 1811, written from the mother's house at Builth, by the Rev. J. R. Price, to his brother Thomas, who was then awaiting ordination at Brecon, conveys a lively and pleasing picture of the affectionate and simple feelings, and habits of the family.

The unbefriended state of the aspirant for holy orders, with regard to clerical patronage, is indicated in the brother's expression of anxiety as to "whereabouts the Bishop will appoint you," &c. The delicacy of feeling which dreads encroachment upon hospitable kindness, tempers the cordial gratitude with which Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Jones's liberality is alluded to. The disinterestedness and self-denial of Mr. Price in pecuniary matters, and his economical indifference to fashionable form in his habiliments, may be inferred from the following extract :

"Let us know if you want any money: you will be in want of clothes soon; you had better have them made in Brecon, rather than here. Get a good coat, made well; don't go to some twopenny tailor to get your clothes spoiled. Black breeches will be more appropriate for your appearance before the Lord Bishop than pantaloons, because it is usual to go to great people on particular occasions, like yours, dressed in shoes and stockings, and not in boots; however, concerning this use your own opinion, you may be better informed than I am."

On the 10th of March, 1811, Mr. Price was ordained a deacon of the Established Church, by Dr. Burgess, then Bishop of St. David's. Mr. Price was on the same day licensed to serve the curacies of Llanllyr yn Rhos (Lear's Church on the Common,) and Llanfihangel Helygen (St. Michael's of the Willow,) both being parochial dependencies of the mother Church of Nantmel, in the county of Radnor (swydd Faesyfed.) The census of 1831 gives the population of Llanllyr as 674, and that of Llanfihangel as 101.

In accordance with the custom, too generally maintained by the beneficed clergy of Wales, the curate's first year's salary was merely nominal; his services being taken for that time in requital for the title to holy orders. While Mr. Price served these Radnorshire curacies, he continued to reside at Builth with his mother, walking from thence every Saturday to fulfil his clerical duties. Among his habitual peculiarities, old people still recall, his preference of walking to riding, and his utter aversion to the possession and use of a great-coat; very appositely connecting both with these long pedestrian journeys through the bleak, wild regions of western Radnorshire.

One of the earliest sermons ever preached by Mr. Price, was transcribed from Dr. Clarke upon John xxi, 22. The subjoined extract indicates the earnest bent of mind which led him to select the subject of the text for his opening ministry.

“That every person in every station of life wherein the providence of God thinks fit to place him, has always some plain and certain duty, which it is his present proper business to attend to, *Follow thou me.*

“God has been pleased to distribute among men very different gifts, to each man his proper talent, and an account will be expected of every man *according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not.* In the right use of those capacities and faculties; those abilities and opportunities, whatsoever they be, wherewith God has entrusted every particular person, in this consists that person's proper and peculiar duty. They who are endued with riches, power,

and authority in this world, are by their example to promote justice, equity and charity among mankind. They who are poor and afflicted have a particular call to the virtues of patience and contentment, which in their proper place do no less truly and effectually promote the glory of God, than the more conspicuous virtues of those in higher stations. Those who have learning and knowledge are to spread the light of truth with fidelity and diligence, and to apply the arguments of uncorrupt religion and the motives of virtuous practice, with all the clearness and strength they are able. And those of the lowest and meanest capacities, even the most ignorant of all, have still a plain way of duty before them, to adhere steadfastly to those few truths they know, those most important truths which no man can innocently be ignorant of."

So blameless, amiable, and exemplary was his whole conduct and demeanour in this, the fresh bloom and spring-time of his life, that people alike of high and low degree united in honouring him as a "credit to his sacred profession. It is the uniform testimony of all who knew him, from his birth until his death, that "he was always good, and always kind." Even in this early exercise of his parochial functions, though scarcely exempt from indigence himself, his generous spirit recoiled from receiving surplice fees from poor people; and there are aged couples still surviving, who date their union from that period, and gratefully remember, that "he made them a present of the wedding."

A beautiful yew tree, now growing in the churchyard of Llanfihangel Helygen, was in those days sickly and drooping, and seemed to be dying. Its melancholy state attracted Mr. Price's attention; and being lopped and properly treated according to his directions, the yew tree recovered its verdure, and remains a memorial of him.

The little church of Llanfihangel Helygen had been neglected, and was at that time very much out of repair. Mr. Price, therefore, as in duty bound, presented a description of its state in the half-yearly returns made to the registrar of the diocese. The case remaining unnoticed, Mr. Price, in the next half-yearly returns, presented it

again, and knowing the humourous fancy of his friend, Mr. Theophilus Jones, who then held the office of registrar, devised an ingenious expedient for exciting his attention, and obtaining the necessary aid. He accordingly headed the next presentment paper with a drawing, which exhibited the broken gate of the church unhinged and in fragments on the ground, the clerk's half famished cow in the act of devouring the straw rope of the only church bell, and the two churchwardens shoring up the pine-end wall of the edifice with their own out-stretched arms. This ludicrous picture produced the desired effect, and the church was soon afterwards repaired.

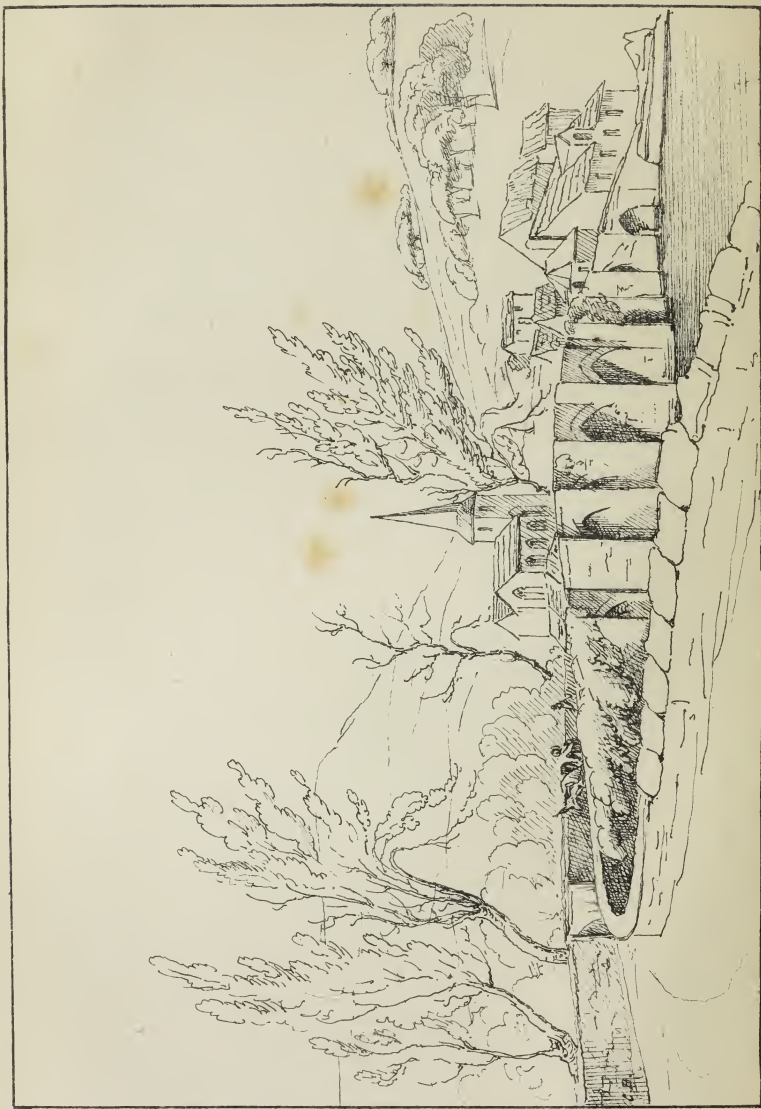
In the autumn of the year 1812, Mr. Price visited Caermarthen, and there, in the parish church of St. Peter, received priest's orders from Bishop Burgess, on the 12th of September.

In the xviiith volume of the "Archæologia," may be found "An account of some Roman remains near Llandrindod, in a letter from the Rev. Thomas Price to Theophilus Jones, Esq. F.S.A." It is illustrated by sketches of the Roman camp and road; dated September 23, 1811, and prefaced by a letter from Mr. Jones, to Nicholas Carlisle, Esq. secretary to the Society of Antiquaries. These communications were read November 14, 1811. Mr. Price's own copy bears an autograph note correcting the description in the text, from "acute" to "obtuse angles."

A small common-place book, indorsed, "Thomas Price, 1812," contains extracts from Owen's preface to his translation of the Poems of Llywarch Hên, and from the Poems themselves, both in the original Welsh, and in English; a selection of Welsh verses, triads, and proverbs, taken from Owen's Welsh and English Dictionary; a list of bards, whose works are lost, from Owen's Cambrian Biography, &c., &c. A passage relating to the habitual protest of the Bards during the dark ages against superstition, has an autograph note in the margin attesting its general truth, signed by the Breconshire historian, "Theophilus Jones."

Mr. Theophilus Jones had long been a sufferer from hereditary gout, and on the 15th January, 1812, Mr. Price lost by his death one of the earliest and kindest of his friends.

To this early period of his life belongs the tradition, preserved by several of his friends, concerning an attachment which is said to have existed between Mr. Price and a young lady of noble family. Disparity of rank and fortune must have barred all hopes of their union; but she is said to have cherished a deep affection for him until her dying day.



Crughymel.

CHAPTER VI.

The Rev. Thomas Price's Removal
from Builth to Crickhowel, his Curacies in
that vicinity, extracts from his Sermons,
Xc. Xc.

1813—1816.

“God has use of all the several tempers and constitutions of men, to serve the occasions and exigencies of his Church by.”

SOUTH on 1 Cor. xii. 4.

IT is often observable, that the stepping stone of life's difficulty, and the soaring point of its elevation, are the same. That mediatorial system, under which human beings live to hope, extends to the whole visible government of God; and the consequent instrumentality of family or casual friends in procuring to individuals this world's advantages, may serve effectually to remind every one, by some marked and notable instance, if not by its daily course, of the constituted analogy between earthly and heavenly things. It was through Theophilus Jones that Thomas Price acquired that introduction into social life which was indispensably necessary to his subsequent career.

A friendly letter, addressed to the Rev. Thomas Price, Llanyre, by the Rev. Henry (afterwards Archdeacon and Canon,) Payne, and dated "Llanbedr, November 26, 1812," informs Mr. Price that the writer had made arrangements with the Bishop for Mr. Price to resign his Radnorshire curacy, and to undertake the spiritual charge of the parish of Llangeneu, Breconshire, from the 3rd of January in the following year. To that curacy Mr. Price was accordingly licensed on the 2nd of April, 1813, and he immediately removed to Crickhowel, and undertook the pastoral charge of Llangeneu, Llanbedr Ystrad Ywy, and Patrishaw.

Llangeneu has eight or nine acres of glebe land, but no parsonage house: all the tythes belong to the Rector of Llangattoc, who nominates to the curacy of this rectory. Llangeneu is situated upon the river Grwyne, and includes the hamlet of Glangrwyne, where iron works were once carried on in connection with those of Sirhowy across the river Usk. The census of 1831 gives the population at 409. In this parish flows the celebrated Ffynnon Geneu, or Well of St. Kene, which of yore was deemed capable of conferring domination upon the husband or wife who first after marriage drank of it.

The Rev. Rice Rees, in his able Essay on the Welsh Saints, pp. 153—6, A.D. 433—464, discusses the statements of Cressy and Camden, relating to St. Ceneu, and shows that the closing scene of her history was near the mount of St. Michael (or Scyrryd) of Abergavenny.

Southey has collected many curious particulars concerning her in the preface to his poem, entitled, "The Well of St. Keyne." It would appear that a fountain at St. Neott's in Cornwall, and another at Cainsham in Somersetshire, bear the name of the same Welsh Saint, and are reputed to be endued with the same miraculous virtue. In removing the reputed ruins of her oratory, near the Fynnon Geneu, the Penydaren farmer, some years ago, disinterred a very curious antique bell, supposed to have been used by the Saint for calling together her votaries.

Llanbedr Ystrad Ywy is situated about two miles to the northward of Crickhowel. The average population is about 300. The church stands upon the precipitous banks of the

Grwyne Fechan, and contains some venerable monuments. The church-yard was at that time remarkable for its neatness, and for the extent and beauty of its funeral plantations and flower borders. No opulent families resided in the parish, and its only traditionary mansion-house had fallen to decay. There was no parsonage house either there or at Patrishaw, its annexed parochial district. Mr. Payne resided at that time beside the churchyard at Llanbedr, in a cottage which he rented from Colonel Davies: that dwelling has since been enlarged, and is now inhabited by the curate of the parish.

Patrishaw derives its name from an eminently holy man, who, between the years A.D. 664 and 700, inhabited a little cell and oratory beside a brook called Nant Mair, and instructed the mountaineers of the Grwyne Fawr, and of the adjacent wilderness, in Christianity. This Saint Issui, or Ishaw, is said to have been murdered by an ungrateful traveller who had partaken of his hospitality: his name is reckoned among those of the Cambrian Martrys. The church of Patrishaw is of high antiquity. The rood-loft and screen are specimens of admirable wood-carving, believed to have been executed by an Italian artist, and presented to the church by a member of the noble family of Herbert. The existing font, formed of a single block of stone, and bearing a rude marginal inscription, is doubtless of remote antiquity. A bridge over the Grwyne Fawr belongs in part to Patrishaw: it is traditionally reputed to have been built, about the year 1188, for the accommodation of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he preached the Crusade throughout Wales; and still bears the commemorative name of Pont yr Esgob (the Bishop's Bridge). The inhabitants of Patrishaw are chiefly yeomen and shepherds with their families, and never appear to have been numbered by any census at more than eighty persons.

In June, 1813, the Rev. Edward Davies, of Olveston, author of "Celtic Researches," &c. wrote a letter to Mrs. Theophilus Jones, then a widow and residing at Llandoverry. This letter she indorsed with a friendly note, and forwarded to Mr. Price, who appears to have preserved it as a gratifying testimony of the esteem entertained for him by its author.

“I had long been looking forward,” says Mr. Davies in the opening paragraph, “to the pleasure of paying my respects to you at the Bishop’s ensuing visitation; but I now fear that prospect is removed to a greater distance by a sudden turn in my affairs. My curate at Bishopston is going to leave me, and as I durst not present a new curate to my diocesan, who has repeatedly called me to residence, I have determined to take the duty upon myself, and have an opportunity of adding to it a decent curacy, at the distance of a mile and a half. As the curacy of Olveston will be vacant, and it is in many respects eligible, the idea of Mr. Thomas Price, your friend and mine, occurred to me, and I have spoken of him, as he deserves, to Dr. Charleton, our vicar, who is disposed to engage with him, unless he is already fixed in a more advantageous situation. This is a very good neighbourhood, the duty is light, and the salary which I have received is seventy guineas a year; but the living is rich enough to admit of an advanced stipend. Should our friend be already settled to his satisfaction, I can only apologize for my freedom in mentioning these circumstances to you; but should that not be the case, I am persuaded you will have the goodness to communicate them to him, as I am not furnished with his address.

I am ashamed to think that your subscription for the musical composition of our self-taught, &c., &c.” *

The curacy, thus offered by Mr. Davies, was gratefully declined by Mr. Price, on account of his previous engagement, and from a preference to the Principality as his home.

In order distinctly to show the ground-work of sound principles, upon which the whole fabric of his private character and public conduct henceforth became securely based, it is necessary here to introduce a few extracts from his theological notes.

* “Davies, of Olveston, whose Celtic Researches and Mythology of the Druids are full of that curious information which is preserved nowhere but in the Welsh Remains.”

SOUTHEY, in *Qu. Rev.*, v. lv, p. 284.

“The Hierophant of the British Mysteries.”

Rev. G. Stanley FABER.

In an original sermon, on the text, "Ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit," &c. Romans viii, 23 ; first preached at Patrishaw, July 3, 1814, Mr. Price, touching on the subject of original sin, remarked :

"That it is not a needless outcry against an imaginary phantom—not a new fangled doctrine of yesterday—but that it was preached from the first publication of the gospel—that it is interwoven with its fundamental doctrines—even the very thing which the gospel is intended to remedy."

In a sermon on Luke xxxi, 32, Mr. Price, after dwelling upon the gospel announcement of salvation, says :

"As this is the only doctrine that will avail us in the day of judgment, so I am satisfied it is the only ground and principle of just and upright conduct between man and man—and that the most perfect and undoubted morality is that which proceeds from a true faith in Christ ; and wheresoever a right faith exists, good works will inevitably follow as the fruits of it,—for that faith will turn the affections from this world towards heaven.—I am likewise most fully satisfied that no person can obtain the love of Christ in his heart, and at the same time indulge in sin ; for "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

It is true many profess this faith, and yet in their lives are no better than others ;—so would they be, had they never professed any thing.—It is not the bare assent to such a faith that shall save us—the devil also believes and trembles.—And do we not see on the other hand many who despise the Gospel, and boast of the honour and integrity of their hearts as a sufficient guard to morality,—and who at the same time would exhibit a very different character, were every action of their lives rigidly scrutinized according to those principles.—But now—Is the preaching of Christ incompatible with good works ? After having cautioned you in the name of Christ against every disobedience ; after having enumerated the most common vices, which deform the face of society—Sabbath breaking and profaneness—

lying, slandering, deceit, and treachery, and that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven: Do we not preach morality? It would be well if men examined their conduct, and saw how deficient they are in them, and seeing that deficiency, to turn them to God for forgiveness; and did they see how corrupt and abominable their sinful lives are before God, they would, undoubtedly, instead of despising the offers of the gospel, receive them with gratitude and humility.

I well perceive the situation of him who ventures thus to controvert the opinions of the world, and to maintain the doctrine of Christ. The preachers of the gospel may thus be well compared to the Israelites, when hemmed in by the sea on one hand, and the wilderness on the other, they saw the Egyptians pursuing after them; and in the bitterness of their heart, they called to Moses, and the Lord answered, Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward:—they went forward, and the sea divided before them, and they went over with a high hand. So it is with us—there are many difficulties, almost unsurmountable, in the way of the true statement of the gospel:—the sea—the wilderness—and the Egyptians:—but while we may be dismayed at these obstacles, yet that encouraging word still sounds in our ears, Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward. We do press forward in sure and certain hope that Christ will be with his gospel, a pillar and a cloud, to the end of the world. So all these obstacles shall be overcome. And for the pursuing enemy, he says,—I will kindle a flame in the wall of Damascus. I will strike the horse with astonishment, and his rider with madness.

Now I would sincerely entreat every one to examine his own heart, whether he may not, in the self-sufficiency of his own hand, have despised this method of salvation, and charged God with folly.—A very wise and cultivated people have done so; a people whom we greatly respect for their mental attainments, and who professedly searched for wisdom. The Greeks, says St. Paul, seek after wisdom;—and yet the preaching of Christ Jesus was folly to them.—We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness.

“Try then diligently whether you have not, like the Greeks of old, counted the preaching of Christ crucified to be foolishness, for it is a fearful thing to do despite to the Spirit of grace.”

In a sermon upon Romans i, 16, Mr. Price observes :

“But here the word *shame* occurs, and gives us some difficulty—it seems strange that the apostle should intimate a possibility of any person being ashamed to acknowledge his religion, and particularly the pure religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.—If we were to ask men in general, Is it any shame to be a Christian?—they would immediately say, No, none at all. If we were to require of them to explain to us in general terms what kind of character the Christian ought to be,—and they say that he should be an honest, peaceable, pious, good man;—Ought a man to be ashamed of this?—Undoubtedly not; there can be no apprehension of such a thing. If there be no fear of this, what then can be the meaning of the words of the text? And what can be the meaning of those words which are used at our baptism, In token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified?

Not ashamed.—There is something surprising in this, that our reformers should be so anxious at so early a period of life, even at our very baptism, to guard against such a feeling. The truth is this;—that in all nations, and ages, the scandal of the cross has been the great stumbling-block in the way of their becoming Christians. Notwithstanding all that the world will allow concerning the excellence of Christianity, or the purity of its precepts, yet there is really a shame attached to the Christian profession, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.”

In an undated autograph fragment of a sermon on the subject of the curse consequent upon man's original sin, from Romans viii, 22, Mr. Price indulges his favourite train of thought with peculiar and striking effect. In the peroration he says :

“There is a vast majesty in the appearance of rock and mountain; they remind us of Him who was before the mountains were brought forth; but their monotonous look, their never changing countenance which they wear, stern and gloomy; the same attitude, the same features, preserved for thousands of years, seem to retain the gloom and mournfulness with which they emerged from the water of the deluge. There appears in such scenes, if we might use a figure of speech, something like a silent consciousness that nature had once received some fatal melancholy shock, and that it is still not recovered. They point to their own barrenness, and appeal to their own rugged sterility in behalf of the truth of God.

As I have said, in the most healthful and temperate climates, the earth moans under inactivity to produce good, and readiness to give forth unwholesome production. In the warmer regions, where more fertility abounds in the soil, and where in consequence more aptitude to produce things for the comfort of mankind also exists, we find the concomitant evil likewise abounding in an equally luxuriant degree: what noxious plants, what poisonous reptiles, what ravenous beasts, and what continual pestilent exhalations springing from the ground; what pestilential diseases are for ever found accompanying the climate, and what devastating tempests! The earth there in her richest dress, where her choicest viands and most aromatic spices, where her sweetest perfumes are to be found, still appears burdened, and utters a groan which these luxuries cannot suppress. Its gayest feature, after all, is but as a wreath of flowers upon a tomb; for the glory is long ago departed, and Ichabod is written upon every shore.”

In the years 1813 and 1814, Mr. Price composed a great many English sermons, treating chiefly upon sin, the Atonement, renewal by the Holy Spirit, free justification, and the grace of God. In subsequent years he wrote many upon particular occasions, national and local, until 1825, when he exclusively adopted the practice of preaching from condensed notes, which he persevered in through the rest of his life. There are a few Welsh Sermons among Mr

Price's autograph manuscripts: some of them are original, and others translations from Simeon. All were written between the included years, 1813 and 1822, and repeatedly preached within that period. They contain plain expositions of their respective texts; inculcate the fundamental doctrines of Christianity in their practical tendency; are soundly orthodox, and persuasively earnest, but void of literary merit.

As an instance of the interest taken by Mr. Price in everything belonging to the Bible, and the Bible Society, it may be mentioned here, that in a note, dated March 21st, 1814, Messrs. Eyre and Strahan express their thanks to him for a communication relative to a misprint in one of their editions of the New Testament, and enclose a leaf from the first epistle to the Corinthians, to show that the error had already been discovered and rectified.

Mr. Price was one of the originators of the Brecon branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and officiated during his whole remaining life as one of its most active secretaries. In May, 1815, Mr. Price suggested to the late R. Price, Esq., then M. P. for the Radnorshire boroughs, the propriety of establishing a Bible Association for that county; and carried on a correspondence with that gentleman upon the subject of adopting suitable means for effecting the laudable object they both had at heart.

In the year 1815, Hugh Price, Esq., of Castell Madoc, serving the office of high Sheriff of Breconshire, appointed Mr. Price to be his chaplain. Mr. Price accordingly commenced his duties by attending at the "barren sessions," held in April. In the autumn of the same year, he preached before Judge Hardinge, at Brecon, from the text, "He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel," &c., Psalm lxxviii, 5—7. Towards the close of the sermon, Mr. Price poured forth the following heartfelt encomium:

"Among all the institutions for moral improvement which adorn this age and nation, there is one, which for vastness of design, and energy of operation, seems extended beyond

human comprehension, and which is now making gigantic progress in the world. And still we see, as it were, the prints of its footsteps on earth, and are astonished at their grasp. It rears its head far above our view, and hides its vast dimensions in eternity. I mean that wonderful institution, the Bible Society; whose scope and object is the publication of the word of God among all nations, kindreds, and languages; and never resting until every soul is furnished with the Scriptures of truth.—Here we ought to rejoice—this above all things ought to awake us from our slumbers, the means of grace, and the hope of glory! For what are all the advantages, even of righteousness, in this life without hope in one to come? For if in this life only, we have hope in Christ (the apostle says,) we are of all men most miserable. 1 Cor. xv, 19.

All this may, to some, be tedious and unacceptable. There may be those who consider the doctrine of salvation, through the Atonement of Christ, as too humiliating to acknowledge, and would turn away with disgust from the evangelical statements of gospel truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, and rely upon their natural powers for all support. This may be very well in time of health and prosperity, while the blood runs hot, and the heart beats high with animal vigour;—but when the hour of death approaches, and the high spirits are tamed by disease and pain;—when those powers of nerve which gave self-dependence to the possessor are relaxed and destroyed by age and sickness:—What is it that can then afford consolation against the approaching conflict, but the assurance of a friend and supporter, of a Saviour, able to save to the utmost? Whoso doubts this, let him seek the testimony of a death-bed.—Death-beds, and sick-beds, are not far from us, did we but seek them. Nay they surround us on every side; did we visit them with Christian views, we should soon be convinced of the helpless state of man; and, so far from endeavouring to deprive the poor man of his Bible, we should bless God for sending him the comforting knowledge of a Saviour through its means.

Though a well known fact—it may yet not be improper in this place to notice—that some will not sanction, and even

do oppose, the Bible Society; and that, as they say, through apprehension of the evil designs of some of its members, and those who thus object, do at the same time profess the same Christianity with ourselves.—But how different are their sentiments to those of that primitive Christian, the great apostle of the Gentiles!—For St. Paul says—Some indeed preach Christ, even of envy and strife, and some of good will. What then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. Philip. i, 18.

What has raised our nation from the ignorance of barbarism but the Bible?—What has given us our present exalted character among the enlightened nations of the world, but the practice of the Bible principles? Let us cherish this light among us, lest He come and remove our candlestick out of its place, and our country be plunged into deeper ignorance than before; lest ages of intellectual darkness again afflict our country. Who would wish to see the gospel light extinguished in our land? What a morning to awake in!—A day of trouble, and of treading down, and of perplexity. Isaiah xxii, 5.

But we trust in a better time—a brighter dawn seems opening, and the Bible Society seems arising before us like the morning-star of glorious day-light. And while short-sighted mortals among us are debating and meditating its extirpation, the thing is going forth with power, conquering, and to conquer. Already is it lifted up as a standard to the nations, and so firmly fixed, as with God's help, to bid defiance to the powers of darkness. Even now is the word of the Lord like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces, (Jerem. xxiii, 29.) sapping the temple of idolatry, and the clouds which enveloped them, are breaking up and dispersing. Bramah and Mahomet are departing, Bel boweth down, Nebo stoopeth.

Will the Bible do so much for pagan nations, and must it lie dead and inactive among us? Can the sun shine upon us, and men remain unconscious of its warmth? Wherever the Bible is respected and attended to, its influence must be felt in society.—For He says that the rain

which falls, does not return, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud. So (says He) shall my word that goeth forth out of my mouth,—it shall not return unto me void ;—but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the things whereto I sent it.—How ought every friend of God, and of his country, to seize these means of improving his fellow creatures, and to thank God for such a privilege !”



ГЛАВНОЕ

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Price becomes Curate of Llangattoc, Llanelly, and Llangeneu.

1816—1822.

“No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room ;
But through the cool sequestered vale of life,
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.”

GRAY'S ELEGY, 1st MS.

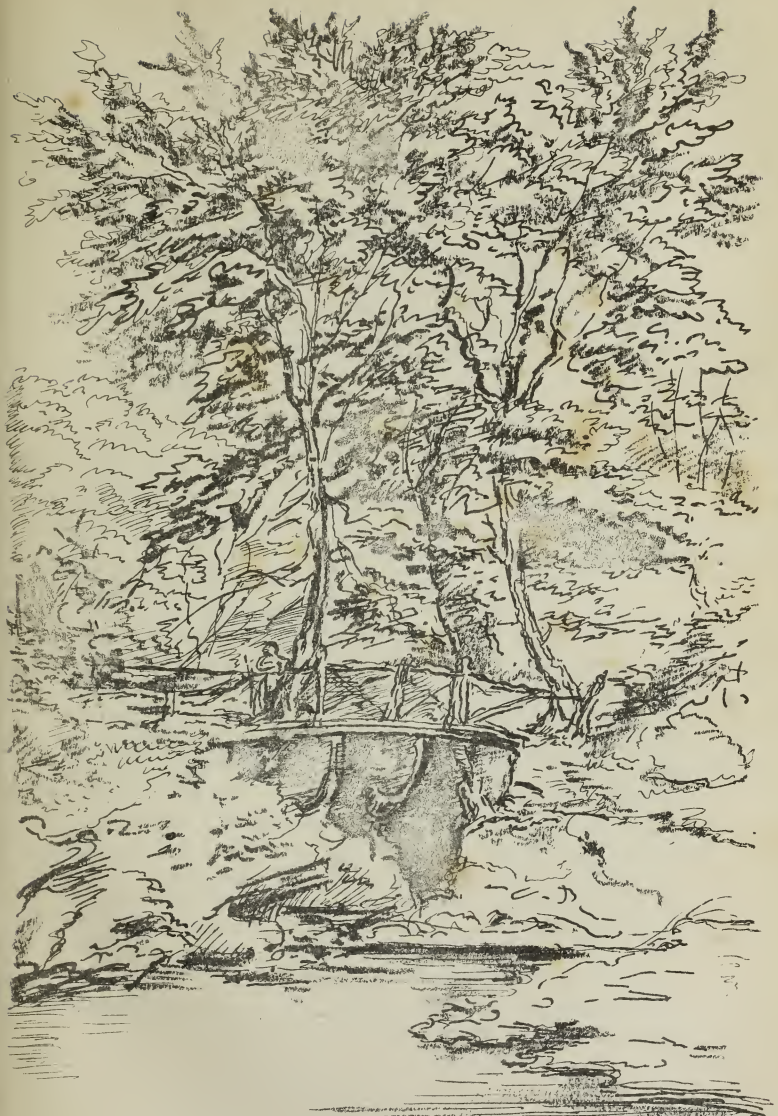
IN the year 1816, Mr. Price undertook, for Lord William Somerset, the ecclesiastical charge of the parish of Llangattoc Crickhowel (Llangattwg, Crughywel,) with the annexed parochial chapelry of Llanelly, and the appendant parish of Llangenny (Llangeneu.) The census of the year 1831, numbered the population of Llangattoc, at 2,690, the population of Llanelly, at 4,041, and that of Llangenny, at 409. While he was the officiating minister of these parishes, Mr. Price continued to reside at Crickhowel. An entry in his pocket-book records, that on the 8th of September, 1818, he took lodgings of Mr. James Prichard, at five shilings a week, to find his own coal and candle, and that he came to inhabit these rooms upon the same day. This occasion was

rendered memorable by its consequences: for from that decisive day, Mr. Price entrusted wholly to the care of Mr. James Prichard and his family, the domestic comfort of his daily life. He accompanied all their subsequent migrations, became their instructor, patron, and benefactor; and constantly received from them the tributary services of respectful gratitude.

The living of Llangattoc is one of the richest in Breconshire; the rectory is a sinecure; a parsonage, and twenty five acres of glebe, are attached to the vicarage. The extensive iron works of Beaufort lie within this parish, which is also rich in limestone, and in coal. Some very curious and extraordinary caves occur in the rocks. One of them, called Eglwys Faen, (the stone church,) bears a remarkable resemblance to an ecclesiastical edifice. It is estimated to be ninety yards in length, and thirty six in width. It is vaulted, and has lofty passages winding off to the right and left, and, like most other caverns in the same geological formation, is thickly set with stalactites. Carneddau, Cistfaenau, Cromlechau, cinders from ancient British furnaces and forges, with many other archæological treasures, abound in this parish. Here also stands a far-famed mountain, called Carno (Carnau,) in memory of the tombs erected for the slain, after a bloody conflict between the Cymry and the Mercians of the eighth century.

Llanelly has neither parsonage nor glebe land. Mr. Theophilus Jones describes the living as "incapable of augmentation." Rich mines of coal are worked here, and the furnaces of extensive iron works glare and roar amidst some of the most sublime scenery in nature. The Pwll y Cwn, a very noble waterfall, descending by two precipitous leaps from one rock bason to another, casts the whole stream of the Clydach into the craggy hollow below. A hill, called the Gaer; a cliff, called the Dinas; and other local appellations, mark the ancient military posts of this district.

When referring to Sir Hugh Evans, curate of the Priory Church at Brecon in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mr. Price himself has stated: "That from the intimacy which subsisted betwixt Shakspeare, and the Prices of the Priory, an idea prevails that he frequently visited them at their



Clydach

Aug: Fall of 1880
Belt.

residence in Brecon; and that he not only availed himself of the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh, but that he was indebted to this part of the kingdom for much of the machinery of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' This idea is confirmed by the similarity which the frolics of Puck and his companions bear to the goblins and fairies of this portion of the Principality; there being in Breconshire a valley which bears his name, Cwm Pwca. Here this merry sprite is said still to practise his gambols with all the energies of the sixteenth century; and certainly, if beautiful scenery have any influence in locating these beings, they could find few better places than the deep romantic glen of the Clydach." *

Mr. Price usually left home soon after breakfast, and walked to one or other of the villages, or hamlets lying within his extensive pastoral charge. He always considered visitation from house to house as one of the most important duties of his sacred function; and he succeeded in convincing his parishioners, that whether they chose to benefit by his public teaching or not, they might always find in him a prudent adviser, and a most compassionate friend. He was not only ready upon all occasions to assist poor persons to the utmost extent of his own means; but for their sakes, he would overcome the natural repugnance of an independent spirit, and constantly plead their cause with the wealthy and the powerful. His occasional visits to poor families, were always timed with delicate regard to their probable convenience and leisure. Wherever he went, his gentle manners, ready insight, and facility of adaptation, enabled him to fall in easily and naturally with the present occupation of each domestic circle, so that his entrance, instead of interrupting, seemed always to enhance the interest of the moment, whatever it might chance to be. No man, perhaps, ever afforded practically a better illustration of the precept, "Honour all men." Emotions of contempt and scorn, it might seem that he never knew. He venerated the dignity of human nature, the inviolable sanctity of every human

* Vide Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons, vol. I, page 34.

being's self-love. Alike to the stranger and the domestic, alike to the peer and the peasant, his manners were uniformly courteous, gentle and kind.

He devoted the chief part of his time to visiting the sick and needy, and disbursed among them, in daily charities, nearly the whole amount of his yearly income. In a district so wide and populous as that he traversed, the mere bodily fatigue of such a course of employment, was only to be sustained by a frame of great natural vigour. He seldom returned home until sunset; and sometimes would retire, when weary, to rest himself in a favourite cavern, where, in that state of physical exhaustion which tends in a peculiar manner to relax the ruling sovereignty of judgment, enchanted by summer's fragrant odours, and nature's lulling sounds, and forgetting the flight of time, and the need of food and sleep, he would recline for hours, and even all night long, in a state of blissful reverie.

Sometimes he made friendly calls upon the mineral agents, clerks, and farmers, and shared with one hospitable family or other the mid-day repast. Sometimes he yielded to the pressing invitations of the opulent residents in the neighbourhood, and brightened their social circles by the unassuming and incidental disclosure of his versatile talents. To rich and poor alike, his visits were always welcome, but more especially in times of anxious care, of trouble and sorrow, his humane and beneficent spirit endeared him to the sufferer. Many recollect him still as the adviser of the perplexed, the comforter of the bereaved, and the redresser of the wronged.

He delighted in acting as guide to the mountains, waterfalls, and other remarkable scenes, or venerable memorials, familiar to his tread, and precious to his sight. On such occasions, his sensibility to the combined influences of nature's glory and melody, national vestiges, and congenial companionship, imparted to his personal bearing the irradiate elateness of an Iliad hero, just touched by supernal power for arduous enterprise. None could so well as he direct the out-door pastimes and diversions of his youthful friends; although he practised neither hunting, nor coursing, nor ordinary shooting, nor fishing of any kind, and felt appar-

ently a strong distaste for every species of sporting. The oars of the sea-boat, the scullers of the wherry, the pole of the punt, and the paddle of the nicely balanced native coracle, were all familiar to his grasp ; and he managed every sort of aquatic craft, with the dauntless confidence of conscious skill, both as a pilot and a swimmer. His mind ennobled such nautical amusements with all that history records of marine achievements, with recollections of Great Britain's naval victories, with retrospective visions of her own maritime emperor Carausius ; and with exulting thoughts of the adventurous daring of the Cymry, in ages still more remote.

He delighted in the practice of archery, and could also exercise the fletcher's subservient art in the manufacture and repair of the quiver, the bow, and the arrow. Such weapons were inseparably connected in his mind with the leeks and the laurels of Agincourt and Creçi ; with the glorious defensive warfare maintained by the Cymry against the Norman, the Saxon, and the Roman invaders ; and with the inextinguishable renown won by his nation from the hostile Tacitus.

Few subjects of rational conversation were to him devoid of interest. He brought his large acquisitions of general knowledge, readily and happily to bear upon each present topic ; he listened with avidity to the communications of the well-informed, frankly and simply avowed his doubts and difficulties, and eagerly and diligently set to work each day afresh, to remedy in solitude every instance of deficient intelligence discovered in the past.

His widowed mother continued to reside at Builth. Her health became impaired, her spirits failed, and she was chiefly indebted to her sister, Mrs. Elinor Morgan, for the comfort of her latter years. Mr. Price ever paid the most affectionate attentions to his mother, and often went to visit her, walking the whole distance of thirty miles from Crickhowel to Builth, staying a few days, and then again returning on foot. On such occasions, traversing the magnificent range of the Mynydd Dû, breathing the exhilarating air, and beholding from the alpine passes the glorious prospects of his native land ; enraptured, and forgetting for the

time, all but the soothing influences around, he would lie down among the heath and moss, lost in mute reverie for hours, aroused perhaps at last, only by the chilly breeze of night, or the tread of some vigilant mountain shepherd. In such a mood, listening to the sheep bells, or voices repeated by the mountain echoes, he shared, for the moment, the irrational wish :

“Oh that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying,
With the blest tone which made me!” *

These lines are among the very few poetical extracts to be found in Mr. Price's note books.

In the autumn of the year 1818, his mother died. She was buried September 1st, 1818, in the churchyard of Llanynys, beneath her husband's grave-stone. The following inscription, in the ancient language of their country, was engraven upon it in large Roman capital letters ; and remains unimpaired to commemorate their memory :

PIAU Y BEDD
HWN
Y PARCHEDIG RHYS PRYS,
PERIGLOR, LLANWRTHWL;
YR HWN A FU FARW
YR 27 O DACHWEDD, 1810,
YN Y 64 FLWYDD O'I OED.
AC HEFYD
MAIR EI WRAIG
FERCH Y PARCH : T. BOWEN
O FWLCHYGARTH ;
YR HON A FU FARW
YR 27 O AWST, 1818,
YN Y 72 FLWYDD O'I HOED.”

Time, in the return of years, changes the days of memorial, and confuses between those of the month and week,

* Lord Byron's Manfred.

until we are made conscious of our utter incompetence, amid such bewildering fluctuations, to fix the exact point of a real anniversary. Scenes, persons, relations, and circumstances, also share this world-involving mutability, so that every thing tends to interrupt the regular recurrence of that funereal commemoration, with which affection desires perpetually to hallow the epochs of grief, for the loss of beloved friends. The loss of their mother was long felt by her affectionate sons, who always continued to regard the example and advice of both their deceased parents with grateful veneration.

Previous to the year 1812, a military officer, named Blake-ney, with his wife and family, had been a sojourner at Builth, and formed a friendship for Mr. Price. From the 1st of February in that year, until the 7th of March, 1818, a frequent exchange of letters took place between Lieut. W. Aug. Blakeney and Mr. Price. Those of the former have been preserved by his Cambrian correspondent, with friendly care: they are dated from various recruiting stations, and make frequent reference to the public events of that memorable period. The writer, being evidently a keen sportsman, longs perpetually for a cottage home among the Welsh mountains, and beside the Usk or Wye. Almost every letter seems to have been called forth by gratitude for the arrival of a salmon from Mr. Price; and every letter entreats Mr. Price to procure for the writer some suitable feathers for the manufacture of fishing-flies, especially certain rare ones of a choice dark blue colour. Mr. Blakeney inquires, with lively interest, after all his acquaintance, and recent associates in Builth and its neighbourhood, and manifests shrewd discrimination in remarking upon their several peculiarities, and much kindness in lamenting their various casualties, their troubles, sickness or death. He mentions Mr. Price's mother and brother with cordial regard, and expresses the alacrity of hearty good fellowship in proffered services. The loan of a book upon the subject of boxing, and some information relative to military chaplaincies in Nova Scotia, were all that Mr. Price ever asked of him. This gentleman had many kinsmen in the army; and one of his

brothers, a captain in the 66th regiment, filled the post of orderly officer, over the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

Among the families with which Mr. Price was intimate at this period, one, which had long formed a centre of social enjoyment to himself and congenial friends, fell very suddenly into deep affliction. The master of the house died while absent from home in a distant English county. Mr. Price immediately set out for the place, brought back the corpse, arranged the funeral, managed all necessary affairs for the widow and children, and afforded them every consolation which natural benevolence and a conscientious sense of duty could suggest to a parochial clergyman.

From the month of November, 1819, to January, 1820, Mr. Price was in constant communication with the Rev. W. A. Phelps, incumbent of the church benefice of St. Vincent's, in the West Indies. The correspondence was carried on through the intervention of a friend, who, by means of a third person, treated with Mr. Phelps for the conditional resignation of his preferment to Mr. Price. On the 24th December, 1819, Mr. Price received from his brother the following letter of remonstrance upon the subject of this proposed expatriation :

Stonehouse, Dec. 24, 1819.

Dear Tom,

I received your letter this day, and yesterday had the parcel safe, for which I thank you much, and will pay you for it, if you will tell me where to send the money. I was, as you may suppose, surprised at your communication respecting your going to the Island of St. Vincent; on the choice you have made, I am scarcely competent to judge. I earnestly wish it may be what Providence has ordered for you. One thing I think you will readily allow, namely, that £1400 a year, for a short time, will not compensate for the loss of health, should the climate not agree with you; and as to temporal provision, we may rest satisfied that it shall be made secure to us through mercy in all places. I hope you have made the matter a subject of deliberation betwixt you and God. If you have His sanction, you are right and secure. If not, you had better remain where you are, by far. I hope you will come and spend some little

time with me before you go, if you are fixed upon going. Be sure that you give me a line; you might come here when you pass.

I shall not be able to find means, I fear, of supplying your church, as my duty is large, and clergymen scarce. In every step you take, I pray God to direct and keep you, and earnestly I pray you to do the same for me also.

I remain yours &c.,

J. R. Price.

December 25th.

Dear Tom,

Since writing the above, and after having considered the matter during the chief part of the night, I feel it my imperious duty, notwithstanding my constant wishes for your wordly prosperity, to remonstrate with you in a direct manner against your going off as you propose; your constitution has never been accustomed to any change of climate, and therefore, for a person at your age, to plunge at once into such a climate as that of the West Indies, is rash and wrong, however he may be tempted by emolument. The few that return are, for the most part, emaciated and ruined in constitution. Should help you to some healthful spot, with one seventh of the income you mention, he would be more your real friend.

It is very possible that after all, it will fall far short of your anticipation; such steps are not to be taken without the most decided direction of Providence for that end.

My good Tom, let me beseech you to stay at home, and preach the gospel to your countrymen in this kingdom.

In having thus written, I am satisfied that I have discharged the duty of a friend and brother, and I think also, expressed what would have been the sentiments of both our father and mother. I beseech God to direct you in all things regarding your own welfare, and his glory.

Yours &c.,

J. R. Price.

Let me beg you again to thank for his good will to you, and mention that through the earnest request of your brother you have given up the intention of going.

The arrangements, however, were so nearly completed, as to call forth the subjoined spontaneous proof of confidence and esteem, from Mr. Price's early friend, the well known and worthy Mr. Price, the Justice, of the Strand at Builth.

Strand, Builth,
27th Dec., 1819.

My dear friend Price,

This, I trust will find you at our good friend, the Colonel's, to whom I have returned my warmest thanks for his effectual exertions, and further kindness of being one of the sureties your patron requires for your punctual remittance, and I will be the other; so bring down the instrument, signed by the Colonel, for my signature also. Mrs. Price joins me in sincere congratulation, trusting to see you soon. I am, dear Tom,

Yours assuredly,
Thos. Price.

Mr. Price had sold his little stock in the 3 per cent consols, purchased his out-fit, packed his chests, and prepared to take his passage to St. Vincent's; when an explanation, given by Mr. Phelps, of certain particulars regarding the island currency, revealed to Mr. Price the unexpected fact, that the nominal income of £1400 a year, would really produce a nett income, scarcely amounting to even half that sum. Disappointment at this discovery, some degree of indignation at having been allowed to remain so long under an erroneous impression of the case, the concurring opinions of his friends, and the affectionate entreaties of his brother, combined under these circumstances, to change Mr. Price's purpose. He determined suddenly, but finally, to refuse the appointment. The letter in which he announced this resolve to Mr. Phelps, is described by a party to the transaction as a noble one, and well suited to convey a proper sense of the writer's high principles and candid gentleness of character.

Lord William Somerset congratulated himself and his curate upon this result in the following terms:

Stoke.

“Although I should have said, as I do now, that I should have most unfeignedly regretted your removal from my parishes, on my account and theirs, yet I could not but rejoice at any occasion, which afforded a prospect of bringing those transcendent talents which I am sure you possess more actively into employ; and in reflecting upon your appointment, before the arrival of your last letter, I traced the hand of the Almighty nominating you to a situation, where you would have such ample scope for forwarding the interests of his holy religion; and by your conduct and zeal, immortalizing your name; with a very ample salary. Per contra: your income is small, but free from incumbrances, you are contented with it; you feel yourself beloved, and deservedly respected in the situation you now hold; you are conscious of earnest endeavours to forward the same great work to the best of your powers, as if you were at St. Vincents, tho’ perhaps in not so conspicuous a light; and you are unambitious of the possession of a large income in an unhealthy climate. The pro and con considered, I believe you have decided right, and I assure you, much to my satisfaction, as far as I am personally concerned.”

The impression left upon Mr. Price’s mind by this occurrence, seems to have been, that he had erred, in permitting any considerations of worldly advantage to counterbalance his disinterested desire of devoting himself to the service of the Welsh people. He recurred to the fact with self-reproach, and could scarcely realize in retrospection, the state of feeling which had previously reconciled him in prospect to the temporary abandonment of his native country.

In the year 1816, Mr. Price visited London. His note-book contains a memorandum of all the editions of the Holy Scriptures in the Welsh language, and also of all those in the English language, of which copies were at that time to be found in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He subsequently sent, as a present from himself, to that institution, Bishop Parry’s Welsh Bible, folio, black letter, 1620; Peter Williams’s Welsh Bible, 12mo, with marginal references, printed at Trefecca, 1790; and an En-

glish black letter Bible, quarto, 1602; accompanied by a paper, giving an account of the different editions of the Welsh Bible, written by himself, and doubtless derived from Dr. Llewelyn's "Historical Account," published in 1768.

About this time the Tract, No. xxv. of the "Bristol Church of England Tract Society," containing the thirty nine articles, printed at length, and references to texts of holy writ, by which they may be proved, was carefully studied by Mr. Price. He dissected this tract, and placing the leaves at intervals between those of a blank book, filled up the spaces with the appropriate Scripture passages transcribed with his own hand.

Among the friends, best beloved and most honoured by Mr. Price at this period, was the late Rev. Henry Gipps, Vicar of St. Peter's, at Hereford. Actuated alike by the purest benevolence, and mutually attracted by congenial earnestness of spirit, they diligently assisted each other in strenuous efforts to enkindle or revive religious feeling in their several neighbourhoods, and throughout the intermediate and adjacent districts. One of Mr. Gipps's letters to Mr. Price, apparently written soon after their first acquaintance with each other, affords useful counsel to all teachers of the poor.

Dear Sir,

Our friend Mrs., mentioned to me your wish to have some tracts for distribution, especially in Brecon Jail, and I have therefore ventured to send you a few of those which I have found the most useful. They form, with God's blessing, a little beginning, by arousing the attention to religion, and many of them have been blessed here, and elsewhere, to the awakening a real concern about the salvation of the soul, in some that have received them. Would that they were much plainer than they are in general, they would then, I doubt not, be far more useful. I find it one of the greatest difficulties I have, to be plain enough. It is a constant subject of prayer with me, that I may be enabled to write and speak with the greatest simplicity and plainness; short and easy words and sentences, the plainest construction of the sentence, &c. &c. We must thus indeed sacri-

fice a flowing style &c., but we shall be far more likely to win souls to Christ; even when we are the plainest, a little inquiry amongst the poor to whom the gospel is preached will show us how little has been understood. This is one of the advantages of private visiting "from house to house." We learn the spiritual wants and state of the poor of our flock, we learn the narrowness of their comprehension, and what words they understand. This will be much altered when the Holy Spirit enlightens the understanding; but the greater part of our hearers, if we are faithful ministers of Christ, will be the poor, and these chiefly unconverted, especially at first.

Mrs. intended writing to Mr. to request he would open his church at for a sermon for the Church Missionary Society. I fear she has not yet done so. I know you are a friend to the blessed cause of missions, and I feel very anxious to have an opportunity of pleading it when I can get an opening; for thick spiritual darkness does indeed cover the heathen world: and the great impediments to still further missionary exertions is the want of funds. Would you venture to request Mr. would allow me to preach a sermon for the benefit of the society? It must, of course, be on some week day, my hands being full on the Sunday. Any day except Wednesday or Saturday would suit me. The evening is the time when the largest congregations will be assembled. Should the church be finally granted, the best time would be just before the wheat harvest begins; but these things I only just mention. I should be glad to have another opportunity of seeing you, and hope that you will never come to Hereford without coming to see me. Our dinner hour is half-past one; and there will usually be a bed, and I should treat you without ceremony, which is one of the privileges of the real Christian. We should endeavour, by communion and prayer, to strengthen one another's hands, in the blessed, tho' most responsible office we have undertaken. Time will not allow me to say more than to add an earnest wish that we should pray for one another. May the Lord Jesus ever, that great Shepherd of the sheep, thro' the blood of the everlasting covenant, make both of us perfect in every good work to do his

will, working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight !
To him be glory for ever and ever, Amen.

Believe me,

Your very sincere friend,

H. Gipps.

Hereford, July 14th, 1817.

On the 22nd of May, 1816, Mr. Price preached for the Glasbury Church Missionary Association ; and on the 6th of November, in the same year, for the Anniversary celebration of the Crickhowel National School. On the 9th of April, 1817, Mr. Price, being chaplain to Charles Claude Clifton, Esq., high sheriff of the county of Brecon, preached the assize sermon before Judge Wingfield. In the autumn of the same year, he again preached the assize sermon, before Judges Wingfield and Moysey ; and September 24, 1817, preached again for the Glasbury Church Missionary Association. On the 31st May, 1819, Mr. Price preached for the Church Missionary Association, at Preston upon Wye. On the 4th of April, 1820, Mr. Price, in the capacity of chaplain to Thomas Price, Esq., of Builth, then high Sheriff of Breconshire, preached at the assizes, held in the county town, before the Judges Wingfield and Casberd. In the course of the same year, Mr. Price visited Liverpool, and preached a sermon there in behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Anxious for the welfare of the children of the colliers and miners of the place, Mr. Price at this time erected, at his own expense, a school-house, on the mountain's side, at Gelli Felen ; where, under his personal inspection, a day and Sunday school was carried on for many years. In conformity with the requirements of the people, the instructions were chiefly given in the Welsh language. Local changes have since caused the building to be disused and neglected. It is now in ruins, and almost buried in rubbish from the neighbouring works.

During the years 1819, 20, 21, and 22, Mr. Price constantly endeavoured to promote the sale of an edition of the Book of Homilies, translated into the Welsh language by

Mr. John Roberts, of Tremeirchion, St. Asaph, who in a grateful letter addressed to Mr. Price, says :

“ I cannot but hope that by aiding the operations of the Press, in diffusing the Scriptural doctrines of our church, you insure to yourself the conscious satisfaction of serving the best interests of men.”

A note-book of this period contains extracts from Giraldus Cambrensis, from Gibson's Camden, the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, the Personal Narrative of Alexander Von Humboldt, &c. Among them stands the following original memorandum :

“ Mr. Maybery, of Brecon, and of Tennessee, in North America, and who had lived thirty seven years in America, told me that he had seen, in the interior of America, entrenchments of fortifications, similar to those on the Crug, near Brecon, i. e. one ditch encircling another, such as are frequently seen in Britain, but such as the present race of Indians have not the most distant notion of forming ; and that they are not the work of the present European settlers, is certain, as he has seen growing upon them timber at least three hundred years old.

T. Price, 1820.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Family Episodes.

“ Though happy be our home in life-mature,
By love illumined and from care secure,
With present bliss still faithful memory blends
The smiles and voices of our childhood’s friends ;
Bright visions float round each apparent scene,
Of native vales and mountain heights serene.”

MS.

IN June, 1814, Mr. Price had some little trouble in proving the validity of a will, made by Eleanor Price, of Clodock, dated June 9, 1783. It was disputed on account of one of the witnesses having been a “marks-woman,” which it was contended rendered her attestation void. The law, however, was found by Mr. Church to sanction the deed, and the real estate, consequently, passed under it to the benefit of Mrs. Price and her sons.

In the year 1814, Mr. Price, his mother and brother, were engaged in an extensive correspondence, with the object of discovering a certain property in London, and proving Mrs. Price’s claim as next heir to the previous owner, who had died intestate in that metropolis, either in or before the year 1793. The property was represented as consisting in houses, and its annual value was estimated by one informant at from £60 to £200, by another from £500 to £800 ; but neither of these persons could tell the site, although both reported that the tenants, in default of known heirs to their late landlord, had possessed themselves of the tenements by the mere prescription of long occupancy.

Mrs. Price's maternal uncles had been adventurous men. One of them, named Thomas, settled in South Carolina; another of them, named John, went to sea, and returned no more: the four others went to London, and two of them, David and James, were lost in that great deep to the sight and knowledge of their sister's family.

One of the four, named Jenkin, was a public singer, and lived in the Strand; and while Mrs. Price's "old uncle, Evan Bowen" was able to make his usual journeys to London "to settle his accounts with Mr. Smith," Jenkin Williams continued to maintain a friendly intercourse with his sister, Mrs. Bowen; and a large dictionary was long preserved in the family, which he had sent to his nephew, Thomas Bowen, Mrs. Price's eldest brother. In or before the year 1786, Jenkin died, and bequeathed a guinea each to his sister's children.

The last of the four was Evan, a shoemaker, who, by indefatigable industry, earned at a cobbler's stall a handsome independence. He purchased several houses in the very street where he had worked; and when he died, he left his fortune to his own son Jenkin. This Jenkin Williams died childless, and without a will; and from the year 1793 until the year 1815, the hope of obtaining his estate occasionally gleamed across the minds of his Breconshire cousins.

It has been already mentioned that Mrs. Price's great grandfather had a sister. Her name was Elizabeth: she married a gentleman named Powel, descended from the family of Phylips of Nantwyllt, and died in 1693, leaving several children and grandchildren. The natural course of time allotted to the duration of two generations had laid them all in their quiet graves; excepting one, no posterity remained, and the fate of that one, Margaret Powel, the only child of Elizabeth's second son, was unknown to the nearest surviving kinsfolk, her second and third cousins in the cantref of Builth; when it chanced, in the year 1801, that a Welshman from Denbighshire, "Medow Davies, of Cefn y Waun, Wrexham," made a journey upon business into Scotland, and visited Dundee. He there met with a worthy old couple named Loudon, and brought back with him from them a letter, which he posted at his native town. It was addressed to Mr.

Samuel Bowen, of Pencaerelen, or to the officiating minister of Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan. Samuel Bowen being dead, Evan Bowen received it as his representative. The letter is dated, "Dundee, March 14, 1801," and subscribed, "Dear Sir, your loving cousin Margaret Powel." It expresses simply and warmly, the earnest desire of one who had been absent for more than forty years to hear some tidings of the place that gave her birth, and of her own "family," her "relations," her "people." It states, that if any of them will write to her, she will inform them particularly of her circumstances; and, subjoining an address, concludes by thanking God for health, and for requiring nothing of her kindred "but to hear of them."

Mr. Price's father wrote an answer to this letter; and soon afterwards another arrived, directed to the "Rev. Rice Price, vicar of Llanwrthwl, &c." and dated, "Dundee, May 20, 1801." It expresses great joy at receiving news from Wales, and gratitude for the kindness with which that news had been conveyed; and relates, that in the year, 1776, Margaret Powel lived as houskeeper to a banker in Lombard-street, and was married from thence to Alexander Loudon: that he took her immediately to Dundee, and there engaged in a prosperous trade, which he carried on "under various modifications, but particularly in brewing and malting," until 1795, when having "no progeny," and possessing an ample competence, he retired from business to a house which he had built for his "personal habitation." This letter asks for information, with a view to a journey into Wales, and is altogether redolent of sound sense and piety: though in the course of it, the interests and feelings of the scribe and dictator, the warm-hearted Alexander and Margaret Loudon, became so thoroughly amalgamated, that personal identity was forgotten and lost between them. Another letter was received by Mr. Price's father from Dundee, dated February 2, 1802, making renewed inquiries after Mrs. Loudon's relations, stating that her courage had failed in the previous summer to undertake the journey, but that her anxiety was still great to revisit her "native land;" and asking for a copy of her baptismal register.

In February, 1806, the Rev. Thomas Bowen, of Llanynis, received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Alexander Grant, of Dundee, requesting to be furnished with such particulars concerning his family, and the several places of residence of his father, brother, and sisters, as might suffice for the satisfaction of a person at whose request Dr. Grant was writing, in order to identify Mr. Bowen as a kinsman. Three subsequent letters were received by the Rev. Thomas Bowen, directed to Longtown, Herefordshire, dated from Dundee, in August and September, 1806, and written by Dr. Grant, as the confidential friend of the widow of Mr. Alexander Loudon. They relate to her testamentary intentions, and the last of them contained a remittance of £100, as a present, wishing Mr. Bowen health to enjoy it, and assuring him of her happiness in the ability to do him a kindness.

In July, 1812, the Rev. J. R. Price received a letter from Mrs. Loudon, in answer to two which he had sent to inform her concerning the changes made by time in the number and circumstances of her Welsh kinsfolk. It makes some pertinent and sagacious remarks on the political affairs of the period and their bearing upon social and private interests; and breathes the same fragrant spirit of family affection as her previous letters. Mrs. Loudon had now become so thoroughly identified with the family, that Mr. Price and his brother, in their frequent letters, made her acquainted with all their affairs, and asked her advice in various emergencies. In May, 1820, the Rev. John Hetherington, then minister of the English chapel at Dundee, wrote at Mrs. Loudon's request, to Mr. Price. She had become infirm, and was chiefly confined to her bed, but the strength of her understanding and the warmth of her affections remained without abatement. The following extract well deserves preservation :

“ Mrs. L. desires me to say that she highly approves of your motives for relinquishing your design of accepting the living of St. Vincent; no lucrative advantage, in her opinion, ought to be considered an adequate compensation for an unhealthy climate and an accusing conscience. With

respect to your relationship to the Williams of Gwernyfed, which you remember your uncle, Thomas Bowen, to have mentioned, she recollects nothing, and therefore cannot inform you whether such a relationship exists. You say that you hear that serious disturbances are existing in Rossshire; and that such disturbances did exist, there is no doubt, but they were merely of a local nature, nothing political. The Highlanders are no politicians. Thank God, we have been free from what is termed radicalism on this side of the coast hitherto, although the poor labouring people, I believe, suffer considerably, and very patiently, chiefly from low wages, and not from total want of employment. We have no regular poor-rates in this part of the United Kingdom; and the landholders and more opulent part of the community, perhaps from interest or other motives, appear to execrate such a measure; but, in my opinion, a moderate poor-rate, or regular assessment, well managed, would be of infinite use to the poor of this place: we have indeed collection upon collection, and subscription upon subscription, for the relief of the poor; yet by this means, the burden does not generally fall where it ought, and the poor are but inadequately supplied. I have lived now some space of time in both parts of the kingdom, and know well, that the poor on the south side of the Tweed, are generally better provided for than they are here."

A letter from Mr. Hetherton, dated February 6, 1821, informed Mr. Price of the manner in which Mrs. Loudon, then lately dead, had disposed of her fortune. Among various legacies to her Scottish friends and connections, one of £100, was bequeathed to her Welsh cousin, Mr. Price's mother. Mrs. Loudon left charitable bequests to several local institutions, and gave the bulk of her property to the Orphan Asylum of Dundee, constituting its trustees her residuary legatees.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Price's Literary Connections And Bardic Name, his Early Writings, Welsh Music, Mr. Price's Induction to the Vicarage of Cwmdu, Travels on the Continent, Visit to Ireland, Essay on Physiology, &c.

1823—1829.

“God hath so constituted our nature, that in the very flow and exercise of the good affections, there shall be the oil of gladness. There is instant delight in the first conception of benevolence. There is sustained delight in its continued exercise. There is consummated delight in the happy, smiling and prosperous result of it.”

Dr. CHALMERS' "BRIDGEWATER TREATISE." Vol. I. chap. ii, p.100. Ed. 1833.

IN the autumn of the year 1822, Mr. Price, at the request of Lord William Somerset, became a mediator between that nobleman and a third party, who, fancying himself aggrieved, had addressed to his lordship a very angry letter. The whole correspondence remains among Mr. Price's papers. It shows the candour and Christian forbearance of Lord William in a very amiable light; and proves to demonstration, in the result of Mr. Price's interference, the conciliating power of truth when kindly spoken.

In the same year, (1822,) an English gentleman, who with his wife and children, had for some time been residing within Mr. Price's district, became involved in pecuniary distresses, and was consequently obliged to quit the country. Mindful of hospitality previously received, and full of com-

passion for the unhappy family, Mr. Price was induced to co-operate with one of their relations, by using his powerful local influence to effect a composition with the creditors, and accomplish the arrangement of his friend's affairs. During three successive years he devoted much of his time to the superintendence of the deserted property, to the settlement of the bills, and to the additional task of a laborious correspondence on the subject. He also exerted himself to procure an appointment for one of the children. His connection with this family closed for a time with a loan, or virtual gift of £10, out of his own scanty means.

He always demonstrated a particular esteem for the chief town of his native county; and by the exertion of his indefatigable diligence and zeal, the "Aberhonddu Cymdeithas Cymreigyddion," (Welsh Literary Society of Brecon,) was established on September the 8th, 1823. The members of this society elected him their president; and his official associates were Mr. R. Evans, Rhaglywydd; Mr. D. Rhys, Trysor-ydd; Mr. M. Evans, Bardd; and Mr. T. Jones, Cofiadwr.

Soon after the establishment of the Aberhonddu Cymreigyddion, Mr Price successfully exerted himself in the formation of the Welsh Minstrelsy Society. He obtained a sufficient number of annual subscribers to remunerate Mr. John Jones for instructing, at Brecon, a certain number of blind youths to play upon the national instrument, and also to provide triple harps for the pupils. This Society is mentioned with commendation in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, Vol. II, p. 113, and Vol. III, p. 404.

Mr. Price always felt, and practically acknowledged, that his abilities and acquisitions, whether mental, physical, or material, were talents intrusted to him for the glory of his God, in the benefit of his fellow creatures. A petition for aid, let it come whence it would, seemed to him to be always accompanied by a divine intimation directing him thus to be useful. At the call of an Auxiliary Bible Society, a Church Missionary Association, or a Cymreigyddion, he would cheerfully set out from Crickhowel on foot, alone or with friends, walk twenty miles or more to the place of meeting, deliver an address, preach a sermon, or take part in a discussion, as circumstances might require, and after

an hour or two of rest, commence a pedestrian journey home again. This was not merely an occasional effort, but a habit persevered in through a series of years.

Amidst conflicting applications for his personal services, he used upon principle to comply with the one to which he judged that he could do the most good. Distance and difficulties never biassed his decision, and the fatigue of a peregrination to Merthyr Tydfil and back again, with its involved mental toil, was amply compensated by the self-approving consciousness of well expended time, and of faculties rightly applied.

Mr. Price's first contribution to the native literature of the Principality, is believed to have been a series of papers on "Yr Iaith Geltaeg," (the Celtic Language,) which were published in the "Seren Gomer" (Star of Gomer,) a Welsh monthly magazine, about the year 1824. The extraordinary knowledge, manifested in these papers, of Cymric literature, and especially of the Welsh Bardic Poetry, attracted great attention among his literary fellow countrymen. In order to mark, secretly yet distinctively, his property in these papers, Mr. Price affixed to them the signature of "Carnhuanawc:" a compound epithet formed by himself from the Cymric words "Carn," a heap, usually of stones; "Huan," a personification of the *sun*, answering to the classic Phœbus; and "Awg," *ardency*, used as an adverbial termination; the general meaning in combination being the Man of the Sunny Mound. This name was subsequently conferred upon him as a Bardic title; and by it he soon became known as an object of respect and love, and national pride, throughout the length and breadth of the Principality; in London, in Liverpool, and in every part of the United Kingdom where Welsh congregations existed, and in the Welsh colonies beyond the Atlantic: while the Celtic population of Brittany recognized under that designation a friend, a brother, and a benefactor.

The pages of the same periodical work soon afterwards became the arena of a contest between Mr. Price and Dr. Owen Pughe, upon two antiquarian questions of fact, namely, "Are there, or are there not, Irish words in the poems of Myrddin?" and "Is the road which crosses the dyke at

Stonehenge, a Roman road or not?" Mr. Price, trusting to the authority of Mr. Davies of Olveston, maintained that Irish words may be found in those poems; and relying upon a personal survey of the road, decidedly pronounced it to be Roman. In after years, Mr. Price became convinced, by the exercise of an unbiassed judgment upon Myrddin's Poems, and by a more careful and exact examination of Stonehenge, that in both these instances he had been wrong.

At page 327 of the "Hanes Cymru," he says :

"Justice calls upon me to make one public confession (*i.e.* with reference to the above controversy.) I did, on that occasion, in my *ignorance*, my *hurry*, and my *self-sufficiency*, maintain, and with great boldness, that a Roman road crossed the dyke at Stonehenge. Owen Pughe denied that assertion; and now, after seeing the place again, and investigating it minutely, I am convinced that it is only one of the common old roads of the country."

The late Rev. D. Rhys Stephen, adverting to this fact, has eloquently remarked :

"It is almost a felicity that some men fall occasionally into errors, that the world may be blessed with such instances of honesty in investigation, and graceful candour in confession. During those years, as long as the *Seren* was in the hands of the excellent Joseph Harris,* and for several years afterwards, CARNHUANAWC was a constant contributor, and generally in reference to subjects connected with the history, language, and literature of Wales. His very name was enough to command immediate attention, and it was a rare case for any other portion of a magazine to be read until CARNHUANAWC's paper had been well conned. In short, he had scarcely passed his thirtieth year, when by common consent he was regarded not only as an authority in all literary and historical questions connected with the Cymry, but was looked upon fondly and proudly by us all,

* For an account of Joseph Harris, of Llantydwedi, the reader is referred to Williams's "Eminent Welshmen," page 211. Rees, Llandoverly; and Longman, London; 1852.

irrespective of class, creed, or denomination, as one of the noblest of our country's sons, and the most chivalrous, as well as the most able of her champions."

He never repressed or relinquished inquiry when his own mind had awakened to doubt a once avowed opinion, nor while that opinion was questioned by any other intelligent critic. He never checked the growth of expanding thought by the petrifying process of stubborn self-vindication.

In a letter, dated, "Kerry, July 28, 1824," Mr. Jenkins remarks :

"In a No. of *Seren Gomer*, some time back, there was a tune, or *Welsh Rans de Vache*, with the initials T. P. under it, which I supposed to be yours. I have been for some years collecting all the *Dyfi Tunes* I could find, for the purpose of preserving them from being lost, and I have been very successful. If you have any such collection, I shall be glad if you will bring it with you, and to be favoured with a view of it, that we can compare them. You are welcome to see mine, and make extracts from it. I have a *Glamorgan Rans de Vache* of a wilder strain than the one in *Seren Gomer*.

"I almost forgot to mention there are compositions for every prize, and those very creditable to the country."

Mr. Price, in a letter dated "Crickhowel, August 3, 1824," gives Mr. Jenkins the following information :

"The tune you mention in *Seren Gomer* was written by Mr. Bevan, of Crickhowel, but I think there may be several of the same kind, as I am satisfied I have heard a different one. My ear is not correct enough to take down a strange tune in its proper modulation, or I could easily step into *Glamorganshire* and learn them. But some-body ought to do it : suppose Mr. Parry were requested to do something of the kind? I know of no fitter person. I have not any collection of Welsh tunes, though I have often heard some that I am certain were never printed.....

"But it appears that all European music is Celtic, at least so Dr. Macculloch has discovered, and he prides himself

not a little upon his penetration: it is in his last work, 1824. He is a most inveterate enemy to the Celts, and therefore his opinion is the more singular. However, his chapter upon music and the Caledonian gamut is worth reading. If you have not read it, I can explain it in two words.—The ancient Celtic scale is preserved in the Highland airs, it consists of fewer notes and different intervals to the common scale, i.e. only five notes, and is to be found in the black keys on the pianoforte, and is still preserved in the East: this is the most natural scale. The Welsh scale is an improvement upon it, or rather an addition to it; not that any scale whatever is more natural than another, it is all acquired. We might accustom our ear to any division of the octave, and think it equally in tune with the one in use. This is Maculloch's idea, and when he points out the gradual change of taste from Haydn to the chromatics and perplexities of Beethoven, I am inclined to think he is right. I suppose you have long been acquainted with the secret of composing Scotch tunes by playing on the black keys only: it is a very common trick, but perhaps you did not suspect that it formed the only musical gamut of the Scotch; but I think it very probable that if harps &c. were strung to that scale, the effect would be very pleasing."

T. Price.

In an undated letter to the Rev. John Jenkins, Mr. Price says:

"I hear that the people of Brecon begin to talk about having an Eisteddfod next September; if so, I hope you will give us your assistance; and among other premiums, I think it would be worthy of the Cymrodorion to propose a medal for an improvement in the manufacture of harp strings, as their continual want of tuning and then snapping &c. make them very tiresome. I think if any person turned his attention to the subject, he might succeed in improving them. Suppose you word a proposal, and get it adopted by the Cymrodorion. Surely the land of the harp ought to cultivate it in every instance, particularly in its very essentials."

“The requisites of improved harp strings should be—a superior tone, a superior degree of strength, so as to admit of the quality of not yielding so much under tension, but to continue longer in tune without relaxing.”

The following letter at last gladdened the heart of Mr. Price with the welcome news that he was independent ;

“Badminton,
February 22nd, 1825.

My dear Sir,

I understand poor Mr. Thomas, Vicar of Cwmdû, is no more. I have therefore lost no time (happening to be here) in urging my brother, the Duke, not to insist on naming a successor for Mr. Thomas of whom I could not comfortably approve, and he has kindly acceded to my request ; I will therefore present you to the Vicarage without delay, and with the full sanction and approbation of my brother. It is my attention to return home to Frenchay tomorrow : and where I shall be happy to see you with your presentation, any time after Sunday in the next week. The Abergavenny coach returns to Bristol, I apprehend, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The sooner you are with me the better : I shall therefore rather expect you Tuesday, unless I hear to the contrary. I am truly happy in having it in my power to serve you ; but at the same time under much regret at the loss of you from my living, and much uneasiness as to how I shall supply your place : however I just see a possibility of an arrangement being made, by which, without inconvenience to yourself, I may still, in some measure, retain your valuable services : or at least by which you may still possess a lawful and actual authority in the parishes, though vicar in a neighbouring one : in short I think we may retain Mr. James as assistant curate to you and myself, in both parishes, you not resigning my curacy. I wish you, if you have no objection, still to be at the head of affairs in the parishes of Llangattock &c., and remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

W. G. H. Somerset.”

The arrangements proposed by Lord William Somerset were acceded to by Mr. Price; who continued to hold the ecclesiastical charge of the parishes of Llangattoc, Llanelly, and Llangeneu, until the 6th of May, 1838. Upon Mr. Price's appointment to the vicarage of Cwmdû, he received a letter of affectionate congratulation from his brother upon the subject of his preferment, in which occurs the following advice: "I hope you will receive it as the gift of God, and be faithful and thankful." It also cautions Mr. Price against trying his health by "excessive walks," and begs him to live as a curate until he gets "before-hand with the world."

The Rev. J. Rice Price was, at the date of this letter, in declining health; and he died towards the close of the same year. A monument was subsequently erected to the memory of this amiable man, in the parish church of Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. The Biographer is indebted to the Rev. W. L. Mills, of Stonehouse, for the subjoined copy of the inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Rice Price, A.B., six years and a half curate of Eastington, and afterwards eight years curate of this parish, who died Nov. 1825, aged 40 years.

"He was a man of genuine piety, of the firmest integrity, and in charity to the poor excelled by none.

"His exemplary conduct, and the fidelity, diligence and zeal, with which he discharged the duties of his sacred offices, gained the confidence and esteem of all. He died beloved and lamented by the poor.

"As a token of the highest respect for his memory, this tomb was erected by the more wealthy inhabitants of the two parishes where he had officiated.

"'The memory of the just is blessed.' Prov. x, 7."

In a letter dated, "May 2, 1854, Vicarage, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire," Mr. Mills remarks:

"Many people now resident in the parish well remember him, and echo the eulogy which is inscribed upon his tomb. One feature of his character, a striking one, does not appear

in the memorial, and which may be expressed by the words *meekness, gentleness, and affectionate sympathy*. His end was sudden, and though sudden, peaceful."

The last close tie of family attachment having thus been dissevered, Mr. Price became henceforth wholly the property of his country.

In April 1825, he was elected an honorary member of the Royal Metropolitan Cambrian Institution.

In the summer of 1825, Mr. Price, for the first time, visited the continent of Europe; pursuing, within the general scope of recreation and self-improvement, the special object of carefully observing all that could be found most remarkable in natural scenery, in Celtic antiquities, and in ethnological distinctions of language and personal appearance. His travelling note-book begins with the following memorandum:

"Sailed from Southampton eight o'clock P.M., June 4th, 1825, arrived in Havre de Grace on the following day, Sunday, at half-past one, at noon. There had been a religious procession that day, being fête de Dieu, went to the church—saw a pretty good sprinkling of fair-haired Norman children, with blue eyes,—saw several Norman peasant women with their high caps—very coarse, ugly and brown.

When I first entered the church the preacher was holding forth: before I saw him his tones had something of a Welsh preacher,—he had a surplice on, and a little black cap on his head. All the children chaunted;—they were attended by several women in black—I suppose Nuns."

A few specimens will suffice to show the character of Mr. Price's casual remarks. Some very rough outlines of striking scenery are interspersed; and contours of Swiss female faces.

"The Devil's Bridge, near St. Gervais—very like the Devil's Bridge in Wales, but not so fine—the falls not picturesque as ours. The Arve is always muddy in summer from the melting of the snow. The Devil's Bridge is built over a small river, called the Bon-nant.

There are a great many brooks in Savoy which bear the name of Nant, as

Nant de la Griaz,
 Nant de Borgeat,
 Nant de Tacona,
 Nant de Felerius,
 Nant de Taverau ;

all in Chamouni : and others in different parts, as

Nant Rambert,
 Nant d'Arpenas,—a cascade near St. Martin ;
 Nant Orli,—another cascade to the north of St. Martin.

PATOIS OF SAVOY.

Nant*—a brook—obsolete.
 Onaclea—a key—clef.
 Ona-piola—a hatchet.
 On bourg—a spinning wheel.
 Ona taravala—an auger.
 On ethapre } a chisel.
 or eshapre }
 Un quemacle—a fire iron.

Sitting by the Pavilion, on the Montagne du Chalet, 5059 feet high, and under the Aiguille de Tricot, about 12,000 feet high, I heard a sound like thunder, and turning to listen, the people said very composedly 'L' *avalanche*,' and I saw a cascade of snow falling from the mountain which lasted about ten seconds.

Dr. Prichard, in his "Ethnography of the Celtic Race," section xi, says :—

"Nant, valley, rivulet, Welsh : not extant in the Erse dialect. It is in common use in Wales, and in the same sense it is understood in Savoy, where Nant de Gria, Nant de Taconay, are well known, and Nant Arpenaz, a torrent flowing over a summit, which is exactly described in Welsh by Nantarpenu. Hence many local names in Gaul, as Nantuacum, now Nantue, in Burgundy, situated in a narrow valley on a lake between two mountains ; also Nantuates, at Nanteuil, who, as we are informed by Strabo, occupied the valley of the Rhine immediately below its source ; and Nannetes, or Nantes, in a country intersected by rivulets."

The Netherlanders, i. e. the Belgians, seem in general a very fine race. The men are tall and well grown,—they have more of the English contour of face, i. e. the eyes are not so far apart as in the Germans, the jaw-bone is not so wide and projecting under the ears, and the face is generally more oval—the nose has more of the Roman character.

I have seen among the woodmen about Brussels, some superb fellows, who might have appeared as gladiators. The eye is of a dark or Prussian blue, with a dark circle round the iris, dark hair and eye-brows. The women partake of the same character.

Swiss mountaineers have not the polite shrug of the French, nor the clownishness of the English peasantry, but have more the manners of our labourers, such as *Prichard*, *Fletcher*, *Madoc*, &c., who speak to their superiors with civility and respectfulness, and yet with confidence and ease.”

The same note-book contains the following itinerary :

“Left Havre in the Diligence, at six P.M., was at Rouen at six the next morning, and at Paris at nine that night, viz. Monday, June 6th.

Stayed at Paris till the 8th, Wednesday, when I set off in the Diligence for Lyons at six o'clock P.M., and arrived at Lyons on Saturday, 11th, at three P.M.

Left Lyons on the 12th at two P.M., and arrived at Geneva on the 13th, at three P.M.

Left Geneva on Tuesday the 14th at seven A.M., and arrived at St. Gervais on the same day at nine P.M. Stayed the whole of the following day at St. Gervais, and set off on the 16th over the Col de Vosa on foot for Chamouni, and arrived there the same evening. Stayed the following day at Chamouni, and set off on foot on the 18th, over the Col de Balme, and passed.

Stayed at St. Maurice great part of the 19th, it being Sunday, and set off on foot in the afternoon for Vevay, and arrived there that evening, having had a lift in a Voiture.

Set off on the 20th, Monday, in the Voiture for Lau-

sanne, dined at Lausanne, and set off immediately on foot and arrived at Meudan that evening.

Set off on the 21st from Meudan on foot, and passed the lake of Morat, and arrived that evening at Gumineu, where I slept.

Took the Diligence at Gumineu on the 22nd, and arrived at Berne—continued my route in the Diligence, and passed the night in it between Berne and Basle, where I arrived on the 23rd.

Set off that day in the Diligence from Basle for Frankfort, passed the night of the 23rd between Basle and Strasbourg; arrived on the morning of the 24th at Kehl, close to Strasbourg; continued my route, and passed the night between Kehl and Frankfort: arrived on the Saturday morning, the 25th, at Frankfort, and by the side of the Rhine; and arrived at Coblentz on the morning of the 26th, having passed the night in the Diligence.

26th. Set off from Coblentz, and arrived that evening at Cologne, where I went to bed for a few hours—not having been in bed for five days and four nights.

Set off from Cologne at four in the morning, Monday, the 27th, and dined at Martigny, and arrived on the same day at St. Maurice.

Set off the same day from Frankfort through Mayence. Aix la Chapelle at twelve at noon, having passed a strong fortification, called Fort Reuss—pronounced Reise.

Set off again from Aix la Chapelle, and arrived at Liege that evening—continued my route that night in the Diligence, and arrived at Brussels at eight o'clock on the next morning, the 28th.

Set off on foot on the 28th, from Brussels, and arrived at Waterloo, about three or four hours' walk.—Walked over the field of Waterloo with a guide, and returned again on foot to Brussels, having diverged a little from the road in going.

Set off from Brussels on the morning of the 29th, at seven o'clock, and passed through Ghent and Bruges, and arrived at Ostend about eight that evening."

In the "Seren Gomer," (Star of Gomer,) of April, 1826, Mr. Price related to his fellow country-men, in their native

tongue, the particulars of this tour through Southern France, Switzerland, Western Germany, Prussia, and the Netherlands. He had endeavoured while travelling to test the assertion of Dr. Owen Pughe, that a dialect of the Cymraeg was spoken by the Walloons and others, and he communicated the negative result of his auricular experience.

In a Welsh letter, which appeared in the "Seren Gomer" of July, 1826, Mr. Price exposed the errors and imperfections of the then existing Welsh dictionaries by a citation of instances; and urged upon Cambrian scholars and publishers, the necessity for a new English and Welsh Lexicon, to form a well-arranged and capacious treasury for the verbal wealth of his native language.

In the months of July and August, 1826, Mr. Price travelled through North Wales, and crossing St. George's Channel, landed in Ireland, and visited the provinces of Leinster and Munster.

In Mr. Price's occasional visits to Aberpergwm, he had become acquainted through the Williams family with the late Earl of Dunraven; and when in Ireland, he proceeded by invitation to Adare Abbey, the residence of that nobleman, in the county of Limerick; and shared the hospitality of the Earl and Countess during the whole period of his sojourn in the country, with the exception of a few days.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne were at the same time guests at Adare, and at their request Mr. Price devoted those days to visiting the Lakes of Killarney with them. He occupied a seat in their carriage, and received from them the most obliging attentions.

There occur in his travelling note-book some curious remarks on the subject of Irish physiognomy.

He says:

"As soon as we leave Dublin for Limerick, the people assume a uniform national character. The stature is good, not much above the middle size, but of such a make, as were they better fed, they would appear very fine men; and when we hear how poorly they live—on potatoes and water!—it is surprising to see the general good symmetry, and the universal good spirits which they possess. The hair from

Dublin to Limerick is dark—mostly coal black; when the lighter kind of hair is seen, it is so rare, as to be only an exception to a general rule. The eye is universally grey: I never saw one black eye from Dublin to Limerick—nor is it a blue eye—but near Carrigogunnell, I noticed the darker fine blue eye, and among the children, a lighter shade of brown hair. On the Limerick road aforesaid, the face is rather long than round—Savoyard in the eye and eyelash—but otherwise nothing Continental, either in the jaw or eyes. The profile not handsome, nor particularly bad. The nose generally inclined to turn up, the nostrils not strongly marked; and the junction with the forehead, low and sunk—far from Grecian. The full face tapering towards the chin, and in profile the chin receding, and the people have a habit of keeping the mouth open, as if the lips were not sufficient to cover the teeth; forming altogether a Gothic oval, sharp at the corners of the mouth. The eyes do not show enough of the white to be handsome.

There is a greater similarity of feature than I have observed in the same extent of country in England, and particularly in Wales, where there is a great variety of physiognomy.”

Several specimens of Irish profiles are here given in the original manuscript.

“In the reign of Elizabeth, a colony of Spaniards settled in the south of Ireland—7,000 of which returned,—but many remained, and their descendants, I am informed, are still to be seen about Dingle. They have a darker and more foreign appearance than the Irish. Those that I saw, or at least those whom I met with near Tralee, were such, for I observed in that part of the country, though not often, the black eye, so unknown among the real Irish, together with a better developed style of feature.

Take any one single Irishman, and it would be impossible from his appearance, to say from what part of the British dominions he came; but travel through Ireland and you will see a decided uniformity of character—viz., black or dark

hair—grey eyes—and turn up noses—very straight legs—I never saw one bandy-legged, or knock-kneed man in Ireland.”

There are several pretty sketches of Round Towers, “Ireland’s Eye,” &c.

A page of the same note-book preserves a quaint and extraordinary epitaph.

“Inscription in Muccross churchyard :

This stone was erected by Owen, Timothy, Edmund, and Michael Murphy, in memory of their father Kerry Murphy, for them and posterity. A.D. 1825.”

After re-crossing the channel upon this occasion, Mr. Price and the friends with whom he then travelled, chanced to occupy the same public conveyance with Mr. Crofton Croker, who was at that time a perfect stranger to them all. Conversation, however, arose, and happening to turn upon the subject of folk-lore, that gentleman, warmed by the kindred tastes of his Welsh companions, revealed to them, that the capacious carpet-bag beside him, contained materials for a projected publication of the Fairy Legends of Ireland.

At Mr. Croker’s entreaty, one of the party (Miss Jane Williams of Aberpergwm, the “Llinos” of Welsh Music,) subsequently sent to him a collection of the traditionary Fairy Tales of Glynnêdd ; to which Mr. Price added an original drawing, designed by himself, and illustrating the notion given him by a Welsh peasant of the Pwca, or Puck, of Wales, and of Shakspeare. These Welsh Fairy Tales were first published in a supplement to the “Irish Fairy Legends,” together with an engraving from Mr. Price’s drawing. The same Welsh Tales, in an abridged form, have since been reprinted by Mr. Keightley in his “Fairy Mythology.”*

A letter, dated April 17th, 1827, from the widow of Mr. Theophilus Jones, the Breconshire Historian, bears witness to the faithful, grateful, and generous spirit in which Mr.

* Bohn’s Antiquarian Series.

Price had volunteered his services, and offered his purse and home to her. The distress which he sought to alleviate, had been occasioned by the general commercial panic of the period.

In 1827, Mr. Price received a letter from Mr. Hullmandel, the eminent Lithographer, stating, in answer to a series of inquiries, the impossibility of making successful transfers of chalk drawing, advising Mr. Price to draw his own designs upon thin stone slabs barely half an inch thick, for the sake of lightness in carriage; and adding, that having nothing to do with the publication of engravings, he cannot furnish Mr. Price with any information as to the probabilities of obtaining a sale for the subjects alluded to. It may be inferred from this letter, that Mr. Price had conceived a project, by means of which he hoped at once to make known the memorable antiquities and remarkable scenery of Cambria, and to increase his pecuniary means of benefiting his fellow countrymen. Several copies of a lithographed original sketch, representing a group of ferns, stones, and an old tree, were found in one of Mr. Price's portfolios.

During the months of June and July 1827, Mr. Price made a tour in Scotland, visiting the Highlands and Islands, pausing to view every spot remarkable either for natural characteristics or for historical associations, and regarding with especial complacency the localities endeared to human hearts by the poetry of Ossian, of Burns, and of Scott. He carefully examined the geological peculiarities of the country, its indigenous productions, its arboriculture, architecture and antiquarian remains, while zealously studying ethnology in every human form and face that he encountered. Several sketches illustrate some very interesting Celtic monuments in the Isle of Mull, on the banks of the Nairn, near Culloden; at Aviemore, and at Glengarry.

The first page of his travelling note-book presents a rough drawing of a "Stone on the roadside in Glencoe", with the inscription, "Rest and be thankful, 1748. Repaired by the 23rd regiment, 1768."

In the autumn of the year 1827, Mr. Price was consulted upon the project of establishing a periodical Magazine to be

published in the English language, but entirely devoted to Welsh and ancient British subjects. By the zealous assistance of Dr. Owen Pughe, the Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry; the Rev. Walter Davies, of Manafon; Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, the Rev. John Jones (Tegid,) Mr. A. J. Johnes, of Garthmyl; Mr. Price, and several other eminent antiquaries and able scholars, the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine" was accordingly produced, under the editorial care of Mr. P. Buckley Williams. The first volume (1830) was dedicated to Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the most true and constant friends to the Principality.

In the summer of the year 1828, Mr. Price made a tour through the midland counties, visiting every place of historic fame, and viewing with delight the fantastic rocks and caverns of Derbyshire.

For several years the Welsh Minstrelsy Society fully answered the benevolent intentions of its founder. It was at length marred and broken up by the party politics of the borough. Jones voted at an election for Mr. Lloyd Watkins; the powerful family of Tredegar, its friends and retainers, retaliated by withdrawing their subscriptions from the society. Its ruin ensued, the poor blind pupils were dispersed, and the harper removed himself to Clifton. Knowing that his friends at Crickhowel, and its neighbourhood, intended to give a series of parties, at which the services of Jones would be required, Mr. Price advised that skilful harper to economize at once, time labour, and expense by sojourning for the time at Crickhowel. Jones and his wife accordingly took possession there of lodgings, which Mr. Price had engaged for them. Just at that period (1829,) Mrs. Bevan, of Glanrafon, a lady much beloved in the vicinity, was seized with an alarming illness. While this continued, the intended amusements of her sympathizing friends, were one and all postponed; and when Mrs. Bevan's illness terminated fatally, the general feelings of sorrow for her death put a final end to their festive purposes. The harper in consequence returned to Brecon, disappointed and out of pocket. Mr. Price, however, felt bound by his own delicate sense of honour, to make good poor Jones's pecuniary expectations. He calculated the various sums, which, under more favourable circum-

stances, would have remunerated the musical performances, and out of his own purse made the harper a present of the amount.

Mr. Price's feeling of profound veneration for the Divine Scriptures, had been shocked and deeply wounded by the sceptical theory announced by Mr. Pinkerton and his congeners, concerning the origin of nations. To produce an effectual refutation of that theory became the object of his constant meditations. He read, he thought, he collected and collated facts, until a clear series of logical deductions vindicated to his reason the truth which he had strongly felt. While thus occupied, it occurred to him that a curious speculation upon the causes of difference in human physiology, which for several years had directed his observation to circumstances likely to substantiate it, might contribute a train of newly developed facts to support fresh arguments against Mr. Pinkerton's theory. Unfortunately, Mr. Price's zeal led him, while exulting in the production and probable use of his physiological speculation, to overlook the insufficiency of the proofs which he had laboriously accumulated for its support.

The interest taken in this work, and in its author by the late distinguished oriental scholar, Sir William Ouseley, appears from the following letters; which afford some very useful instructions and suggestions to all votaries of literature.

“No. 23, Foley Place, London

Jan. 19th, 1829.

My dear Price,

Your work (the *Opus Aureum*) is getting on so well (I mean both expeditiously and very handsomely,) that I shall in time give you a hint—whatever may be the intrinsic merit of a work by any author, a little friendly assistance at its birth must be of service. I know you destine a copy for me, but desire Rodwell to let me have another copy for my friend, the Editor of the weekly *Literary Gazette*, (he is a member of our Royal Society of Literature,) and I think it would be advisable to let the editor of the other weekly journal have one also, which I can take care shall be proper-

ly managed. This will insure an early notice (and perhaps some praise) in these weekly journals, that give very smart though short notices of every recent publication. My friend Col. Franklin, wasted twenty copies on Reviewers, &c., &c., but two of whom I think noticed his work after all, for want of proper management. You will be, I imagine, handled a little in the Edinburgh or Quarterly—but you are able to defend yourself—and I can, collaterally, assist you. I would not let Rodwell go to much expense about advertising—it must be advertised, certainly, and he may now begin to announce it, a fortnight before hand.—I am certain the *annonce* will attract attention.—I find that kind of subject much the fashion here. Do you not pity me for what I must have suffered when printing my three great quartos—seven or eight revises of every sheet!!! Now, with our London printers, one revise is quite sufficient. I went on all the time at Clifton (three weeks,) with Burckhardt's Arabia, and found it just finished on my arrival in town. I received your note from Rodwell, and am obliged by your attention to my Pratt message—apropos—may I trouble your *valet de chambre* (or your *femme de chambre*) la belle Madame Pritchard, to give the other pages of this letter (you may fold it in an envelope, if you will take the trouble) to your neighbour Pratt, as soon as you can, as you are much richer than either him or me, it will save postage.—I wish I were an over-grown pluralist, like the Rev. T. P. Vicar of Cwm Dwyxz, &c. &c. I am glad you approved of the classical Journal.—I took the trouble of writing it all out for the press (I mean your article,) as there were some words in your hand-writing that I felt sure the printers would blunder at. I altered also (only in two or three places) the structure of sentences &c., and I believe (from a hint of our Secretary, Royal Asiatic Society) that you will have a reply from the Col.—or some friend: so much the better. Voltaire used to pay people to write severe critiques on his own books—to these critiques he wrote smart retorts,—and his book became interesting to those, who otherwise might never have heard of it. I have kept your original MS. of the article in the Classical Journal, and if you wish to ascertain where I took the liberty of altering any passage,

I can send it you, and you may compare it with the printed article: but it is reckoned excellent, and very much gratified Mr. Huttman, (Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society) whom I found attacking the Col. on some other parts of his work.

Give my regards to all friends—the Davieses, of Court-y-gollen, Dan-y-Castle, Langynnidr, &c., and Mrs. Irving, in short all within ten miles.

Dear Price,

Yours truly,

Wm. Ouseley.

Rodwell begs me to tell you (what you don't care much about) that a parcel you sent by post cost 8s. 8d., and that by the coach it would have been but three shillings—*verbum sapient sat*—

Pray call at Mrs. Irving's, and tell her that Emily, Frederick, and I are all well, and I think Lady Ouseely and the young ones are still at Clifton, and were all well when I heard last.—I expect Lady Ouseley in ten days."

"23, Foley Place, London,

July 2nd, 1829.

My dear Price,

I resolved not to write until some of the periodical works had noticed your Essay.—To my certain knowledge, three short accounts of it were long ago sent to different publications: yet the only one that has yet given a notice of it is the "New Monthly Magazine," that appeared on the first (Wednesday,) the account is very brief, (for that work cannot give long reviews,) but will not, I think, be unpleasing to you. Another publication abstains from noticing it, merely, (as I suspect,) because the editor is a country-man of Pinkerton and Macculloch, &c.,—but "nous verrons." I have heard your work much praised, and I think that it will be regularly reviewed very soon.

What are you about now? have you any notion of coming up to town? if so, do not fail to let us know by calling immediately. We have had very pleasing letters lately from India: my people there hold Malthus, it appears, in supreme

contempt. Julia (Mrs. Scott,) has just produced a daughter, (she had two days before); pray mention this to Mrs. Irving when you pass by next. I sent a copy of your work to Paris, and hope to see a pleasant notice of it soon in some of the monthly reviews of that capital.

Poor Frederick has been very ill at Brussels, of a pulmonary attack, inflammation, &c. Lady Ouseley and I are going (I propose so at least) next month to see him there;—from the Tower of London to Brussels, Frederick was but two days by sea and land;—the Steam-packet took him in 24 hours to Ostend, and the Diligence immediately on to Brussels—all for three guineas. You had better come with us—we mean to be away but one month.

I'll let you know the moment any other notice of your work appears. Remember us kindly to all our good friends at Crickhowel.

Lady O. joins me in best regards,

And I am,

Dear Price,

Very sincerely yours,

Wm. Ouseley.

Best love to the

Langunniders, &c. &c.”

Early in the year 1829, Mr Price published “An Essay on the Physiognomy and Physiology of the present Inhabitants of Britain, &c. &c.” It was well received by the public, and acknowledged by many critical reviewers to have ably accomplished its primary object. The pious intention of the author, and the interesting and entertaining matter embodied in the work, won for him perhaps the most general meed of applause ever elicited by his pen. Exceptions were taken, of course, to the extraordinary hypothesis that sulphurated hydrogen affected the colour of the eye, but the strain of public eulogy was neither lowered nor interrupted by them.

The “Christian Recorder” of June 11, 1829, alluding to public teachers whose doctrines strike “at the very foundation of Revelation, denying the doctrine of the fall and Redemption of man, and the truth of the declaration, that

God 'hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth : '—says,

“To refute this theory, and to show its pernicious tendency as opposed to Revelation, is the object of the invaluable Essay before us; and we must in justice to its learned author say, that he has triumphantly established his positions. He proceeds first to remark upon the opinions advanced by the prejudiced Pinkerton, as to the unchangeableness of human nature, and then proves from an immense variety of facts, which have come within the range of his own observation, and which are confirmed and illustrated by other writers, ‘that the difference of physiological character in the human race is altogether the result of external and accidental causes, and not of any original generic variety.’”

After inserting copious extracts, the same Reviewer adds :

“As a whole, the volume does credit to his heart, as a defender of divine truth ; to his head, as a scholar ; and to his industry, for the collection of interesting facts by which it is illustrated. To the physiologist, the divine, and the christian, it presents ample materials for reflection ; and we recommend it as containing a storehouse of information, and a variety of ingenious remarks on subjects which are important, but which are greatly misunderstood.”

The eminent Dr. Prichard, in his “Ethnography of the Celtic Race,” section xvi, says :

“The opinions of Mr. Pinkerton and Dr. Macculloch have been fully discussed and refuted in an ingenious work written expressly with that view by the Rev. T. Price. To that work I beg to refer my readers who are desirous of estimating the merits of this controversy.”

In a subsequent passage, Dr. Prichard quotes from the same work Mr. Price’s description of the physical characteristics of the present inhabitants of Britain.

In Mr. Price’s own copy of this Essay is pasted an extract from the Athenæum of January 16, 1841, containing, under the heading of “Analysis of the Waters of the Afri-

can Coast and Rivers," a very remarkable account of the origin and deleterious effects of sulphureted hydrogen, and its superabundant production in those localities. No mention is made of its effect on colour; and no comment is added by Mr. Price; but the connection traced by his thought is apparent. This paper probably served, not only to confirm his previous hypothesis, but likewise to extend it to the production of the black eyes and hair, and the sable complexion of native Africans. Speculations which only a hundred years ago seemed little less ridiculous to our forefathers, now rank among the boasted discoveries of modern science.

In October 1829, the Gwyneddigion Society elected Mr. Price to be one of its honorary members, in token of their respect and high estimation of the services conferred by him upon the whole Principality. Towards the close of the same year, he experienced the loss of his much valued friend the Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry, (Ceri) Montgomeryshire: whose name is unaccountably omitted from Llangadwaladr's Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen.

The following letter was addressed to the Rev. David Davies, at that time Curate of Ceri, and now Incumbent of Llangunllo, Radnorshire.

"Crickhowel, December 2nd,
1829.

Dear Sir,

While I return you my thanks for the attention you have shown me in your late communication, I cannot refrain from adding that I never was so much shocked by any event, or felt such unqualified regret upon any occasion, as that announced in your letter. When I parted with my good friend a short time ago, I little thought it was for the last time, for although I was aware of the serious nature of his illness, yet I was by no means prepared for so melancholy a termination to it. We shall all miss him exceedingly, not only as a friend, but as a high-spirited public character. His private worth I need not mention to you, who knew him so intimately; and as a national character, he will not soon be replaced. I hope his son may inherit his estimable

qualities, and occupy the same enviable station in the good opinion of his countrymen.

I would not intrude upon poor Mrs. Jenkins in her present distress, but should an opportunity occur, pray tell her how deeply I sympathize with her in this affliction, and would remind her that we have the consolation of reflecting that his life, while it was spared, was spent in active exertion in the best of causes, both as connected with this world and the next; and though he is taken from us, doubtless as having fulfilled the service appointed him to perform, yet the prints of his exertions will remain as testimonies of his faithfulness, and as examples to stimulate others in similar duties.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

T. Price.”

CHAPTER X.

Orations delivered by the Rev. T. Price, at the Brecon, Caermarthen, Welshpool, Brecon, and Denbigh Eisteddfodau.

FROM RECORDS MADE BY HIMSELF IMMEDIATELY AFTER
EACH MEETING.

1822—1828.

“That conflux of ideas, with which the different sciences enrich the mind, gives an air of dignity to whatever we say, even in cases where the depth of knowledge is not required. Science adorns the speaker at all times, and where it is least expected, confers a grace that charms every hearer; the man of erudition feels it, and the unlettered part of the audience acknowledge the effect without knowing the cause.”

MURPHY'S Translation of the “DIALOGUE CONCERNING ORATORY,” ascribed to TACITUS.

THE word “Eisteddfod” signifies a public session of persons formally convoked at stated periods, in one part or other of the Principality of Wales, for the enjoyment of intellectual intercourse, for the exercise of mutual emulation, and for the promotion of Cambrian literature, rhetoric, poetry, music, and all ingenious and useful arts, within each specified district; that district extending in the days of the native princes, throughout the four provinces of Wales and the Marches. Such periodical meetings have their historic records from the sixth century of the Christian era; and appear to have been held among the Cymry from immemorial

time, sometimes encouraged by the auspicious countenance and liberal rewards of sovereign princes and wealthy nobles; and at others solely sustained among the commonalty by the irrepressible energy of native genius.

An Eisteddfod held at Caermarthen in the year 1819, under the friendly patronage of Bishop Burgess, proved the means of exciting among the upper classes of the Principality, a renewed sense of their duty towards the people, in the encouragement of their national ingenuity; and since that period few years have passed away without witnessing the local celebration of one or more such bardic festivals.

On the 24th and 25th days of September, in the year 1822, an "Eisteddfod," or General Meeting of the Cambrian Society of Gwent, for the encouragement of Ancient British Literature, Poetry, and Music, was held at Brecon. Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., of Tredegar, was the president, and all the principal families of the eastern counties of South Wales attended upon the occasion. The Rev. Canon Payne, of Llanbedr Ystradyw; the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Cowbridge; and the Rev. Thomas Williams, of Brecon, were the appointed judges of the Prose compositions. The Rev. Walter Davies, (Chair-Bard at the Caermarthen Eisteddfod of 1819,) Mr. Edward Williams, (one of the editors of the *Myfyrian Archæology*,) and the Rev. John Hughes, (author of the *Horæ Britannicæ*,) were the judges of the Poetical productions. The Musical awards were entrusted to Mr. John Parry, (Bardd Alaw,) the eminent composer, whose decisions were assisted by Mr. Hayter, of Hereford. Several works of real merit were produced, and much musical skill was exhibited; but the more especial charm of this meeting appears to have been derived from the oratorical enthusiasm of Mr. Price, enkindling, through his looks and tones, the national sympathies of more than six hundred auditors.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE REV. THOMAS PRICE AT
THE BRECON EISTEDDFOD, September 24th, 1822.

FROM A REPORT IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING.

Having made some remarks upon an ancient manuscript of the Gododin, and other poems of Aneurin in his possession

sion, Mr. Price said, he conceived "that in a congress of Bards, no apology could be necessary for defending the rights of Aneurin; indeed, he thought it scarcely possible that any one there could feel an indifference towards the fame of a Bard, to whom we are in a great measure indebted for one of the most spirited and poetical compositions in the English language; for it was the fire of Aneurin's poetry that attracted the lofty muse of Gray, and it was the alliteration of Aneurin and his successors, that afforded the models of some of the most beautiful lines in the celebrated 'Bard' of Gray, so that he trusted he was not asserting too much when he said that English poetry was greatly indebted to Aneurin.

But I will go further than even this," continued Mr. Price, "and venture to assert, not only that the admirers of poetry are under obligations to the Ancient British bards, but that much of the refinement of civilized life is more intimately connected with the traditions and history preserved by them than may at first be apparent.

It will not be disputed, that even in the middle ages, dark and barbarous as they were, there existed a certain system, many of whose maxims would do honour to any age whatever, and which under the name of Chivalry, inculcated principles of the most refined and admirable character, and which laid the foundation of many of the advantages of society in the present day.

It is not my intention to pronounce a eulogy upon those times, or to advocate the pernicious system of feudalism, which then prevailed; but I trust that in these enlightened days, we may contemplate and admire the virtues of past ages without fear of again encountering their evils; and however absurd and unreasonable the usages and opinions of those times may generally have been, yet it cannot be denied that in them was cherished a tone of high and generous feeling, which even in the present day cannot be regarded without admiration.

I shall not attempt to enumerate all the excellences of this system, for it is sufficiently evident that its supporters inculcated principles of courtesy and refinement in private life, of honour and manly sentiment in their public conduct,

and formed in themselves the great bulwark of Christian independence. They afforded the only check to the fearful encroachment of the Mahomedan power, which was extending itself in every direction except where it was opposed by the spirit of Chivalry; and however absurd and fanatical they may at present appear, yet, had it not been for the progress and enthusiasm of the Crusaders and their predecessors, in all probability we should have been this day under the dominion of Mahomedan Sultans.

But whence did they derive such principles? and what people was capable of supplying them? For, however the world may since have profited by classic learning, it is clear that it was not from the heroes of Greece or Rome, that these principles were derived; for the gods of the capitol had long disappeared, and every trait of Roman character had been swept away in the deluge of the Gothic invasion. But had they remained, still the pagan heroes of Greece and Rome could never have supplied the exalted principles of Christian Chivalry. It therefore becomes interesting to know whence such principles could have been derived, so different and superior to any the world had ever witnessed before. It must be owned that in an inquiry of this kind, causes and effects will be found so interwoven together, that it becomes exceedingly difficult to refer each to its proper origin: but one thing I will venture to assert without fear of refutation, which is, that the original models of chivalrous imitation were Welshmen, and some of them from the very district which gives its name to the present Eisteddfod.*

I believe it cannot be disputed that the earliest patterns of knighthood were Arthur and his fellow warriors; for if we trace the progress of chivalrous feeling, and the machinery of those romantic legends which had such an extraordinary influence upon society, we shall find that they all centered in Wales, and among the Cymreig population of Britain: for we may follow this system through a long series of ages and countries, in each of which it probably received some tinge and modification of character, but each of which refers

* Gwent.

us to some other nation, and some period still more remote, until we come to this very age and people which I have just named; to

“Uther’s son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights.”—MILTON.

For, if we look for the introduction of Chivalry into England, we are referred to the Norman Conquest, but if we search the history of Normandy for Arthur and his knights, we may hear of their names and exploits—but Normandy was not their country. From hence we pass into Bretagne and Provence, and are told that the Troubadours and Provençal minstrels were the inventors of those tales of Chivalry; but whatever embellishments they may have received from the Troubadours, yet, with the exception of the Bretons, whom national connexion had induced to join the standard of Arthur, it is evident that the ancient Knights of Romance were not natives of any part of the continent.

From hence then we turn to the Crusaders, and follow them to the Holy Land, but still we find ourselves as far from our object as before; for whatever tinge they may have received from Saracenic influence, undoubtedly the early models of Chivalry were not of Asiatic origin: even at the court of Charlemagne, and at Roncesvalles, (a place whose very name is sufficient to produce the highest tone of romantic feeling,) yet here we are equally distant from our object. For though Roland and the Paladins were most gallant knights, yet even they must own still more ancient and more perfect models of conduct. Where then shall we find them? I have already ventured to assert that it is here—in Wales; and even in this very district in which the present Eisteddfod is held. For it was at Caerleon, the metropolis of Gwent, that the great Arthur held his court, encompassed by his knights; furnishing examples of valor and courtesy to the surrounding nations. And from this land, and from our forefathers, emanated that spirit which was destined to contribute so eminently towards the civilization of the world. And as we have the honour of claiming Arthur as a Welshman, we have also that of ranking him among the bards, or at

least among the poets of Wales, as that stanza composed by him upon his three principal warriors can testify :

“ Sef ynt fy nhri chadfarchawg
Mael Hir a Llyr Llwyddawg
A cholofn Cymru Caradawg.”

Lo ! these are my three knights of battle ;
Mael the tall, and Llyr the victorious,
And the pillar of Wales, Caradoc.

Many who have read of Sir Caradoc, Sir Trystan, and the enchanter Merlin, without whom the most celebrated Romances would have been but poor and meagre ; may little suspect that there are still existing in the Ancient British language, numerous poems, not only of the same age with those heroes, but actually the composition of several of them. As a proof of this, I might mention the poems of Merlin, and of Llywarch Hên, (the Sir Lamorac of the Romances) and several others ; but I shall at present only instance a dialogue between Trystan and another knight, which, if not originally composed in that very age, is evidently not of much later date, and exhibits the precise style of thought and action, which entered into the groundwork of Chivalry. By this dialogue it appears that Trystan, on account of some offence, had for a considerable time absented himself from the court of Arthur, upon which, Arthur sent eight and twenty warriors to fetch him back, but Trystan struck to the ground all who approached him ; at length Gwalchmai, a friend, endeavours to reason with him, and tells him that a more powerful force is approaching, even the whole host of Arthur, and recommends submission ; upon which Trystan, like a true knight, says :

‘ O caf fy nghledd ar fy nglun,
A’m llaw ddeau i’m ddiffyn
Ai gwaeth finneu nag undyn.’

Let me have but my sword upon my thigh,
And my right hand to defend me,
And I myself will be more formidable than any.

However, Gwalchmai, by means of persuasion, succeeds in bringing about a reconciliation. .

I must acknowledge, it may be told us that it is immaterial in what quarter of the world a set of obsolete legendary tales had their origin, or in what age they were current. And so it may be at this period of light and improvement, for we have now higher principles to direct our conduct than could have been afforded by any human system, however pure. But there was a time when it was otherwise, when men were so sunk in ignorance and barbarism, and the most essential relations of society so little respected, that such a spirit as the influence of Chivalry diffused was to the world an invaluable blessing. And as I have ventured to trace this spirit to the early patriots of our own country, lest I should be charged with an over-bearing vanity in claiming to ourselves such a distinction, I feel called upon to add that I attribute this superiority solely and entirely to the more pure spirit of Christianity which our forefathers were blessed with above the other nations of Europe, at least of those who maintained their independence. For the inhabitants of Wales, with their Cymreig allies, seem to have been the only Christian people in existence who successfully resisted the Pagan Gothic invasion, and while all the other provinces of the great Roman Empire were successively and rapidly falling under the Gothic sword, the Principality of Wales, with the natives of Armorica, Cornwall, Cumberland, and the Welsh of Strathclyde in Scotland, effectually resisted the invasion, and succeeded in preserving their liberty and their religion. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at, if among them was cherished a spirit of a milder and more civilized character than could be found among the ferocious and pagan warriors of Scandinavia. And the continual display of the most genuine courage which they must have exhibited in their struggle against that mighty deluge, before which even the Roman legions were unable to stand, and that courage tempered by the mild and humane spirit of the Gospel, must have attracted the admiration even of their enemies, and at length have become an object of imitation to them. Accordingly, we find that the countries inhabited by the Welsh tribes are, in the old traditions of Europe, pointed out as the scenes of the exploits of those heroes who were regarded as the most perfect models of valour and patriotism.

And as the institution of Bardism has been an instrument of contributing so much towards the civilizing of our rude and ferocious ancestors, its memory is at least entitled to our respect as that of an old and venerable benefactor. And though the urgency which once called for its influence no more exists, yet in active and patriotic hands it may still be made the means of incalculable good, by awakening that national energy which has so long lain dormant, and assuring our countrymen that they are justly entitled to a high and conspicuous rank as a people. And when this conviction is produced, and a consciousness awakened, that the eyes of others are directed towards them, it will be the purest pledge that they will endeavour to maintain that character which they feel themselves possessed of.

And when we see these energies now called forth, and that too under such exalted patronage, when we see the banner of Ifor Hael again displayed over the bardic chair, and again diffusing its protecting influence over the *Awen* of Cambria, we are almost tempted to indulge in the reveries of our early minstrels and, in imagination, see the time arrived when Arthur, and Merlin, and all the train of ancient Chivalry, have at last awoke from their long and enchanted sleep, to confer benefits upon their country, and restore that national character for which it was once so celebrated."

Having thus made manifest, within his native county, the power which he possessed of interesting and affecting his hearers, Mr. Price resolved perseveringly to pursue the self-prescribed task of awakening the sympathies of the upper classes in the Principality for the character and pursuits of the native population. Accordingly, in the following autumn, he visited Caermarthen. In that town and its neighbourhood he was then almost a stranger; and he presented himself at the Eisteddfod of 1823, with no other introduction than his own graceful person and the modest consciousness of worth and talent. The subsequent applause of the whole assembly, eulogies from Lord Dynevor, the president, and the hospitable kindness of Bishop Burgess, acknowledged and honoured this second effort of disinterested zeal in the accomplished Cambrian orator.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE REV. THOMAS PRICE AT
THE CAERMARTHEN EISTEDDFOD, THURSDAY,
September 25th, 1823.

FROM A REPORT IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING.

“ Mr. Price observed that when an object was brought forward as claiming the patronage of the public, it was but reasonable to expect that its promoters should be prepared to produce some evidence of its utility. With regard to the views of the present institution, he felt that they had been so ably stated by others, that it was unnecessary to add any thing further upon the subject. However, in order to form a distinct idea of the practicability and probable success of these undertakings, it might not be inexpedient to take a review of what had been before effected by the same means.

“ With regard to the system of Bardism,” continued Mr. Price, “ every person acquainted with the history of the Principality must acknowledge its beneficial effects. But the influence of the Bardic institution was not confined to the mountains of Wales; and however bold the assertion may appear, yet I will venture to state that the laws of England, and even the British constitution itself, are under greater obligations to the talents and learning of the Welsh bards, than may at first be admitted. For in contemplating the wonderful structure of our constitution, we are naturally anxious to know where we are to look for the origin of so admirable a system; and for want of better information in so perplexing a research, many have determined upon attributing it to the ancient Germans, and that for no other reason than that the Saxons came originally from Germany. But a slight examination of the subject must convince us that the wild habits of the savages of Germany, however well adapted to their own sylvan life, could scarcely be accommodated to the laws of civilized society. And, whatever merits they possessed in the remote period in which they are described by the Roman historians; yet, by the time of the Saxon settlement in Britain, there is reason to believe that the habits of that people had undergone so great a change that very little of their ancient character remained.

If we look into the laws of the Saxons while they held the sovereignty of England, we may perceive that previous to the reign of Alfred they were in a very confused state; and as far as we can discover, not possessed of any particular excellence until that great monarch new-modeled them, or rather formed an entire new code. But where did he find materials for this? It was in the ancient laws of Wales—and that too through the instrumentality of a Welsh bard, Asser Menevensis—the azure bard of St. David's, known among his countrymen by the name of *Gereint y Bardd Glas*, and for many ages remembered among the Saxons under the name of *Glasgerion*, whom, among other instances, we find noticed by the poet Chaucer, when in describing a festival, and the minstrels who attended, he says

‘And other harpers many a one
And the Briton Glaskyrion.’

But however our Saxon neighbours may be disposed to concede to us any merit of this kind, yet we at least must acknowledge that our race is under infinite obligations to the influence of the *Awen*. If we look for the origin of this, we shall find that its remote distance entirely conceals it from our observation, but this we know, that the earliest dawn of our history opens with notices of bardism. I do not allude to the era of the Roman historians, but to a period much more remote, to the first colonization of this Island, and even prior to this; for though little more than his name has reached us, yet in the appellation of *Tydain Tad Awen*, we may discern some extraordinary personage, who, in one of the early ages of our race, communicated lessons of instruction to our forefathers through the medium of poetical composition. And though the length of time, and the obscurity of oral records, have placed several of our ancient heroes among the number of those mythological characters with which our early traditions abound, yet the gratitude of his countrymen would not suffer the name and services of the founder of the Bardic system to sink into oblivion. And such was the veneration they felt for him, that, though so many generations have passed away, yet even the memorial of his tomb is still preserved among us; and whatever vicissitudes our race may have experienced, and whatever

regions they may have been destined to occupy or relinquish through successive ages, yet the sepulchre of the Father of Song was not left without being recorded among the national traditions :

‘ Bedd Tydain Tad Awen
Yg godir Bron Aren
Yn y duna ton tolo
Bedd Dylan llan beuno.’

The Grave of Tydain, the father of the muse,
Is at the foot of the hill of Arren,
Where the murmur of the wave is heard.

But when we descend more into the era of historical evidences, we have the decided testimony of the Greek and Roman writers that the bards were the instructors of the people, and the inculcators of morality and patriotism ; and though this institution, like every other in a heathen state of society, must have partaken in the general imperfection ; yet even then, according to the light they possessed, there was much deserving of imitation. But when the light of Christianity shone upon the land, and the powerful operation of the gospel had effected its great revolutions in the human mind, then it is that we see the system of Bardism in its greatest splendour, and become an eminent agent in forwarding the best interests of mankind. And the gift of Poetry which had too often been employed in whetting the swords and spears of contending barbarians, was now become an instrument for sharpening the spiritual ploughshares and pruning-hooks of the Christian vineyard. And in this point of view it is that we can, as Christians, regard and promote its operations without fear of inconsistency ; and upon this ground the most sacred characters in the land may sanction and patronize the exercise of the muse, without fear of compromising their profession. How often has this heavenly gift been employed in the most holy services ? —How often have our Christian bards raised the voice of warning and rebuke in times of peril :

‘ A glywaist ti a gant Padarn,
Pregethwr cywir cadarn ?
A wnelo dyn Duw a’i Barn.’

Hast thou heard what Padarn sang ?
That sound and powerful Preacher ;
What man does, God will judge.

“I need not advert to the host of bards, who, together with Taliesin in the early periods of our history, employed their talents in supporting the national faith against the encroachments of pagan invaders; nor shall I notice the numbers whose native energy broke forth occasionally, even through the darkness of the middle ages, but I will come nearer to our own times—to that remarkable epoch in which the Principality of Wales was, together with many of the nations of Europe, beginning to emerge from the gloom in which those dark ages had so long enveloped the world. And here again we find the *Awen* of the bards an active agent among the benefactors of our country.

As an instance of this, I need only mention the services of that eminent poet of his day, the Rev. Edmund Prÿs, Archdeacon of Merioneth; who conferred an invaluable benefit upon his countrymen by turning the book of Psalms into Welsh verse. About the same time likewise, we find the genius of poetry bestowing another book, and contributing to the dispelling of the ignorance and impiety which then darkened our country, in that useful work of the Vicar of Llandoverly, called *Canwyll y Cymry*; of which there is scarcely a Welshman acquainted with his native tongue, who has not some knowledge. And though not strictly composed according to the bardic rules of versification, yet, such was the ease and simplicity with which it was written, that it was perfectly intelligible to the most uneducated; and it consequently became one of the most useful books ever published among us. Such also was the sweetness of its verse, that multitudes of the natives of the Principality were known to forsake the idle rhymes and superstitions to which they had been accustomed, and to learn with delight to repeat and sing the carols and moral songs of the *Llyfyr y Ficar*. And thus, at a time when Welsh books were scarcely in existence, and the few that did exist could be but of small utility to an illiterate peasantry; or when oral instructors were equally scarce, even then the gift of song befriended our country, and in a great measure supplied their place, and went far towards accomplishing their object. For these songs of the Vicar of Llandoverly were learned with delight, and communicated from one to another through our most

secluded glens and mountains, and contributed to form that moral and orderly character for which the peasantry of Wales may vie with those of any part of equal extent in England.

If we would wish to see this peaceable orderly and loyal character maintained, and our countrymen advance in civilization with the progressive improvement of the world, we must afford them instruction in their native language. Nor can we sufficiently reprobate the absurd and wicked policy of those persons who would deprive our poor mountaineers of the blessings of instruction in the only language in which they are capable of receiving it; and who would consign whole generations, through whole centuries to ignorance and barbarism, by withholding from them the means of information. But I trust these days of prejudice are passing away, and indeed we have the pledge awaiting one county in the spirit of national union and improvement which convinces itself amongst us.

Among other objects which have been promoted by the present Eisteddfod, there is one in particular which promises, in an eminent degree, to advance the interests of the Principality. I mean that establishment of a Cambrian University, which is now in progress among us, and whose beneficial results are beyond the present scope of calculation. When the first foundations of our great English Universities were laid, who could have expected that they were to become so celebrated as the seats of learning? Or when the first stone of a similar institution was laid in the lonely Isle of Iona, who could have foreseen that from that desolate spot, light and improvement should spread to the surrounding tribes, and contribute to the forming of the most civilized and orderly population of the world? When similar means are used, we may look for similar effects; and I trust that even now there is a handful of corn sown in the earth upon the tops of the mountains of Wales, the fruit of which shall wave like the forests of Libanus.”

The report of this Eisteddfod (Harris, Caermarthen, 1824,) mentions that at a bardic dinner, on the same day,

Mr. Price "distinguished himself in a Welsh speech, in honour of Gruffyth ab Nicholas, which was much applauded."

In the autumn of the year 1824, an Eisteddfod was celebrated with extraordinary pomp and splendour at Welshpool. Lord Clive was the president, and Powys Castle the centre of territorial hospitality. At this national gathering Mr. Price was the invited guest of his friend, the Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry. The Rev. John Hughes received a prize on this occasion for a valuable essay on the Early Propagation and establishment of Christianity among the Cymry: the Rev. John Blackwell received another, for his essay, in Welsh, upon the Welsh language: and the Rev. Thomas Price received another for his essay upon the mutual relations existing between Armorica and Britain. Among the many eloquent Welshmen who stood forth at that meeting to advocate their country's cause, Mr. Price was the most distinguished by demonstrations of popular favour.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE REV. THOMAS PRICE
AT THE WELSHPOOL EISTEDDFOD, 1824.

TRANSCRIBED FROM HIS OWN NOTES.

"After an appropriate introduction, Mr. Price said:

There is something so extraordinary in the fortunes of our race from their earliest history, that whoever considers it must be struck with its singularity.—At what time the character of nations was given, I know not;—whether, like their language, the characteristic features of nations were impressed upon them by an instantaneous fiat, or acquired by gradual progress: whether at the great dispersion on the plains of Shinar the various tribes of the world were severally stamped with an indelible impression, and, like the metal from the forge, tempered at once to that state of moral and physical character which they were ever after to bear; or whether the distinguishing characteristic of each was the result of successive and fortuitous causes, I cannot take upon me to determine: but this I will venture to assert, that in whatever cause it may have originated, our

race of the Cymry have, from the earliest dawn of their history, manifested a character no less decided than their destinies have been various and extraordinary.

It is now approaching to two thousand years since the first authentic records of our race commence, and yet we remain, nationally speaking, the same unchanged people. During that long period, what various tribes have appeared in Europe, and again vanished for ever! By what different nations have the lands of the European continent been occupied during the vicissitudes of 2,000 years! Through that long period what various languages have been heard in every country from the Danube to the Atlantic!—and yet our race in all probability possesses the self-same mountains that it occupied two thousand years ago, and speaks the same language that then roused our forefathers to patriotism and deeds of valour. Even this fact alone must lead us to acknowledge that the fates and fortunes of our race have been marked, and singular—to have preserved their territory and their language unchanged, while the rest of the world has undergone such mighty revolutions.

The struggles of our nation against the Roman power are too well known to require any thing further than a bare allusion to them: at least it may be sufficient to observe that such was the fame of their valour and determined resistance, that the reduction of the natives of Wales was thought an object of such interest and importance, as to occupy the pen of one of the most elegant of classic historians; while it called for a triumph among the Roman people, and gave occasion to one of the most splendid acts of one of the greatest of the Roman Emperors; and when Tacitus records the reduction of the natives by the Roman arms, he cannot withhold from them the tribute of applause which their valour demanded; and even in their reduction he calls them *the brave and warlike nation of the Silurians*.—“*Validam et pugnacem Silurum gentem.*”

Again, during the terrors of the Saxon invasion, their character appeared no less conspicuous; for though during the existence of the Roman dominion they had been reduced and exceedingly weakened by that great power, which had been destined to subdue the nations, yet their energetic

spirit was not destroyed, for the moment the weight was removed by the departure of the Roman legions, the spirit of the people, like tempered steel, sprung back to its place, and sustained them in a most arduous struggle of 300 years against their Saxon invaders, until they succeeded in establishing their independence, and placing their country in security.

We have not many authentic records of these times, otherwise we should undoubtedly find many splendid acts to admire: but these were times of conflict; it was indeed to them *a day of trouble, of treading down and of perplexity*. It must not be expected that many works of literature could have been produced in them, but from the few we possess we can easily perceive the ferocious and exterminating nature of that invasion: on the one hand the furious onset of the invaders, and on the other the intrepid and persevering resistance of the natives; while hosts after hosts of armed and blood-thirsty barbarians were continually landing on our coasts, like waves of that mighty deluge which was desolating Europe.

Ida, king of Northumberland's march through the land was marked by such terrors, that by the Welsh he was called the *Flame-bearer*, and in the emphatic language of the bard, *The great smoke of burning cities*. And as an instance of the conflicts which our forefathers had with their invaders, we are informed by a contemporary bard, that one chieftain alone encountered them more than seventy times.

“Cadwallon cyn noi ddyfod
A'i gorug an digonod
Pedair prif-gad ar ddeg
am brif deg Prydain
A thri ugain cyfarfod.”

Cadwallon, before he was slain, fought for fair Britain fourteen pitched battles and sixty skirmishes.

Indeed those ancient documents present us with a most animated picture of the excitement and martial enterprize of those times.

“Aryf yngynnyll
Yng yman dall—twrf yn egwld, &c.”

‘Now arms are borne, the ranks are formed, the tumult is approaching—
Behold in front the stately warriors, the mighty and the valiant ;
While the trenches are marshaled, and around are heard the
Wreathed bugles and are seen the curved falchions.’

And another bard in the same strain of warlike animation, says :

‘Daroganof fi hyn—cad ym mhob meyn—Cymry ac Gyrhwyn.’

Now I do prognosticate frequent encounters through the land. The Cymry are in action, a commotion in Scotland, the Angles are on the move over the floods of Lochlin, and the Armoricans are alert. Now the hand is on the blade—and foot to foot, and many a drop spilt, and the spears are red, and ravens upon the carcasses, and a band around the beacon of the mountain top.

This is the species of description which our early bards afford us ; and though much historical knowledge is involved in it, yet it is but obscure ; as the mere record of facts was scarcely compatible with this tumultuous style. Old Llywarch Hên gives us a striking picture of the energy of a British warrior :

‘Ys teneu fy ysgwydd, &c.’

This is my shield on my left shoulder : though I am old, yet while I am able, I will keep watch on the encampment of Morlas.

These were the spirits which maintained their liberties and their territory ; and had the natives of the South defended their country with the same determination, we should not now have to lament the destruction, &c. But what could stand against such an inundation ? Even the Roman legions gave way and saw their glory trodden to the ground ; and well might they retire, when whole nations of ferocious barbarians left their native countries and poured down in successive torrents : the Roman legions fled before them, and great Rome became a barbarian settlement. Yet strange and unusual as it may seem, the territory of Wales, small as it was, not only resisted the Gothic invasion, but afforded a secure refuge to others.

Again, when the Danes conquered the Saxon inhabitants of England, and annexed that nation to the crown of Denmark, and when moving bodies of those barbarians traversed the country, oppressing the inhabitants like a pes-

tilence, yet they never were able to gain a footing in Wales, or even a landing, except in marauding parties along the coast.

Again, in later times, when the Norman armies landed in this Island, the people of England submitted to their dominion after one ill-fought battle; nor did they ever properly attempt to assert their liberties, though yoked under the most galling oppression of curfew bell and forest laws: but the natives of Wales never submitted to the Norman yoke, nor submitted at all, until after two hundred years of incessant warfare they were so reduced by the continued powers of England as to be no longer capable of exertion; and yet then their submission was but short and exceedingly precarious: so uneasily did conquest sit upon them, nor did they ever remain tranquil until they were admitted to a general participation of the privileges of the English nation.

I should exceedingly lament if any thing I may have advanced should in any way tend to revive feelings, or to renew prejudices which ought long ago to have been forgotten. And whatever feelings of this description may still survive in some secluded spots, I am confident that those whom I have now the honour of addressing are not under their influence. And whatever wrongs our forefathers may have sustained in the Saxon invasion, beyond a doubt they were most justly merited, and a righteous dispensation of the judgments of Providence. But whatever the injuries may have been, those times are now gone by, our ancient enemy no longer exists, the Saxon people have undergone a change, more than half their blood is British, and the two nations have been so blended together, and their mutual welfare so established by community of rights, and by identity of interests, that they may virtually be called the same people; and the only emulation now should be that of patriotism and public spirit. We are greatly debtors to each; for the admirable constitution of our country, which every Englishman is so proud of, is no less the boast of the Welshman too: as doubtless its origin may be traced to the ancient laws of Wales, which were by Alfred consulted in the formation of those of England. And with regard to the more

perfect maturity of that constitution, Who was it that contributed towards that great work but the Welsh line of Tudors which then occupied the English throne? It was Henry the VIIth, the grandson of Owen Tudor, that terminated those hateful contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, and restored peace and tranquility to the nation. And when the people were groaning under a foreign power, it was his son that threw off the yoke of the Roman Pontiff, and established liberty of conscience in the land. And, whatever his faults may have been, society is much indebted to the daring and intrepid spirit of Henry the VIIIth, as it is also to the prudence and sagacity of his daughter Elizabeth. In fact, it was under the auspices of the Cambrian Tudors that the glories of England commenced. And I have been induced to dwell somewhat long upon this subject, as I feel that our countrymen have been too supine in claiming to themselves those honours which so justly belong to them. In short, we have often passed our honours by, with a culpable indifference, while others with much less claim, though more sagacity, have availed themselves of our neglect.

But while I have experienced your indulgence while noticing these subjects, if I have incurred the disapprobation of any one through an injudicious adverting to topics which might be consigned to oblivion; or if in these times of peace and serenity I have excited ideas of too martial a tone, I must exceedingly lament my imprudence. I would willingly have selected others of a more peaceful nature, but the character of those turbulent times to which I have adverted, is almost entirely one of war and conflict. And among the early bards the spirit of slaughter is more frequently breathed forth than the accents of peace; the screaming of the eagle, and the feeding of the wolf and the raven, are among their most frequent images.

‘Eyr Eli, gorelwri peno ! yng waed gwyr gwinofi
Eyr Pengwenn Pengain llwyd.’

Eagle of Eli! loud is his cry this night: he delights in the blood of men, and thirsts for the blood of warriors.

Eagle of Eli, I hear him this night, brown-beaked eagle of Pengwern! loud is his cry this night; he feasts on the flesh of heroes.

Whether these expressions of the bard are literally descriptive of the habits of that bird in his nightly screaming over the field of the slain, or whether they are the embodying of the darkening vision which rested on his mind after a day of carnage, they are eminently descriptive of the genius of those times; &c.

These are the images generally presented to us by the early bards, and if they occasionally indulge in any thing of a more peaceful strain, it is but for a moment, like a transient beam of sunshine in a stormy sky; they soon resume their warlike strains. Sometimes it is true a bard will touch a softer note—

‘Gwylan yn gwase an wely lliant—lleithrion ei phluawr pleidiau edrin.’

The sea-gull sporting on her bed of floods, her feathers gliding o’er the murmuring waves.

And for a few lines he proceeds in something of a pastoral strain, which evidently proves that had his lot fallen in more peaceful times, he was not incapable of feeling and expressing gentler sentiments. *The seamew sporting on her bed of floods*, has, in the original, something soft and musical; and as he alludes to the scenes of his infancy, we are led to expect some luxuriant descriptions of scenery and pastoral feeling. But the bard does not long indulge in this train of ideas, but soon reverts to his more martial habits, and to scenes which circumstances had rendered more congenial with his mind:

‘Llachar fy nghleddau—lluch yd ardwy
Glew—llewychedig—aur ar fy nghylchwy.’

‘Llachar fy nghleddau—lluch ei anwyd
Ynghâd llewychedig—aur ar fy ysgwyd.’

Bright is my sword, gleaming in conflict;

Glittering and bright is the gold on my buckler.

With such images constantly presenting themselves to our observation, in the review of those remote times, it must not be wondered at if I have dwelt so long upon them; and perhaps they are not ill adapted for illustrating that fact which I have been endeavouring to establish, which is the

intrepid and pertinacious spirit of our Cymreig race, which through so many successive ages retained its character unaltered; and which, like the steel from the hand of the cutler, though the substance may be diminished by wearing, though it may lie idle in rust, or be blunted through neglect, yet it will never lose its high-wrought temper, but will always recover its polish and its edge whenever its qualities are proved.

If it should be thought that in the fervency of national partiality, I have over-rated my country, I have only to appeal to facts, and though those days of martial virtue have gone by, and we should be thankful that the exercise of that quality is no more called for among us, yet the spirit of the people is evidently the same. And that energy of soul which has been displayed among them in so many arduous circumstances, in times of trial and peril, in times of vigorous action and persevering endurance, that national spirit still exists and is now manifesting itself again; not in acts of martial enterprize, it is true, but in the more desirable pursuits of mental cultivation. The natives of the Principality have been unjustly accused of a rude and untutored bearing, but perhaps it would be difficult to point out any other country in the world in which the peasantry and lower classes feel such an interest in literary and intellectual pursuits as the people of Wales do. And where among the same class of persons are literary societies formed, and attended with the same enthusiasm as in the various Cymreigyddion Societies and Eisteddfodau of the Principality? This is not limited to any class of our people: there are now thousands in the cottages of the labourer, and even in the cabins of the shepherd in the remotest mountains, and in the deep recesses of the mines, aye tens of thousands, who are now waiting with intense interest for the particulars of the proceedings of this day.

With many of you it may be difficult to conceive the powerful emotions which are excited by the association of such recollections as connect themselves with the life of the native Welshman: many brought up in affluence, and of course habituated to the refinements of polished society, cannot enter into those deep feelings of interest which the

sequestered inhabitants of the mountains take in the traditions of their country. It will be acknowledged that even to those who have long been removed from the scenes of their infancy, the remembrance of early habits has a powerful effect on the mind; and how much stronger must it be to those who live under the uninterrupted influence of such impressions! This consideration may in some measure explain the attachment which our people feel towards their country and traditions. And it is a worthy and laudable attachment, it is the very germ of patriotism, and when kindly cherished, cannot fail of being productive of beneficial results. And is there any man who would wish to eradicate this attachment from our hearts? Surely that man would be the greatest enemy to his country. And if the day should ever come, in which the energies of our country should be so required as that the peasantry of Britain must exert themselves in an unusual manner, depend upon it, this feeling of national attachment which we are now cherishing, will be found among the most valuable and powerful supports of public honour and safety.

I therefore congratulate my countrymen, not only that a spirit of nationality has been awakened among us, but that it has met with patronage and encouragement, and that too from those to whom such influence so justly belongs. Let the gentry and aristocracy of our country foster the national feelings of the people, and they will be a blessing to the land in which we live."

ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE WELSHPOOL EISTEDDFOD,

Mr. Price having addressed the meeting upon the occasion, proceeded to say :

"We are told that our language is in that state of decline that it is almost expiring; and therefore they say, we ought to abandon it, and even hasten its extinction. Truly this is a most honourable piece of advice, especially to us descendants of the Britons; to desert an old friend and relative, because he is so reduced by weakness as to be almost expiring. What! should you abandon an aged parent in his last days, and leave him to his helplessness, or hasten his

dissolution because he is old and infirm? Our language is to us as a venerable and aged parent, and shall we abandon it? shall we be, &c. This was not the temper of our fathers—they stood by their liberties to the last, and defended every inch of their country with undiminished valour, though they felt it was the last time their foot should ever press it, &c.

We are told our language cannot last; but let them inform us what language will last, and we will instantly adopt it. But as we cannot pretend to look into futurity, we may draw some inference from the fate of other languages. The Latin language continued for ages: but where is the Latin now? and yet it once bid fair to last; it was the language of the great Roman Empire, the polished, the court language of the West: but it is gone.

The Saxon succeeded it: it had not, it is true, the attractions of the Latin; but yet the multitudes which bore it here seemed at one time likely to preserve it. But where is the Saxon now? Let the college professors of Saxon answer that, as I believe there are but few others who can give any account of it.

The Saxon was succeeded by the Norman, and so vigorously was the cultivation of that language enforced, that no Englishman could obtain or plead for justice but through the medium of the Norman French. But where is the Norman now? I know not where, except in musty legal documents, or in sepulchral inscriptions on dilapidated tombstones.

And the present English—but it would be ungenerous—it would be an act of ingratitude, wantonly to forbode evil to that noble tongue, through the medium of which so many blessings have been conferred upon the world; but the language of Rome became extinct, and shall that of England enjoy an eternal duration? I own it would be criminal in us thus to prophesy evil wantonly and unprovoked. But when we are chafed and goaded to it, when we are taunted with the extinction of our native tongue, shall we not reply? shall we not say that we likewise perceive the seeds of decay in the English? And, unless the ever varying habits of commercial nations greatly mislead us, the time may come

when Shakspeare will be as obsolete as Chaucer, and when Milton and Addison will be read by the assistance of an interpreter. And who can tell but that when the present English sleeps with the Latin, the Saxon, and the Norman French, the accents of our mountain tongue may yet rouse some remains of the Britons to patriotism and glory? Fortunate will it then be for those who are acquainted with the Ancient British language, which, having already lasted through the revolutions of ages, may reasonably be expected to continue as it has done, and to surmount every opposition. The cultivation of the Ancient British language must be useful while there are tens of thousands who know no other; its nationality, as we have this day witnessed in two of our poor countrymen consecrating their friendship over the harp, kindles the most generous feelings;* and how many have of late years lamented the injudicious conduct of their parents, who neglected to teach them the Welsh language in their youth, and who permitted them to attain manhood in this state of ignorance, when they found out their deficiency with so much regret! But some persons are dead to argument; and though, as a great statesman has observed, they cannot blow out the sun which shines upon others, they can raise a smoke which deprives their own eyes of a view of its splendour. If he who should destroy a light-house would be deemed a barbarian, what shall we say of the man who wishes to extinguish a living language?"

Mr. Price concluded by pointing the attention of the assembly to the case of poor Iolo Morganwg, a Welsh bard, now passing his declining years in pain and poverty, and whom he recommended to the benevolent consideration of his wealthy countrymen.

*"Mr Price here alluded to an accidental circumstance which had just occurred on the platform. There were two pennillion singers, who were adjudged to be the best of those who had contended; but the judge could not determine which of the two was entitled to the prize, their merits being so nearly equal; he therefore requested them to contend together, in order that he might determine between them; but they said they were friends and neighbours, and refused to contend. At last at the request of Lord Clive they consented, and shaking hands in token of friendship, and being placed one on each side of the harper, it so happened that they shook hands exactly across the harp, which had a very striking effect."

“In making an appeal to the meeting on behalf of Iolo Morganwg, and mentioning his literary and antiquarian services, Mr. Price said, “God forbid that I should needlessly enter into an exposure of the humble circumstances of unobtruding poverty, or utter an expression which could wound his feelings, were he now present. And I know that his high spirit of independence would recoil from an unguarded expression, even of sympathy, &c. And when you are enjoying the gratifications of the present season, and feasting upon the luxuries of intellectual enjoyment; and may they be enhanced to you a thousand fold! yet do not forget the services of this poor old man; and let it not hereafter be said that while the natives of the Principality were indulging in pleasure and gaiety, poor Iolo Morganwg was passing his last days in obscurity and indigence.”

(After this a small subscription was made for him.)

In the autumn of the year 1826, a second Eisteddfod, or meeting of the Cambrian Society of Gwent, was held at Brecon, under the patronage of Lord Rodney. It was very numerously attended, and the principal families of South-eastern Wales were present. The literary compositions sent in were of great merit, and the display of musical ability did credit to the taste and skill of the minstrels and songsters of Wales. Many eminent Welsh Scholars appeared on the platform, and among them, Dr. Owen Pughe, the Lexicographer; the Rev. J. Jenkins, of Kerry; the Rev. J. Blackwell, &c. Mr. Price had often succeeded, at similar gatherings of the Cymry, in winning that best guerdon of chivalrous emprise, the tributary meed of enthralled opinions. This meeting, however, became to him ever afterwards peculiarly memorable, as an æra alike auspicious to Cambria's welfare, and gratifying to his personal feelings; for his honest and fervid eloquence proved the means of stimulating the inherent patriotism of Gwenynen Gwent, and gained for him the life-long friendship of the Llanover families.

SPEECHES DELIVERED BY THE REV. T. PRICE, AT THE
BRECON EISTEDDFOD, 1826.

FROM HIS OWN NOTES.

“At the opening of the Eisteddfod, one of the bards, who came forward to address the meeting, was Moses Evans, of Llanfrynach, known by the name of Glanmehascyn, who spoke in Welsh, and recited some lines of his own composition; when he retired, Mr. Price came forward and said:

My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen. The person who has just addressed you, is the bard Glanmehascyn, bard to the Brecon Cymreigyddion; and though he has for some years cultivated the awen in his own native glen, yet he was not always so peacefully employed, as he is one of those brave men, who, in difficult and arduous times, maintained the honour of the British Flag, and laid the foundation of our naval Empire; and it is one of the happiest recollections of his life, that he commenced his career of honourable service, on board the ship of Admiral Rodney.*

He has told you in the ancient British, that there was a time, when the sound of the cannon was to him the sweetest music, and those two words ‘Boarders away,’ he thought the finest and most poetical composition he had ever heard; but he now thinks they must yield to the sound of the harp, and the voice of the awen; and he verily believes in his heart, that the present splendid assembly affords a more inspiring sight than even that of a French squadron heaving in view.”

“A blind harper having requested Mr. Price to introduce him to the meeting, in order that he might play before the Eisteddfod, Mr. Price stood by him on the platform, and introduced him in a speech of nearly the following words, or at least of the following purport:

I am requested to introduce to you, &c. &c.

And although the strains of their minstrelsy may be but transient, and the song of the bard equally unsubstantial, yet, their effects may be of a more real and durable descrip-

* The father of Lord Rodney, who presided at the Eisteddfod.

tion. And, perhaps it requires no very profound knowledge of human nature to discover that these circumstances, trifling as they may appear in themselves, yet are not without their share as auxiliaries in forming the character of the people. And, if the experience of every member of refined society bears any analogy to that of his more unpolished fellow-man in the recesses of the mountains ; then we may infer that even in those seclusions, the sound of the harp, and the song of the minstrel, will not altogether pass away without calling up some of the more generous feelings of our nature, and without awakening the listener to a consciousness of more refined and exalted sentiments ; and teaching his heart to beat with pulsations of higher energy, and thus, for a moment at least, elevating him in the scale of beings. And though these may be but momentary and transient gleams, yet their habitual recurrence will familiarize those under their influence with this effect, and leave an impression, which will not be altogether obliterated ; and who can tell but that in the intricacies of life, and in the difficulties of decision, when the selfish passions of our nature shall rise up in array against our more virtuous but feeble resolves ; some chord may again vibrate in harmony with those once struck, and the nobler emotions of the soul be recalled from the dead, and triumph in the cause of honour.”

MR. PRICE'S ADDRESS, BRECON, 1826.

FROM HIS OWN NOTES.

“ We have at length arrived at another anniversary, since the re-establishment of our ancient national festivals ; another of our Cambrian Olympiads, as they have been termed with reference to their provincial celebration ; a new scion of the ancient bardic tree has been grafted and planted in our soil ; and it is with unfeigned delight, that we regard its stately growth and luxuriant foliage ; the high and palmy stature of this perennial of Cambrian cultivation. Long may it continue to flourish among us, and the Cambro-Briton to rejoice under the shadow of its branches ! We should be ungrate-

ful, indeed, if we did not acknowledge the privileges we enjoy. For while other countries are involved in tumult and misery; and while many less fortunate districts, even in the British Islands, are all but menacing rebellion, and utterly insensible to any motives, except those which incite to the most turbulent and unsocial habits; the happy natives of the Principality are composing odes for Eisteddfodau, and offering medals for the cultivation of the harp: and long may they continue so peaceably employed! if not among the causes, these occupations are at least among the surest evidences of internal peace and comparative prosperity. Then let the bards chant their odes, and the datgeiniaid sing their pennillion, rhymes; and let the harpers harp their bardic and antique strains. I would say earthly happy are the people that are in such circumstances.

‘Plethiadau tannau tynnion,—y Delyn
I’r dilesg feddylion;
Odlau saint yw odlais hon,
Llais yn fawl llys nefolion.’

But it may be asked how these causes are to operate, and how the transactions of a single day are to produce such lasting effects. I am aware there are some who either doubt, or altogether deny the utility of these proceedings, and would ask, To what end, to what useful purpose is all this? Now these are the very questions we wish to answer, and those who fairly put them are entitled to an explanation.

I would say in answer then, that the establishment of these institutions has, in an eminent degree, conduced to the awakening among us of a spirit of national attachment; and nationality is very nearly allied to patriotism, if not the very germ and essence of that virtue; and the advantages of this principle have already shown themselves, in the most decided manner, for in every town and district throughout the kingdom, in which any considerable number of Welshmen reside, this national attachment has operated for good; and in many places, in which a few years ago the Welsh residents were in many respects extremely destitute, and their condition unattended to, since the establishment of the Eisteddfodau, a better spirit has gone forth among them, and is now in active operation. In many of the populous towns of

England, in Birmingham for instance, and in Manchester, a concern has been manifested for subjects of the most serious importance; schools have been established for children of Welsh parents; Welsh congregations have been formed, and places of worship appointed; and in the city of Chester, a church has been appropriated to the ancient British language; and in Liverpool, still more distant from us, the erection of a Welsh church has been determined upon, and it is now actually in progress. If such important results do already show themselves so unequivocally, we may reasonably conclude, that the same effects are proceeding through thousands of minor and less conspicuous channels, to the incalculable benefit of the people. Perhaps, if no other services were effected by the Eisteddfodau, these alone would more than repay every friend to the welfare of his countrymen, for his exertions in their promotion.

But it will be replied, All this may be very true, but wherefore encourage the continuance of the Welsh language? a confined provincial dialect? I answer, If the Welsh were an uncultivated language, the mere patois of an illiterate people, we must own it would be difficult to defend its continuance, or to justify our exertions for its preservation, for we might then be fairly accused of perpetuating a worse than useless dialect; but so far from being that worthless incumbrance, that unlettered jargon, I have no hesitation in asserting, that the Welsh language is at the present day to the Welsh peasant, a much more cultivated and literary medium of knowledge than the English is to the Englishman of the same class. I am not disparaging the language of England, every one must acknowledge its value: to those to whom it is accessible in its improved and cultivated state, its numberless publications are infinitely beyond all estimate in point of literary value. But it must be acknowledged that from some cause or other, all these works are far removed from the reach and comprehension of the common people; at least I believe it will be admitted, that to see a periodical publication in the hands of an English peasant is not a thing of very frequent occurrence. But amongst our own countrymen in Wales, while there are numerous works continually issuing from the press; it is

our own great boast and glory that they are the real peasantry and labouring classes that entirely support them. In confirmation of this, I shall only advert to a few of those works, which have come under my own immediate notice.

There is for instance, in South Wales, the *Seren Gomer*, a monthly magazine in the Welsh language, entirely supported by those who own that as their colloquial speech; there is the *Gwilydydd*, a similar work in North Wales; there is the *Goleuad Cymry*, on the Marches; there is again the *Dysgedydd*, a similar magazine; there is also the *Eurgrawn*, another; and there is the *Oes*, printed at Swansea. Why should we multiply instances? We have even magazines for children, for infants at Sunday Schools! Who can say that the Welsh is a useless language, or that those who patronize it are not rendering a service to their country? Show me another language in the world, in which such a body of knowledge is found in the hands of the common people! Show me another race of men on the face of the earth, among whom the labouring classes are the entire patrons of the press!

But it is hard to be taunted with the uselessness of our native tongue, when every resident of the Principality, whether Celt or Saxon, must live in the daily experience of the benefits resulting from its cultivation, in the civilized and peaceable conduct of those around him, among whom he lives, who have derived instruction through its means. Who would wish to extirpate such a language as this? To choke up at once such channels of knowledge? Who would wish to extinguish such a flood of light, from which the mightiest beams have emanated, and rays of more than earthly splendor? Would they put out our eyes? Or hide from us the face of heaven? If any persons could be found so foolish or so wicked, as to wish to arrest the progress of knowledge, we can assure them, that in this instance, at least, all their attempts will be vain and useless: the time has gone by, the current has set in another direction, there has commenced a new æra, a renovation of mind, an extraordinary period of mental exertion, our countrymen are in possession of the press; and never was a press so unobjectionably employed; there is not in any country whatever, so strict an adherence

to the most rigid propriety, or so little that could call for disapprobation even from the most fastidious.

I believe that those who have revolved in their minds the general state of things, will have discerned in these times throughout the world an unusual agitation in the minds of men; a certain restlessness grasping forward towards some object not yet perfectly defined; and I can imagine that I perceive in it as it were the spring, the vernal season of the moral world: the human intellect has made more vigorous shoots within these few years than it had for ages that went by. Wherever any of the race of man are found, and observations made upon them, I believe it will be acknowledged that there is at the present time, a certain fermentation in the mind, from the civilized nations of Europe to the barbarous tribes of India, and even to the savage inhabitants of the South Sea; therefore, while this mental impetus is found in every other nation, it must not be wondered at, if its awakening influence has reached even the natives of Wales. And, accordingly, we do find that the Welsh are actuated by the same impulse; the same hungering and thirsting after knowledge and improvement. And how has this momentum acted upon them? In the best manner that could possibly be devised for the ensuring of success; that is, in the cultivation of their language, without which all knowledge must have been for ever locked up from them. But what means have they resorted to? It is a curious inquiry, under the influence of such an impulse, what instrument the secluded inhabitants of the mountains have had recourse to? They have, as it were Heaven directed, fixed upon that of all other the surest and most powerful. They have laid hold upon the press! Aye, positively these mountaineers have seized upon the printing-press! And from the number of young men of talent, who have of late undertaken its conduct, with the warmest enthusiasm in the cause of their native tongue, we may look forward with the most sanguine assurance of its prosperity. And though in other undertakings, the support of wealth is absolutely and indispensably necessary to ensure success, yet these are the property of the common people, without patronage and without support. With such credentials in their hands, surely they may now approach their more afflu-

ent countrymen with confidence, as men not altogether unworthy of their countenance and sanction. And having plied the oar with such vigour and perseverance, while struggling against so many adverse currents, I am sure they will not flag now their course is smooth, and their sails filling with such prosperous breezes. And I trust I am not singular in the high gratification I experience at seeing their claims so readily acknowledged by those to whom they would wish to look for counsel and direction, whose rank and circumstances demand such respect. And we can assure them in the sincerity of our hearts, that if the gratitude of their countrymen could constitute any acknowledgment of value to them, they would not remain unremunerated. And when the higher classes evince a concern for the welfare of the people, by an interest in their engagements, and a friendly participation in their feelings, it will be the means of strengthening those bonds of society, and brightening and riveting still closer the links of that social chain, which it is the interest of every member of the community to preserve entire and uninjured. And I would venture to signify that those persons, who devote their time and influence to the improvement of their countrymen, though their labours may be bounded by the Wye and the Severn, yet are they no less entitled to their gratitude and esteem, than if they had transferred their labours to more distant and more conspicuous scenes. And our ancient language too, limited as it may be in its use, yet if it has been the medium of forming as happy, as peaceable, and as loyal a people, as any in the British dominions, surely it has every claim to be encouraged as an instrument of invaluable services.

These are a few of the considerations which connect themselves with the cultivation of our native language; but I am confident that multitudes of my countrymen would, together with myself, feel ashamed at owning them as their only motives. No: in addition to these, weighty and unanswerable as they appear in our estimation, we feel an affection for the language itself; it was the language of our race at the earliest colonization of this Island; it was that which from the remotest periods called our forefathers to the defence of their independence, which awakened them to that unexampled

resistance which they made to the overwhelming torrents of the barbarian deluge which desolated the rest of the civilized world. For whilst all the other nations of Europe fell before the Gothic sword, and even the Roman legions gave way before its exterminating progress, the Welsh nation alone, animated by their bards, withstood its fury, and were the only Christian people that effectually and successfully resisted the pagan Gothic invasion.

We may be derided as foolish and absurd when we thus record the valour of our ancestors, but we regard the subject with very different sentiments. Had they not stood so manfully against that mighty deluge, that tremendous rush of nations, our race would have been long ago swept away from the face of the earth: this land, it is true, would still have been peopled, but not by us. I say, had our forefathers not stood so well in defence of their race, we, their children, would not have now to rejoice in the blessings of existence. Our ancient language is endeared to us by every recollection that can influence the mind; it was the language of our infancy, and every impression of that period is associated with its sounds; it was that of our youth, in it we have heard the warmest feelings of our hearts expressed, nor have we found it deficient in such expression; and in it we would wish to hear the announcement of still more serious subjects; it is that in which the records of our nation are preserved, and the graves of our fathers are commemorated, and although they moulder under the heath and rushes, yet the spirit which once animated those dwellers of the cairns is still inherited by their descendants. Whether as the depository of ancient genius, or the supply of present wants, or the provision for the long and infinite future, it is to us a full and swelling spring of knowledge rich and copious. And though it may pour its streams from the wild rock and the heathy mountain, yet perhaps the waters which traverse that rugged bed are no less pure and salutary than those which flow from the artificial and sculptured cistern."

AT THE SAME EISTEDDFOD, BRECON, 1826,

A gentleman* having spoken and paid several high compliments to Mr. Price, &c.

Mr. Price said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Whatever merit you may have been so indulgent as to concede to myself, I feel that I am entirely indebted for it to the cause which I have presumed to advocate; and the arguments which I have taken the liberty of adducing, have received an enhanced value from the effect which has been given them by the gentleman who has done me the honour to connect my name with the subject. I threw into his hands a piece of base ill-wrought metal, and he has finished it off with gold. And being thus once more brought before this assembly, under other circumstances, I know not what apology I should attempt to offer for such intrusion, but from peculiar causes those proceedings of our congress, which are usually extended to two days, are on this occasion limited to the present morning, and therefore you will not be surprised that our nationality being thus as it were concentrated and brought to a focus, should burn the more intensely. And we trust that these coruscations of Cambrian feeling will meet with pardon as the evidences of a patriotic fire, which has been long cherished among us; the faint sparkles of a flame which has glowed among our mountains for two thousand years unextinguished; and I trust that as long as those mountains shall lift up their heads to the skies, this patriotic ardour of our nation will not cease to blaze high as a bright and splendid beacon-fire. It is true it has been much obscured, but the embers have again been kindled and the flame has spread with every pledge and evidence of the feeling being a deep and rooted principle: it began in the cabin of the shepherd and the cottage of the labourer, and

* The Rev. Thomas Watkins, of Penoyre, in eulogizing the high character and extraordinary abilities of Mr. Price, had very plainly and tritely remarked, that if such merits did not find their proper reward in high preferment, he should consider Mr. Price to be one who was born to "blush unseen, and waste his sweetness, &c." Thus spoke a man of wealth and influence, and in the presence of peers and members of Parliament; yet Mr. Price remained Vicar of Cwmdû until his dying day.

from them it ascended, and the gentry and aristocracy of the country have wisely and nobly patronized it; and those popular emotions, which, like a powerful stream, if neglected, might break the banks or be stagnated up in uselessness, are now judiciously directed and led along a thousand channels to irrigate and fertilize the soil."

In September, 1828, an Eisteddfod, at which Sir Edward Mostyn presided, was held during three days, upon the open space within the ancient walls of Denbigh Castle. The attendance of all classes was full to overflowing, and the literary productions and musical performances gave proof of the achievements of Cambrian genius in its hours of happiest inspiration. Rejoicing in the sunshine of nature, and of friendly faces, Thomas Price appeared on that occasion before his northern fellow-countrymen, endued with a double portion of the spirit of his fathers. On the first day, Tuesday, the 16th, letters were read from Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, and Robert Southey, expressing their gratification at having been elected honorary members of the Cymrodorion Society in Gwynedd, and breathing respectively the tones of national sympathy from Scotland, from Ireland, and from England. Southey, in the spirit of poetic fellowship, said :

"This honour is peculiarly gratifying to me, because one of the works by which I hope to be remembered hereafter, relates mainly to Welsh tradition and Welsh history."

SPOKEN BY THE REV. T. PRICE AT THE DENBIGH
EISTEDDFOD, September 16th, 1828."

COPIED FROM HIS OWN NOTES.

"The present being one of those occasions upon which the natives of the Principality are understood to enjoy the privilege of recalling to mind the ancient usages of their nation; and this platform having been proclaimed by sound of trumpet as a field upon which every friend to this country

shall be permitted to marshal his patriotic feelings, and pass them in review; it was with unfeigned delight that I listened to that note of preparation, and have hastened to attend its call, though I must confess with little else to plead for such appearance here than the mere privileges of the day; for while some are now involved in the intricate alliterations of bardic composition, and some possibly absorbed in the contemplation of the deep and awful mysteries of Druidism, yet, for myself, though neither bard nor minstrel, I have nevertheless ventured thus far within these precincts, well assured that no other qualification will be required here, and no other essentials demanded than those of sincere and cordial wishes for the success of every institution which has for its object the promoting of nationality and patriotism. Therefore I trust I shall meet with pardon, though I may not have endeavoured to repress that national ardour which the proceedings of this day must naturally tend to inspire. And who, in the vale of Clwyd, and on the day of the Eisteddfod, would wish to restrict his ideas to the limited range of every day experience? Is there any one who can now view the towers of Denbigh,* and the Druid waves of the Clwyd, to day, without feeling some spark of national emotion? And can the harp of Cambria be struck to day without awakening in the soul some vibration in harmony with its tones? Much as in the daily occurrences of this life of facts and realities, an indulgence in visionary speculations should be discouraged; yet perhaps for once it may be permitted that those recollections, those prepossessions, I had almost said those prejudices, which upon other occasions should be held under the restraint of strict and rigid discipline, that those bondsmen of the judgment should for one short interval at least be liberated to hold their Saturnalia unrestrained. And I feel convinced that this cultivation of national attachment is in fact the cherishing of the very germ and essence of patriotism; which, should other fields be offered for its display, will not disgrace the patronage which it is this day so liberally experiencing.

* The Eisteddfod was held in Denbigh Castle.

Being therefore permitted to revert to the early ages of our nation, its histories and traditions, its glories and its misfortunes, we are naturally led to make some inquiry respecting the origin of those subjects which more immediately interest us as connected with the present festival. And as in contemplating these subjects we glance over the varied destinies of our race, we find our thoughts carried back to the remotest periods of traditionary antiquity, before we find a resting place; to the dark and mysterious ages of mythological gloom, to that night of mists and shadows, long before the twilight of historical record had glimmered on the land, before the Saxon, before the Roman Numa and Romulus have a record; Cadmus and Cheops have an æra and a date, but who shall develop the origin of Tydain Tâd Awen, and Manogan Rhi?

‘Dyscogan Derwydd a fy awydydd, wybr Geirionydd. Cerddon a geunydd Gwyllion eil echwyd, &c.’

In other departments of antiquarian research there is some mark, some index to guide the judgment; the labelled window stamps the age of its construction; the Gothic arch* with its pointed apex directs the mind to the Norman periods: the straight and well laid pavement of the sarn with its sculptured milliaries speaks the work of the Roman; but the gray stones of the mountain carn, and the rude moss-grown pillar of the Druid, these set all research, all conjecture at defiance, and invite the mind to revert to the magic visions of infancy, &c. &c., before the knowledge of chronology, &c. had dissipated the dream.

But why dwell upon this state of darkness and uncertainty? Most assuredly it is not to boast of any advantages it possesses in its obscurity, as placed beyond the limits of authentic history. But because that here, in this traditionary period, may be found a style and character of imaginary existence, peculiar in its kind and totally distinct from that derived from any other source; striking in its

* These objects were visible in the walls of the Castle over-head, and around on the mountains.

effects, and strongly marked; not only interesting as a literary curiosity, but if the measure of intellectual gratification is in proportion to the expansion of the mind, and the number and nature of its enjoyments, then I do not hesitate to affirm that there lies hid among the store of ancient British remains a tone of feeling original and interesting in itself, and totally new to the world of literature."

Mr. Price here introduced the subject of the Myfyrian Archæology, &c.

"I would not wish to intrude upon your time by dwelling longer upon this idea, an idea which although I may myself feel conscious of its existence; yet I must despair to embody in words so as to present it to you in a distinct and definite form. But I can assert with confidence that there does exist such a character of thought and feeling, which when some one shall be found talented enough to call it forth, will be seen to form a species in itself; and that as different from those already known as the tone and character of Ossian is from that of Spencer, or the fairy legends and fictions of romance from the Scandinavian demonology of Thor and Odin.

For many ages the style of thought contained in the works of the classic authors prevailed over civilized Europe, and what we now understand by the style of Romance was utterly unknown and unfelt. When, therefore, the legendary style of chivalry and romance is put in comparison with that of the Greek and Roman classics, it presents a new and distinct creation; however it may have been produced, and whether it was by the combination of European and Asiatic fancy, is of no importance to the present subject; it is sufficient that this strain and character of thought has prevailed in works of fiction for numerous ages. But in these latter times of mental cultivation, we have seen other characters brought to notice, and if not as striking and energetic as that of Romance, yet not altogether uninteresting. And there is among them one in particular, singular in its effects upon the mind, and original in its species; and that is the style of Ossian, which suddenly appeared like one of his

own meteors of night passing over the heath. Where did this tone of feeling lie hid so long, that even its existence was not suspected? And yet when it made its appearance, so striking was its effect, and so universally acknowledged, that in a short time the poems of Ossian had influenced the taste of the poetry of Europe; and there is not a civilized nation in existence in which traces of it may not be discovered.

When, therefore, we consider the various characters of thought by which the mind has been enriched through successive ages, and that each of them is so much added to the general stock of our intellectual enjoyment, we may presume to hope that these mental stores are not all exhausted; and I trust I shall be excused if in a congress of bards I have ventured to dwell so long on a subject of poetical interest, and alluded to the possibility, nay, the certainty of the existence of another, new and original, among the relics of our ancient literature.

If I am asked to show the precise point and bearing of this discovery, I answer that I have only seen the distant breakers, and have not made the shore; I have only picked up a few small floating fragments of the drifting produce; it remains for another to discover the land; some literary Columbus, who shall add a new world to those already known.

But, however the imagination may occasionally dwell upon these topics, it is not exclusively to subjects of fiction that our minds are directed upon the celebration of these our national festivals. There are events of more vital concern to us associated with these recollections; the valour of our forefathers and the noble stand they made in defence of their liberty and their country. Shall we not then bear in remembrance their worthy deeds? Aye, for this fair and smiling valley, for this bright and cheering sight before us, for the enjoyment of the present and the hopes of the future, we will not cease to retain a grateful recollection of their high and unbending spirit. And as long as the accents of that mountain tongue which roused them to deeds of heroism are heard among us, and as long as the harp which cheered their social hours shall sound along our valley, their fame shall be rehearsed in the ode and the pennill, &c.

This may appear enthusiastic, but such are the impressions which exist, nor would it be easy to obliterate them. The author of *Guy Mannering* has said, 'We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits, cannot, like bark or lichen, be torn away without our missing them.' "

On Wednesday, the 2nd day of the festival, the presence of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex honoured the scene, and cheered the loyal hearts of his Welsh compatriots. On that day, Mr. Parry, conductor of the musical arrangements, having requested Mr. Price to announce the contest for the gold harp, Mr. Price spoke to the following effect :

"I am commissioned to announce to you the contest for the gold harp, upon that national instrument which has so often cheered and solaced our race in times of trial and of difficulty ; and whose tones now call so many recollections to our mind. And here, in this fair valley,* one of nature's most bountiful gifts ; here, under these walls,† whose mouldering battlements record so many gallant achievements of our forefathers ; here, witnessed by that tribute,‡ which the loyalty of a grateful and affectionate people has raised to fifty years of parental care and protection ; can it be wondered at that here the tones of the harp should recall images of deepest interest ? They tell us of the glories of our race, of our Owens, our Llewelyns, and our Tudors, and they remind us that the ancient British blood and energy is not extinct ; and as Cambria once boasted of the race of Tudor, she now claims her portion in that of Brunswick : and recollects with exultation that the blood of the Snowdon eagles is not extinct, but still flows in the veins of that

* The Vale of Clwyd.

† The walls of Denbigh Castle, under which the meeting was held in the open air.

‡ The column on the top of the Moel Famma, erected in commemoration of the 50th year of the reign of George the III, and then in full view of the meeting.

august race under whose cherishing auspices the glories of Britain have been so eminently exalted, and her fame extended even beyond the range of bardic prophecy, &c.

I have heard the guitar of the South, and have admired its light and airy tones, so congenial with its native blue and ethereal skies. I have heard the harsher, but not less characteristic strains of the North, the pibroch of Donald Ddu, at the gathering place of Inverlochy, the war song of Lochiel, with his Gaelic address to the wolf and the raven, 'Come to me and I will give thee flesh.' I have likewise listened to the melodies of Erin among her own emerald hills, those melodies so much in accordance with the genius of the people among whom they originated, whose gayest moods are not unfrequently tinged with a cast of pensiveness; and of whom it has been observed that even in their liveliest movements there occasionally occurs some minor third, or some flat seventh, which casts its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. I have also heard the not less joyous strains of merry England. But it is with pride I can venture to assert, that not in Europe—I might safely add, not in the world—is there found among the peasantry of any nation so sweet and so perfect an instrument as the Welsh harp. In towns and cities, it is true, we meet with bands and orchestras, and all that is eminent in skill and science, but it is among the peasantry of a country that the criterion of popular taste must be sought; and we may challenge the world to produce another country in which there is found in the hands of the real peasant and village minstrel so superior an instrument as that of which we are this day met to promote the cultivation.

And who would wish to deprive us of these national recollections, which are so harmlessly at least, if not profitably cherished among us? For in recalling these times of tumult and peril, we feel happy in the assurance that they exist but in recollection; for in gazing over these distant objects as arranged and grouped in that ærial perspective of the mind, and in those long drawn vistas of retrospection, how subdued are all the tints, and how softened the outlines! And how has the harshness of those conflicting elements which enter into the composition of this picture been mel-

lowed down into tranquility and repose! The beacon of Moel Famma* no longer casts its blasting glare over this lovely valley, and its peaceful inhabitants are no longer scared by the shout of Caledfryn, † nor the wail of Morfa Rhuddlan.” ‡

A report of this Eisteddfod, in which the words of Mr. Price are given in close accordance with the above records, may be found in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, Vol. I, pp. 108—14.

The effect produced upon the audience by this address, is said to have been transporting; and it has been recorded that H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, after listening to the contest of harpers, which had been thus introduced, remarked to Lady Harriet Wynn, in a tone loud enough to be generally heard, “It is not at all surprising that the sweet strains of the Welsh harp, and the cheering aspect of these vales, have set on fire a soul so gifted as that of Mr. Price.”

The Rev. Walter Davies, who was present, observed, with generous pride and pleasure, that throughout the whole course of the proceedings, the eyes of the Duke of Sussex were fixed in admiration upon Carnhuanawe.

The attentive reader of the previous volume cannot fail to detect in this chapter several repetitions, both of its facts and phrases. In extenuation, the Biographer can only plead, the impossibility of curtailing such phrases, without cruel injury to Mr. Price’s rhetorical compositions. As a poet incessantly recurs to some darling topics of admiration, so it would seem, by a kindred propulsion, does the patriot turn continually to some favourite instances illustrating his nation’s glory.

* “Right opposite the platform, which was in the open air.”

† Anciently Denbigh fortress.

‡ In the Vale of Clwyd.

CHAPTER XI.

The Translation of the Scriptures into the Breton Language.

“ I have seen with great pleasure the announcement of a Memoir, &c. of Carnhuanhawe, and I sincerely hope that *justice will be done* to his exertions in behalf of Brittany ”

REV. THOMAS PHILLIPS, Bible Society.

THE first suggestion of publishing a version of the Scriptures, in the vernacular language of Brittany, was made to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in the following letter from M. de St. Martin, Secretary to the French Society of Antiquaries :

“ Paris, Sept. 6, 1814.

When I communicated to the Society of the Antiquarians of France, of which I am Secretary-General, the proposal I had made to your Society relative to the printing of an Armenian Bible, my colleagues requested me to lay before you a similar one for the publication of a Bible in the Breton Language.

The whole of the Sacred Writings have never as yet been printed in the Breton Language, and those parts of the Old and New Testament which had formerly been published in Bretagne have become so scarce that it is almost impossible for a great number of Christians in this province, who do not know the French Language, to receive instruction in the truths of the Christian Religion.

There are several complete versions of the Breton Bible extant in manuscript. Our Academy, which counts among its members several very eminent Bretons, and amongst the rest a M. Le Gonidec, the author of a very good grammar of the Breton Language, might very easily publish an edition of the Scriptures in that language, at your expense, the whole of which would be transmitted to you.

It is worthy of a Society like yours to undertake a work so useful to religion, and which would certainly not find one single protector in France, where, for a very long time, any thing in which religion is concerned has been entirely neglected.

I delayed making you this proposal in the name of the Society of Antiquarians of France, until you had answered my letter on the subject of the Armenian Bible. But having not yet received any answer to the same, I take this opportunity of recommending to you my first inquiry once more.

If the members of that illustrious Society, over which you preside, think proper to accept the proposal, and will take upon themselves the expense of its impression, our Academy would appoint a Committee from among its members, who would superintend the execution of the work. I request the favour of a reply on this subject.

Having been informed that your Society has sent copies of its several editions to I am charged to ask for a similar favour, which we should acknowledge with gratitude."

"In consequence of this letter it was officially resolved, November, 21, 1814 :

'That the Foreign Secretary be requested to answer the letter from the Secretary of the Antiquarians at Paris, read at the last meeting, communicating the thanks of the Committee for the information transmitted respecting the Breton Bible and language; and requesting further information on the subject, as necessary to enable the Committee to adopt a resolution, on the recommendation of the Society of Antiquaries to print an edition of the Scriptures in the language of Bretagne.'

The records of the Bible Society do not supply information as to any further proceedings concerning Bretagne at that period.

Early in the year 1819, the Rev. John Hughes published his "*Horæ Britannicæ.*" Mr. Price, while perusing this work with the ardour of a friendly compatriot, was forcibly struck by a passage relating to the Armorican Britons. It excited his feelings, it directed his thoughts, it impressed his conscience; and practically acknowledging the duty of Wales to be his own, he immediately addressed the following letter to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

"Crickhowel, April, 13, 1819.

As it is possible that the object of this letter may not as yet have come under your consideration, I trust I may be pardoned in the liberty I take in writing it. In a late publication upon British Antiquities, I met with the following remarks:

'We have the Sacred Scriptures in every language spoken in the British Isles. The Manksmen have the Scriptures in the dialect of this small island. But the Bretons of France have not so much as the New Testament in their ancient tongue. There appears to be no one likely to undertake such a work, unless some Welshmen engage in it, and thus make some return, after the lapse of numerous ages, for the labours of Garmon and his associates in our island in the fourth century.'

Now, if this statement be correct, Does it not in some degree deserve the attention of the Bible Society? I have met with several French prisoners of war, natives of Bretagne; and from their description of that country, I am led to think that the Breton is the vernacular tongue of a very numerous class of people, and the French language is unintelligible to numbers; and from the construction of the Breton language, and its affinity to the Ancient British, I am satisfied that a Welshman might, with a little application, qualify himself so as to be useful in making a translation into it.

I beg leave to offer these remarks to the notice of your Committee, and should the services of a native of Wales be at any time deemed necessary, I should feel greatly honoured by being employed.

I am, &c. &c.

(Signed) Thomas Price.

P. S. I should feel exceedingly obliged for a few lines informing me, whether the subject had previously attracted the notice of the Bible Society, and what their opinion of it is."

No record can be found, either in the archives of the Bible Society, or among Mr. Price's papers, of any immediate effect produced by this letter.

The Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry, (Ceri,) Montgomeryshire, having previously suggested that Mr. Price should become a competitor for the prize advertized to be given at the Powys Eisteddfod, of 1824, on the subject of the "Relation and Intimacy between the Armoricans and Britons," urged the matter again upon Mr. Price's attention, in a letter dated January 12, 1824. Mr. Price in his reply, dated, "Crickhowel, February 7, 1824," assents, with some hesitation, to the wish of Mr. Jenkins, expressing at the same time his hope that the efforts of the Brecon Cymreigyddion to raise funds for a translation of the Scriptures into the language of Brittany, would prove no less advantageous; he adds:

"Perhaps some of your Societies may co-operate with us. The Merthyr Tydfil men have promised to do so, as they told me when I attended the Eisteddfod Morganwg, on Nos Galan last. There were some capital single-string harpers there, and about three hundred colliers, who roared out the Triban Morgan, and "Y ferch o'r Scer," &c. like old Silurians, not your pennillion singing, but fair songs throughout. There were also twenty-three poems for the prize."

The following abridged extract from the "Cambrian," of February 14, 1824, was preserved by Mr. Price, among his personal Memoranda:

"On Monday, the 9th inst. a meeting of the Brecon Cymreigyddion took place, preparatory to the annual meeting on St. David's Day, and several excellent compositions were delivered by some of the members. In the course of the evening, the Rev. T. Price addressed the meeting in the Ancient British, in which language all the proceedings of the Society are conducted, and observed that the extermi-

nation of their native language had been greatly desired by many, and that upon the presumption of great advantages resulting to the Principality. How far this supposition was correct, it was not his present business to inquire, nor would such an inquiry be attended with any utility; for whatever beneficial results might attend the extirpation of the Welsh language, it was very evident that, for the present, and for some generations at least, the project was impracticable, as the very idea of such a wish existing had roused the jealousy of the Welshmen, and produced such a counteraction among them, that their language seemed now more firmly established than it had been for ages.....

The removal of the evil of imperfect knowledge, wherever it might exist in the Principality, is one benefit to be anticipated from the operation of Cymreigyddion Societies. But the Cymreigyddion professed other objects connected with the literature and general improvement of their race; and he (Mr. Price) would therefore lay before them one object which had hitherto occupied but too little the attention of his countrymen. It is well known that there exists in that province of France called Bretagne, a race of people of Celtic origin, and whether the remains of the ancient Gauls, or of the followers of Conan Meriadoc; who, in the time of the Emperor Maximus, established a Welsh Colony in Gaul; they speak a language so similar to the Welsh, as clearly to show the identity of their origin.—[Here Mr. Price gave several specimens of the Breton, which were, in many instances, intelligible to Welshmen.]—Now this people, Mr. Price said, were in the most deplorable state of superstition and ignorance, and never had the Scriptures translated into their language. He therefore proposed that a collection should be made for the purpose of translating the Scriptures and printing them in the Breton language; nor was this a duty of charity only, but, on the part of the Welsh, the discharge of a debt, which had lain heavily upon them for more than a thousand years; for about the time of the departure of the Romans from this island, the British Church was threatened with extermination by the Pelagian heresy, which was rapidly spreading through the island. The Britons, therefore, who still adhered to their ancient faith, sent

over to their brethren in Gaul for assistance, and they immediately dispatched Garmon and Bleiddian, with Cadfan, Illtyd, and Padarn, and a numerous body of learned and pious men from Armorica and Celtic Gaul; who exerted themselves so effectually, that they preached down that destructive heresy, and established the security of the British Church; which continued to flourish with such vigour from that time forward, that the Britons resisted the yoke of Popery for many ages after the rest of Europe had submitted to it. These services have hitherto remained unrequited, but he presumed that this was a time for making some compensation. When Buonaparte was Emperor of the French, he ordered a census of the French Empire to be made, according to its several languages, and there were found eleven hundred thousand speaking the Celtic:—a number double that of the Welsh, and yet they never had the Bible in their native language, though the Welsh have possessed it more than two hundred years, and many numerous editions of it. It was high time, therefore, that we should at length render justice to the Bretons, by sending them the Bible in their native language, and he thought that if all the Welsh Societies throughout the kingdom were to join in this work, it could not fail of success. It was then resolved that the Brecon Cymreigyddion should make a collection after divine service, for the purpose of carrying the above object into execution.”

The first anniversary of the Brecon Cymreigyddion Society was accordingly held in the town-hall, on St. David's Day in the year 1824. The members walked in procession with leeks in their hats to St. Mary's Church, where prayers were read in Welsh by the Rev. Mr. Harris, and a sermon in the same language was preached by Mr. Price. The Society having subsequently re-assembled in the town-hall, Glanmehascyn, their bard, recited an appropriate Welsh ode, of his own composition, and Mr. Price, the Rev. John Hughes, and others, addressed the meeting on the benefits arising from national attachment, and on the duty and privilege of sending the Divine Word to their kinsmen in Brittany. Money was collected in behalf of that object, and

a subscription for it was opened at Messrs Wilkins's Bank. Among Mr. Price's friends, there were some who discouraged his project as a hopeless speculation; while the enkindled zeal of others even rivalled his own. In the latter class was the clergyman, who wrote as follows :

Berriew, March 1, 1824.

“ Dear Sir,

Though I had no opportunity of associating with my fellow-countrymen, in exciting one another to deeds of charity, and benevolence, on this day; yet I trust, that my heart is true to the cause of *hén Gymru*, and that my spirit mixes with those of my *cyduladwyr ar Wyl Dewi*. It struck me that I could not more usefully employ half an hour, than by endeavouring to further a cause which you have so laudably begun, and which I hope you will prosecute, till it be brought to a successful termination.

But I am induced to write to you at present, because the Branch Bible Societies in this part intend to hold their annual meetings in the course of the next fortnight. I shall be likely to attend two or three meetings, and will do all in my power to further the object of your letter in the *Gwyliedydd*. I will also endeavour to prevail on the deputation from the Parent Society, (who are two friends of mine,) to recommend the subject to the attention of the other Societies, in this and the adjoining counties of Meirion and Ceredigion. Should you, therefore, have anything to add to what was included in your address at the Brecon Cymreigyddion meeting, a short abstract of which I have seen in the Shrewsbury Newspaper, and in your letter to the *Gwyliedydd*, I shall feel obliged to you for a letter to reach me by the 8th instant, for I am to meet the deputation at the first meeting on that day. Perhaps it would be desirable for me to know, what was done at Brecon and Merthyr today. I write also to suggest a few hints which have occurred to my mind, on a very slight consideration of the subject. Somebody should write to the British and Foreign Bible Society, stating the number, condition, language, &c. &c. of the Armoricans, their need of the Scriptures, the similarity of their language to the Welsh, and the facility with which a translation of the Scriptures might be

made ; and then proposing their writing to the Paris Bible Society, for information on the subject, and suggesting that either an intelligent Welshman should be sent over to Armorica to be associated with one or two Armoricans in translating the Scriptures, or else that they should send over to London or Wales one or two intelligent Armoricans for that purpose ; and stating lastly, that as Wales had the honour of being the cause of establishing the Bible Society, so now it asks this favour, and asks it only on this condition, that it will contribute to the full extent of its ability to so charitable and so deserving and obligatory a service. The obstacle, likely to stand in the way, is that the Armoricans are Papists, but perseverance and prayer will overcome mountains of difficulties. May they do so in this case ! Had the valuable life of the late clerical secretary of the Society, Mr. Owen, been spared, I would have roused the few drops of Welsh blood which circulated in his veins, for I knew him well. And now, if you have no acquaintance with any of the officers of the Society, I would write to Mr. Joseph Hughes, one of the secretaries, of whom I know a little, and who also has a Welsh name, and a little Welsh blood. If you think this plan proper, furnish me with a few hints in addition to the above. Next, we should get a good strong letter inserted into the monthly extracts of the Society ; and the society should get Mr. Williams Wynn, President of the board of control, to attend the anniversary on the 1st of May, and then forcibly recommend this to the whole body of the society, and it might be also strongly enforced on the Meeting of the Cymmrodorion on the 22nd of May, and something, perhaps, might be done at the next Eisteddfod at Welshpool. The Welsh publications also should follow up your letter. You will find something in the next Gwylydydd from the same pen as B.* p. 63, No. 18. The London Cymmrodorion should also write to the Paris Royal Institute. In the mean time, the Bible and Cymmrodorion Societies throughout Wales should prepare and collect for the business. It is also talked of to devote a sum of money, after our next Eisteddfod at Pool, to send an intelligent Welshman to

Brittany on a literary tour. Will it not be a good plan to combine the two objects? I shall propose it; for a person by having travelled the country, &c. would be better prepared to translate, and a resident translator would be best qualified to make literary research. Mr Jenkins called on me today. Our next Eisteddfod is likely to be a splendid one. We shall expect to see you then.

Yours, &c. &c.—

T. R.

P. S. I was glad to see your name enrolled among the contributors of the Gwyllydydd. "Macte tua virtute." Many things remain to be done for our Church and country. Let us all then unite to the work, and we have a promise that something shall be done. Enlist your friends and neighbours in the same cause, and let us be as a city in unity and at peace, and then may we expect the success of our Jerusalem, and peace in her borders."

Anticipating further labours in the cause, and anxious to prepare himself for their efficient performance, Mr. Price now applied himself with redoubled diligence, to the study of the Breton language. By means of the Welsh magazines and newspapers, he soon aroused the people of the Principality to feelings of lively sympathy for the wants of their brethren in Brittany.* Among the results of his diligent appeals, may be reckoned the subjoined address to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society:

"May 7, 1824.

The Cymreigyddion, or Welsh Society, in London, and others connected with it in the Principality, intend subscribing towards translating the Bible into the language of Brittany in France, if it is not already translated.

They are anxious to know whether the London British and Foreign Bible Society have had any application for the Bible in this language, and whether the Secretary can inform

* The Reader is referred to the Gwyllydydd, Vol. II. pp. 51, and 82; Vol. III. p. 148; and Vol. v. p. 239, for a series of able Welsh letters on this subject.

them of any translation of the Bible existing in the language of Brittany.

They likewise wish to be informed whether the British and Foreign Bible Society would aid them in translating and disseminating the Bible in the above language.

An early reply would greatly oblige the Cymreigyddion Society.

(Signed)

J. B. Jones, Sec."

After reading this letter, May 24, 1824, the committee resolved, that Mr. Jones be informed that this Society is in correspondence respecting the Breton language, and will thankfully receive further communications from the Cymreigyddion Society, when they have obtained any specific information on the subject."

A copy of the minutes of the sub-committee of the Bible Society, dated July 12, 1824, supplies some interesting particulars :

"Read a letter from the Rev. D. Jones, secretary to the Swansea auxiliary, dated the 5th inst. Mr. Jones having been travelling in France for the benefit of his health, he was induced to visit Brittany, in order to investigate the state of that province as to the supply of the Scriptures, and the affinity of the Breton language to that of the Welsh; the result of which he communicated for the consideration of this Society.

Read a letter from Mr. Jno. Parry, bookseller at Chester, dated the 6th instant, addressed to the Rev. D. Jones, in which he mentions that a lively anxiety is manifested in Wales upon the above subject, and that collections have been commenced towards presenting their kindred Bretons with an edition of the Holy Scriptures in their own dialect.

Read a letter from Rev. T. Price, dated, Crickhowel, Breconshire, April 13, 1819, soliciting the attention of the committee to the state of the Bretons in France, as to the supply of the Scriptures in their vernacular dialect.

Read minutes of the committee of this Society, dated, Nov. 7, 1814, upon an application of the Society of Antiquaries in Paris, for an edition in the Breton language, to be

printed by this Society, when the applicants were requested to obtain further information upon the subject.

The Rev. D. Jones having, at the request of the secretaries, attended this sub-committee, they conferred with him upon the subject of his communication, and,

Resolved,—That Professor Kieffer be requested to inquire whether there are any, and what, manuscripts of the Bible, or parts of the Bible, in the Breton language, in the possession of the Royal Library at Paris, and in case of any such manuscripts being discovered, to solicit permission to copy them.

—That the Rev. D. Jones be requested to correspond with Dr. Kerdanet, of Rennes, to obtain information on the above subject.

—That a similar inquiry be also made at the British Museum.”

A few weeks afterwards the Society received an answer from their zealous agent, Professor Kieffer, dated :

“ Paris, July 26, 1824.

In order to meet the wishes of the committee, who are anxious to have a list of the manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures in the Breton language, existing in the Royal Library of Paris, I repaired thither for the purpose of obtaining the necessary information. The keeper of the manuscripts, however, stated to me, that there was no translation of the Holy Scriptures in that language in the cabinet of manuscripts ; had there been one existing, no objection would have been made to its being copied. My application to the librarian, who had charge of the printed books in the Royal Library, was equally unsuccessful ; for that gentleman, after having examined the catalogue with me, could only discover a catechism printed in the Breton language. I thought then of having recourse to some of the leading members of the Ancient Celtic Society, (which has been dissolved ;) but Messrs. Le Gonidec and Johannean, who, during the existence of the society more particularly signalized themselves by their researches in Celtic Literature, no longer reside at Paris : still I shall not relax in my exertions, and if I meet

with anything on the subject worthy of communication, I shall immediately acquaint you therewith for the benefit of the committee."

A letter from the Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry, Montgomeryshire, dated July 28, 1824, conveys to Mr. Price a very pressing invitation to attend the approaching Powys Eisteddfod, and requests him to undertake the office of associate judge of the poetical compositions, in conjunction with the Rev. Walter Davies, of Maenafon. Urging Mr. Price to make an early and prolonged visit, Mr. Jenkins adds as an incentive :

"We have a small meeting of Cymreigyddion in our neighbouring town of Newtown. Approving fully of your view of benefiting the Bretons, I took occasion at a late meeting to mention that ample field for Cambrian benevolence as truly deserving of attention. If Cymreigyddion meetings have nothing further in view than the delivery of a few long-winded speeches, they will neither be creditable nor of long continuance.

My proposal was well received, and there will be a meeting on Thursday, the 26th of August, the week in which I hope to see you, when we can do something towards the furtherance of your Christianly and benevolent plan."

The following paragraph was likewise preserved by Mr. Price among his papers :

"BRECON CYMREIGYDDION.

On the 10th inst., a meeting of the Brecon Cymreigyddion was held; when, after being much gratified by several excellent compositions by Glanmehascyn, the bard, and by the delightful strains of Mr. Jones, harper to the Breconshire society, who played several national airs on the triple-harp with great execution, the Rev. T. Price addressed the meeting in the Ancient-British language, upon the subject of their approaching anniversary on the 1st of March; and, having dwelt for some time upon the extraordinary manner in which the Welsh nation had been preserved, together with their ancient language, and in their ancient territory,

while the rest of Europe had undergone such mighty revolutions, and had so frequently changed its inhabitants and its languages, he observed, that as it must not be imagined that the acts of Providence are without design, the mind would naturally be led to inquire what the design could be (if as yet at all developed) in this singular preservation of their ancient nation and speech. If he could, without impiety or presumption, dare to ask and reply to such a question, he would say, that to him, in one instance at least, the designs of Providence were visible in the preservation of their race and language. It was among them that the great Bible Society had its origin. It was the scarcity of the Scriptures in the Welsh language, and the unceasing call of the people for a supply, that first suggested the idea of the Bible Society. They were Welshmen who first planned it, and laboured in its formation; it was an edition of the Welsh Bible that first issued from its press; and now it has extended itself to the most distant parts of the earth, and contributed towards the printing of the Scriptures in one hundred and forty languages.* Thus a handful of corn sown on the mountains of Wales, has grown up and waves like the forests of Libanus; and thus that language, which, from its confined and isolated state, was by many considered a detriment, and even a curse, has now imparted a new stimulus to its possessors, and proved a blessing to the world. A few years ago, whatever he might have thought upon this subject as regarding the Bible Society, yet he might have hesitated at thus expressing himself; but now, the importance that mighty engine had assumed in the world would secure him against the charge of fanaticism in thus connecting its origin with the existence of a nation. If those whom he addressed would see these things in the light that he himself did, they would join with him in wishing that his countrymen would not forfeit their privileges by neglect. Who could tell what they were reserved to be made the instrument of, and what moral impetus they were destined to communicate to the world? As connected with this subject, he hoped they would

* In 1851, the number of versions was 175. Vide Report of the Bible Society. In 1853, the 49th Report gives the total issue of copies from 1805 to 1853 as 26,571,103.

not relinquish the work which they had so spiritedly begun—that of supplying their brethren in Brittany with the Scriptures in their native tongue; and that they would not forget that there were in that province eleven hundred thousand speaking a kindred language with their own, and who have never yet been blessed with a translation of the Bible. But he trusted that before long they would be raised from that state of ignorance and mental degradation, to which they had been reduced by the absence of the Scriptures and the neglect of their national literature. If any further argument were necessary, he would remind his hearers, that it was a member of their Society, the Rev. John Hughes,* a native of that town, that first suggested the subject, and it was among themselves that the first collection was made for carrying it into effect. He was happy to add that their example had not been lost; and, among others, he adverted to the instance of their Welsh countrymen in Dublin, and to the very flattering mention they had made of the Brecon Cymreigyddion.

It was then resolved, that the Society should attend Divine Service in the Welsh language on St. David's Day; and that a collection should be made for the purpose of translating the Bible into the Armorican.

From the 'Cambrian,' of January 29, 1825."

In the same year, Mr. Price was cheered by a letter from his zealous precursor and coadjutor, Mr. Hughes, written in the freshness of benevolent joy, upon learning the happy issue of their disinterested exertions.

"Mount street, Wrexham, Sept. 13.

My dear Sir,

Last evening I had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Brandram, with some other friends, to hold a Bible meeting at Mwynglawdd, or Minera, near this town. The meeting was very numerous and very interesting, but on the road I was highly gratified to find that the famous Le Gonidec is actually engaged in translating the New Testament into the

* Author of the *Horæ Britannicæ*.

Breton language. I congratulate you on so auspicious a result to our anxious desires on that head. Gogoniant i Dduw. To Him from whom all good desires and all just works proceed, we must attribute praise for his wonderful counsels. I should like to know a little of Jones's Tour in Brittany, but I find that the Society think it right to act with great delicacy on the subject. If you can give me any information on what interests me so much, I shall thank you.

I ought long before to have offered my congratulations on your preferment; you are now in some degree independent, and I hope will be an agent in the hands of Divine Providence of great utility to the land of Brychan; may every blessing attend you!

I am, dear Sir, truly,
J. Hughes."

At the Powys Eisteddfod, held at Welshpool in the autumn of the year 1824, the principal prize was adjudged to Mr. Price, for his Essay, signed "Gorddorbrongorfod," on the subject of "The causes and extent of the early intimacy and mutual intercourse between the Armoricians and Britons, and the traces of national affinity still existing between their descendants."*

From the year 1824 to the year 1835 inclusive, Mr. Price was constantly engaged in a correspondence with the agents, secretaries, and editors of the Bible Society, on the subject of M. Le Gonidec's translation of the Breton Scriptures. Letters from the Rev. E. Brandram, Mr. Joseph Tarn, Mr. C. S. Dudley, the Rev. J. Browne, and the Rev. Joseph Jowett, remain among his papers; but those of Mr. Greenfield are not to be found: they would probably have supplied materials for filling up the chasm between the years 1819 and 1824.

A small quarto volume, inscribed "February 26, 1827," contains Mr. Price's criticisms, written during the progress of his examination and collation of the Breton translation,

* See Vol. I. page 1.

made by M. Le Gonidec, of the New Testament. They begin with the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and go regularly on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles. The Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the year 1827, contains the subjoined paragraph:

“It may here be mentioned that an individual is engaged in preparing a version of the New Testament in the Breton dialect, which bears a great affinity to the Welsh; the translation is completed: the printing has proceeded as far as the middle of St. John; and Professor Kieffer has transmitted the sheets to this country, where they are examined by a clergyman in Wales, whose critical remarks are forwarded to the translator.”

The report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the year 1828, after noticing the completion of the Turkish Bible, and its sevenfold revision by Professor Kieffer, adds:

“The Breton New Testament has likewise been completed, and the thousand copies of it which have been printed, are deposited in the Society’s warehouse at Paris.”

The sheets of Le Gonidec’s translation when passing through the press, were, in the first instance, read and corrected by Dr. Jones, and after Dr. Jones’s death, by the Rev. Thomas Price. The work was printed at Angoulême, under the personal supervision of M. Le Gonidec, and the edition consisted of 1,000 copies.

In the summer of the year 1829, Mr. Price embarked at Southampton, and made a voyage across the English Channel, touching at Guernsey, traversing the Island of Jersey, and subsequently landing at St. Malo’s. From thence he proceeded to Rennes, Morlaix, and Brest, and skirting the most westerly coasts of the French kingdom, travelled southward through Quimper and Quimperlai to L’Orient, Vannes and Nantes. Leaving the province of Bretagne by way of Bourgneuf, Mr. Price passed through La Vendée, and after visiting La Rochelle, Rochefort, and Saintes, diverged to the eastward and arrived at Angoulême, where he achieved the

special object of his journey in a visit to Le Gonidec. Mr. Price, while at home in Wales, had heard that the great Breton Lexicographer was obliged to suspend his labours in the translation of the Old Testament Scriptures for want of Dr. Davies's Latin and Welsh dictionary; he therefore procured a copy from a friend, and never rested until he had carried it over land and sea, and safely placed it in Le Gonidec's own hands. Returning northward from Angoulême, Mr. Price visited Tours and Paris. After spending some time in examining the noble libraries of the French metropolis, he continued his homeward journey, by way of Boulogne, Dover, Canterbury, and London.

The following letters written at this period, have been kindly supplied for this memoir by the widow of the eminent scholar to whom they were addressed.

“Crickhowel, August 5th, 1829.

My dear Sir,

As it is now some time since I had the pleasure either of seeing or of hearing from you, and as I am just returned from Brittany, I feel particularly desirous of having some communication with you relative to that country which has so frequently been the subject of conversation among us, as well as of written disquisition. And first of all allow me to thank you for having first directed my attention to the Druidical monuments of Carnac, which you say you partially saw from the bay of Quiberon; and so you might, as from one part of the line of stone pillars the sea is visible by the south side of Mont St. Michel. But although these monuments are very extraordinary, yet I must confess I was a little disappointed in the effect produced. I had taken my impression from the prints in Godfrey Higgins's book about the Druids, and though those prints are correct with regard to the immediate pillars which are represented, yet by far the majority of the stones are not three feet high—in fact, were blocks laid in the line of pillars. There are also many cromlechs in the neighbourhood.

The people of Brittany have been much slandered by the French, and also by the English, respecting their state of

civilization, &c. I assure you the farm-houses look as comfortable and as well built as among the small farmers in England; and as to the lower classes, I have seen much greater dirt and misery in England, not to mention Ireland, &c. The Bretons live hard, it is true, but that seems to be from long habit; and of course their features and stature bear marks of it, being of a very ordinary cast. But I shall not now trouble you upon this subject, as I intend sending some of my remarks to some periodical publication, probably the Cambrian Quarterly, if they will insert them. But the subject upon which I wish to communicate with you chiefly, is the following.—At Morlaix I was fortunate enough to meet, by the merest accident at the public table, with Colonel Penhouet, colonel of the Gendarmerie of Brittany, a very clever and erudite Breton antiquary; he gave me an invitation to Colonel Gentil de Quelern, commandant of the fortifications at Brest, likewise a remarkably clever man, and possessed of one of the finest private antiquarian libraries I ever saw. These gentlemen pressed me to make some stay in the country, and requested my address, and proposed opening a correspondence upon Celtic and antiquarian subjects. Col. Gentil de Quelern also requested that I would send him the names and address of the Celtic literati in Britain. Now, do you not think that we could establish something of a literary society for the purpose of interchanging ideas with these people? and I assure you there are several others in that country very learned and enthusiastic antiquaries. They also entreated me to endeavour to induce some of my countrymen to come over again into Brittany, to hold a meeting with their antiquarians in some central town—Rennes for instance.

If some of us could go there next year, we might contrive to advertise and get up a sort of Eisteddfod—not a fiddling one. By the bye, I thank the writer of the article upon Eisteddfodau in the last Cambrian Quarterly, and was much delighted to see your name there supporting his opinions; but I should like to see a real literary meeting; the Bretons have many things of national interest to impart to us, of which most of us are entirely ignorant. From Brittany I went to Angoulême to see M. Le Gonidec, and found him en-

gaged in translating the Old Testament into the Breton. He has completed the book of Genesis; I examined, with him, the first part, and found it an excellent translation. He is only waiting an engagement from the Bible Society to proceed with it. I laid the matter before them last week as I came through London, and I hope they will not disappoint him. I have a copy of the Breton Testament, which I shall send you by coach, and shall enclose another, for Mr. Rees, in the parcel.

(W. G. Rees)
(Enc. vol.)

I was questioned a good deal about the Myfyrian Archaeology, and much anxiety was expressed for seeing it. I wish we could get another edition printed. I also gave them great satisfaction by stating that Dr. Pughe was about publishing the Mabinogion; they will be a treat to the world.

I shall be happy to hear from you as soon as you can make it convenient to write, and remain, my dear Sir, with best remembrance to Mrs. Jenkins,

Yours very sincerely,

T. Price.

I rummaged almost all the public libraries in Brittany and Paris, in search of Welsh or Breton MSS. and am sorry to say without the least success; still there may be something hidden among the rubbish."

"Crickhowel, October 12th, 1829.

My dear Sir,

I should have acknowledged your very kind and hospitable invitation long before now, but could not well form an idea when it would be in my power to avail myself of it. However, although I am seldom so fortunate as to be able to make my arrangements with any degree of certainty; yet upon the present occasion, I trust I shall not be disappointed in my plan of paying you a visit, sometime about the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the one following: for having some prospect of getting my Church served by a friend on Sunday the 25th instant; I shall probably be in Newtown, by Saturday's coach, the 24th: I cannot come sooner.

You are good enough to express an interest in my Breton excursion. When we talk these matters over, I hope we shall form some plan for communicating with our Breton friends; and if we cannot get up an Eisteddfod among the Bretons, yet I see no reason why we should not establish a correspondence with them, especially as they have expressed themselves desirous of that; and in our correspondence I should propose certain questions to be answered upon subjects of national interest, and which we have no opportunity of being acquainted with at home, such as the following for instance:

How many of the followers of William the Conqueror, named in the Battle Abbey Roll, were Bretons?

And what other Bretons came to England at the Norman Conquest?

What pedigrees the Bretons possess?

And what are their old armorial bearings? &c.

I should feel gratified if you would think of some other questions to put to them.

And remain, Yours sincerely,
T. Price."

"Crickhowel, October 19th, 1829.

My dear Sir,

Mr. Aneurin Owen having left me before I was prepared to return any decisive answer to the repetition of your very kind invitation, I now write to say that as far as I can speak respecting my own proceedings, I hope to have the pleasure of paying you a visit, in the first week in November, and probably shall take the Newtown coach, from Brecon, on Tuesday the 3rd. I understand, from Mr. Owen, that we are indebted to you, for the very excellent and original article in the Cambrian Quarterly upon Vortigern. I hope you will give us many more of a similar character. In my opinion, this is the way in which antiquarian facts should be treated as connected with history, by drawing deductions, and by developing their bearings upon the various relations of society. Unfortunately, most of our Welsh antiquarians, though they have the powers of collecting and condensing much valuable matter in an eminent degree, and of bringing the scattered rays to a focus; yet some how or other, they

seem not possessed of the quality of refraction, of separating the various tints, and showing their effect in the shading and colouring of history.

I remember in a conversation I once had with you at Brecon, you remarked how Sir Walter Scott had mistaken, and consequently not done justice to the character of Gwenwynwyn, in "The Crusaders." Now could you not favour the public with an article upon that subject in the Cambrian Quarterly? and let the number be sent to Sir Walter; it may serve to promote the interests of the work. And if the autograph of Gwenwynwyn can be found, as I think you said you had seen it; by all means let a facsimile of it be engraved; it will show that the Welsh Prince was as well educated, if not better than many of his royal cotemporaries.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

T. Price."

In the autumn of the year 1829, Mr. Price received the following letters from M. Le Gonidec :

" Angoulême, le 1er 7bre, 1829.

Monsieur,

Inquiet de n'avoir point reçu de vos nouvelles depuis votre passage à Angoulême, et craignant que la fatigue du voyage n'ait pris sur votre santé, ne sachant ce que vous êtes devenu depuis votre séjour à Londres, je prends le parti de vous écrire, en vous priant de vouloir bien me tirer d'inquiétude, en me faisant connaître, aussi brièvement que vous voudrez, que vous vous portez bien et que vous ne m'avez pas oublié. Je l'apprendrai avec plaisir.

Je sais déjà que vous avez pensé à moi en arrivant à Londres, puisque j'ai été informé que vous aviez présenté vous-même à la Société Biblique le projet de traité que j'ai rédigé sous vos yeux et dont vous avez bien voulu vous charger. Le Comité s'est empressé de m'annoncer qu'il avait approuvé mon projet, mais qu'il était nécessaire qu'il fût communiqué au sous-comité, qui est en vacance en ce moment. Il me tarde de connaître la résolution définitive, afin de commencer à copier mon manuscrit. Je serais bien aise aussi d'être fixé sur les époques de paiement; et si vous pensez, Monsieur, que ce ne serait pas une indiscretion de ma part, pourriez-vous me faire toucher assez prochainement le premier paiement de 2000 francs? Cela me mettrait bien à mon aise, et à même de faire mes arrangemens avec l'imprimeur, qui sera peut-être obligé d'acheter de nouveaux caractères.

Je suis rendu, dans ma traduction, au chapitre xxvii de l'Exode ;

le Dictionnaire de Mr. Bevan m'est d'une grande utilité. Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance de renouveler à ce Monsieur tous mes remerciemens.

Mr. le Secrétaire honoraire de la Société de Gwyneddigion m'a écrit, dans le mois de Juillet, une lettre fort détaillée et très intéressante pour moi, il m'annonce qu'il est chargé de m'adresser un certain nombre de livres Gallois, et me demande par où il pourra me les envoyer. Par ma réponse, en date du 17 août, je lui indique un bateau à vapeur qui part régulièrement de Bordeaux pour Londres ou pour Southampton, et je lui donne à Bordeaux le nom d'un de mes amis qui pourra recevoir le paquet de livres.

Encore une fois, Monsieur, je vous prie de me donner de vos nouvelles, et de me croire, pour la vie,

Votre Serviteur et Ami,
Le Gonidec."

Angoulême, le 12 9bre 1829.

Monsieur,

J'ai reçu avec le plus grand plaisir votre coup d'essai en langue Française, et je puis vous assurer que je n'en ai pas perdu un mot ni une idée. Vous les avez rendus pour moi d'une manière fort intelligible. Je serais bien fier si je pouvais en faire autant en Anglais. Je vous engage donc, si cela ne vous fatigue pas trop, à continuer en Français votre correspondance avec moi. Toutefois si vous y trouviez trop d'embarras dans de certaines circonstances, vous pourriez aussi m'écrire en Anglais; car quoique je ne saurais écrire dans cette langue, je la lis et la comprends assez bien, pourvu qu'elle soit écrite en caractères un peu forts, comme par exemple celui de votre lettre.

Je suis fort content de la résolution de la Société Biblique; et comment ne le serais-je pas, puisqu'elle a accédé aux arrangemens que j'avais moi-même proposés? Mais elle ne m'a pas fait connaître encore ses intentions au sujet de l'impression. J'ignore si j'en serai chargé, ou si elle se fera à Londres. Dans ce dernier cas, je n'aurais qu'une crainte, c'est quelle ne soit pas aussi correcte qu'elle pourrait l'être, si elle était faite sous mes yeux. D'un autre côté ce sera un grand embarras de moins pour moi, ce qui me mettra à même d'achever ma traduction un an peut-être plutôt que je ne comptais. Si je suis chargé des soins et des peines de l'impression, je crains bien que ma première demande ne soit insuffisante. Je me trouve mieux récompensé par la résolution de la Société telle qu'elle l'a adoptée, que par l'autre arrangement, en mettant les frais d'impression à mon compte. Au surplus nous verrons plus tard quelles seront les propositions du Comité.

Je viens de terminer la copie de six cahiers de ma traduction, comprenant la Genèse entière et un fragment de l'Exode. Je les ai adressés à Mr. Kieffir: ils ne tarderont sûrement pas à vous parvenir. Je recevrai avec intérêt les observations que vous croirez devoir faire sur la fidélité de ma traduction. Mais je vous prie de ne pas oublier que je

traduis directement d'après le Latin de la Vulgate, et aussi littéralement qu'il m'est possible, en égard au génie de la langue Bretonne. Vous remarquerez qu'à la tête de chaque chapitre j'ai mis un court sommaire, qui n'est ni le Latin ni le Français ni le Gallois. J'avais commencé ainsi, avant de vous connaître, et ne comptant travailler que pour moi. J'ai cru devoir continuer, mais comme dans la traduction du Nouveau-Testament je me suis dispensé de mettre des sommaires, il sera mieux, je pense, de les supprimer tout-à-fait à l'impression. Si l'ouvrage s'imprime en Angleterre, il sera bon que j'adresse quelques observations à l'imprimeur; pour l'intelligence de mes accents, et surtout pour les ñ nasals et les l mouillés.

Je vais copier les cahiers de ma traduction qui comprennent l'Exode et partie du Lévitique, pour les envoyer ensuite à M. Kieffir. J'en suis, pour la traduction, au xxi chapitre du Lévitique.

Vous trouverez ci-joint, Monsieur, une copie de ma Notice sur les noces Bretonnes, et de la chanson dont vous avez la musique.

Vous m'aviez fait espérer que vous engageriez les savans de votre pays à s'intéresser par une souscription à l'impression de mon Dictionnaire Français-Breton, dont le manuscrit est achevé, comme vous le savez. Je voudrais savoir à quoi m'en tenir à cet égard; car si je ne suis pas encouragé et aidé pour cela, il faut que je renonce à mettre au jour cet ouvrage fruit de près de 10 ans de travail, et je ferai relier mon manuscrit pour mon usage: il me gêne beaucoup dans l'état où il est, ayant besoin à chaque instant de le consulter pour ma traduction.

Je suis pour la vie, votre affectionné Ami,

Le Gonidec."

In the year 1834, the Welsh Baptists having determined to establish a station in Brittany, made choice of the Rev. John Jenkins, a native of Glamorganshire, as their Missionary; and previous to his departure, sent him to receive information and advice from the benevolent Vicar of Cwmdû. On arriving in Brittany, Mr. Jenkins found many obstacles to his undertaking. After successfully contending with them, he settled at Morlaix, in the department of Finistère, and obtained a chapel; in which he has now (1854) regularly officiated for many years in the Breton and French languages.

Mr. Price to the Rev. Joseph Jowett, Earl street :

“Crickhowel, May 1st, 1835.

Dear Sir,

It gives me much pleasure to find that the Breton Bible is completed. It is, as far as I am competent to judge, a very faithful and able translation, and does great honour to

Mr. Le Gonidec. And from the portion which I have examined, I should not hesitate to leave the whole in his hands to be printed off, having every confidence in his talents and fidelity; and most sincerely do I congratulate the Society upon having engaged his services. However, should you wish me to examine the remainder, or any particular portion of it, or to revise the press, I shall be most happy to render every assistance in my power.

If I have not an opportunity of sending the MS. in my possession up by some friend, I shall forward it by coach, and shall inform you of it by post.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

T. Price."

By a letter, dated from the "Bible Society's House, July 27, 1835," it appears that M. Le Gonidec "received by agreement for the whole translation 7,200 francs, (£300);" and that "upon its completion, the Committee voted him further as a gratuity, £25."

Mr. Jowett's last letter to the Rev. T. Price, Crickhowel:

"Bible Society House,

10th November, 1835.

Dear Sir,

I have the pleasure to inform you, that your parcel (containing the parts of Le Gonidec's Breton version, which had been submitted to your examination, with his paper of replies to your criticism) is safely arrived in Earl street; as are also the two volumes, to which your letter of the 30th ult. alludes. I am desired by the Committee to request that you will retain for your own use the other books and papers of which you make mention.

Of the publication of the Old Testament for Brittany, I fear, there is very little prospect. The outlay of so large a sum could scarcely be justified, after the minute success which we have had in distributing the New Testament. However, Spero meliora! the time will assuredly come, when all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God,

and shall search for it in His own mine, as for hidden treasure. And then shall the Bretons also come up for a memorial before him. You must not put their case in parallel with your own countrymen: we had the power to visit Wales, we had no such power in Bas Bretagne. Moreover, the Welsh had a hunger and thirst for the word of God; to the others, his Gospel has been offered in the New Testament, and they "expel it out of their coasts!" Can you find us the man who will carry it into their houses? Such a man shall not have to complain that we will not furnish him with books. But I must conclude. Believe me to be,

Dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Joseph Jowett,

Editorial Superintendent."

M. Le Gonidec to the Rev. T. Price :

" Paris, le 3 Octobre, 1835.

Mon cher Monsieur,

C'est avec un bien sensible plaisir que j'ai reçu votre lettre du 18 Septembre dernier, je suis fier des éloges que vous me donnez au sujet de ma traduction de la Bible en langue Bretonne, parce que je pense qu'il n'est personne plus dans le cas que vous d'apprécier et de juger un semblable travail. Oui, Monsieur, la Société Biblique a rempli tous ses engagements vis-à-vis de moi de la manière la plus gracieuse, et il ne me reste qu'un desir à former, c'est qu'elle ne tarde pas à faire imprimer l'Ancien Testament Breton, et qu'elle veuille bien me charger de ce soin, moyennant une rétribution raisonnable. Je n'ai malheureusement jamais eu plus de temps à moi, étant aujourd'hui sans place et mis à la retraite, quoique je ne suis pas encore d'un âge à me rendre incapable de remplir un emploi. J'ai été si mal traité dans cette circonstance, qu'après avoir passé plus de trente ans au service de l'état, on a fixé ma pension de retraite à 800 francs, tandis-que la loi m'accordait 1450. Je plaide en pourvoi au Conseil-d'Etat ; mais je doute que l'on me rende justice. Je sollicite depuis long-temps une place dans une des Bibliothèques de Paris. Le Ministre reconnait mes droits, me promet beaucoup et ne m'accorde rien. Vous voyez que ma position n'est pas brillante et qu'elle n'est guère encourageante. aussi suis-je à la veille de renoncer à mes travaux littéraires, pour ne m'occuper que des moyens de gagner ma vie par des travaux purement physiques, si toute fois je peux encore m'en procurer à mon âge.

J'ai reçu dans le temps la gazette que vous m'avez adressé à Angoulême, et j'ai lu avec intérêt la relation de votre réunion Galloise.

Je crois qu'elle m'est parvenue sans frais, ou au moins c'était si peu de chose que je ne m'en souviens pas.

Je ne sais pas ce que vous entendez par pedigree ou généalogie Bretonne ; mais si j'ai quelque document en ma possession et que vous puissiez m'indiquer d'une manière précise, vous pouvez être sûr que je vous en ferai passer une copie, et que vous serez parfaitement le maître d'en faire usage comme vous l'entendrez.

Je suis fâché que le Magazine de la Cambrie ait cessé de paraître : il renfermait de fort bons articles, et fort intéressans pour ceux qui font des recherches sur les antiquités des deux Bretagnes.

Après votre incursion dans notre Bretagne Armorique, j'espère que vous viendrez visiter notre capitale, et dans ce cas je me fais un grand plaisir de vous embrasser, et de profiter des bonnes observations que vous aurez faites.

Lorsque vous apprendrez que quelque Gallois parlant un peu Français fera le voyage de Paris, je vous engagerai à lui donner mon adresse. Je serai toujours bien content de causer avec des personnes de votre pays.

Si vous venez à Paris, je vous serai obligé de m'apporter quelque petits ouvrages Gallois de bas prix, sur des sujets simples, et que je puisse comprendre. Si Dieu me prête vie, je compte dans quelque temps faire un vocabulaire Français—Breton—Gallois.

En attendant je m'occupe de faire paraître une nouvelle édition de ma Grammaire Celto-Bretonne, et un Dictionnaire Français-Breton, si toutefois je peux réunir un nombre suffisant de souscriptions pour couvrir les frais d'impression. Le prospectus va paraître très-incessamment. Je vous en ferai passer quelques-uns, en vous priant de les faire connaître dans la Province de Galles, et de faire tous vos efforts pour me procurer un certain nombre de souscripteurs en Angleterre. Mon pays est loin de m'encourager.

Je viens de terminer la traduction d'un manuscrit Breton de 15ème Siècle. C'est un ancien Mystère intitulé Sainte Nonne ou Nonita et son fils Saint Dewy. Je pense qu'il sera imprimé.*

Ce qui m'a engagé à venir demeurer à Paris, c'est que j'ai voulu me réunir à mon fils aîné, qui est prêtre, et attaché à l'Eglise de Saint Roch.

* Tous les titres des scenes sont en Latin, et voici une partie toute Latine intercalée au milieu des vers Bretons.

LEGENDA.

Obiit Sanctissimus urbis Legionum archiepiscopus Davidagius in Menevia ciuitate intra abbatiam suam quam pro ceteris suæ diocesis monasteriis dilexerat quia beatus Patricius qui nativitatem ejus prophetaverat ipsam fundavit dum enim ibi apud a fratres suos moram faceret subito languore gravatus defunctus est et jubente Malgone venedetorum rege in eadem ecclesia Sepultus, hæc et quam plurium alia de libro qui de gestis regum britanorum nuncupatur de sancto Davidagio et Sancta Nonita addidimus.

Si vous aviez quelque note intéressante à me fournir sur le sujet de manuscrit en question, dont la scène se passe en partie dans votre pays, vous me feriez plaisir en m'en faisant part.

Je suis, Monsieur et cher Ami, avec un bien sincère attachement et un entier devouement.

Tout à vous pour la vie,

O ewylls fy nghalon.

Le Gonidec.

A greiz va chaloun.

Rue neuve St. Roch, No. 8."

" Paris, le 4 Fevrier, 1837.

Mon cher Monsieur,

Je suis très-reconnaissant de l'attention que vous avez eue de m'adresser la liste des prix de la Société des Cymreigyddion. Je vois avec plaisir que de l'autre côté du détroit on honore encore la langue de nos ayeux. On est loin de lui porter le même respect de ce côté-ci. Depuis le temps que j'ai annoncé une souscription pour l'impression d'un Dictionnaire Français-Breton et la réimpression de ma Grammaire, je n'en ai pas réuni cent. J'ai bien peur que ces ouvrages ne voyent pas le jour de mon vivant ; et une fois que je serai descendu dans la tombe, on ne tirera pas parti de mes manuscrits.

Je n'entends plus parler de la Bible Bretonne, il paraît que la Société Biblique renonce à la faire imprimer. J'aurais bien voulu cependant qu'elle le fût avant ma mort, afin que je pusse en être chargé. Je m'imagine qu'elle serait bien mieux soignée sous mes yeux. Voudriez-vous en dire un mot à la Société Biblique, et prier le Secrétaire de m'écrire directement rue neuve St. Roch, No. 8 ? Je ne sais pas pourquoi l'agent de la Société à Paris ne me reçoit, ni me répond à mes lettres. Plusieurs personnes me demandent quand la Bible sera imprimée : on paraît l'attendre avec impatience. Je vous prierais de faire une question au Comité. Je voudrais savoir si, parceque j'ai traité avec la Société pour la traduction de l'Ancien-Testament, il me serait interdit de le faire imprimer, dans le cas, peu probable, où il se présenterait un imprimeur-editeur qui voulût le faire à ses frais ? Si je vous fais cette question, c'est à cause du retard que met la Société à faire imprimer la Bible Bretonne, et qu'on me la demande assez souvent.

Le Mystère de Buhez Sante Nonn a éprouvé bien des contrariétés, dont je ne suis nullement la cause. M. Raynouard, l'auteur de la tragédie des Templiers et de plusieurs ouvrages sur la langue Romane s'était chargé des frais et de la conduite de l'impression : au moment où elle était presque achevée, M. Reynouard est mort, et il a fallu prendre de nouveaux arrangemens. On vient de me dire que tout était fini, et que l'ouvrage ne tardera pas à paraître.

J'ai bien reçu, dans son temps, la lettre que vous m'avez fait le plaisir de m'écrire au sujet de Nonn man Dewy. Si je ne vous en ai pas accusé réception, c'est que je n'avais rien de positif à vous mander sur le moment ou paraîtrait le manuscrit.

Vous avez trop présumé de moi, en pensant que je serais dans le cas de concourir au 1er. sujet de prix. Outre que je reconnais qu'il faut de vastes connaissances que je n'ai pas pour bien traiter ce sujet, il me manque encore le temps. Vous saurez que privé de ma place par le

Gouvernement ; obligé, après trente ans de services, de plaider devant le Conseil-d'Etat pour une modique pension de retraite qu'on me dispute, je me suis vu forcé pour vivre de prendre un emploi dans une Compagnie d'assurances contre l'incendie. Là je suis occupé depuis 9 heures du matin jusqu'à 5 heures du soir. Vous voyez qu'il ne me reste plus un moment dans le jour pour me livrer à mes goûts, pour notre littérature nationale. On ne doit pas désormais plus compter sur moi, que sur un homme mort. Pour un temps aussi considérable, je suis encore loin d'être grandement rétribué. Je n'ai qu'un modique traitement de 1500 francs par an : mais encore il faut vivre ; *primò vivere*.

Ma traduction de la Bible (ancien et nouveau-Testament,) que vous connoissez, celle du manuscrit Breton qui va paraître, et mes autres titres littéraires (Grammaire, Dictionnaires, &c.) ne pourraient-ils pas être indiqués par vous à la Société des Cymreigyddion comme un titre à leur générosité ? La Société ne pourrait-elle pas m'accorder une gratification d'encouragement ? Si ma question vous semble indiscreète, oubliez-là ; mais permettez-moi de vous en adresser un autre : Ne pourriez-vous pas au moins demander pour moi le titre de *membre honoraire* de votre Société ? Cela me flatterait beaucoup.

Je crois vous faire plaisir en mettant en rapport avec vous deux messieurs de mes amis qui s'occupent avec beaucoup de zèle de la langue Bretonne ; l'un (M. Hersart de la Villemarqué) est un antiquaire très-studieux ; l'autre (M. Brizeux) est un poète aimable. Je leur ai donné votre adresse. Si je suis mis hors d'état de travailler pour notre littérature Bretonne, j'aurais le plaisir au moins de voir les jeunes-gens s'y adonner avec fruit.

Continuez, je vous prie, à me tenir au courant de l'état de votre santé, et de celui de notre chère langue dans votre studieuse Angleterre.

Recevez, Monsieur et Ami, une nouvelle assurance de mon affectueux devouement.

Le Gonidec."

"Paris 22 xbre, 1837.

Mon cher Monsieur,

J'ai un peu tardé à vous remercier de l'envoi que vous m'avez fait de deux gazettes d'Abergaveny. J'ai lu avec intérêt les détails qu'elles contiennent sur vos réunions littéraires. C'est avec plaisir que vous possédez encore beaucoup de manuscrits anciens, et que vous vous proposez de les mettre au jour. Il sortira peut-être de cette publication des faits nouveaux, des traits d'histoire inconnus, des rapprochemens inattendus. L'histoire et la géographie, les langues et les usages des peuples, toutes les connaissances, en tireront quelque profit. Il me tarde d'apprendre si ce n'est pas une vaine espérance. Je voudrais bien que dans le nombre de ces manuscrits il s'en trouvât quel'un dans le dialecte de notre petite Bretagne. Ce ne serait pas une chose bien incroyable ; car les rapports entre les deux pays ont dû être assez fréquents dans un temps.

J'ai beaucoup de remerciemens à vous faire, ainsi qu'à la Société des Cymreigyddion, pour avoir bien voulu m'admettre dans son sien en qualité de *membre honoraire*. Je tâcherai de me rendre digne de cette faveur. Je suis chargé en même temps d'être l'interprète de M. M. Hersart de la Villemarqué et Brizeux pour la même faveur.

Le Mystère de *Buhez Sante Nonn* a paru enfin, il a été imprimé a 300 exemplaires seulement. J'aurais bien voulu pouvoir vous en offrir un exemplaire, ainsi qu'à la Société des Cymreigyddion : mais comme j'étais hors d'état de le faire imprimer à mes frais, c'est un libraire de Paris qui en est l'éditeur, sans qu'il m'en soit venu aucun profit pour mon travail. Je n'en possède qu'un seul exemplaire. Il se trouve à Paris chez *Merlin, libraire, quai des Augustins, no. 7.*

Je traduis en ce moment, du Latin en Breton, l'Imitation de Jesus Christ. J'espère l'avoir achevé avant un an. Je pense que vous seriez content de cette traduction ; mais je crains bien que je ne trouve pas le moyen de le faire imprimer.

Vous m'aviez annoncé, Monsieur, que vous pourriez bien faire un voyage en France, pour visiter notre Bretagne. Je m'étais flatté que vous pousseriez jusqu'à Paris, où j'aurais eu beaucoup de plaisir à vous voir, et à renouveler votre connaissance. Auriez-vous renoncé tout-à-fait à ce projet ?

Si vous trouvez quelque loisir, je serais bien aise de recevoir de vos nouvelles. Je vous prie d'en être persuadé, ainsi que du parfait devouement avec lequel je suis,

Mon cher Monsieur,
Votre affectionné

Le Gonidec, neuve St. Roch, no. 8.

P. S. Quand j'aurai achevé l'Imitation, je me propose de faire en Breton une histoire abrégée de la Bretagne Armorique. Si j'avais été plus près de vous, je vous communique mon plan et les premières chapitres ; j'aurais été bien aise de recevoir vos avis là dessus."

" Paris, le 13 Mars, 1838.

Monsieur et cher Ami,

Aussitôt la réception de votre lettre du ler de ce mois, je me suis empressé de faire les demarches nécessaires pour pouvoir y répondre d'une manière positive. Voici le resultat de mes informations.

Le plus ancien et le plus intéressant des trois manuscrits que vous m'indiquez (Il date, je crois du 13 ème siècle) est composé de 161 colonnes in folio. Il faut beaucoup d'habitude pour le lire, et par conséquent pour le copier d'une manière exacte. D'ailleurs on ne le confierait pas à tout le monde, même pour le transcrire à la Bibliothèque; on ne le permettrait qu'à un élève de l'Ecole des Chartes. J'en connais un qui s'en chargerait : mais il ne le ferait par à moins de 8 livres ou 200 francs. Voyez si votre ami consentirait à ce sacrifice qui à la vérité est un peu fort ; mais il faudrait en passer par là. Un de nos savans s'était proposé de publier le roman du Chevalier au lion ; alors toute difficulté aurait disparu, et l'on aurait été quitte pour acheter

l'ouvrage ; mais on a renoncé, pour le moment, à le faire imprimer. Voilà, Monsieur et ami, tous les renseignemens que je peux vous fournir ; et je suis prêt à donner suite à mes premières démarches, si la chose peut vous être agréable.

Vous ne me dites pas si une lettre que je vous ai écrite le 22 Decembre dernier, vous est parvenue ; elle renfermait quelques détails que j'ai cru devoir vous intéresser.

Je vous prévien que je viens de trouver un editeur pour la réimpression de ma Grammaire Celto-Bretonne. Ma vieille expérience a trouvé un assez grand nombre d'observations nouvelles à y ajouter, ce qui en augmentera le volume d'un quart au moins. L'ouvrage est sous presse. Si vous connaissez quelques amateurs de vos amis qui soient bien aises de se le procurer au prix annoncé par le prospectus, dites leur de se hâter de m'adresser leurs souscriptions ; car lorsque la Grammaire sera publiée, elle coûtera 9 francs, au lieu de 6 francs telle qu'elle est annoncé pour les souscripteurs.

Nous avons eu ici un banquet de Bretons. Ces Messieurs m'ont fait l'honneur de m'inviter à les présider. La réunion a été fort gaie et très-amicale. J'ai adressé à l'assemblée quelques paroles sur la situation de la langue, d'abord en Français et puis en langue Bretonne. Nous avons porté des toasts à nos frères d'outre-mer. Nous avons chanté des chansons Bretonnes, qui ont été accueillies avec enthousiasme. Je suis fâché que les journaux n'aient point rendu compte de cette réunion : cela aurait fait plaisir à nos amis communs.

Je n'ai reçu aucune communication de la part du Comité de la Société Biblique de Londres, ce qui me fait penser qu'il ne songe pas encore à publier l'Ancien-Testament Breton. Comme, par mon traité, je ne me suis engagé qu'à lui donner la traduction de cet ouvrage en Breton, sans renoncer à la faculté de la faire imprimer pour mon compte, si le Comité tarde encore à prendre un parti à cet egard, et que je trouve un editeur, je pourrai bien le faire imprimer pour mon compte ; et alors l'Ancien-Testament Breton paraîtra complet, c'est-à-dire avec les livres que vous appelez apocryphes.

Tout à vous de cœur,
Le Gonidec."

Paris, le 2 Avril, 1838.

Monsieur et cher Ami,

J'ai fait toutes les démarches qu'il m'était possible de faire au sujet du manuscrit dont vous desirez avoir la copie, et malgré ma bonne volonté, je crains de n'avoir pas réussi à votre gré. Le jeune homme dont je vous ai parlé dans ma dernière lettre est absent de Paris pour long-temps. Je me suis adressé et j'ai fait parler à plusieurs personnes qui n'ont pas voulu entreprendre la copie, à moins d'une somme exagérée. Enfin s'en est chargé, moins pour gagner quelques francs, que dans l'intérêt de la littérature ancienne. La copie sera exacte d'après l'original : elle sera faite en toute conscience ; mais comme, pour rendre le manuscrit tel qu'il est, il donnera

les abréviations, qu'il n'y aura pas de points sur les *i*, et qu'on ne trouvera ni points, ni virgules, j'ai bien peur qu'on n'éprouve quelque difficulté à lire la copie. Cependant comme un fragment du manuscrit est déjà imprimé, à ce que l'on m'a dit, à la suite du Roman de *Brut*, on aura un point de comparaison, et l'on pourra se mettre assez facilement au courant de l'écriture. La copie est commencée et était déjà assez avancée lorsqu'on est venu me la montrer: Sans cela j'aurais suspendu le travail qui, comme je viens de vous le dire, ne me satisfait pas. D'un autre côté, lorsque j'ai réfléchi que vous n'auriez pas ce que vous désirez, j'ai pensé qu'il valait mieux avoir une copie exacte, quoique d'une écriture un peu difficile à lire, que de n'en avoir pas du tout; et j'ai dit de continuer, en recommandant d'y mettre plus de soin.

J'ai tout lieu de croire que la copie me sera livrée avant le 15 de ce mois. Voulez-vous bien m'indiquer le moyen de vous la faire passer. Quant aux 8 liv. ou 200 francs, vous ne serez pas embarrassé pour les faire toucher ici; les rapports entre nos pays sont devenus aussi fréquens que faciles. Si vous le jugez à propos, vous pourrez ajouter quelque chose pour le papier: je ne crois pas que le copiste ait d'autre dépense à faire. Pour ce qui regarde mes déboursés, n'y pensez pas: ils consisteront en quelques postes de lettres, qui m'auront donné de vos nouvelles et procuré le plaisir de vous être utile, et je m'en trouve payé d'avance.

Je vous renouvelle, Monsieur et cher Ami, l'assurance de mon parfait dévouement.

Le Gonidec."

Paris, le 8 Juin, 1833.

Monsieur et cher Ami,

J'ai reçu de Mr. Malachy Daly, Banquier, la somme de £10 pour compte de Mr. J'ai remis à Mr. les deux cents francs qu'on lui avait alloué, et d'après l'intention de la bonne Lady ... j'ai gardé le reste pour me couvrir de mes postes de lettres et autres dépenses.

Une lettre de moi datée du 26 mai vous a chargé de tous mes rémercimens vis-à-vis de Lady Je ne peux ajouter à celle-ci que de nouveaux hommages et des regrets bien sincères de ne pouvoir profiter d'une offre aussi généreuse.

Mr. Brizeux attend toujours une lettre de vous. La goutte me tourmente toujours, et me force à quitter la plume.

Je vous salue de cœur, et suis

Votre affectionnée,

Le Gonidec.

Ci-joint le reçu de Mr."

The various, apposite and graceful modes in which M. Le Gonidec subscribes his letters might happily afford an im-

proving example to many English correspondents; whose trite unmeaning "truly yours," used alike to the yet unseen acquaintance and to the most intimate friend, sometimes encourages unmeet familiarity, and often checks the healthful glow of sincere affection.

The following letter announced to Mr. Price the death of his amiable friend and coadjutor, M. Le Gonidec.

"Monsieur,

J'ai eu l'honneur de vous écrire le 13 de ce mois, le lendemain de la mort de mon pere.* J'espérais que ma lettre vous trouverait à Abergavenny et que les paroles que je vous engageais à prononcer au milieu de la grande assemblée des Gallois seroient utile à la memoire du digne homme que vous regrettez, et peut-être à la veuve desolée et qui reste sans ressources suffisantes par devers elle. Je n'ai reçu aucune reponse. Ma lettre ne serait-elle pas parvenue? En tout cas, je vous dirai comme à un ami que nous avons dans la Grande Bretagne, puisque vous etiez l'ami de mon père :

1°. Qu'on vient de commencer une souscription pour faire élever un monument sur le tombe de mon père.

2°. Que peut-être avec votre protection la noble société des Kimry pourrait genereusement prouver à la veuve d'un homme qui faisait l'admiration des pays de Galles comme de la basse Bretagne que son estime pour son mari n'est pas stérile, et qu'un malheur aussi intéressant trouve dans le pays de Galles des cœurs plus compatissans qu'en France où l'égoïsme est trop repandu.

3°. Que les ouvrages de notre père étant notre seule fortune, nous desirons faire imprimer la Bible. Je ne pense pas que les conditions avec la société Biblique l'y opposent.

4°. Que le dictionnaire précieux *Gallois-Latin* est en notre pouvoir, et que si vous pouvez nous en faire tirer un bon parti en Galles, nous vous le ferois passer un bon et très-bon parti, s'il vous plait. Dans le malheur on doit se servir de son mieux de ce qu'on a.

Nous vous confions, Monsieur, comme à un ami, tous nos chagrines, nos espérances et nos secrètes.

Ma mère, qui a eu l'honneur de vous voir, je crois, à Angoulême, vous offre son respect, et mon frère et moi nous vous conjurons de faire tout ce qui seroit en votre pouvoir pour honorer la memoire de M. Le Gonidec et assister sa famille desolée.

Je suis, dans la confiance, Monsieur, que nous obtenons de vous, une prompte et favorable réponse sur tous les pointes qui fait le sujet de cette lettre,

Votre serviteur,

Le Gonidec.

Paris, Rue Neuve St. Roch, No. 8. Le 30, 8tieme, 1838."

* The letter here alluded to appears to have been lost in consequence of the vagueness of its address.—J. W.

As an instance of the peculiar regard entertained by Mr. Price for this remarkable man, may be mentioned his careful preservation of several pieces of coarse paper, which had contained packets of proof-sheets, and been forwarded by Professor Kieffer to Earl-street, and from thence to Cwmdû; and his inscribing each of them with the words: "The above is the handwriting of Le Gonidec, translator of the Breton Scriptures. T. Price, 1835." This was done long before Death had given his most affecting consecration to Le Gonidec's memory.

CHAPTER XII.

Sir Isaac Newton ;
Mr. Tudor's Reminiscences ;
Wanes Cymru, &c.

1830—1836.

“ He who has lived forty years, if he is a man of any observation, (such is the uniformity of events,) may be said to have seen every thing past or to come.”

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.—Graves's Translation.

Mr. Price has left a manuscript paper, entitled “ Extracts from Observations upon the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John,” in two parts. By Sir Isaac Newton, 4to. London, 1733; showing that the great Astronomer held the doctrine of “ the Millennium, the First Resurrection, and the Personal Reign of Christ.”

Mr. Price remarks : “ In part ii. chap. 1. Sir Isaac Newton expresses his opinion, that the Apocalypse was written before the reign of Domitian, and also before the Gospel and Epistles of St. John. Among other reasons for this opinion he gives the following :

“ The Apocalypse seems to be alluded to in the Epistles of Peter, and that to the Hebrews, and therefore to have been written before them. Such allusions in the Epistle to

the Hebrews, I take to be the discourses concerning the High-Priest in the heavenly Tabernacle, who is both Priest and King as Melchizedec; and those concerning the Word of God with the sharp two-edged sword, the *σαβατισμος*, or millennial rest, the earth whose end is to be burned, suppose by the lake of fire, the judgement and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries, the heavenly city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God, the cloud of witnesses, mount Sion, heavenly Jerusalem, general assembly, spirits of just men made perfect, viz. by the resurrection, and the shaking of heaven and earth, and removing them that the new heaven, new earth and new kingdom which cannot be shaken, may remain."

After noticing the allusions to the prophecy of the Apocalypse contained in the Epistles of Peter, and which he thinks is expressly mentioned under the title of the sure word of prophecy, Sir Isaac Newton goes on to say: 'Thus does the author of this Epistle spend all the second chapter in describing the qualities of the Apocalyptic Beasts and false Prophet; and then in the third he goes on to describe their destruction more fully and the future kingdom. He saith that because the coming of Christ should be long deferred, they should scoff, saying, where is the promise of his coming? Then he describes the sudden coming of the day of the Lord upon them as a thief in the night, which is the Apocalyptic phrase; and the millennium, or thousand years which are with God but as a day, the passing away of the old heavens and earth, by a conflagration in the lake of fire, and our looking for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

Again he says, 'For as the few obscure prophecies concerning Christ's first coming were for setting up the Christian religion, which all nations have since corrupted; so the many and clear prophecies concerning the things to be done at Christ's second coming, are not only for predicting but also for effecting a recovery and re-establishment of the long-lost truth, and setting up a kingdom wherein dwells righteousness. The event will prove the Apocalypse; and this prophecy, thus proved and understood, will open the old prophets and all together will make known the true religion,

and establish it. For he that will understand the old prophets must begin with this ; but the time is not yet come for understanding them perfectly, because the main revolution predicted in them is not yet come to pass. In the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God shall be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the prophets ; and then the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ, and he shall reign for ever. Apoc. x. 7. xi. 15. There is already so much of the prophecy fulfilled, that as many as will take pains in this study may see sufficient instances of God's providence ; but then the signal revolutions predicted by all the holy prophets will at once both turn men's eyes upon considering the predictions and plainly interpret them. Till then we must content ourselves with interpreting what hath been already fulfilled.

Amongst the interpreters of the last age there is scarce one of note, who hath not made some discovery worth knowing ; and thence I seem to gather that God is about opening these mysteries. The success of others put me upon considering it, and if I have done any thing which may be useful to following writers, I have my design.'

Such are the words of Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest and most gifted of uninspired men. And if piety, learning, discernment, and reasoning powers of the highest order can qualify their possessor for the undertaking of prophetic investigation, and constitute a criterion of excellence, who can stand in competition with this extraordinary man ?*

March 16th, 1831.

T. Price."

Annexed to the preceding paper was the following list, which points out the sources from whence Mr. Price and his fellow-student, the late Rev. Henry Vaughan, of Crickhowel, were at that period seeking for information concerning the interpretations of divine prophecy prevalent among the early Christians.

* A very sensible work on the subject of the Apocalypse, by the Rev. P. S. Desprez, has been lately published by Messrs. Longman. (1854.)—J.W.

THE FATHERS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

St. Ignatius—Greek and Latin and Polycarp—Greek and Latin	}	In one vol. 8vo. Rev. T. Price.	
Justin Martyr—Greek and Latin			
Athenagoras ditto	}	One vol. folio. Rev. H. Vaughan.	
Theophilus of Antioch } ad Antolycum }			} ditto
Tatian—Assyrius } oratio ad Grecos }			
Hermias } Irisio }			} ditto
Irenæus } adv. Hæres }	} ditto	} One vol. folio. Rev. H. Vaughan	
St. Cyprian Latin			One vol. folio. Rev. T. Price.
Lactantius ditto	One vol. 8vo. Rev. H. Vaughan.		
Eusebius } English }	} One vol. folio. Rev. T. Price.		
Socrates Scholasticus } ditto }			
Evagrius Scholasticus } ditto }			
Apocryphal New Testament English	One vol. 8vo. Rev. T. Price.		

Mr. Price left among his papers, a series of letters from Mr. John Tudor, of Albury, on the subject of the Prophetic Scriptures, and the tenets of the Rev. Edward Irving.

There also were many epistles which had been forwarded to Mr. Price in the years 1830—5, by the person to whom they had been originally addressed by Messrs. Irving, Cardale, Fox, &c., with the avowed intention of diffusing authentic reports of the extraordinary exhibitions, then following the delusive pretensions of the pious, but fanatical, Mary Campbell, of Gairloch, (Mrs. Caird.) There were also a few letters of more recent date upon scientific subjects from Mr. Scale and Mr. Tudor. Failing in the attempt to open a communication with Mr. Scale, the Author was happily more successful with regard to Mr. Tudor, whose courtesy and candour are now gratefully acknowledged. In a letter, dated May 27, 1852, Mr. Tudor expresses his conviction that it was only concerning the interpretation of prophecy and to the extent of “the literal coming of Christ at the close of the present dispensation, and His reign then to commence by the recovery of the earth from the ruin of the fall, that Mr. Price’s opinions were to be identified with those of Mr. Irving.”

An ingenious dissertation upon the number 666 was published by Mr. Price in the “Morning Watch,” of February

28, 1831; and an extract given by Mr. Tudor from a letter addressed to him by Mr. Price, dated September 15, 1834, proves that Mr. Price had diligently endeavoured to bring these theological questions before the Welsh people, by writing articles in the language of the Principality for several of their favourite periodical publications. Mr. Rowland, of Machynlleth, opposing Mr. Price's opinions upon this subject, a friendly controversy was carried on between them in successive numbers of the "Eurgrawn Wesleyaidd," for the year 1834.

In the autumn of the year 1834, Mr. Irving, being then in ill health and broken-hearted, made a tour of intended recreation through South Wales. He was furnished by Mr. Tudor with a letter of recommendation to Mr. Price, and arriving at Crickhowel, wrote to him as follows:

"Bear Inn, $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o'clock.

Rev. Sir,

I have a great desire of making your acquaintance for the Gospel's sake, of which we are members; because I have heard my excellent friend, Mr. Tudor, that was of my flock in London, speak of you with such affection and esteem. But I feared to present myself at your door on this night, when you may be occupied with preparation for the Lord's day, therefore I write to wait your pleasure, if, and when, it would be agreeable to you that I should call upon you.

Yours, with brotherly love,

Edwd. Irving."

The health of Mr. Irving never rallied. He proceeded along the western coast to Glasgow, and there, in the 43rd year of his age, he died December 6th, 1834. In compliance with the Biographer's request, Mr. Tudor has kindly drawn up for this memoir a concise account of Mr. Price at the recollected period of their intimate acquaintance. He says:

"Albury, June 18, 1852.

Concerning Mr. Price I can only speak of what he was twenty years ago, and that only of the impressions which so many intervening years, filled with the most exciting events,

have not obliterated from the memory ; for I have no memoranda which I can refer to beyond that one letter of 1834, of which I sent you an extract. My acquaintance with Mr. Price began 1825 or 1826, at an annual visit which I was accustomed to pay my sister, who was then residing near Crickhowel. Her parish church was Llangenny, of which Mr. Price was the minister. But he had two other churches to serve, and walked to them all, so that his time was pretty fully occupied, and I had not so many opportunities of enjoying his company as I wished, and indeed our most frequent conversations took place on the public road between Llangenny and Crickhowel. Mr. Price had great natural talents, and much general information; he was also thoroughly sincere and earnest in religion, and fearlessly spoke and acted out his convictions : but he was stationary when I first knew him. He was overworked, his sermons were very short, and for the most part extempore ; and though sound in doctrine, and often original and striking, as those of a clever man would be, they were those of a man who was trusting too much to his own resources, and was not continually replenishing his mind by hard study. He was getting into a desultory habit both in his reading and occupations ; and as his company was very much sought after, this tended to increase his appetite for general information, and to divert his thoughts from those professional studies which are worthy of engrossing all the time, and all the energies of those who are called to minister the word of God, and the Gospel of salvation. Mr. Price had fine parts, which were improved by learning, and there were few subjects with which he was not in some degree acquainted ; from astrology and archæology, to mineralogy and mining ; and he often exercised his ingenuity in sketching and carving figures in cork, in which last art he had acquired considerable skill. When I became acquainted with him he was relinquishing most of these amusements, being roused by the aspect of the times, and turning to Scripture as the only means of discovering what was to be the issue of the things then coming into manifestation. It was a time when the agitation for reform ran high in England, and when Ireland was agitated by O'Connell, and when all things looked threatening in Church and State, both at home

and abroad. The repeal of the Test Act, followed by Catholic emancipation, filled the thoughtful among the clergy with great alarm, and the London clergy especially had been led to institute meetings for the united study of the Prophetic Scriptures, in order to understand the signs of the times, and discover what these general stirs among the people portended.

I was at that time residing in London, and though only a layman, I had an extensive acquaintance among the clergy, and was present at a great many of their meetings. Haldane Stewart thought the crisis of such importance as to call for a day to be set apart for humiliation and for special prayer for the grace of the Holy Spirit, and this call was very generally responded to. Lewis Way had come over from Paris to stir up his brethren of the clergy, and Hawtrey, Marsh, Gerard Noel, Mac Neil, Vaughan, Simeon, and many others in the Church of England; and Mr. Irving, in the Church of Scotland, devoted their best energies to rousing the attention of the people. Mr. Irving especially, by his powerful eloquence, and still more perhaps by his translation of the Ben Ezra, had revived the long forgotten subject of the second Advent and Millennium, as set forth in the Revelation: Ben Ezra, though a Roman Catholic, having written the best treatise which had appeared up to that time; though it has since been superseded by Mr. Elliot's *Horæ Apocalyptiæ*, which has now reached a fourth edition. I naturally spoke of these things to Mr. Price, and as the subject was quite new to him, as it was in fact to all but a few in the Church; he took it up with characteristic ardour, and searched the Scriptures to see whether these things were so. The points discussed by us, were, How is the present dispensation to end? By what means, or in what manner, is the termination to be brought about? And what are the predicted signs by which we may be made aware that the end is approaching?

We were not long in perceiving that the popular notion of the gradual extension of Christianity, so as to evangelize the whole world, and bring about a millennium by these means, has no warrant in Scripture. But that on the contrary, Scripture always declares that this dispensation will

end in an apostasy, and out of which a remnant will be gathered, and the rest destroyed; this destruction coming upon them suddenly, as a thief in the night; the deluge, and Sodom and Gomorrah, being the types employed in Scripture, both to show its sadness and its universality.

And we found that the remnant would be delivered, and the apostates destroyed by the coming of the Lord in person, at the second advent, which is called the day of the Lord. And two acts therefore accompany that coming:—there is first, the resurrection of them that sleep in Christ, and the change of them that are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord;—and there is the destruction of Antichrist and his followers. The former being compared to harvest, where the wheat is gathered into the barn, and the tares are left upon the field, to be burned after the wheat is safely housed: the latter compared to the vintage, where none are spared, but every single grape is crushed in the wine-press of the wrath of Almighty God.

And we also found that the signs of these last times are very clearly stated in many parts of Scripture. Such as the latter times of 1 Tim. iv. The last days and perilous times of 2 Tim. iii. The scoffers of the last two days of 2 Peter iii, 3. The last time of Jude 18, when mockers shall come separating themselves, sensual, not having the Spirit. And above all those under strong delusion, because they received not the love of the truth. 2 Thess. ii, 10—12.

These general principles being once ascertained and determined, the book of Revelations, which had been formerly a mysterious unintelligible book, became one of the most instructive and practical books of holy Scripture; teaching at once what would be the course of events in the Church and the world, and what things are to be avoided as spiritual causes of the judgments which at length overtake the transgressors. And the book of Revelations, being thus opened by these general principles derived from the parables of our Lord and the Apostolic Epistles, becomes then the means of opening the whole of the prophetic portions of the Old Testament, especially the prophecies of Daniel, and the latter part of the prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, and all

other prophecies where the new creation and the restitution of all things are spoken of. Act iii, 21.

We had got very little beyond this general understanding of the doctrines of the second Advent, when I ceased to go into that part of the country, and soon after removed, and I do not know whether Mr. Price continued to hold fast his faith in the second Advent, but I rather think that he did; though it is probable that from having no one to join with him, he may not have made much progress.

For myself I have to testify that the more I have studied the subject, and it has been studied uninterruptedly by me ever since; the more I am convinced of its truth, and the more I am satisfied of its practical importance. Many who once rejected these doctrines from the unjust prejudices which they had imbibed against Mr. Irving, who was one of its most strenuous advocates, are now convinced of its truth, and are preaching those very doctrines which they formerly denounced.

I do not think that Mr. Price had any personal acquaintance with Mr. Irving until a short time before the death of the latter.....

Believe me very sincerely yours,
John Tudor."

In the month of July, 1832, the Rural Deanery of the third part of Brecon South, was offered to Mr. Price by his diocesan. The Bishop, in his letter, describes the proffered office as "a very efficient and important one, requiring in the person who fills it zeal, activity, firmness, and discretion, and a conscientious determination faithfully to discharge the duties of it." Mr. Price, ever ready to be useful, accepted the appointment, from which no emolument was derivable. The ecclesiastical district thus entrusted to his superintending care as Rural Dean, includes the churches of Llanbedr Ystrad Ywy, with the parochial chapelry of Patrishaw; Crickhowel, Cwmdû, Llangattoc, with the chapelries of Llanelly and Llangeneu; Llangynydr, Llanddetty, Llanfigan, Llanfrynach, Tretwr chapel, Taff-fechan chapel, and Glyncolwyn chapel.

In the autumn of the year 1832, Mr. Price attended the Eisteddfod at Beaumaris, which was honoured by the presence of her Majesty, then Princess Victoria, and of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

About this period the natural form, and even the stability of the extraordinary cavern called Eglwys Faen, being endangered by quarry-men, Mr. Price anxiously interfered to prevent such desecration, and addressed several letters upon the subject to a neighbouring gentleman. One specimen will show the writer's earnestness.

“ Dear Sir,

I am sorry to have occasion to trouble you again upon the subject of the cavern of Eglwys Faen, near which you are now opening your limestone quarries. When I had the pleasure of meeting you last winter, after writing to you respecting the preservation of this national curiosity, you assured me that it should not be touched, or in any way injured. But happening to pass by the place to day, I was exceedingly annoyed to find that the present workmen were either ignorant of your orders, or very indifferent about observing them; as, at the rate they are now proceeding, they will in a day or two so demolish the rock, in which the cave is situated, that its original character will be completely destroyed, and then no matter how soon the work of destruction is finished. And this they are doing merely because it is easier to throw them down the loose rocks about the cavern, than to work a regular quarry a little way off. And so this interesting natural curiosity is to be destroyed, merely because, by so doing, the quarry-men can get a few more tons of limestone for perhaps a week or two. I cannot be surprised at them, the barbarians would for the same consideration demolish the Parthenon, and with just as little compunction; but I trust you will not suffer the avariciousness of these clowns to nullify your promise, by their perpetrating in your name so wanton an act of Vandalism.

I persuade myself that if I could have an opportunity of meeting you, or your brother, on the spot, I should make it evident that there is no necessity for working the quarries so near the cave; and I am satisfied that the small advantage

derived from the loosened rocks would not have a moment's influence with you. But, as I said before, a day or two at the present rate of working will settle the business.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
T. Price."

On the 20th of February, 1832, Mr. Prichard and his family removed to another dwelling, called the Spout House, situated in the same town. Thither Mr. Price accompanied them, and occupied apartments upon the first floor. After some time had elapsed, being informed that his host was about to receive also as lodgers a professional gentleman and his invalid wife, then suffering from a recent domestic bereavement, Mr. Price, unasked and entirely of his own accord, changed his quarters to an upper story, in order to leave the most pleasant and commodious rooms in the house for the invalid's occupation. Habitually maintaining that isolated privacy of abode, which every real student finds necessary to the successful prosecution of mental labour, Mr. Price, nevertheless, showed every obliging attention and kindness in his power towards the sojourners. He would often, in occasional visits to them, take with him his guitar, and endeavour, by the exertion of his musical talents, to soothe and cheer the desponding spirits of the sufferer. The parties became permanent residents in the neighbourhood, and the acquaintance thus commenced was matured into a life-long friendship.

The following letter has been supplied to this Memoir by the venerable clergyman to whom it was addressed, the Rev. T. Richards, of Llangyniw.

"Crickhowel, Dec. 10th, 1833.

My dear Sir,

Two days ago I forwarded to you a Merthyr Guardian, containing an article of my own insertion, upon the subject of cultivating and preserving the Welsh language. As I have no doubt you will approve of the principle, I now write to solicit your co-operation in this kind of proceeding in North Wales. If you would take the trouble to draw up another article in the same tone as this, and send it to the

North Wales papers, I think it would do good, and perhaps you could get them to insert this as an extract from the Merthyr Guardian. All this I leave to you. But pray do co-operate in some way or other; as I think the Cardiff Eisteddfod is the means of directing the people's attention to these subjects at the present time; and the intended Flintshire Eisteddfod, for 1835, will have the same effect in North Wales; therefore let us strike while the iron is hot. I have also forwarded to the Gwyliedydd another article on the same subject, which I hope the contributors to that publication will follow up from time to time. I have sent similar (though not the same) articles to all the other periodicals in the Principality, so that I hope there will be a general movement in the country on the score of teaching the Welsh language in our weekly schools, as well as on the Sabbath. Had we made the knowledge of the Welsh a 'sine qua non' in the Principality, we should not now have had so many strangers come among us to take the bread out of our mouths in the lucrative situations of Church and State. This is one of the arguments I made use of in some of the periodicals, though I omitted it in the Gwyliedydd, but hope you will supply the omission when you second my address. I do not know whether I am too sanguine in my views, or whether I deceive myself in any degree respecting these matters. But some how or other I have a strong impression that the time has arrived, in which our language is to be made the instrument of good to our people in a much more decided and effectual manner than heretofore. I have already before me the names of eight periodicals, in Welsh, besides two for children, and there is a ninth about to be established; at any rate this is not a sign of an expiring language: and there are many other works of considerable magnitude continually coming out. I think we, as avowedly attached to our native tongue, should not neglect the present opportunities which are offered of contributing towards its preservation. There is much within our power, if we do but exert ourselves. For instance, as to the manner of proceeding, there is a lady in Monmouthshire,*

* The example of Sir Robert and Lady Vaughan of Nannau might also have been cited.

Mrs..... of..... wife of..... who supports a school in her parish, and insists upon it that the Welsh shall be taught on some part of every day. I hope to establish the same rule in another school. Again, at Cwmdû, we intend giving Welsh prayer books to all the church children, and to make them repeat the responses aloud in church. In fact we have been exceedingly sleepy as a people, and it is surprising that our language has survived under so much neglect, but its being now in a state of existence, and even of vigour, is to me a sign that Providence has some work of good for it to perform, and it is my fervent desire to have wisdom to discern the designs of Providence in this, and to have the will and the power to promote them.

I shall be very happy to hear from you when convenient, and to find that you coincide with me in these views. And I shall be most happy to know that a similar feeling is excited among our countrymen generally.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

T. Price."

Mr. Richards adds the following comment:

"How very contrary to all rational methods of instruction, and to the methods adopted by all enlightened nations, and to their own interest as a nation, has been the mode too generally adopted by the Welsh in educating the Welsh youth!"

Anxious by every possible means to promote the welfare of his people, Mr. Price addressed the following letter to His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

"Crickhowel, January 8th, 1834.

My Lord,

As a well wisher to the Eisteddfod for South Wales, to be held at Cardiff in the autumn of the present year, I take the liberty of addressing your Grace upon the subject, requesting the honour of your patronage and support.

The object of this festival is the cultivation of the Welsh language, and the fostering among the people of that spirit of nationality and attachment to their native country,

which they have at all times so strongly evinced. And although the supporters of the Eisteddfod are not confined to any political party, nor is its institution in any way connected with the politics of the day, yet, for myself, as an individual, as well as for many of my friends, I beg to say that we persuade ourselves that at all times, especially the present, this feeling of nationality must have a salutary influence upon society; that it is in reality but another name for patriotism, and perhaps the least equivocal of the two, and when rightly directed, will always prove the surest defence of public honour and safety.

In addition to a conviction of its beneficial effects, many of us support the Eisteddfod from an attachment to our native language, which we believe has hitherto protected us from much that is detrimental to the welfare of society, and has stood as a barrier betwixt our people and the blasphemous and levelling principles, which have of late been so fatally disseminated in other parts of the kingdom; and that it has been the means of preserving them in that state of simplicity of habit and attachment to ancient order, which no people can depart from without danger. Assured therefore that every change is attended with risk, at least, and often with absolute evil, I truly dread and dreplicate in language or habit, any innovation which at the present time might be introduced among our rustic population. And together with many others of my countrymen, I think it a duty to take advantage of every circumstance which may tend to preserve among us that portion of good feeling which has as yet survived amidst the innovating spirit of the times.

In addressing your Grace upon this subject, I cannot refrain from adding that I sincerely congratulate my countrymen upon having among them a nobleman, who is so competent to appreciate these feelings of nationality which they have always exulted in displaying. And I would likewise most respectfully beg permission to offer your Grace my congratulations upon the extensive territorial influence which you possess among a people, whose language is as yet, in its general application, uncontaminated by any expression of disaffection or infidelity. And amongst whom the *Amor Patriæ* still burns with undiminished ardour.

I take the liberty of sending by post, directed to your Grace, a copy of the Merthyr Guardian, which contains, in the third page, an article expressive of the sentiments of many amongst us, who are promoters of the Eisteddfod.

And remain, my Lord,

Your Grace's humble servant,

T. Price,

Vicar of Cwmdû,

The Duke of Newcastle,

Near Crickhowel,

Clumber Park, Near Worksop,

Breconshire.

Nottinghamshire."

The Duke of Newcastle to the Rev. T. Price :

"Clumber,

April 12, 1834.

Sir,

I am truly ashamed to find that a letter of yours, dated January 8, still remains unanswered. Pray have the kindness to pardon the perhaps almost unpardonable omission.

I quite agree in your very excellent and patriotic sentiments and opinions, and as you seem to think the Eisteddfod a promoter of such national feelings, I will certainly aid in its worthy objects; and although a modern and unworthy Welshman, yet I shall have infinite pleasure and satisfaction in doing everything in my power to promote the welfare and prosperity of the country on every opportunity.

I remain,

Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

Newcastle."

The Gwent and Dyfed Eisteddfod, held at Caerdiff in August, 1834, was rendered memorable by its giving the incentive to the valuable Essay of Professor Rees, "On the best notices of the Primitive Christians, by whom the Welsh Churches were founded, and to whom dedicated." The reward was nothing but "a silver medal, value £3, with a premium of £10:" contemptibly inadequate to the occasion. The adjudicators were the Rev. W. Bruce Knight, Chan-

cellor of the diocese of Llandaff; the Rev. Daniel Evans, and the Rev. Thomas Price.

On Wednesday, the 24th, Mr. Price addressed the assembly; and the eulogistic summary of a local newspaper* says, that he delighted his "auditors with the most interesting and eloquent speech that his most partial friends ever heard from him on similar occasions."

Mr. Thomas Williams, Bookseller, of Crickhowel, having strongly represented the want felt by Welshmen of a good history of Wales, in the native language, and urged Mr. Price to undertake the laborious task of supplying it, he was induced to accede to the request. The whole course of his previous reading and study had eminently fitted him for the work. The comprehensive form of a national history afforded ample scope for the advantageous embodiment of all his favourite topics of narration, dissertation, and criticism. His mind was already familiar with almost every point of his country's history when, in the year 1836, he applied himself to the compilation and arrangement of materials from the works of the ancient chroniclers and poets of Cambria, and from previous compositions of his own, interspersing many literal citations with such remarks as afresh suggested themselves upon this review of the respective passages.

In the course of the same year he published the first number of this history of Wales, under the title of "Hanes Cymru."

The following letters from the author of the "Horæ Britannicæ," convey his opinion of its merits.

"Knutsford, July 12, 1836.

Dear Mr. Price,

In the midst of the great events which have lately taken place, I cannot do less than consider your history of Wales, preceded and introduced with so complete a summary of the primordial Britons and their origin, their customs and manners, as a work of great importance, not only to our beloved Cambrians, but to the community at large. Should I publish a new edition of the *Horæ Britannicæ*, it would give me

* The Merlin.

the greatest pleasure to own my obligations to you. In some respects, I regret such a work not being given in English..... I have no doubt you will be amply supported. The classic ground as to ancient history, is undoubtedly in South Wales, though we know that Taliesin and Llyn Geirionydd is in North Wales. The printing is very respectable, and the orthography good.—Bravo! Henffych Gwlad Brychan.

I thank you for your mention of *Horæ Britannicæ*, though between you and Mr. Rees I shall be eclipsed. By the bye, I have just now seen a review of Mr. Rees in the *Athenæum*, which, coming from a Saxon, pays a handsome compliment to the importance of those studies. Whether Mr. Rees has thought proper to mention his uncle's old friend, I know not. I took care, like an honest Welshman, to acknowledge those to whom I was obliged; for it was not in many instances in my power to have recourse to those documents, which it is true I could have used: and perhaps might have used had my designation been different. I know scarcely of *one gentleman* of North Wales who supported me, though a few may have had copies from Chester. I had no recourse to old collections.

I see you use some of our Silurian phrases, and all right; and I would suggest something, but from the range of literary discussion you in some places take, I withhold. I like Welsh, as far as possible, to be made up of the most plain and familiar phrases, but if I were to attempt this, I should fail in a work like yours; for those who will support such a work will not be Billy Williams, Shon Davydd, and Twm o'r Coed, and such like, but men who understand English as well.

I should like to hear of any thing more that is going on as to Welsh MSS. I certainly should be proud to forward the design, but as I am now an ex-Cambrian, what can I do? It was my wish to spend my last days either in Wales or somewhere near, as Chester, Liverpool, or Bristol, but I am over-ruled; and now that we have a female Sovereign, *Hir hoedl a phob hawddfyd idd ei mawredd*, (Long life and every blessing to Her Majesty!) I must take it quietly. You have done well in giving our old tales, and then com-

menting upon them; but I have thought we poor Welshmen have no more to do than other Britons with Cæsar landing in Kent and marching into Herts. But if we err, others err also: you have discussed the history of Caradoc: I have had my doubts as to that hero, and I still doubt as to Caradoc ap Brân being the same with the great hero of Tacitus. I fear the old monks of Llanancarvan have played tricks. I like your frequent references to the Triads; they are an amazing collection upon the whole for the middle ages.

I have still, in London, or in the country, above 100 copies of the Antiquities of the British Church, which make up 400 pp., and sell at 6s. Mr. Hughes, of London, has copies to dispose of: this rather to any friends you may know of. This is the second volume of *Horæ Britannicæ*, of which extra copies were struck off. About a week or nine days since, I first saw your Hanes; I hope a thousand copies at least will sell, and that will pay expenses. I should like a copy to be deposited in the British Museum, and another sent to the society of Antiquaries, with a note, expressing its contents. I would advise the publisher to advertise in the Chester Gazette and Chester Chronicle, and I mean to write on the subject to our Welsh editor at Llanidloes. It would not be amiss for Mr. W. to send a few sets to the Wesleyan printing office, Llanidloes, by way of Newtown. Yr eiddoch yn ddiffuant, yr Ieuan?

I forgot I was writing under cover of a frank. A few more last words—I wish justice to be done to the Princes of South Wales. The Gwynddodiaid claim superiority, and it appears to have been acknowledged, even in the time of the last Llewelyn; as the people of Builth and other parts of Brecknock paid submission to him, and he was deceived in depending on it. Pray how came Pont Irvon to be called Pont Brewin? I have just thought whether Llandewi has not a connexion with his death, and may he not have been wounded by some English officer who overtook him going up the hill to join his men on Moelfra hill. Llandewi even then had a sacred place, to which the Prince may have been taken to breathe his last.

As to the conflict on the Menai, I think I have referred

in my papers to the opinion of Mr. Llwyd, the bard, that it was not on Moel Don, which is of great expanse, and not much affected by the tide, but near Wygir or Beaumaris, on the Lavan sands, where a temporary bridge, or rather a horse-boat might convey troops over. The Welsh, coming down the hill, met the English on the sands near the Carnarvonshire side, and drove them into the tide, for the sands are four miles over: Llewelyn surveying all this, if not present, from his mansion at Aber, or Llwyn Celyn. Mr. Llwyd gives the englyn that the Prince, or his bard, composed on the occasion:

‘ Mae’n don llawer bron, llu’r Brenhin,—heddyw,
Er hawdded ein chwerrhin;
Llawer Sais, leu-bais libin,
Heb air, na chwyth, fyth o’i fin.’

I was honored some days ago with a communication from the Incumbent of Llanover. My compliments when you see him.

J. H.

P.S. I should like to know something of the late Mr. Vaughan, of Crickhowel; he published a volume of sermons, and seems to have been cut down rather suddenly.”

“Knutsford, Cheshire, Oct. 19, 1840.

My dear Sir,

As it is long since I have had any communication with one, for whom I entertain a high respect, I resolved at length to send you a few *επεα πλεροενδα* from the frigid retreat in which I take up my abode to the borders of Gwent, where hill and dale are mingled in rich profusion and variety, and where every glen brings to remembrance some tale of battle, some subject of romance or mythology.

I long wished to see your labours in the pursuit of *Hanesion y Cymry** drawing to a completion, and glad I am to see No. 10 making its appearance, and an interesting section of the work it is. But I must have some regard to the feast of the muses at Abergavenny, and little at one time of day should I have thought of so much gaiety and so much of the Cambrian spirit in that town; and surely every-

* Cumri, or Cumbri, would consort with Cumberland the country of compatriots of Gwynedd.—J. H.

body must be pleased that such scenes of innocent hilarity are not put a stop to by the dismal occurrences at Newport twelve months back ; as to the origin of which, and as to the fatal night of the fourth of November, I have, from the inquiries I made, received some curious particulars, and in a great measure much to the credit of my friends, particularly the Welsh Wesleyans; perhaps you may have heard things not quite so favourable as to their being also infected, but I know that Mr. Etchells, of Abergavenny, acted a manly part at Pontypool &c., so did Hugh Hughes at Tredegar, and in other places, but it was for the instant an overwhelming torrent, like the furious gatherings of ancient times. I drew up an address, which appeared as from Ieuan ap Brychan, in our Eurgrawn of last February. I remember my drawing up the first article for that publication, which I find does hardly pay its way, though it has improved as to its contents greatly, and, would they take my advice, it might yet be improved, particularly by not admitting so many translations, but rather condensing what they borrow. But I am going upon ground, foreign to what I intended when I set out..... I really rejoice that your new diocesan is resolved to gain the good-will of the Cambrian population, and put many of the Anglo-Cambrians to shame; and as the Bishop of Llandaff has not honoured you with his presence, Dr. T. was worthy to be presented with the first copy of Llyfr Teilo, yn iaith Lloegr. I am much pleased with your proposal to give the Eisteddfod a practical bias; this I ventured to recommend to the Welsh gentlemen in London, several years back; and I had some right to do so, for my father was the first manufacturer in his way in South Wales.....

Yr eiddoch,

J. Hughes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cwmdû, Yr Eglwys.

“ We purpose much, but little power we find
With good success to answer mighty mind.”

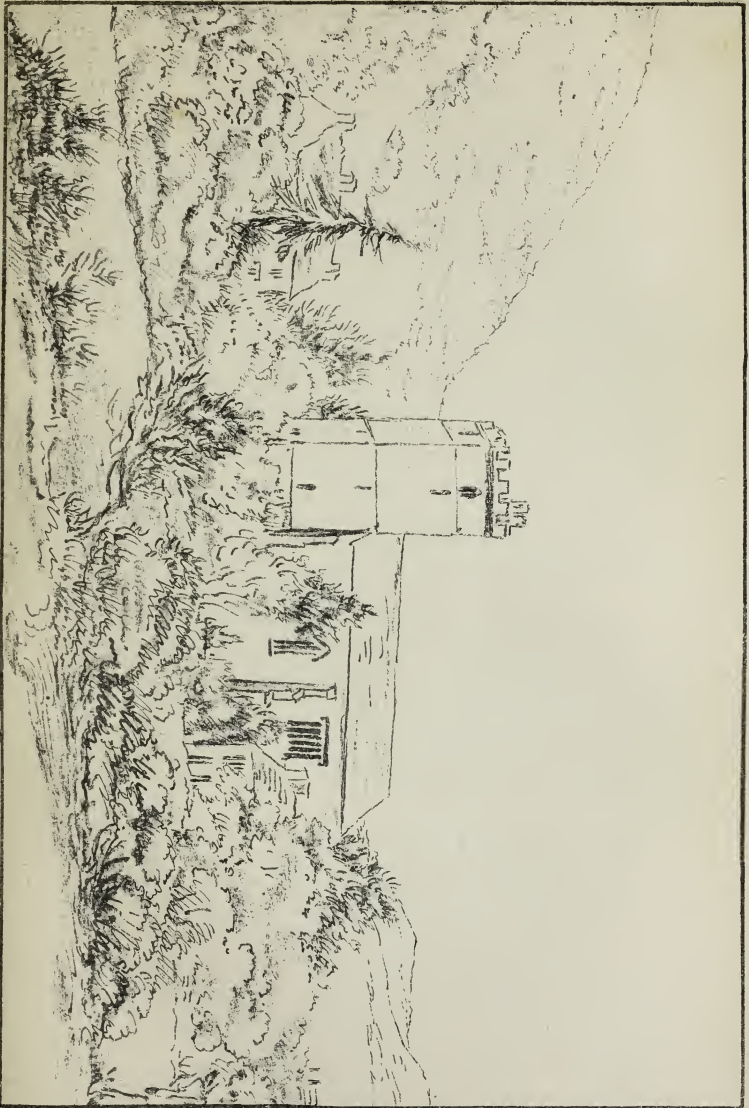
CHURCHYARD'S Worthiness of Wales.

THE inhabitants of Llanfihangel Cwmdû, say proverbially ;

“ Cam enwir ef Cwmdû
Cwm gwyn yw'n cwm ni.”

The dark vale is a wrong name,
Ours really being a bright vale.

Its vicinity to the Mynydd Dû is supposed to have originated the title of Cwmdû. In the ninth century, this parish was distinguished from other parishes, dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel by the descriptive name of Llanfihangel tref caerau, in allusion to the numerous local remains of camps and military fortifications. The river Rhiangell flows through this district, and is crossed by several bridges. The parish is about five miles in length and nearly as much in breadth, and comprises not only the fine pastures of a mountain region, but also extensive tracts of rich and well cultivated land. Lord William Somerset, holding the sinecure Rectory, derived from it an annual income of £396. Mr. Price as the Vicar received only £191. Surplice fees, which usually augment the pecuniary means of an officiating minister, added scarcely any-



W. A. Johnson's drawing

Aug. 1882

thing to those of Mr. Price during the whole period of his resident incumbency, for most of his parishioners being poor, he was constantly in the habit of administering to them the rites of the Church gratuitously. The Chapelry of Tretwr forms a parochial district separated from Cwmdû, and includes a hamlet situated near the present high-road from Brecon to Crickhowel. It is a Perpetual Curacy, endowed by the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty with a nett annual income of £64.

The Rev. Leyson Jones has been the Incumbent ever since the year 1809. In the year 1839, the Rev. Thomas Price became his stipendiary Curate at Tretwr, receiving a small remuneration for his services. A Roman station, called the Gaer, stands near Tretwr, which is also remarkable for a fine spring of water, possessing medicinal qualities, and of especial efficacy in cases of tertian ague. According to the census of 1831, the hamlet of Blaenau contained a population of 216, that of Cenol 235, Cilwych, 334, and Tretwr 318, making the total number under Mr. Price's pastoral care 1103. In the year 1841, the amount had increased to 1321.

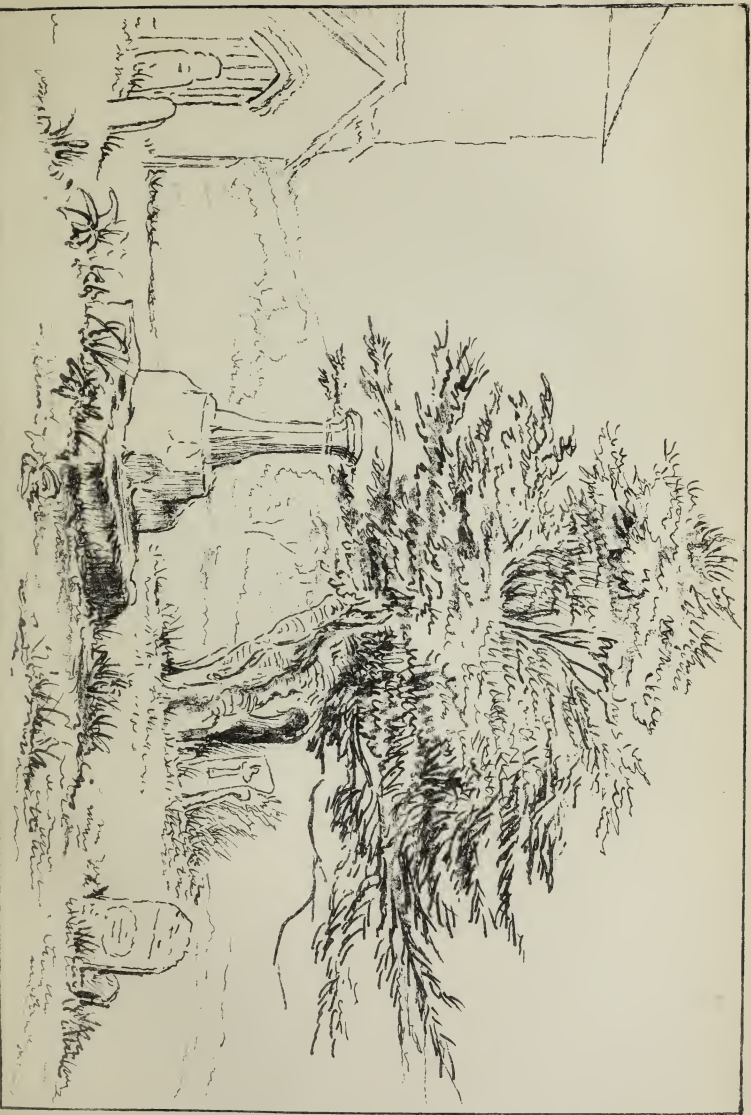
At the period of Mr. Price's appointment to the benefice, the Church of Cwmdû was a spacious edifice, comprising a chancel and nave, two side aisles, and a tall embattled tower of dark grey stone. It would appear to have been built or restored in the early part of the sixteenth century, parts of it obviously belonging to much earlier times. The tower retained its substantial strength, but the rest of the building was dilapidated.

In the course of more than two hundred years, the walls of Cwmdû Church had been shaken, and gradually undermined by the burial of whole families in successive generations within them; and for more than thirty years, extensive slips and fissures had been warning the congregation of impending danger. In the year 1831, the Church stood a mere pile of tottering ruins, and the parishioners, prompted by their Clergyman, at length determined on its reconstruction. In order to effect this necessary object, Mr. Price exerted himself with indefatigable perseverance. Assisted by the Churchwardens, he raised a loan of £1000 upon the

parish rates, subject to the condition of being paid off by annual instalments, with five per cent interest, in the course of ten years. He also obtained a grant of money from the Church Building Society, and by means of private subscriptions made up altogether the required sum of £2000. Towards this amount he personally subscribed £50. He likewise provided, at his own expense, many additions to the internal fitting of the building, with a view to the more comfortable accommodation of his parishioners.

The plans and specifications for the new Church were drawn by Mr. Pratt of Crickhowel, according to the instructions of the Vicar and Churchwardens, who afterwards submitted them to the judgment of the Sinecure Rector and Patron of the Living, and to that of the Bishop of the Diocese. During the process of rebuilding the Church, Mr. Price watched eagerly for every opportunity of inserting the most remarkable specimens of stone work and wood carving, which remained available from the materials of the ancient structure; and he retouched some of the working plans for the purpose of introducing the old windows. The Church-tower, being strong, was not rebuilt. By the authority of a faculty, the area of the new structure was made less spacious than the former site. The foundation of the new walls was securely laid six feet below the surface of the ground. The number of sittings afforded in the body of the old Church was provided for in the new one by the addition of a gallery.

On the exterior, at the southern side of the Church, resting upon a square basement of carved stone, and supporting a sundial, stands the original shaft of a cross of the fifteenth century. A remarkable stone, bearing the inscription "Catacus hic jacet filius Tegernacus," had been discovered by Mr. Maskelyne, in a field called Tir Gwenlli, about a quarter of a mile from the Roman camp of Pentre Gaer, in the parish of Cwmdû, and it was reported to the Society of Antiquaries by the Hon. Daines Barrington, in the year 1773. The History of Brecknockshire contains an account of this stone, accompanied by an engraving and a plan of the ground. Another engraving of this stone and a description, probably contributed by Mr. Price himself, may be found in the



Ancient cross sepulchral Stone, Cwmda Churchyard.

Aug. 20. 1878

Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.* In the year 1830, Mr. Price, under proper sanction, removed this stone to the parish Church, and placed it, together with an inscribed brass plate detailing all the known particulars of its history, in one of the southern buttresses of the new edifice. Another stone which had undergone rude mutilation, and was found in the old Church serving the purpose of a sill to the chancel window, Mr. Price removed, and erected it in the church-yard turf beneath a spreading yew tree. Its height is about three feet, and its breadth sixteen inches. One of its sides bears a large cross, and the other a monumental inscription, of which only the words "Hic jacet" can now be decyphered.

Among the materials of the old Church, was also found an elaborately carved stone, broken, but remarkable, as Mr. Westwood has justly observed, "for the elegance of the cruciform pattern, and for the heraldic shields with which it is ornamented."† These shields are set one on each side of the shaft, and immediately below the head of the cross. They are of the crusading form. One bears a chief charged with three roundels; and the other three lozenges two and one. In order to insure its preservation, Mr. Price caused this stone to be inserted in the south wall of the new chancel. At the completion of the Church, in the year 1833, its cemetery was enlarged by the enclosure of an additional piece of ground duly consecrated by Bishop Jenkinson.

* Vol. v. pages 519—23.

† Archæologia Cambrensis, vol. ii. page 276.

CHAPTER XIV.

Literary Correspondence.

1826—1834.

“The most sensible satisfaction that can result from advantageous distinctions of every sort is in the pleasure a well constituted mind must feel by exerting them for the benefit of every individual to whom he stands related, either by the ties of kindred or amity.”

MELMOTH'S Translation of CICERO'S "LÆLIUS."

THE following letter was addressed to Mr. Price by Mr. J. H. Wiffen, author of the Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell, of a Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, and of a Translation of the Works of the Spanish Poet Garcilaso de la Vega.

“Woburn Abbey, May 17th, 1826.

Rev. Sir,

I have to return my thanks for the copy of the proceedings at the Brecon Eisteddfod, which I received just before undertaking a journey, which must be my apology for not acknowledging it earlier. In reply to the letter which accompanied it,—of the great difference that exists between the character of Tasso and Aneirin, I am perfectly aware, from the few pages which, by dint of application, I have

read of the latter poet ; but neither in this, nor in the passages which thou hast cited :—

‘Ar dyledawc canu cyman o vri
Twrf tan a tharan a rhyverthi ;’

and,—

‘Rudd vedel rhyvel a eiduni ;’

do I perceive a difficulty of transfusion that is absolutely insuperable. Gray, it must be remembered, took no trouble to acquaint himself with the Welsh language, but merely versified what Evans had translated into Latin ; and by a comparison with the original of the passages which Evans has given, I can perceive the correctness of thy observations on his inaccuracy in rendering the niceties of Aneirin’s expressions. Dr. Davies’s * adaptation of the Gododin to his theory in the ‘Mythology of the Druids,’ I have seen ; and if Probert has shewn much ingenuity in making nonsense of the poem in his prose version, the Doctor has assuredly shewn yet more in perverting the words of the old bard to notions so singularly fanciful. The task proposed, I acknowledge to be full of difficulty, but the London Cymmrodorion Society, with a view, it may be, of facilitating my views, having elected me an honorary member of their body, what before was only inclination, is now, in a manner, become a point of honour ; and, whether I succeed or fail, the endeavour shall be made.

This Society have had the goodness to lend me their copy of the ‘Archaiology,’ from which I have managed to master the meaning of a portion of the poem ; but when I see that Owen Pughe, in his Dictionary, gives sometimes three different versions of the same passages, I must of course subscribe to the truth of thy representation ; of which, however, I was already well aware. In some cases I think the context will settle the right meaning, but in others it can scarcely be accomplished without reference to another copy. This brings me to the point from which I first started. May I expect the privilege of consulting thy copy ? The reading it, I perceive, from the fac-simile specimens, will be quite easy, and a fortnight or perhaps a week would be sufficient for me to collate it with the printed copy, to note down the

* The Rev. Edward Davies of Olveston.

readings where they vary, and to copy out the three Gorch-anau. I will engage that the MS. shall not go out of my own hands, and that I will return it within any period prescribed, with many thanks. It is necessary that I should have my expectations set at rest upon this point, either one way or the other; and though I will not anticipate a disappointment, which, on such a subject I could ill brook, a direct refusal would be better than a fruitless suspense.

I have the honour to remain, with the highest respect,

Rev. Sir,

Thy very obedient servant,

J. H. Wiffen.

The measure which I think best adapted to the task, except in the more lyrical parts, from its solemnity and stateliness, is the following:

‘Manly in mind, though young in years, tumultuous was his joy,
A slender, swift and thick-maned steed bore on the handsome boy;
A light broad shield behind him swung, blue shone his falchion bare,
His spurs were of the sparkling gold, his mantle of the vaire.’”

The following letters, selected from many others, addressed by Bishop Jenkinson to Mr. Price, bear testimony at once to the scholastic zeal of the Vicar of Cwmdû, and to the kindness of his diocesan.

“Deanery, Durham, April 20, 1830.

Sir,

There is no manner of doubt that the Hebrew word רָחַח means expansion, or as Bishop Patrick observes, ‘a body expanded, or spread forth,’ (see Exod. xxxix, 3, Isaiah xl, 19, Jer. x, 9, in which passages it can have no other meaning.) This, however, by no means excludes the idea conveyed by the word *σπέρωμα* by which the LXX translates the Hebrew word *Rachia*, because, as Bishop Patrick further observes, ‘the air, though vastly expanded and fluid, yet continues firm and stable in its place.’ The meaning of רָחַח *Rachia*, the root from which the Hebrew word *Rachia* is derived, certainly is, to expand, to stretch or spread out. Buxtorf *Lex. Heb.* explains it as follows:—“*Expandit, Dispandit, Extendit Diduxit; Item Plausit, Percussit,*

locutione ab iis deducta, quæ tendendo et percutiendo distenduntur, ut Pavimenta lutea.'—'עֲרָגָה m. Expansum, cœli scilicet in latum diductio et extensio, quod Græci dixerunt *στερέωμα* Latini Firmamentum, Genes. i, v. 6. Expansi cœlorum, כִּסְאוֹ עֲרָגָה Diductiones bractearum, Numer. xvii, v. 3, id est, Laminas ductiles.' Buxt. Lex. Heb. Numer. xvii, v. 3, the LXX (where, and in the Vulgate, and in our English Version, it is Ch. xvi, v. 38,) translates thus: *ποίησον αὐτὰ λεπίδας ἐλατὰς περίθεμα τῷ θουσιαστηριῳ ἐλατος ductilis, ut lamina metalli ab ἐλαύνω extendo, duco, ductile opus facio.* The Vulgate translates Numer. xvii, v. 3, producat que ea in laminas, &c.

Robertson, (Thesaurus Linguæ Sanctæ) explains the Hebrew root *Racha*, by 'expandere, extendere, &c. (quoting Pagninus), diducere, distendere, et distendendo rem prius fluidam ac raram continuare (juxta quosdam) et confirmare, in latum extendendo: ut aes alioquin fluidam, dum liquefit, in latum condensando distenditur, aut res ejusemodi raræ et fluidæ. Hinc עֲרָגָה Græci verterunt *στερέωμα* firmamentum, quod alioqui sonat proprie extensionem, id est, rem expansam, quæ compæta, firma est et stabilis. Est aer, ut exponit A. E.* et vertit Targum Hierosolymitanum, corpus scilicet diductum, rarum et expansum. Aere certe nihil mollius, & fluidius, quem tamen Deus insignio artifex ita consolidavit ut quovis ære et adamante sit durabilior: nec motûs velocitate consumatur aut pernicitate.'

Munsterus in the *Critici Sacri* says on Genes. i, v. 6, 'Sonat vox Hebræa *Rachia* non firmamentum, sed extensionem, juxta illud, Extendit cœlum sicut pellem.'

Fagius in the *Crit. Sacr.* translates it 'Sit Expansum.' And in a note says, 'Vox Hebræa et Chaldaica *Rakia* non propriè firmamentum, ut ferè nostri interpretes vertunt, significat, sed magis expansionem, sive extensionem. עֲרָגָה *Raka* enim Hebræis expandere, extendere diducere significat, vel ut aulæa, cortinæ, et tentoriæ extenduntur, vel ut lamina malleo extenuatur ac diducitur. עֲרָגָה *Rakia* Hebrais, teste *Aben Azra*, est res extensa sive expansa; ita vulgo Judæi exponunt. Est enim nomen deductum à verbo עֲרָגָה quod exten-

* Scilicet, *Aben Ezra*, a famous Rabbi, born at Toledo in 1099, and always esteemed a most able commentator on the Scriptures.

dere, expandere, ampliare, et attenuare significat, vel eo modo quo aulæa expanduntur, vel quo argentum malleo diducitur et attenuatur. Ad vim et naturam istius vocabuli Scriptura in multis locis alludit, ut Psal. civ, v. 2, (Psal. ciii, v. 2, in the LXX and Vulgate) and Isai. xl, v. 22. Cælum igitur Hebræis ab extensione רמיע et quod aquea quædam materia est, שמים dicitur.' And Isai. xlii, v. 5, He that created the heavens and stretched them out. To the same effect Drusius in Crit. Sacr. who interprets Rakia by expansum, and has a long note on the passage.

Cocceus, Lexicon Heb. et Chald. interprets the root רץע Rakah, 'mallei pulsu ducere in longum et latum, extendere.' Castell in his Lexicon Heptaglokon, under the root Rakah says, 'Expandit, sic fere omnes Nectericî, inter veteres autem sunt (et in his LXX) qui no semel ita vertant, sed potius ordinavet, continuavit, firmavit; Percussit plausit. Exod. xxxix, 3, extenuarunt.'

Junius and Tremellius in their Latin version of the Old Testament, made from the Hebrew, render Genes. i, v. 6, 'Deinde Dixit Deus: Esto Expansum inter aquas,' &c. Their version was first published in 1579.

The Spanish version, first published in 1569, and esteemed a very good one, renders the passage thus: 'Y Dixo Dios, Sea estendimiento en medio de las aguas,' &c. '*estendimiento,*' tensio, extensio, productio.

Ainsworth, who lived at the latter end of the sixteenth century, and was very distinguished for his great skill in the Hebrew language, and who translated the Pentateuch and wrote a commentary on it, renders the Hebrew word *Rachia* by 'outspread firmament.'

Castalio,* the style of whose version has always been objected to on account of its departing too much from the simplicity of the original, translates the passage, viz. Genes. i, v. 6, 'Deinde Jussit Deus, ut existeret liquidum inter aquas,' &c. and has a long note on it, the object of which is to defend his interpretation of the passage, in which he maintains that the Hebrew word '*Rachia,*' a '*diducenda*

* Castalio's version was first published about 1555.—BP. JENKINSON.

dictum, significat liquidum, quod tantum ab aere sive cœlo differt, quantum lux a die, aqua a mari, siccum a terra.' Verse 17, he translates 'eaque (scilicet duo luminaria magna) in liquido cœlo collocavit.'

Vatablus, who was confessedly one of the most eminent Hebrew scholars that ever lived, and who translated the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin, and wrote excellent notes on them, and whose translation was first published in 1545, translates Gen. i, v. 6, thus: 'Dixit quoque Deus, sit expansio in medio aquarum,' and 'dividat aquas ab aquis,' and has the following note on it:—

'6 Expansio) extensio, distensio, diffusio. Unde Isaias dicit, cap. xlii, 5, Creans cœlos, et extendens illos. Et cap. xl, 22, Qui extendit velut telam cœlos, et expandit cœlos velut tabernacutum ad habitandum, Psal. civ, 2, Nui extendit cœlum velut cortinam. Sit igitur expansio diffusum quod dan corpus aeris inter aquas supernas et infernas. Corpus autem illud aliquando ab Hebr. is dicitur *shamaim* (heb.) aliquando *Rakia* (heb.) Distinguitur vero in duas partes, in partem superiorem quæ appellatur æther, i. ignis: et in partem inferiorem quam vocarunt aerem. Bursum aerem ipsum diviserunt in tres partes, in supremam, mediam, et infimam regionem. Quæ infima regio distinguit aquas marinas et fluviatiles ab illis quæ sunt in media regione aeris. Licet enim aliquando cœlum nostrum sit serenum, ita ut millæ sint in eo nubes, nunquam tamen fit ut cœlum totum careat nubibus. LXX interpretes vocarunt *στέρωμα* quod Latini reddiderunt nomine firmamenti.'

The 17th V. Vatablus translates, 'Et posuit ea (scilicet duo luminaria) Deus in expansione cœli,' &c. V. 20, latter part, Vatablus translates, 'et volatile volet super terram in superficie expansionis cœli.'

Luther, who translated the Scriptures from the original languages into German in the early part of the 16th century, translates 'Rakia' by 'Veste,' which word, Ebers, in his German and English Dictionary, interprets by 'solidity, fastness, strength, closeness, firmness, stedfastness, durableness,' &c. and 'die Veste des himmels,' is 'the firmament,' 'himmel,' literally is 'the heaven, the sky, the vaulted skies, the canopy of heaven.'

Diodati, who translated the Bible into Italian, and whose version, first published about the year 1640, has always been esteemed among the very best of modern versions, and was a great favourite of Milton, who was an excellent Hebrew scholar; translates ver. 6. 'Poi Iddio disse, siave una distesa tra l'acque,' &c. 'distesa, extensio, distensio.' And in his French version of the Bible, published 1644, for Diodati translated it likewise into French, he renders the passage 'Puis Dieu dit, Qu'il y ait une estendue en l'entre deux des eaux;' &c. and has the following note; 'v. 6. estendu c'est l'air, corps subtil, et delié; lequel ayant esté auparavant confus dedans la masse des élémens, en est maintenant séparé, et colloqué en sa propre region.' He subjoins the same note in his Italian version. The first part of ver. 8, Diodati renders 'Ed Iddio nominò la distesa cielo.' Ver. 17, 'Ed Iddio gli (scil. i due gran luminari) mise nella distesa del cielo.' Ver. 20. latter part, 'e volino gli uccelli sopra la terra, e por la distesa del ceilo.'

Calmet, who in his translation closely followed the Vulgate, of which therefore it is a mere echo, renders the passage similar to the English version: 'Que le firmament soit fait au milieu des eaux.' But Calmet's commentary is very valuable, and he has a long and very interesting note on the passage, in which he says, 'Le terme hébreu Rakiah que les Septante ont traduit par solidité, and la Vulgate par firmament, rendu dans plusieurs nouveaux interprètes, par expansum ou expansio, une chose étendue, une tenture. L'Écriture compare souvent le Ciel aux courtines d'une tente. 'Vous étendez les Cieux comme une tente,' dit le Prophète, 'et vous couvrez d'eaux toute sa hauteur.' (Psal. ciii, 3. in our translation civ, 3.) Isaie fait la même comparaison; 'Qui extendit velut nihilum Cœlos, et expandit eos sicut tabernaculum.' (xl, 22.) Voyez le chapitre xlii, 5. and li, 13. du même Prophète; et Jeremie li, 15. Le verbe Rakah, d'où dérive Rakiah se prend aussi (vide Exod. xxxix, 3. and Num. xvi, 38.) pour signifier étendre un métal à coup de marteau; comme si Moise avoit voulu marquer que le Ciel est un corps fort solide et fort dur, comme une voûte immense de bronze battu et étendu au marteau. Job compare les Cieux à un miroir de fonte. 'Tu forsitan cum eo fabri-

catus es cœlos, qui solidissimi quasi ære fusi sunt.' L'Hébreu porte, 'Fabricatus es Cœlos, fortes sicut speculum fustum.' Job. xxxvii, 18. (In our translation, 'Hast thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong, and as a molten looking glass?') Calmet has much more on the subject, but his note is far too long to transcribe.

Dathius, a most admirable oriental scholar, who translated the Hebrew Scriptures into Latin, (Halœ 1781,) renders Genes. i, 6. thus; 'Tum jussit Deus ut existeret spatium expansum inter aquas,' and has the following note, 'היע a היע extendit, diduxit, verse 8. vocatur cœlum, nempe ærium sc. æthereum, qua mediante duplicis generis aqua separentur. Nubes enim, quibus terra adhuc tecta erat, ascenderunt; quas aquæm vocari neminem offendat, cum revera aër aqua sit, modo longe tenuior, quam aqua proprie sic dicta.'

Taylor (of Norwich) in his Hebrew Concordance explains the root 'Rakah' in a manner very similar to the other authorities I have quoted. His explanation of it is as follows: 'היע expandere, extendere. To beat, to stamp upon, Ezek. vi, 11.—xxv, 6. To spread dirt abroad by stamping upon it, 2 Sam. xxii. 43. To beat a mass of metal into a broad plate with a hammer. Exod. xxxix, 3. Hence, it is applied (I.) To God's spreinadg out, or extending far and wide the surface of the earth, when he created it, Isai. xlii, 5.—xliv, 24. Psalm cxxxvi, 6. (II.) To his spreading out the sky, Job xxxvii, 18. (III.) To the firmament, or spacious extension which is spread abroad between the earth and the clouds, Gen. i, 7. 8. Also to that other firmament or spacious extension, which is above the clouds, where the heavenly bodies are placed, Gen. i, 14, 15, 17, Psalm cl, 6. 'Rakiah' in Gen. i, 6. he interprets, expansum, firmamentum. See also Ezek. i, 22.

I will only add one more authority, viz. Stockius, who in his *Clavis Linguae sanctæ* explains היע in the same manner, by extendit, expandit, diduxit, plausit, percussit. (I.) Generatim designat rei extensionem, quacunque fiat ratione. (II.) Speciatim (a) notat extensionem rei secundum latitudinem et longitudinem. Ita dicitur (1) de extensione tentorii, Ex. xl, 19. (2) diductione metallorum, quæ mallei pulsa in

laminas tenues ducuntur et distenduntur, Ex. xxxix, 3. Num. xvi, 39. Isai. xl, 19. (3.) de expansione terræ et cœlorum, quæ dens, dum formavit, extendit in longum et latum, instar aulæorum, vel bractearum, Psalm cxxxvi, 6. Isai. xlii, 5. c. xliv, 24. (β) notat extensionem pedum, plaudendi causa factam et redditur plaudere pede. Buxtorfius censet formulam loquendi ab iis petitam esse, quæ tundenda et percutiendo distenduntur. Legitur autem ita Ez. vi, 11. c. xxv, 6. (γ) dissipationem indicat, vel, quia, quæ nimis extenduntur, ita sape attenuantur, ut rumpantur, ut rumpantur, ruptayae dissipentur; vel quia, quæ pedibus conculcantur, dissipari solent. Ita semel legitur 2 Sam. xxii, 43. Rakiah in Gen. i, 6. Stockius explains, like all the modern authorities, by expansum, extensum, and in ver. 14. he explains ‘birekiah hashamaim’ by in expanso cœlorum. He then adds, (I.) Generatim notat expansum, vel extensum quodcunque. (II.) Speciatim (*a*) significat cœlum æthereum, quod sic dicitur. quod supra universum terrarum orbi expansum esto Gen. i, 14, 15, 17. Dan. xii, 3. (β) denotat cœlum aereiem, quod a parte superiore attingit aquas subitiores, in nubibus congregatas, a parte inferiore autem aquas crassiores terræ superficie mambientes, Gen. i. 6, 7, ad quem locum vide Castellionem. (γ) expansum sapphiricum et nitidum, super cæpitibus animalium, ab brechile visorum, Ez. i, 22, 23, 26.

I could add more, but I have not time. And indeed this is the last letter I can answer on such a subject, though I should have great pleasure in attending to your inquiries, if my other engagements would allow me to do so. Nothing can be more agreeable to my taste and former habits than such pursuits, but my life is now a life of business, and I have no longer time to gratify my inclinations by following them. The perpetual demands which the business of an extensive diocese make on my time, leave but little leisure for literary occupations, which are of all others most delightful.

I will only add, that I would recommend you not to rely much on Parkhurst’s Lexicon, although he is right in this instance. His Lexicon is now very little esteemed by any respectable Hebrew Scholar. The best Lexicons are Castell’s Lexicon Heptaglokon, 2 vols. folio. It belongs to

Walton's Polyglott, but may be met with separately, though it is scarce and dear. Robertson's *Thesaurus Linguae Sanctæ*; 4to. a most excellent work that will never be superseded. It was printed at London in 1680. Buxtorf's *Lexicon Hebraicum et Chaldaicum*. A small thick 8vo. and neither scarce nor dear, and it has within these few years been reprinted in 8vo. It has always been, and always will be a standard work. Taylor's Hebrew Concordance, 2 vols. folio, besides answering all the purposes of a Concordance, is also a most excellent Lexicon. It is unfortunately both scarce and dear. I gave for mine some years ago nine guineas. I do not know the price of it now. Stockii *Clavis Linguae Sanctæ*, V. T. 1753, Lipsiæ. An admirable work, containing every thing that can be wanted, as is also *Clavis Ling. Sanct. N. T.* They form 2 large and very thick 8vo. volumes. The edition of the above date, viz. the 6th, by Fischer, is the best. And lastly, *Simonis Lexicon Hebraicum Manuale*, 2 vols. 8vo. the last and best edition by Eichorn, printed at Leipsic. An excellent work and very satisfactory. Many other Lexicons might be named, but those I have mentioned are the best, and with the exception of Castell, and Taylor, they are none of them dear, nor very difficult to be met with. I would advise you also, if you mean to pursue those inquiries, to get '*Vetus Testamentum ex recensione textus Hebræi et versionum antiquarum Latine versum notisque philologicis et criticis illustratum a J. A. Dathio.*' 6 vols. 8vo. a very valuable work, though I would not recommend implicit reliance on him.

Calmet's Commentary and his Dissertations are admirable, but it is a voluminous and costly work in 9 vols. folio. The dissertations have been published separately in 3 vols. 4to.

I must now conclude, and remain, wishing you success in your studies,

Your faithful servant,
J. B. St. David's."

"Great Berkhemsted, Herts, May 4, 1830.

Sir,

The post of this day has brought me your letter of the 27th of last month, and I have not the smallest hesitation

in saying that I most decidedly approve, I indeed should strongly urge, the small alteration you propose to make in the plan which was forwarded to me by Mr. Archdeacon Payne. The position of the door in that plan, (being towards the side, instead of the centre, of the archway,) and the concealing of a considerable portion of the archway by thrusting a pew under it, would be perfectly barbarous, and nothing but the most urgent necessity could warrant the admission of such a deformity. I also approve of the introduction of a better niche for the font, according to the sketch you have made in the second page of your letter. Your letter having been to Durham has occasioned the delay of a few days, notwithstanding which I hope you will receive this in time.

You will find the books I recommended in my last letter quite invaluable in the undertaking in which you are engaged. Castell and Taylor, though incomparable works, are, as I said, unfortunately scarce and dear. I gave many years ago, 9 guineas for my Taylor's Heb. Concordance, and I believe that is the price of it now. Castell, though it sometimes occurs separately, is not commonly to be found without Walton's Polyglott to which it belongs, and of which it forms the 7th and 8th volumes. Of Robertson's Thesaurus Ling. Sanct. 4to. a most valuable work, the price is not formidable. I gave for mine, which is a good copy, £1. 7s. 0d. Of Stockii Clavis Ling. Sanct. also a very valuable work both for the Old and New Test. the price is, or at least used to be, about fifty shillings. Remember to get the edition which I mentioned, viz. 1753, of Simonis Lexicon by Eichorn, and by all means get Eichorn's edition of it, the price is about the same, or £2.—Buxtorf's Lexicon which is excellent and will always retain its value, is by no means dear. I do not know the price of the modern edition. The old edition, a fat duodecimo, or a crown 8vo. used to sell for 10s. 6d. When you get these, I should advise you to lay Parkhurst entirely aside. Dathius is rather difficult to be met with at present, which is to be regretted, as it is a very valuable work, particularly for a person who is engaged in the study of the Heb. Bible.

Diodati's Italian translation is excellent even for the Ital-

ian language, in which it is considered quite a classical work. And as a translation of the Bible, it is inferior to no modern translation, and has always been very much esteemed. The old folio edition containing his notes is rather scarce. Priestly, in 1819, reprinted it without the notes in a short thick 8vo. and that may easily be obtained. The Spanish version published in 1569 is excellent. But to a biblical student the *Critici Sacri* (the foreign edition 13 vols. folio) is indispensable. Roldius's *Lexicon* of the Hebrew particles, the best edition, Jenæ 1754, 4to. (I am not certain as to the date, and doubt if I have stated it correctly,) is a most complete work of its kind, and beyond all comparison superior to every other for the Hebrew particles. It is not common, but may be met with. It is many years since I purchased it, and I do not know the price of it.

I remain, Sir,

Your faithful Servt.

J. B. St. David's."

It would have gladdened the friendly heart of Carnhuanawe, could he have foreseen that his careful preservation of the poet Campbell's letters would ultimately serve, not only to enrich the world with a few more of the thoughts of a man of genius, but also, in a particular instance, to vindicate effectually the integrity of his admired friend's private character.

Mr. P. G. Patmore in his recent publication, entitled "My Friends and Acquaintance," has thought proper to put forward the assertion that the life of Mrs. Siddons was "entirely prepared and composed" by a certain party, to whom Thomas Campbell merely lent the advantage of his name, and the assistance of "overlooking the manuscript," and "looking over the proof sheets."*

In refutation of this assertion, the evidence of the following letters is conclusive.

"St. Leonards, by Hastings, 26th Aug. 1831.

Sir,

Mrs. Henry Vaughan has authorized me to use her name as a passport for asking you to do me a particular favour:—

* *Athenæum* No. 1392, page 805.

I have undertaken to write the life of Mrs. Siddons: the great actress was born at Brecknon; and the kindness I ask of you is, that if you know anything particularly interesting about Brecknon, you will communicate it to me.

It is very true that I might spare you the trouble of applying to you, by consulting some such book as the Beauties of England and Wales; but in such compilations I have no great confidence, and I value them infinitely lower than such judicious living information as I believe yours to be. Mrs. Vaughan says the craniologists would surely discover you to have the organ of universality—I pray you then to have so much universal sympathy as to suppose yourself for a moment the undersigned—me—obliged at Mrs. Siddons's bequest to write a memoir of her life. She was born at Brecknon—what would you have me say of Brecknon? or rather what will you help me to say of Brecknon? has it interesting historical recollections? was any person born or (bred) there of similar or secondary distinction? The family of the Kembles cannot inform me in what particular house or street of the town she was born—Is any tradition respecting her preserved in the place? What sort of theatre was there likely to have been in the place in the year 1755, when she was born? Something is whispered about her having been born in a house most vulgarly called the haunch of mutton. It would be pleasant to be able to indicate to the future traveller or sojourner at Brecknon the spot where so fair a being drew her first breath.

A few words from you on the subject would in all probability be of the greatest advantage—to, Sir,

Your very obedient and respectful servant,

Thos. Campbell.

To the Rev. Thomas Price,
Crickhowell,
South Wales.”

“St. Leonards, by Hastings, Sept. 3, 1831.

Sir,

Campbell the poet is the same person who is Mrs. Siddons's biographical undertaker, and he receives your compliment with all the self-complacency of Dr. Primrose.

But compliments apart, I am most truly obliged to you. It was exceedingly kind of you to write me so promptly and so fully. There is much entertaining matter in your letter, just the sort of matter I wish for. I have applied according to your advice to Mr. Churchey, and shall wait anxiously for his answer—but I shall look for a further letter from yourself with still more hopeful expectation.

I implore you to favour me with every notice that you can send. I should write to the lady to whom you allude if I knew her address, but I trust that you will have the kindness to bespeak her aid. I wish to make a light popular book, and all sorts of anecdotes are likely to be useful to me. Your drawing is a treasure; not a word must be said about the possibility of an error. Shoulder of mutton and all, the world shall have it—and their mutton heads will be as well pleased with it as if you had drawn it from the original yesterday.

I have not for a long time met with so much frank and spirited disposition to assist me in my labours as your letter evinces. I feel as if I had known you twenty years, and therefore I hesitate not to let you know *in confidence* what a charity it is to help me in this undertaking. It is difficult to find very interesting anecdotes about Mrs. Siddons—I find by her correspondence that she was the very essence of maternal kindness; but her letters are all about matters that are either too delicate to be made public, or too domestic to be interesting. Stranger as I am, I tell you this confidentially, for it might injure the forthcoming book if it were known that I am distressed about its difficulties. But distressed I must own I am. Dear good Mrs. Siddons, she was a very angel, but devils make better stuff for biography than angels. The old toothless ladies—once dashing beauties—that were her sworn friends, heap upon me reams of proofs of her piety and purity; but Lord help me, I can make no use of all their twaddle. Your letter, however, has put me in better spirits, and with a sincere sense of your kindness, I remain,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

Thomas Campbell.

P.S. The more I read your letter, the better I like it. It is more than a bank note to me—so spirited—so much in the true style of a biographer's informant. Your little drawing adds one to the many proofs which I have met with in the course of my experience—that the art of drawing ought to be an established part of education. With that little sketch, what an impression you make, such as words could not effect. I write a prettier hand than you, eh! don't I? but I could not have made such a sketch. Woe to Greek and Latin! our youth is spent in toiling with it, when we should be learning to study and transcribe nature.

Yours,

T. C.”

“St. Leonards, by Hastings, Dec. 21, 1831.

My dear Sir,

After many unfortunate, but unavoidable, interruptions, I have returned to the task of Mrs. Siddons's biography, with a hopeful determination to finish it in a few months. My hands and heart and time are now unshackled, and I have written the first chapter. Your kind communications have been of the utmost service to me, but don't be alarmed by my gratitude, I am not going to call upon you for further communications, for you have furnished exactly the matter which I wanted, with the exception of that delightful Welsh Flannel Knight, Sir Hugh Evans. He is a treasure, if I could dig him up for the biography, connecting dramatic associations with Brecknock; and if you could only furnish me with further particulars about his will, most especially about the bequest of his swash-buckler. Believe me that both you and I shall be glorified to the third heavens of antiquarian and biographical beatitude if we can bring Sir Hugh and Mrs. Siddons into juxtaposition. It is probable, before many months elapse, that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in Wales, but in the mean time I pray you to send me any thing that you can find me about the Welsh Knight of Brecknock, who so much Shakespearizes Mrs. Siddons's birth-place. It is but charity to assist me in writing the life of so modest a woman. Had she been a fie-fie, or a drunkard, or a termagant, I should have had

comparatively a sinecure in my biographical duty to her. Nevertheless there are some interesting particulars about her: her great great grand-uncle was executed for being a Catholic Priest. I have some faint hopes of being able to prove that he was even burnt alive; but unhappily that is not certain. Poor man, it would make no difference to him now, by what death he died, but to me it would be most desirable, if possible, that he should have died by fire, for the sake of an exciting impression on my amiable readers. He suffered at the age of 83, and the smell of his roasted ancestral flesh would give an interesting flavour to one half of my volume. Meanwhile, dear Sir, have the kindness, I pray you, to send me something about the Welsh Knight. When I look over your full, satisfactory, and amusing letters, I am almost ashamed to make this request; but still I rely on your kindness, from long observation of a truth in human nature, namely, that those who are freest to refuse us aid are generally the first to grant it.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With much obligation, yours truly,

T. Campbell."

"St. Leonard's, by Hastings, 28th March, 1832.

My dear Sir,

You are a pattern of fidelity as a friendly coadjutor and correspondent. This song is worth its weight in £5 notes—exactly the song I wanted. Some weeks ago, I went and stopt a couple of days in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Whitelocke, Mrs. Siddons's sister. She told me the story about Siddons's song, but could only quote a line or two of it. (By the way, I am just about to transcribe it, and shall lay by the original to be safely returned.) Mrs. Whitelocke is a nice old lady, very like Mrs. Siddons, and the remains of nearly as fine a woman; but she is Mrs. Siddons without her fudge and solemnity,—just what Mrs. Siddons would have been if she had swallowed a bottle of champagne, all life and spirit; not that Mrs. Whitelocke drinks champagne, or any thing else too strong: her hilarity is constitutional and natural. Mrs. Whitelocke remembered the scene of Siddons enlisting the sympathy of a Breconian

audience in behalf of Colin, when he retired amidst the plaudits of the house ; he might be said to be, if not Colin Clout, at least Colin clouted, for Mrs. Roger Kemble, his future mother-in-law, received him in the green-room and boxed his ears very heartily.

I beg you not to be vexed at the delay as to Sir Hugh Evans : all will come in good time.

I was in town lately trying to pick up some anecdotes about my heroine, and I got some interesting matter from a worthy gentleman on the verge of eighty, Mr. John Taylor, lately of "the Sun." But for many weeks past, my industry has been paralyzed by a severe attack of erysipelas in the neck and throat, and I have been scarcely able to read, far less to write.

In the present state of affairs, I am unable to fix any time for my visit to Wales ; but a visit I am determined, as soon as may be, to pay the land of the Old Britons ; for as Morgan says to Roderick Random, there is every probability that the Scotch and Welsh were originally kindred people. I myself indeed come from the orchards of Lanark and the Clyde, which is surely a British name.

You ask in a note to Mr. Bold's letter, Is the reply to Siddons's Song among Churchey's communications ? I have not seen it. I beg you, when you write to Mr. Bold, to convey my thanks to him.

With much gratitude for your continued kindness,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

T. Campbell."

"Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's, London,
January, 24th, 1833.

My dear Sir,

The sight of your hand-writing gave me joy this morning, for it reminded me of your first entertaining letter, the best part of which I have transcribed in my first chapter of Mrs. Siddons's Life.

I am exceedingly grateful to you for continuing your kind exertions, and whatever the result of them may be, I shall be

happy to receive any communication from you as soon as convenient; for I ought to be at press, according to my engagement with the bookseller, in March, though I fear it will not be before April.

Well, you have been my first helping friend in this Biography, and if you can help me to connect in any way the name of Mrs. Siddons's birth-place with the Welsh Knight, you will be my best friend in the business. I am hurt at the idea of your being put to any, the smallest expense, for the search of records. Now calm your Celtic blood and don't let either it or mine (the blood of the Camels, for having 6000 of whom in his service Job came to all his afflictions) be disturbed by that vile word expense; but there is a Saxon loon of a bookseller in London, who has engaged to defray all the incidental *frais* of the Biography, and on him let the record searcher's gratuity devolve.

I am sending the aforesaid Sasnach loon of a bookseller, at his own cost, in quest of a picture of the martyr John Kemble, who died for being a Catholic priest in the good old times. I thought to have proved that this poor old fellow was burnt alive, but to my sorrow I find he was only hanged. The death by fire would make a much more animating spectacle in my book, and it would make no difference to him now whether he died by rope or faggot.

Now for the Celtic Magazine. My dear Sir, my interest in the work as a Celt myself is considerable. I have also seen your kinsman, and my disposition towards him would lead me, if it were at all practicable, to assist him in any speculation. But above all, a request from you, indebted as I am to you, would amount almost to a command, if I were differently situated. But I gave up "the Metropolitan" though it yielded me £300 a year, with a vow that on this side of time, I should never embark in another periodical. Till May, I shall be chained like a galley slave to the completion of Mrs. Siddons's Life, which, till a few months ago, "the Metropolitan" and other vexations totally impeded. When I have finished my two volumes, I shall repair to the continent, and probably winter in Greece; but I mention this intention only to particular friends, and have reasons for not proclaiming it. It is therefore utterly beyond my power

to enter into any such speculation as a Magazine at home. In hopes of hearing from you soon, and with a deep sense of your kindness,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

Thos. Campbell.

P.S. Your letter travelled after me to St. Leonard's and hither."

"Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's, London,

May 14th, 1833.

My dear Sir,

I wish I had as much strength of nerves and spirits as my strong sense of obligation, to thank you for your last kind communication. But I am labouring under the debilitating dregs of the late prevalent influenza, which twice attacked me, and brought me to the brink of the grave; since I received your letter, I have literally not had power of hand till to-day to answer it. It is however a most valuable letter, and much as I have fretted and repined at not being able to have yet got my manuscript to press, I am reconciled to the circumstance by finding matter in your amusing communication which establishes so strong a link of connection between Shakespeare and the birth-place of my heroine.

In the month of April, just as I had sent my manuscript to press, I was laid prostrate by the prevailing pestilence. Towards the end of the month, my physician ordered me to the sea-side, and strictly enjoined me to give up every mentally exciting occupation. When I told him that I had to correct the proof sheets of the *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, he said, 'Very well, if you chuse to put your own life in balance with Mrs. Siddons's, it is your own affair. But my advice to you is, to read no proof sheets for an indefinite time to come, till your constitution recovers its proper tone.' I am thus obliged to suspend the war; but as soon as I feel my health re-established, I shall go to press, for my *Life of the Siddons* is fairly finished as a manuscript; only you,

who know something of authorship, must know that correcting the press is to a fastidious writer something like a new transcription in point of labour.

The sheets, as I print the proofs of them, shall be regularly transmitted to you by franks. I cannot predict the arrival of the first, I think, under a month.

Meanwhile, with much gratitude for your kind and spirited assistance, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

T. Campbell.

To the Rev. T. Price,
Crickhowel,
South Wales."

The literary contributions of Mr. Price, and an engraving from his drawing of the house in which the greatest of tragic actresses was born, may be found in "Campbell's Life of Siddons," vol. i. pp. 27—50. (Effingham Wilson, 1834.) In the sheets of that work corrected by Mr. Price, Breconshire takes its real geographical position in South Wales; and the name of the county town is properly spelled. Yet even the authority of Mr. Campbell's "Cambrian Friend" could prevail no further with the poet than to procure the admission of the word "Brecon" into the text as a synonyme of the Campbellian "Brecknon;" and in the tables of contents, &c. this southern county is still pertinaciously assigned to North Wales. Such are the little uncultured wastes, which lie within the compass of eminent mental improvement!

The subjoined letter was the first of many received by Mr. Price from the Comte Théodore Hersart De La Villemarqué. It opened an acquaintance which afforded to both parties sincere gratification through many subsequent years.

"Paris,

(Cour du commerce, No. 24.)

Monsieur,

Je suis bien flatté de trouver cette occasion de faire votre connaissance, il y a bien long tems que je le désirais, je vous assure, et bien long tems aussi que j'ai appris à appretier vos travaux. Monsieur le Gonidec, votre ami, et la mien, m'avait souvent parlé de vous, et m'a

communiqué votre dernière lettre et plusieurs autres, c'est au sujet de celle-ci que j'ai l'honneur de vous écrire. Je joins à ma missive, quelques nos d'un journal de Bretagne, *L'Hermine*, où vous trouverez la relation d'un banquet Breton, dans lequel nous ne vous avons point oublié, ni les Gallois nos frères de sang et d'âme. J'ai cru aussi vous intéresser en vous envoyant par la même occasion, un n° de *L'Echo de la jeune France*, une des revues françaises les plus distinguées, où je donne l'analyse complète du *Mystère de sainte Nonne*, à la traduction du quel j'ai pris part avec quelques autres Bretons, et pardessus tout votre savant M. Le Gonidec.

J'aurais désiré en avoir plusieurs exemplaires pour en offrir un à mon honorable compatriote, que je ne connais que de réputation, mais dont j'estime fort les ouvrages.

J'ai le projet, monsieur, de concourir pour le prix par vous proposé, et de traiter la question de l'*influence des traditions Galloises*, sur la littérature des autres peuples de l'Europe ; j'ai long tems étudié cette matière ; l'*école des chartes*, dont je suis membre, a mis à ma disposition une foule de documents curieux, et de manuscrits, où j'ai puisé mille preuves de cette incontestable action. Puisse-je éclairer un peu la question, et prouver aux Gallois que nous autres Bretons d'Armorique n'appréçions pas moins qu'eux-mêmes, la source féconde de leurs traditions, d'où le moyen-âge, et les trouvères et troubadours ont si souvent puisé,—mon ambition ne va pas plus loin.

Je me suis beaucoup occupé, aussi (pardon monsieur de vous parler autant de moi) je me suis occupé des *chants des Bardes de l'Armorique*, dont j'ai recueilli un grand nombre, parmi les quels il s'en trouve de très-beaux, et qui remontent au 5^e siècle. J'ai le dessein de les publier dans le courant de l'année, avec des traductions en prose, en regard des notes historiques, topographiques &c, et une introduction. Ce sera le premier ouvrage en ce genre publié en France et en Bretagne. La difficulté, ou l'ignorance de la langue y a mis obstacle jusqu'à ce jour, car toutes ces poésies, tous les Barzoneth sont chantés, et pour les pouvoir recueillir il faut posséder parfaitement l'idiome et même chacun des dialectes particuliers, dans lesquels ils sont. Je compte ensuite, faire le même travail sur le pays de Galles, je suppose que comme nous, vous devez avoir une infinité des chants populaires. Mr. Owen, je crois, avait le projet d'en publier, ou en est resté ce dessein ? a-t-il laissé des notes ? et en trouverait-on dans ses papiers ? a-t-il commencé son Mabinogion ?

Ce sera un bien beau jour pour moi, monsieur, que celui où je pourrai vous voir, dans cette sainte terre de la Cambria ! oh ! j'y ai rêvé bien souvent, je me figure y trouver les mêmes coutûmes et les mêmes traditions que dans notre chère Bretagne. L'invasion Anglaise se fait-elle sentir ? Avez-vous, comme nous, conservé, vos longs cheveux, et les *Magou* des vieux Kymru ? êtes-vous bien toujours les descendants de Hu Gadarn ?

J'oubliais de vous dire, que je vous envoie aussi, le texte Breton de la chanson par moi composé en Breton et en Français, et dont on n'a

donné que la Française dans le journal *L'Hermine*. L'air que malheureusement, je ne peux vous envoyer, se chante tout à la fois chez vous et chez nous, à ce que m' a dit un vieux matelot de mon pays, qui a passé long tems dans le votre, c'est ce qui me le fait choisir. Je vous la dédie, et le tiens à l'honneur. Puisque j'ai tant fait, monsieur, que de me mettre sans façon à l'aise avec vous, comme celui se pratique chez nous autres Bretons, me permettez vous de vous adresser quelques questions au sujet de pays de Galles actuel. Parle-t-on encore Breton en Cornouaille ? En quels lieux spécialement le gallois est-il usité ? Offre-t-il plusieurs dialectes comme notre Breton d' Armorique ? a-t-on conservé par *traditions* en cette langue, les chants de Merdhyn, Merdhyn-emrys, Thaliesin, Aneurin, Llywac'h-hen &c ; des poésies sur Arthur et ses chevaliers, la *table-ronde*, le saint graal, &c ; ou seulement des simples souvenirs comme parmi nous ? Existe-t-il des ruines, autres que Kaerleon, des monuments chevaleresque dont parlent nos romans Bretons ? Enfin, des recherches opiniâtres en votre pays offrirai-elles, comme en Armorique, un moisson de chants et de traditions de mettre à dedommage des travaux entrepris à ce sujet ?

En voilà bien long, monsieur, et j'en suis vraiment confus, mais, mon ami M. Le Gonidec m' a tant parlé de votre obligeance et de votre bonté, que je n'ai pas crains d' être indiscret en le mettant à contribution, et puis, vous êtes Breton ! c'est tout-dire, et entre nous, c'est comme entre amis et frères. Ne doutez jamais, monsieur, de cette affection bien sincère que nous avons vouée aux hommes de votre pays, et à laquelle je joins pour vous un sentiment profond de considération et d' estime.

J'ai l' honneur d' être avec respect,
 Votre devoué serviteur et compatriote,
 Théodore Hersart De La Villemarqué."

KAN-AOUEN AR FRANKIS.

(Feod trevoet Léon)

(D' any Aotrou Price, a wir galoun.)

Selaonet holl, O ! selaonet !
 Eur ganaouen a zo savet
 Diwar-benn Breiz ha diwar non-omp
 Brétoned omp ! Brétoned omp !

Guehall hoa tadon oa laouen
 Ha ni zo brémau enn anken !
 Ar joa a Zeni enn dro gan-omp,
 Brétoned &c.

Guehall ni oa frank ! meug kleret,
 Ha ni zo bréman chadennet !
 Ar frankis a Zistrei gan-omp
 Brétoned &c.

Re' Vro-c'hall ho denz lavaret ;
 Fouzomp ho bléo dar Vrétoned,
 Ré d-omp ket sklaved, a grédomp !
 Brétoned &ce.

A-enel ann dut millighed
 Hon bro-ni, zo eveleabet
 Ha ker atao e vezo d-omp
 Brétoned &ce.

Ia ! niawélo hon baniel
 Assavet é bro Breiz-izel !
 Ar gounit a vezo gan-omp
 Brétoned &ce.

Ia ! ni lavaro er Brézel
 Evel hon tadou : a *kent mervel* !
 Ar Vreiz holl a gano gan-omp :
 Brétoned omp ! Brétoned omp !

Any hini zenio da c'houlen
 Piou en deuz great ar ganaonen ;
 —iaouer Bugalé any Aotrou
 'Ny Aotrou Nizon,—Pell diouz hé Vrou !

L'Hermine, "Journal de la Bretagne et de la Vendée, Dimanche, 19, Mars, 1837," contains a French translation of the first part of St. Nonn's Life, with some introductory remarks by M. Théodore De La Villemarqué, which are here re-printed, as an additional testimony to Mr. Price's scholastic reputation.

"VIE DE SAINTE NONN.

MYSTÈRE BRETON.

Un des plus anciens et des plus importants monuments du théâtre européen, la *Mystère de Sainte-Nonn*, va paraître incessamment. Ce drame qui appartient à la langue et à la littérature bretonne, fille et sœur des langues et littératures gauloises, doit le jour au zèle de plusieurs Bretons, amateurs éclairés des antiquités de leur patrie. M. Le Gonidec, à qui cette province est redevable de graves et judicieux travaux philologiques, et quelques autres hommes du pays, en ont esquisé fidèlement la traduction ; M. l'abbé Sionnet l'a accompagnée de notes et d'une préface fort savante, où il démontre invinciblement que la plus grande partie du mystère est antérieure au XII^e siècle, quoiqu'il ait été retouché aux XIII^e, XIV^e et XV^e ; le manuscrit remonte à cette dernière époque.

Le poème se divise en trois parties ; 1^o la vie de sainte Nonn, 2^o les miracles qui s'opèrent sur son tombeau : 3^o l'épiscopat et la mort de saint Divy, son fils. Il est écrit en vers rimés suivant le génie de

notre prosodie, et il n'y a pas encore un siècle qu'on le jouait en Bretagne, la veille du *pardon* de Sainte Nonn. A la représentation, il se récitait et chantait alternativement, comme c'est encore aujourd'hui l'usage sur notre théâtre breton.

Du temps que saint Gildas évangélisait la Bretagne (V^e siècle,) vivait, en un monastère de l'île, une sainte fille consacrée à Dieu : ses parents étaient de haut lignage, et réputés fiers et nobles parmi les Bretons ; elle s'appelait Nonn ou Nonita, et fille de Kynyr de Kaergaour, en Ménévie, fille d'Anna, fille d'Uther Pen-Dragon père d'Arthur. Un jour qu'elle traversait la forêt pour se rendre à la messe, à l'église du bourg, elle fut rencontrée par le roi Keretik, qui y chassait en ce moment avec les seigneurs de sa cour. La jeune fille plut au prince ; elle lui parut *fraîche, courtoise, douce, plaisante*, et en tous points à son gré ; et, quelques mois plus tard, elle mit au jour saint Divy, dès long-temps prédit par les bardes et les hommes de Dieu, comme devant être archevêque de Kerléon, successeur de saint Patrice, et l'honneur de la Bretagne.

On trouve, dans la Cornouaille Armorique, plusieurs paroisses sous l'invocation de la sainte et de son fils, entre autres, l'église de Saint-Divy, où l'on voit encore des fresques qui représentent tout au long l'histoire de sa vie et celle de sa mère, et l'église de Divy-Nonn, où le corps de la Sainte a été enterré.

Il en est de même dans la Cornouaille insulaire. Un des savants les plus distingués du pays de Galles, dont le témoignage n'est précieux. M. Price, m'a appris que sainte Nonn et saint Divy étaient pour ses compatriotes, comme pour nous Bretons d'Armorique, l'objet d'une affection particulière."

The theories of Sir William Betham regarding the early inhabitants of Britain, are antagonistic to those of Cambrian antiquaries. Mr. Price, nevertheless, cherished the highest esteem for his talents and learning ; and in answer to a letter of inquiry on the subject of Irish Literature, he received the following kind, candid and able communication.

Sir William Betham to the Rev. T. Price :

“ Dublin, 24 Jan. 1834.

Revd. Sir,

I am much gratified that any circumstances should have induced you to address, and favour me with a communication, especially on so interesting a subject as is contained in your letter. I have long known of the existence of the Irish MSS. at St. Gall, and had determined to proceed there for the purpose of examining them as soon as circumstances would permit. The MS. of Milan is new to me. They

are both Gaelic, (Irish,) and of considerable antiquity. St. Gall was an Irish Scot, who formed the Monastery bearing his name. I could have wished the copies you have sent had been fac-simile as near as possible, but still I think we shall be able to give you a translation; there are many mutilations and defacements. The one is a religious work, I think a 'Vistatio Infirmorum,' the other historical; but I am unwilling to speak more particularly till I have examined them, which I have not had leisure to do, more than casting my eye over them. I handed them to a friend, who has promised me his opinion, and assistance in the decyphering. The abbreviations render them difficult, but I trust to be able to give you a satisfactory report.

I have long been engaged in a work on the origin and history of the ancient inhabitants of the British Islands, which will shortly make its appearance. Having examined the construction of the Welsh language, and compared it with the Irish, I find there is no affinity between them beyond the existence of a few words of similar import and sound, and I am, therefore, satisfied they never could have been of the same family of the human race.

I am aware that I have broached very novel, and perhaps rather startling opinions, but I have the support of your very learned and intelligent countrymen, Lhuyd, Rowland, and Roberts, in some of my positions. I have given a different origin to the Welsh from any previous writer, and fixed the probable period of their settlement in Wales; and I think I have done so on irrefragable grounds, or at least, not easily confuted.

I think I shall call my work *The Gael and Cymbri*, and hope to have it out in about a month. I trust you will excuse my mentioning the subject to you, I thought it could not fail to be interesting to you.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

W. Betham.

Should you, or any learned friends of yours visit Ireland, it would give me great pleasure to show them any attention in my power."

CHAPTER XV.

Cymreigyddion y Fenni.

1833—1840.

Look to our cottages ; there is scarcely a shelf without its magazine and its Bible ; were I requested to point out the most striking feature of the Principality, I would not speak of the wooded glen that echoes the sounding cataract, or the blue lake that chequers the mountain scenery ; I would mention none of Nature's beauties—nor would I allude to the stupendous works of art that link our shores—I would fix my finger upon a bold, virtuous, and intelligent peasantry, who love their God and honour their king ; a peasantry with whom justice has sometimes to adjust her balance, but seldom to exercise the sword.”

Speech of the REV. J. BLACKWELL at the Denbigh Eisteddfod, Sept. 1828.

ON Friday, the 22nd November, 1833, the Cymdeithas Cymreigyddion y Fenni, or Welsh Literary Society of Abergavenny, was formed by five and twenty respectable and zealous Welshmen of the town and neighbourhood, who assembled at the Sun Inn, kept by Mr. John Michael. The Rev. John Evans, of Llanofor, was appointed President ; Mr. Thomas Bevan, of Llanwenarth, Secretary ; Mr. T. E. Watkins, Eiddil Ifor, of Blaenafon, Bard ; and the Rev. Thomas Price, of Crickhowel, Correspondent of this Institution. The officers of the Society were chosen, several resolutions passed, and twenty-six members enrolled ; the name of the Rev. Thomas Price being placed first on the

list, as a unanimous token of respect. Conformably to the nature of the association, two subjects were proposed for discussion at the next meeting: one being "The Utility of Cymreigyddion Societies," suggested by the bard, Eiddil Ifor, and the other "The comparative strength of nature and of education," by the Rev. D. B. Jones, of Blaenafon.

A Welsh letter from Mr. Price was read at this first meeting to the following effect :

"Cryghywel,
Nov. 21, 1833.

I beg to express my gratitude for the honour of an invitation to your meeting for the establishment of your laudable Society; and also my regret that circumstances will not allow me to share that gratification.

If I had personally enjoyed the pleasure of addressing you on this most worthy occasion, I should have availed myself of the opportunity to set before you one or two things which are in my opinion closely connected with the maintenance of patriotism, and the prosperity of our famous old language. In the first place, as to cherishing the language: I would have attempted to draw your attention to the necessity of teaching the Cambrian language to the children of Cambria in the daily as well as the Sunday schools, and that all the members of Cambrian Societies should bind themselves to support such a system. In the next place, as to the maintenance of patriotism: I would have endeavoured to persuade every one who has Cambrian blood to bind himself to give Cambrian names to his children, instead of adopting foreign ones now in common use among the people. And if Scripture names are chosen, let them be given according to the Cambrian rather than the English sound, as Iago, Ioan, Dewi, &c. instead of James, John, and David, &c. And instead of the English names William, Henry, Richard, Robert, &c. cherish those of pure and uncorrupted native origin, such as Llewelyn, Madawc, Caradawc, Cadifor, &c.

Such, among others, are the things which I should gladly have offered to your consideration, and although I cannot enjoy the pleasure of being present with you, I hope you

will not disregard this attempt to bring them under your notice. I am, with the warmest wishes for the success of your Society,

Your Friend,
Thomas Price."

At the second meeting of the Society, held on Wednesday the 27th day of the same month and year, the rules of management were agreed upon, and a committee was elected. Fourteen additional names were added to the list of members, and the literary objects of the union were prosecuted with ardour, intelligence, and research. Three meetings took place in December 1833, two in January 1834, and two early in February; all of them full of spirit, eloquence and poetry.

In less than three months from its commencement, the Cymreigyddion y Fenni had enrolled seventy-five members; among whom comparatively few belonged to the upper class of society. The Llanover Family; Lady Coffin Greenly, of Titley; Mr. Williams, of Llangybi; Monsieur Riew; Sir Charles Morgan, of Tredegar; Sir John and Lady Charlotte Guest sanctioned the objects of the Society by becoming the earliest of such volunteer allies.

Mr. Price soon afterwards addressed to the committee a letter which evinced his anxious desire for the moral welfare of the Society's members, by protesting against a proposed rule which would have authorized expenditure for refreshments.

"Cryghywel, Tach. 28, 1833.

Cymreigyddion y Fenni,

Nid bychan y cyfrifaf yr anrhydedd o gael fy ethol yn Aelod o Gymdeithas Gymroaidd, yn enwedig un ag sydd yn addaw disgleiriaw gyda'r fath lewyrch a Chymdeithas Cymreigyddion y Fenni. A chan fy mod o eithafoedd fy nghalon yn dymuno llwyddiant i'r achos sydd gennych mewn llaw; hyderaf y goddefwech gyda mi dros ychydig ennyd tra fyddwyf yn mynegi fy marn am un peth ag sydd ar hyn o bryd dan eich ystyriaeth; sef, Pa faint o gwrw a oddefir i bob aelod yfed yn ystod yr oriau cyfarfod? Dymunol fyddai, pe dichonadwy, na fyddai dim yn cael ei yfed ar y prydiau hynny; ond gan fod amryw yn dyfod o'r wlad, ysgatfydd,

o bell, afresymmol fyddai i'r cyfryw rai yr hyn fyddai angenrheidiol. Ond y gofyniad yw, Pa faint sydd ddigon? Nis gwn pa faint sydd ddigon; ond meddyliaf fod gwerth chwecheiniog o ddiod gref yn fwy na digon i laweroedd. Gwn y gwnai ambell un yn feddw, ac amryw yn agosach at gyflwr o feddwod nag sydd yn gysson â moesgarwch Cristionogol. Ond clywaf eich bod ar ymyl ffurfio Rheolau, yn ol pa rai y gall fod ar brydiau, nid yn unig i bob un yfaid gwerth chwecheiniog, ond hyd nod gwerth deunaw ceiniog o ddiod gref! O Gymreigyddion! os felly y bydd, na atto Duw i un dyn moesgar fod yn gyfrannog â chwi yn y cyfryw ymddygiad gwarthus, neu gyd-redeg â chwi i'r fath ormodedd atgas. I ba ddiben y ffurfiwyd ein Cymdeithas? Ai er elw i dafarnwr? Nage. Ai er mwyn cyfeddach a rhialtwech masweddus? Nage. Nac chwaith er mwyn cyfeillgarwch, er fod hynny yn rhinweddol dan reolau iachus. Ond diben ein Cymdeithas yw coleddu ein iaith. Eithr os rhedwn i ormodedd a chyfeddach yn hyn o orchwyl, pa fendith a allwn ddisgwyl ar ein gwaith? Y mae teimpladau gwladgar yn werthfawr ac yn glodadwy; ond ni all y gwladgarwch mwyaf gwresog ddim sancteiddio meddwod. Ac os ceisiwn gynnal ein iaith trwy droseddu yn erbyn gorchymynion Duw, gochelwn rhag i ni gyfarfod a'i ddial yn hyttrach na'i fendith, a'i annog i'n difetha ni a'n iaith. Am hynny gochelwn rhag dywedyd am y drwg, 'da yw;' a gosod tywyllwch am oleuni. Y mae gwladgarwch yn glodwiw, ac y mae ein hen iaith gwedi bod yn foddion o gynysgaeddu ein cenedl â breintiau annhraethadwy. Y mae yn ddilys gennyf mai cymmeradwy gan Dduw ydyw i ni ei choleddu a'i meithrin megis trysor gwerthfawr; ac os gwnawn hynny gyda moesoldeb ac mewn ofn Duw, pwy a ddichon ddywedyd na fydd iddi gael ei pharhau i ni yn gyfrwng gwybodaeth a bendithion ysbrydol, hyd nes cyflawnir yr oruchwyliaeth hon, ac mewn eithaf cywirdeb ymadrodd mwynhau oes y byd.

Ydwyf eich Cyfaill,
T. Price."

The last passage alluded to the ancient Welsh motto adopted by the Society: "Oes y byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg."

“The duration of the world to the Welsh language:” or, May the Cambrian language last as long as the world!

The second Anniversary of the Cymdeithas Cymreigyddion y Fenni was publicly celebrated by a meeting of the native Cymry, and many distinguished visitors, at the Free Grammar School, on Wednesday, the 25th, and on Thursday, the 26th November, 1835. The president was Sir J. J. Guest, Bart., of Dowlais. Mr. Price, on this occasion, addressed the audience upon his favourite topics, with his usual fluency.

The third Anniversary of this Society was held on Wednesday the 23rd, and on Thursday the 24th of November, 1836, in the Free Grammar School-room of Abergavenny. M. Riew, of Brittany, had been announced as President, but, being absent from the country at the time, W. Williams, Esq., of Llangybi, took the chair. This meeting was subsequently rendered memorable by the establishment of the Welsh Manuscripts Society, which was first suggested there by W. Williams, Esq., of Aberpergwm.

Thomas Griffiths, of Tredegar, having won the valuable triple harp, given on the second day by Mrs. Divett, Mr. Price took the opportunity of tracing the history of that national instrument in Wales, and showing that evidence existed of its use in its present perfect form for the last 400 years.

The fourth Anniversary of the Society was held at the Free Grammar School-room, on Wednesday the 18th, and on Thursday the 19th of October, 1837. Benjamin Hall, of Llanover, Esq., M.P., President. Mr. Price officiated on this occasion as sole judge of the literary prose essays.

With reference to an approaching Eisteddfod, the Rev. Walter Davies addressed the following letter to Mr. Price:

“Llanrhaiadr Mochnant,
Oct. 8th, 1838.

My dear Sir,

Though I know next to nothing of music, yet I presume to write to you a few lines at a critical juncture upon that subject. I have had some conversation with a Teutonic

gentleman, who for the last four or five years has become deeply enamoured with the scenery, antiquities, legends, and music of Wales. He thinks that something ought to be done in order to preserve Welsh music in its original or native simplicity. It is indeed painful to observe the various distortions our Welsh music has been compelled to undergo by the borrowed Italianized taste of self-interested publishers of periodical Welsh airs in this and the last century; by which means, if not timely prevented, the genuine Welsh music will be entirely lost.

Then, surely, if a stranger, a sojourner in the Principality, here to-day, and off to-morrow, feels the necessity that something should be done to protect our national music from such innovators; we, who drew our first breath on Cambrian soil, ought to exert ourselves to preserve it in its native characteristic wildness and purity. With that view, I beg to suggest that something like the following scheme be submitted to the consideration of the Abergavenny Gorsedd, (the most influential since the days of Gruffydd ap Cynan) that an establishment should be founded for the purpose of instructing a certain number of students, natives of South and North Wales, possessing musical genius, to play upon the Welsh harp in its own peculiar style.

Sound the meeting, especially the musical part of it, from Titley Court to Llanover, Dowlais, Aberpergwm, &c.; and it is hoped that they will see the propriety of preserving, unmutilated, our native Welsh music in all the departments of the Principality.

I need not add that I wish success to your Eisteddfod, for I am already imbued with a presentiment of its success.

I am, dear Carnhuanawc,

Yours truly,
Walter Davies."

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th and 11th of October, 1838, the fifth Anniversary of the Society was celebrated, President, Sir Charles Morgan, Bart., of Tredgar. The peculiar circumstances which rendered this meeting more especially striking and memorable were alluded to by Mr. Price in his opening speech.

“When we consider the increasing prosperity of this Society, when we look at its rich and luxuriant fruits, we must acknowledge that we are cultivating a grateful soil, and I trust that we shall not cease to cultivate this national soil, but that it will still bring forth fruit more luxuriant to reward the labour of our hands. Our Society has now grown to that high and palmy state which we had once scarcely dared even to hope for; it is true that we frequently in our visions of the future harbour anticipations flattering to ourselves, but we had very little reason to hope that any thing like this could be displayed in the Principality. When we consider the gloomy events that have befallen our race, and the many centuries that have veiled their history in almost impenetrable obscurity, we cannot but view a scene like this with animation and delight. It is long since our Sovereigns, our Arthurs and our Howels, were entertained as representatives of their countrymen. It is long since our countrymen received in their halls the allies and representatives of other nations; but this very event and many others have come to pass. Armorica has sent its deputation to us. The sons of the most chivalrous lands in Europe, the Sovereign of one of the most enlightened and powerful states in Europe, have sent over an envoy to our meeting. Some of the most learned and distinguished individuals in Europe have favoured us with their presence upon this occasion; and in addition to this, a descendant of Ifor Hael occupies the seat of the bardic presidency, in order to show the hospitality to strangers and to the Awen, characteristic of his princely ancestors, so celebrated by the bardic muse. These are assurances to us that the intellectual enthusiasm of Wales, whenever it directs its efforts to the attainment of proper objects, is indeed powerful and invincible. These are pledges and assurances to us, that we may overthrow every obstacle which stands in the way of our proceedings. But as the influence of the Cymreigyddion has extended itself far beyond the limited range originally prescribed for its operations by its first promoters in Gwent and Morganwg, it may possibly be asked, What claim this Society has upon the attention of those, who, residing beyond the Marches, have neither inducement nor facilities for cultivating our an-

cient language? In answer to this question, we are able to show, that this Society has not only excited a spirit of nationality at home, but has likewise essentially contributed towards the advancement of literature in general."

Mr. Price then adverted to the establishment of the Welsh MSS. Society, and to the translation of the Mabinogion undertaken by Lady Charlotte Guest.

The deputation from Brittany consisted of the Comte de la Villemarqué, and four other noblemen of that province, whose mission was approved and countenanced by His Majesty King Louis Phillippe. At the public dinner which formed a part of this day's proceedings, Mr. Price called the attention of his friends to the peculiar claims of their fellow-countrymen in America, to be recollected in a Cymdeithas Cymreigyddion.

"Though separated from them by the broad expanse of the Atlantic, they deeply sympathised in the feelings which had given rise to the society, and participated in the exultation which they all felt in its success. The meeting of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni was looked forward to by those men as an event of peculiar importance, and they would peruse the report of the present meeting, wafted to them on the wings of the press, with feelings of satisfaction, increased in proportion to the increasing importance of the society. In the Western Continent there were thousands who spoke the Welsh language, which was one of common occurrence at the public markets, and he rejoiced to hear, that in many places they had the Gospel preached to them in churches of their own, and in the language of their fathers. These facts, he stated upon the authority of those who had witnessed them, and who also assured him of the interest which was felt in America for the success of the Cymreigyddion Society. He concluded by proposing the health of—'Their Welsh brethren in America.'"

The President having proposed the health of the Comte de la Villemarqué, the Comte said :

"Two years ago, I recalled all the ties of blood and of

literature, which unite me to your fathers. I recounted our exploits during our united struggles in past times against the Romans, the Saxons, the Normans, and down almost to our own days; and also the famous battle of St. Just, when the Welsh and the Bretons, who served, the former in the English army, and the latter in that of the French, having recognised each other by their language, refused to fight, and remained spectators of the combat—and after the battle, embraced each other while singing warlike songs in honour of their ancestors. I recalled all these actions, and my toast was received with unanimous applause. I then drank the health of the Welsh, through absent—to-day, when I have the happiness to be among them, I drink again ‘To our brothers in Wales.’”

Mr. Price then gave an English translation of an Eisteddfod Song of the Armorican Bretons; which the Comte de la Villemarqué afterwards sang in its original language. The following versions in Breton, Welsh and English. are from a copy privately printed, and corrected by the Count himself.

CAN-AOUEN EISTEDDVOD,

Written in the Breton language, for the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Anniversary, October 10, 1838.

ORIGINAL BRETON.

KAN-AOUEN EISTEDDVOD,

ER VRETONED-ARVORIS HAG ER GYMMRI-BRETONED.

ER GOR.

Ul long a zaez gan ann awel
En un porz a Gymru oc'h a bell,

ER GYMMRI-BRETONED.

Pérérion d'hon-ni lafarec'h
Poui ec'h-'hwi nag a pa fann a ec'h.

ER VRETONED-ARVORIS.

Bretoned emp-ni oc'h ann Armor
A L-aezomp d'ho kwelet tros er mor.

ER GYMMRI.

Pan aezec'h da vad é vézec'h,
Bretoned a edem-ni fel d-ec'h.

Hen tadau int tadau d'ac'h dadau
 Hen mamau int mamau d'ac'h mamau.

ER GOR.

Kanom da pan em kefret hiziau
 Kanom, broderion, mol hon tadau.

HOLL KEFRET.

Kanom ré n'eus krénet tal Gaezar,
 A lakaz da gréno er deuar ;

Ré euz trec'het Piktet ha Saezon,
 Gan Arthur hag Howel hon teirnon.

Ha kéfret ha laket pob-eill-benn
 Ha maes al Lydaw er Frangizien.

Ré eus pell-amsear gourzwénébet
 Gan mawr a voc'haud er Normaned.

Hag ho eus holl-d'ann-holl, gorfodet
 Dan Glyndwr ha Ian a Rieux kefret,

'R Bréton 'Armor tal er Gymmro c'hwes
 Er banniar du tal er banniar glas.

Canom ré emlazaz pad mil vloez
 Am hen Duw, hen bro, hen brent, hen iaiz.

A wardaz ho gwad oc'h er maro
 Hag edint ho hunan difaro,

Fel ma ganaz Taliesin Barz hon :
 O tarogan, "Tra mor, tra Bréton !"

ER BARZ.

Kerreg pe ré as da zoun n'lakez
 Namen Breut ha Goruc'hafiaez ;

Karreg a Gymmru é-tal er mor
 Aslafaret son barz a Armor,

Lafaret, lafaret da vis-ken
 Hanes mawr hen gourhendadigien.

Ra glefent son anom o'ch ann ion
 Ha ra lakent lawen hoc'h c'halon

Ha ra zelent tuez er deuar
 Ha ra vendigent ho vibion kar.

Th. Hersart De La Villemarqué

WELSH VERSION.

CAN-AWEN EISTEDDFOD

Y BRYTHON-LLYDAWAEG A'R CYMRY PRYDEINIG.

Y DATGANIAD.

Llong a ddaeth gan awel
 I borthladd o Gymru, o bell.

Y CYMRY-PRYDEINIG.

Y Pererinion llafarwch wrthym
Pwy y'ch chwi, ac o ba fan y deuwch.

Y BRYTHON-LLYDAWAEG.

Brython y'm ni, o Lydaw,
A ddaethom i'ch gweled, dros y mor.

Y CYMRY.

Gan y daethoch, mād y daethoch,
Brython ydym ni, fel chwithau.

Ein tadau y'nt dadau eich tadau.
Ein mamau y'nt famau eich mamau.

Y DATGANIAD.

Canwn, gan in' gyfarfod heddyw ;
Canwn, frodyr, fawl ein tadau !

YR HOLL GYFARFOD.

Canwn i'r rhai ni chrynasant rhag wyneb Caisar,
Yr hwn a ddychrynodd y ddaear.

Y rhai a drechasant ar y Pictiaid a'r Saeson,
Gydag Arthur a Hywel, ein teyrnon.

Ac a gyfunasant ac a ddodasant bob pen
O'r Ffrancod i maes o Lydaw.

Y rhai dros bell amser a wyrthwynebasant
Gyda mawr ogoniant, y Normaniaid.

Ac oll yn oll a orfodasant,
Pan unodd Glyndwr a Ian a Rieux.

Y Brythonwr Llydawaeg ger bron y Cymro etto,
Y llumman du gyferbyn y llumman glas.

Canwn i'r rhai a ymladdasant fil o flynyddau
Dros ein Duw, ein bro, ein braint, ein iaith.

A warchadwasant eu hanfod hyd angau,
Ac a ydynt eu hunain yn anfarwol.

Fal y canodd Taliesin ein Bardd,
Gan ddarogan, "Tra mor tra Brython."

Y BARDD.

Creigiau, pa rai ni ddychwelasant sain
Namyn bloedd goruchafiaeth !

Creigiau Cymru, ger bron y mor,
Adseiniwch llais Bardd o Lydaw !

Llafarwch, llafarwch dros byth,
Hanes godidawg ein gorphendeidiau !

Pe clywent son am danom ni a chwithau,
Hwy a lawenychent yn eu calon.

A phe delent i'r ddaear,
Hwy a fendigent eu meibion anwyl.

Th. Hersart De La Villemarqué,
A'i cant yn Llydawaeg.

ENGLISH.

EISTEDDFOD-SONG

OF THE ARMORICAN BRETONS AND THE WELSH.

CHORUS.

A vessel, wafted by the gale,
Reached a Cambrian haven, from a distant land.

THE WELSH.

Pilgrims, declare unto us
Who you are and whence you come?

THE BRETONS.

We are Britons from Armorica
Come to visit you, from beyond the sea.

THE WELSH.

Your arrival is a welcome event,—
We ourselves are Britons too.

Our forefathers were your fathers' fathers,
And our mothers are of the same race.

CHORUS.

Then brethren since we have met to-day,
Let us sing our gallant fathers' praise.

THE WHOLE ASSEMBLY.

Let us sing to those who dreaded not
The face of Cæsar when he caused the world to tremble.

Those who defeated the Picts and Saxons
With Arthur and Howel our monarchs,

Who expelled from Armorica
The Frankish race.

Who long and gloriously withstood
The Norman Power.

Who victoriously fought
With Glyndwr and Ian a Rieux.

The Armorican Briton once more meets
The Cambrian. the black banner joins the blue.

Let us chaunt those who for a thousand years
Fought for one God, our country, our liberty, and our language.

Who defended their country, even unto death,
And are themselves immortal.

As Taliesin our Bard has sung
In his predictions, "Coeval with their ocean shall the Britons be."

THE BARD.

O rocks, which never echoed sound,
Save the shout of triumph!

O rocks of Cambria, towering o'er the sea,
Repeat the voice of an Armoric Bard!

Rehearse for evermore, the
Gallant deeds of our forefathers.

Could they have known our actions here,
Their hearts would have been filled with joy.

And could they once more return to earth,
They would bless their beloved sons.

THOMAS PRICE, Carnhuanawc.

On Thursday, the 2nd day of the meeting, Mons. L. de Jacquetot du Bois Rouvray rose and said:—

“ I am now going to have the honour of reading to you some stanzas which my illustrious friend, Monsieur le Comte de La Martine, has kindly addressed to me on the subject of our present reunion. I avow that I am proud and happy that our first French poet has favoured us with one of his inspirations. Everything, celebrated by talent such as his, becomes matter of history; and in future times this song will be a fresh consecration of the union of Wales and Brittany, and our posterity will one day invoke it in this same assembly, as a title of honour. Gratitude to my friend, for having thrown upon our fête a ray of his glory! ”

Mons. Jacquetot du Bois Rouvray, having read M. de La Martine's verses in a feeling and impressive manner, Mr. Price rose, and read the following translation of them:

“ When our forefathers met on the waves or the shore, they showed, in lively remembrance of their ancient separation, the two fragments of a sword, of which each retained a symbolic portion. ‘ Brother!’ said they, ‘ dost thou not recognise the blade? has it not the same brightness, purity, temper, and edge? And the steel which was wrought in the same fire, does it not perfectly unite?’ ”

And we, we ourselves, now declare unto you, the sons of the same shores, that we also are a fragment of the same victorious blade! Consider our features, our eyes, our hair; does not your bounding heart acknowledge a kindred race? Is not this the eye, blue as the deep sea which foams between

the corresponding rocks of our jutting capes, and in whose waves our misty sky reflects more lightning than sunshine?

Recognise us, then, O sons of the same stock! The spirits of our forefathers on high will acknowledge us! May the native Metheglin foam in our veins, and let us shout to heaven three inspiring hurrahs! Hurrah for Albion and her snow-white cliffs! Hurrah for our father-land, with its hills of granite! Hurrah for him who now gathers together the branches round the ancient tree from whence they have been so long separated!

The genius of the time reunites those whom the sea separates. The title of kindred is everywhere upheld. Man is no longer considered French, English, Roman, or Barbarian; he is a fellow-citizen of God's holy empire: the walls of nations crumble into dust: the tongues of Babel again blend in unity: while the Gospel rebuilds the temple of humanity!"

M. Jules De Francheville also recited some original verses. At this Eisteddfod, Mr. Price proved an unsuccessful competitor for the great prize on "The Influence which the Welsh Traditions have had on the Literature of Europe." On this subject the reader is referred to Vol. i. page 233. Aware of the real merits of his own composition, his disinterested mind found ample compensation for this disappointment in the pleasurable belief, that the successful Essay must surpass it in worth.

The circumstance of his pupil, Susannah Prichard's winning the prize of a Triple Harp, worth 20 guineas, afforded him also much gratification.

At the public dinner which took place on the 2nd day of this Anniversary, Sir Charles Morgan, on behalf of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, presented a Hirlas Horn to the most distinguished of their foreign guests.

The Comte De La Villemarqué on receiving it said:

"The Bretons of Armorica are extremely grateful for the present you make them in my name; and are at a loss for words to express their gratitude. Formerly, when a Bard

presented himself to the court of an Armorican chief, that chief, to do him honour, promised the Bard he should drink out of his cup; and if he offered him that cup, it was the height of honour. ‘I have drunk,’ exclaimed the Bard, like Aneurin, ‘I have drunk hydromel out of the cup of Morda!’ I am not a Bard, and yet you have honoured me as our Princes honoured them. It is, doubtless, for the Bretons alone that you intend this present, and it is only impressed with that belief that I accept it in the name of my countrymen. Some day or other in my old age, I will show this to my children, and will tell them, ‘It is the gift of our Welsh Brothers—learn like them to love your God, your country, your language and liberty.’

‘Ein Duw, ein Bro, ein Braint, ein Iaiti.’

I will show it to our friends in our National Banquets, and will say, ‘Let us drink to Welsh hospitality;’ and when the French, Welsh, or English stranger sits at my table, I will again show it to him, and tell him it is ‘a Token of Union,’ and will make him drink ‘Universal Brotherhood.’”

This Hirlas was a fine mottled horn, with silver bands around the top, middle and bottom. It was edged with trefoil leaves wrought in silver, and lined throughout with the same metal. Upon the upper band was engraved, in the Welsh language, “From the Cymreigyddion y Fenni to the Breton deputy of the King of the French, on occasion of his visit to their anniversary festival, 10th October, 1838.” Upon the second band was the following line from Golyddan, a Cambrian bard of the sixth century :

‘Dybi o Lydaw prydaf y gweithydd.’

(There comes from Brittany seasonable assistance.)

The lower band was left blank to receive the name, title, and arms of the Count. Inside, at the bottom of the Horn, was set a fine Snowdon crystal, encircled with silver, bearing the words “Cymru Carneddau.” The design was drawn, and the mottoes were chosen by Mr. Price.

Late in the month of October, 1838, Mr. Price received a letter from Mr. Miles, an Assistant Commissioner of the

Hand-loom Weavers' Inquiry. Mr. Miles had seen a newspaper notice of a meeting, held by the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, containing some able remarks upon the Flannel trade of that town; and he now applied to their author for further information on the subject in relation to the whole of South Wales, including particulars of the moral and pecuniary condition of the weavers.

On the 7th November, 1838, Mr. Price received from the same gentleman a civil acknowledgment of promised services. The following letter closed the correspondence :

“ Hand-loom Commission, February 4, 1839.

My dear Sir,

I have to apologize for not having answered your very obliging and most valuable communication immediately on its receipt. I have moreover to offer you my very best thanks for so able a document, and I shall (with your permission) insert it in my report with your name attached.

I have the honour to remain,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and humble servant,

William Miles.

Rev. T. Price, Crickhowel.”

Holding various appointments under Government, Mr. Miles had frequent occasion to visit Wales, and made many friends there: among them was the Rev. Walter Davies, who regarded him with singular esteem and admiration. He is described as a manly, princely looking person, of great abilities, and very conciliating graceful manners. He is said to have been maternally related to the Lennox family, and was much noticed by His late Majesty King William the IV.

The sixth Anniversary of the Society was not publicly celebrated.

The seventh shone forth with accumulated strength and lustre, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 7th and 8th of October, 1840. John Rolls, Esq., of the Hendrêf, presided. On the first day of the meeting, Mr. Price delivered a long and eloquent speech; in the course of it he remarked :

“Though it may appear fanciful, we find that such were the effects of those sparks which have occasionally been struck from the Celtic mind, that they were felt in that long and arduous struggle in the Peninsula. If we look into the history of that struggle, Where was the romance of war? We know the business was conducted by the multitude, but the romance of fighting was with Picton and his chivalrous band; the romance of fighting was with the plaided warriors of Scotland; and in the dreadful *melée* on the field of Waterloo, when the Scots Greys met with their plaided countrymen, it was the recognition of the national tartan that elicited the war cry of ‘Scotland for ever!’ and that cry led them on to noble acts of heroism. I am strongly impressed with the idea, that when these severe details of history are softened down, and tinged by the hand of imagination in the description of those times, the Cambrian Picton and his chivalrous division on the one hand, and the plaided bands of Caledonia on the other, will stand forward as the most prominent groups in the scene.”

On the second day, in awarding the prize for the best inquiry into the alleged massacre of the bards by Edward the First, Mr. Price said :

“It is well known that there are differences of opinion on this subject. There are some who deny this massacre altogether, while there are others who assert that it is true. Those who maintain the fact, say that Edward the First, under pretence of holding a festival, invited all the bards to Carnarvon Castle, and there caused them to be massacred in the security of holy hospitality. On the contrary, it is said that this is impossible, because many of the bards, who were alive during Edward’s war with Llewelyn, were known to be living many years afterwards, and then composing poetry. But the truth appeared to be, that Edward framed some very severe laws against the bards, and it is probable that he might have caused some of them to be put to death, but a general massacre we cannot credit. In the first place, Edward was too happy to hold his new possessions in quietness, to commit so gross an outrage on the dearest feelings

of the people. Edward did not dare to commit it—this is strong language with respect to a conqueror in the moment of victory, but I think I am borne out by the facts, when I remind you that Edward submitted to an act of repugnance, for the purpose of conciliating the Welsh; for he caused his queen to journey in the dead of winter, through a sterile country, all the way to Carnarvon Castle, in order that the Welsh might be gratified by the birth of a native prince. Now, it is not likely that the man who would purchase tranquility at such a cost would risk such an act of atrocity. But there is one feature in the case which strikes me, and which perhaps is not generally observed. Why select Carnarvon Castle as the birth-place of the Prince of Wales? There were Flint, Rhuddlan, and Denbigh, and many others nearer home; but neither of these was within what was at that time the peculiar territory of Llewelyn. Flint and Rhuddlan were in Tegengl, and Denbigh was in Rhos; but Arvon, the district in which Carnarvon was situated, reached into Snowdon, the peculiar domain of the Welsh Prince, and it was here that the most decided opposition was made to the aggression of Edward; for when he sent proposals to the Prince to give up to him the possession of this territory, the answer returned was worthy of a high-spirited and independent people, ready to defend to the utmost their rights and liberty—‘The people of Snowdon say, that although the Prince should give the King possession of the same, yet they would not do homage to any stranger of whose language, and customs, and laws, they are entirely ignorant.’ And Edward respected this resolute declaration of the men of Snowdon, and even at the risk of future collision betwixt two branches of his own family, (for his eldest son was then living,) he concerted this plan of conciliation. These men of Snowdon were not to be trifled with, and therefore did he cause his queen to journey through the heart of Wales. Edward was scrupulously cautious with respect to offending the prejudices of the people; he knew that to irritate them was to cause another war, and he knew the disasters of a war with the Welsh. If, then, we look closely into this matter, we shall find that these men of Snowdon pledged themselves not to submit to the man whose language they did not

know. They redeemed their pledge with their blood, which flowed abundantly at the foot of Snowdon ; but they perished in that encounter. They sacrificed themselves, but they gained for their children rights and privileges, which otherwise they never would have enjoyed under the Norman sway ; and in the next generation we find the Welsh families in possession of their property—we find then the descendants of those brave men of Snowdon, in the peaceful possession of those lands for which their ancestors fought and bled in the days of Edward ; all these people would have lost their possessions, had not these men sealed their pledges in this patriotic manner, and redeemed them with their blood.”

Near the close of the proceedings, Mr. Price again spoke and concluded his remarks with the following paragraph :

“ We recollect that when a distinguished visitor, the Chevalier Bunsen, favoured us with his presence, he looked at our gathering, not with the partial eye of a native, but with the unbiassed judgment of a foreigner ; he admired our harps and our englynion : he said, ‘ It is all very delightful and very beautiful, but ’ he added, ‘ that we must not let it end with the amusement of the day.’ And I am happy to say that we have heard these sentiments repeated again, by another distinguished visitor to-day ; he said that this was only the steam to put the machine in motion, and to propel the engine. Now, Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen, we trust that we have put on that steam, and also hitched on a train, laden with consequences of the most important character.”

It may here be remarked that the more immediate objects of Cymreigyddion institutions had, previous to the year 1840, been gradually lost sight of by the Abergavenny Committee. Subjects were no longer proposed and periodically discussed at the monthly meetings ; and the local Eisteddfodau, which at first arose out of the literary association of the native townspeople, had already in effect, though undesignedly, supplanted it.

CHAPTER XVI.

Travels; Liverpool Cisteddfod; Welsh Traditions.

1837—1841.

“The beauty of goodness has an attractive power; it kindles in us at once an active principle; it forms our manners and influences our desires, not only when represented in a living example, but even in an historical description.”

LANGHORNE'S PLUTARCH. PERICLES.

BLAISE PASCAL has well said: “C'est un grand avantage que la qualité, qui des dix huit ou vingt ans, met un homme en passe, connu et respecté, comme un autre pourrait avoir mérité a cinquante ans; ce sont trente ans gagnés sans peine.” (Pensées. Première Partie. Art. viii, 16.) The remark applies generally to personal estimation and influence; but making certain allowances for accidental opportunities of acquiring durable distinction, it seems to receive more particular confirmation from the history of men of genius. The high-born man of intellect has only to exhibit proofs of superior ability, at once to receive due acknowledgment and homage from those whose praise is fame; and he often enters upon the social privileges of literary reputation as early in life as upon the more tangible inheritance of his birthright. The obscure student, of equal or excelling

merit, especially if excluded by poverty from opportunities of collegiate distinction, must, on the contrary, toil in general through thirty tedious years, and see all the kinsfolk he best loved to please, drop away or wither from the earth, before he can win for himself a station of equal eminence. Such are the varied probationary paths, by which Divine Providence conducts different individuals, endued with similar mental gifts, to the happy fulfilment of their ultimate destinations.

Unstimulated by selfish ambition, or desires of personal aggrandizement, Mr. Price had now attained to that honourable and distinguished position, in which literary reputation and social esteem confer at once an enlarged arena, and augmented capabilities of usefulness. Impressed more and more with the high responsibilities of his pastoral office, and bent upon fulfilling the expectations of his countrymen by giving them a good history of Wales in the Welsh language, he resolved from henceforth to set a narrower limit to his visits of recreation, and to devote his time more exclusively to these duties. During the year 1837, he wrote and published the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th numbers of his "Hanes Cymru." In April 1838, Mr. Price accompanied the Prichard family in their removal from one abode in the town of Crickhowel to another, called Rumsey Place. During the same year, he wrote and published the 6th, 7th, and 8th numbers of his "Hanes Cymru." In the year 1839, he published the 9th part of the same work.

To this period of his life belongs an anecdote, which may serve to reveal the pervading gentleness and benevolence of his nature. Encouraged and tempted by the vicinity of a malt-house, an army of rats besieged Mr. Price's peaceful territories, and threatened the destruction of his books and papers. To repel these ravenous animals, he provided himself with a ferret. He gave it the name of "Bobby;" and finding that it manifested gratitude for gentle treatment, he soon became very much attached to it. One day, "Bobby," having been sent through a hole in the partition wall in pursuit of the hostile rats, was absent so long, that Mr. Price feared that he would never return again; and in the height of his tender anxiety, deeming the imperilment of

“Bobby” a greater evil than the marauding devastations of the rats, he formed the inviolable resolution, that the favourite, if happily delivered from this danger, should never again be subjected to the like. “Bobby” emerged at last from his labyrinthine chase, and lived for several years, free from all cares and labours, in the enjoyment of his master’s favour. This ferret was kept in a cage, and on being let out every evening, would of its own accord run straight to his master’s sitting-room. On Mr. Price’s putting out his foot, “Bobby” immediately obeyed the signal and ran up his leg, climbing from his knee to the table, upon which bread and milk lay prepared for “Bobby’s” supper. The natural consequence of such a lazy and luxurious life was, that at last “Bobby” died of excessive fatness. He was honourably interred, and Mr. Price planted a juniper tree upon the grave.

In the summer of 1839, Mr. Price again indulged himself with a tour. He went from Crickhowel to Bristol, and thence into Devonshire. After visiting the northern coast line of that beautiful county, he travelled from Barnstaple to Launceston, and proceeded to explore the Celtic antiquities of the county of Cornwall, by way of Truro, Falmouth, Penzance, the Lands-end, Redruth, Camelford and Tintagel; returning from thence through Exeter, Glastonbury, Cheddar and Bristol. Mr. Price observes :

“The Druidical Remains on Carn Bré are very numerous and curious; they generally consist of rock altars, resembling cromlechau in some points of view; but there is not one cromlech properly so called, i. e. not one altar resting on pillars; and I should say not one raised to its position by art, as they appear to be nothing more than masses of granite in situ, layers or blocks resting on others in their natural state. Nor should I see any reason for calling them altars at all, excepting that some have basins or hollows formed in them; others are surrounded by upright stones, and the whole hill is covered with stones in different positions, evidently placed by art. The granite has a smooth surface and a whitish grey colour, and looks like limestone in the bed of a torrent.”

His note-book of this tour is embellished with several good drawings, illustrating local physiognomy, striking scenery, and antiquarian remains of various periods. Appended to a pretty sketch of Slaughter Bridge, near the source of the river Camel, said to be the scene of the Battle of Camlan, in which king Arthur was slain, this note-book contains the following remarks :

“The river Camel is also called the Alan ; but I think it possible that the two names are nothing more than the beginning and termination of Camlan, which is the Welsh name of the river near which Arthur was killed. Geoffrey of Monmouth calls it Camblan. The reputed scene of the battle at Slaughter Bridge, a ford on the Camel near the source, two miles above Camelford, is within four miles of Tintagel Castle. In this part of the country, probably, was Gelliwig ; there is a place near Tintagel called Pengelly, the g being sounded hard as in Welsh. The pronunciation of Tintagel has evidently been changed and anglicized ; it is now pronounced Tintadjel, the g being softened into j.”

At the request of the Committee of the Liverpool Eisteddfod of 1840, Mr. Price furnished designs for the medals, and gave directions for the proper construction of the harps. He declined to act upon that occasion as a Literary Adjudicator ; but personally attended the festival, which took place in the month of June. It is to be regretted that his speeches there should have found no other record than that of the public press.

On Wednesday the 24th, Mr. Price addressed the meeting. He said—

“That after an absence of thirteen centuries, they (the Cymry) had come to visit the dominions of their ancient British fathers ; and he could assure them, that during that long period, from the day when the standard of the flame-bearing Ida lighted up the land, from the day when the Scandinavian hordes spread over Mercia, there had been no congress of bards, and no *gorsedd* proclaimed by the sound of trumpet, on the English side of Offa’s dyke, until this morn-

ing. Surely, then, they must consider that they had fallen on happy times, when, in accordance with the prediction so long cherished amongst them, the Cymry had at last passed the barrier which had held them in restraint, and planted their standard even in the heart of England. This carried with it consequences more weighty than appeared on the face of it; for they now beheld restored to them privileges of which they had long been deprived. There was a time when the Saxon and the ancient British people met under different circumstances. Their visits, in other days, were marked with other deeds than those of kindness and hospitality. There was a time, when, if the Welshman passed the Mercian dyke, he was subjected to the severest penal enactments—enactments that were put in force with unmitigated and relentless rigour; and when the Saxon who incautiously passed the barrier into the Cambrian territory, was visited, in return, with a retaliation as fierce and vindictive. These days had passed away; the barrier had now been passed by them; they had not brought into England the sword and the spear; nor were they met by tent and martial field, nor by trench or rampart, but by such genuine kindness and hospitality, that, notwithstanding the feuds of former ages, every thing was atoned for and compensated, and Welshmen must acknowledge that they were satisfied. But while taking this view of the case, and amusing themselves with what some might consider the fanciful fulfilment of imaginary predictions, it ought not to be forgotten that they had something more substantial to congratulate themselves upon. They had not only passed Offa's dyke, but they had passed it in great numbers; for there were at present in Liverpool upwards of thirty thousand natives of the Principality; there were in the town eighteen places of worship, in which the Welsh language was the language of the ministry; and, from the nature of the circumstances which led to the influx, it was undoubted that the number of Welsh in Liverpool would continue to increase. As long as the barren mountains of Wales produced a hardy and industrious race of men, and the sterility of the soil drove out the population to seek employment in a more wealthy country; and as long as towns and cities continued to call for hardier and robuster consti-

tutions than they themselves produced, to fulfil various duties in public life, so long would the stream of emigration continue to flow from the mountains of Wales to the shores of the Mersey. There was here a fact which most imperiously called on them to use every exertion to cultivate amongst their people, those feelings which would render their pilgrimage honourable to themselves, and satisfactory to those among whom they came. This would be best accomplished by cultivating among Welshmen feelings of self-respect and national honour, the safest pledges of good conduct, and the surest way of commanding a welcome reception from those with whom their lot might be cast. He then referred to the proceedings of the day, and expressed a hope that the festival would not be looked upon as a mere outbreak of conviviality, as a mere ebullition of national feelings, which would vanish as soon as the excitement which had drawn it out had disappeared. They had in the feeling of nationality, now cherished, he was happy to say, so generally among Cymry, a great stream which would set in motion a mighty train of effects, and they would be criminal if they threw away the chance it afforded them. Perhaps there was nothing that so strongly laid hold of man as this feeling of nationality, when found in a genuine state; and the Welshman carried it to such a degree, that a love of his country and language formed an integral part of himself wherever he went. It had been carried across the Atlantic, and had even been found to increase in proportion to the distance from the 'fatherland.' Mr. Price dwelt at some length on the spirited manner in which the anniversary of the tutelary saint of Wales was observed by the natives of the Principality in New York; on the sympathy, countenance, and encouragement accorded to them by men of all ranks and parties; and concluded with relating a conversation which had occurred between himself and a returned emigrant from the United States, who said, that of all the different races of people congregated in New York, there was not one that met with more respect than the Welsh, on the occasion of their annual festival."

At the public dinner on the same day, Mr. Price eloquently expatiated upon the past and present state of the

social classes of Wales. On Thursday, the 25th, he gave the assembled company an able and animated recital of instances, in proof of the vivifying effect produced by the traditions of Cambria upon the literature of the present European States.

At this Eisteddfod, a prize, consisting of a medal value £5, given by the senior vice-president, and a premium of £30, given by the Cymreigyddion Society; for the best "History in Welsh of the Welsh Princes, (*Hanes y Tywysogion Cymreig*,) was adjudged to a MS. signed "Ugnach ap Mydno," written by the Rev. Thomas Price, (Carnhuanawc,) the adjudicators being the Rev. H. Parry, vicar of Llanasa; and the Rev. William Jenkins Rees, Rector of Cascob. The historical researches excited by this competition proved the means of enhancing the worth of his "Hanes Cymru," in which the principal matter contained in this essay was subsequently embodied. In the same year he published the tenth number of that work.

A curious letter dated June 24, 1840,* and signed "Benjamin Rogers, Trumpeter," remains among Mr. Price's papers. The writer, who expresses himself with great fluency, states that he is induced to address Mr. Price in consequence of having been a witness of the "active and useful part" taken by him at the recent Liverpool Eisteddfod, and his particular attention, condescension and kindness to the musicians. Benjamin Rogers proceeds to recall himself to Mr. Price's particular recollection as the Trumpeter who "sounded in the Baron of Beef at the Townhall," and recapitulates with professional satisfaction his previous public performances. Lamenting the failure of his son, a junior Benjamin, in competing for a prize harp at the Eisteddfod, he expatiates disdainfully upon the alleged incompetence of the judges, and gives his opinion at length upon what he believes would be an improved system of arrangement. The objects of his letter are, first to obtain a programme of the approaching Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, in order that his son might again try his skill upon the harp; and secondly to offer their joint or separate services as trumpeters upon the same occasion. He mentions incidentally the following

* Post-mark July.

curious fact: "W. Hughes, who won the Silver Harp, was with me learning the painting business—painting at the house of the present widow of Mr. Jenkins; when he went to Carnarvon, and brought it with him back."

A friend, writing to Mr. Price on the subject of the Liverpool Eisteddfod of 1840, says:

"I would mention the fact that so many inquiries have been made respecting the gentleman in the long coat, (Roman like,) as to prove that you contributed largely to the general interest of the meeting; and having once pleased, it will not be difficult to convince."

As a self-constituted conservator of all British antiquities, Mr. Price wrote as follows to a friend and neighbour:

"Crickhowel, August 28, 1840.

Dear Sir,

On passing over the Myarth to-day, and looking at the tower which you are erecting there, I was exceedingly grieved to see that the materials are taken from the agger of the ancient encampment, whereby that relic of antiquity is so far demolished. And I cannot refrain from remonstrating upon the subject. And that not only on my own account, but on behalf of the public; for, however ornamental this building may be, there are many besides myself, who, when they are informed how it was constructed, will think the advantage very dearly purchased at such a cost. The few antiquities of the country have been suffering enough already from other hands; but if their demolition is carried on by those who ought to be their conservators, we cannot expect but that in a short time they will all disappear. Hoping you will pardon the liberty I am taking in troubling you upon this subject,

I remain, Dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
T. Price."

During the year 1840, Mr. Price, in the conscientious discharge of his duty as a Rural Dean, found it necessary

to remonstrate with several Clergymen under his jurisdiction, upon their neglect of conveying religious instruction to their Welsh parishioners through the medium of the vernacular tongue. Some of these Clergymen, resisting Mr. Price's authority, engaged him in a tedious controversy; and an appeal was made at last by both parties to the Diocesan, Bishop Thirlwall.

On the 16th January, 1841, Mr. Prichard died at Rumsey Place, Crickhowel, aged 80 years. This worthy man, from the period when Mr. Price first took up his abode under his roof, had always looked up to him as his friend and counsellor; and he finally gave the highest possible proof of esteem and confidence, by committing the management of his family affairs to Mr. Price's faithful care. Mr. Prichard was buried in the churchyard of Cwmdû, and Mr. Price subsequently placed a stone tomb over his grave.

In the month of July 1841, Mr. Price revisited his native district, with the especial object of exploring a spot long famous in Cambrian tradition.

In the Notes of the fourth part of Lady Charlotte Guest's *Mabinogion*, the following passages occur:

"During the middle ages, the story of the *Twrch Trwyth* was current amongst the Welsh, and Lewis Glyn Cothi alludes to him in these words,

"Tori y trefi, trwy wyth ac archoll,
Tyrchu y tyrau oll, fâl y *Twrch Trwyth*—
A wnai.

He would destroy the towns with wrath, wounds, and violence; he would tear down all the towers like the *Twrch Trwyth*.

We find a direct reference to the hunt of the *Twrch Trwyth* in the catalogue of the *Marvels of the Island of Britain*, which in some copies is appended to the *Historia Britonum* of Nennius. The manuscript, from which the passage is copied into this place, is preserved in the British Museum, (Harleian MSS. 3859,) and is pronounced by the learned Editor of Nennius to be of the tenth century.

'There is another wonder in the region called *Builth*. There is a heap of stones, and one stone laid on the heap having upon it the foot-mark of a dog. When he hunted the swine *Troynt*, *Cabal*, which was a dog of the warrior Arthur,

impressed the stone with the print of his foot, and Arthur afterwards collected a heap of stones beneath the stone in which was the print of his dog's foot, and it is called Carn Cabal. And people come and take away the stone in their hands for the space of a day and a night, and on the next day it is found on its heap.'

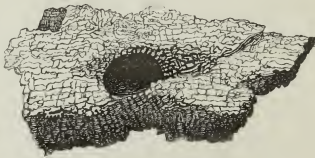
'Est aliud mirabile in regione quæ dicitur Buelt. Est ibi cumulus lapidum, et unus lapis superpositus super congestum, cum vestigio canis in eo. Quando venatus est porcum Troynt, impressit Cabal, qui erat canis Arthuri militis, vestigium in lapide, et Arthur postea congregavit congestum lapidum sub lapide in quo erat vestigium canis sui, et vocatur Carn Cabal. Et veniunt homines et tollunt lapidem in manibus suis per spacium diei et noctis, et in crastino die invenitur super congestum suum.'

But if we are surprised to find this singular hunt thus recorded, and even the name of Arthur's dog, Cafall, preserved in connection with it, much more may we be astonished to find that Carn Cafall is no fabulous mound, the creation of the poet or romancer's fancy, but is actually a mountain in the district of Builth, to the south of Rhayader Gwy, and within sight of that town. Such was the interest excited in my mind, by the discovery of the existence of such a remarkable piece of evidence, corroborative of the great antiquity of the traditions contained in the Mabinogi of Kilweh, that I prevailed upon a gentleman [the Rev. Thomas Price of Cwmdû] this summer, to undertake a pilgrimage for me to the summit of Cefn Carn Cafall. The following is the account he wrote me of his expedition: whether he has succeeded in finding the stone itself, bearing the imprint of Cafall's footstep, I must leave to others to determine.

'Carn Cafall, or, as it is generally pronounced, Corn Cafall, is a lofty and rugged mountain, in the upper part of the district anciently called Buellt, now written Builth, in Breconshire. Scattered over this mountain are several cairns of various dimensions, some of which are of very considerable magnitude, being at least a hundred and fifty feet in circumference. On one of these cairns may still be seen a stone, so nearly corresponding with the description in Nennius, as

to furnish strong presumption that it is the identical object referred to. It is near two feet in length, and not quite a foot wide, and such as a man might without any great exertion carry away in his hands. On the one side is an oval indentation, rounded at the bottom, nearly four inches long, by three wide, about two inches deep, and altogether presenting such an appearance as might, without any great strain of imagination, be thought to resemble the print of a dog's foot; on a more minute inspection it will be found that although there is towards the middle part a slight mark corresponding with the ball of the foot, yet the divisions of the toes and marks of the nails are wanting; but when we make allowance for the effect of a thousand winters, in this high and stormy region, it is not too much to suppose that at one time the resemblance was still more striking.

As the stone is a species of conglomerate, it is possible that some unimaginative geologist may persist in maintaining that this foot-print is nothing more than the cavity left by the removal of a rounded pebble, which was once imbedded in the stone; such an opinion scarcely requires a remark. The following sketch will give an idea of the stone: ”



Sir Walter Scott's poem, called, "The Norman Horse-shoe," celebrates a conquest gained by the Welshmen over the Lords Marchers, at Caerphili, on the river Rymny, and the last stanza says :

“Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.

No more the stamp of armed steed
 Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead,
 Nor trace be there in early spring
 Save of the fairies' emerald ring."

The following paper, left in manuscript by Mr. Price, appears to bear some relation to the passage above cited.

RHYD Y MILWYR—THE FORD OF THE WARRIORS.

In the wild and mountainous tract on the junction of the counties of Monmouth, Brecon and Glamorgan, and in the exact boundary line of the two latter at the foot of the Trevil Du, there is a narrow pass on the river Rumney, called Rhyd y Milwyr, where may be seen some of the most extraordinary phenomena that have ever attracted the attention of the naturalist; and not the less so for having, to the best of my knowledge, never been noticed in any of those numerous publications which have professedly treated of similar subjects. And if such curious appearances, lying almost within sight of some of our most scientific men, have entirely escaped their notice, shall I be thought overwearing if I repeat an idea already suggested, that the Principality of Wales has hitherto been but very partially explored, and that its more remote corners contain many curious facts, unknown to the naturalist and the geologist, and possibly to the antiquarian and historian.

In the bed of the river Rumney may be seen a rock entirely covered with the impressions of the hoofs of horses. This assertion may appear startling, but I repeat it—There are numerous impressions of horses' hoofs deeply indented in the hard and solid rock; at least such they seemed to me, such they are described by the natives of the mountains, and such they must appear to every person who judges of things by the general appearance which they present; for however the prying eye of science may direct its followers to seek for other explanations of such phenomena, more consonant with the existence of concomitant circumstances, yet, should these impressions be shown him in a manner not to excite suspicions or scientific doubts, I will defy the most accurate naturalist to pronounce them to be any other

than the impressions of horses' hoofs. Indeed, upon such inspection, there is no more reason to doubt their alleged origin, as the tracks of horses, than to doubt that the marks in the surface of the high road, after a frosty night, have been formed by the feet of those animals.

The space containing these marks is about long, and wide; the rock being in the bed of the river, and in winter generally covered with water; and notwithstanding the rapidity of the current, and the many ages during which it has flowed over that spot, yet such is the hardness of the rock, that the impressions are in many instances as sharp as if they had been formed but a few days ago. They are scattered about in all directions, but are found in greater numbers in some spots than others; and in some places they are so thick, that they generally cross each other, as if some of the horses had trodden upon the print of the others' feet. In some places they have the appearance of the animal having slipped, as if in soft clay; in some cases, he seems to have slipped backward, scraping the clay with the toe of his hoof, in other places to have slid forwards; and then the rock appears plowed along, and curled upwards with the foot.

The tradition of the country people is, that in former times—at what period they do not say—a battle was fought here, and that these are the marks of the horses, from which the place has derived its name, Rhyd y Milwyr, the Ford of the Warriors. The tradition seems to be old; and the place was evidently long known as containing these curious appearances, for the word *milwyr* has long ceased to be used in this county in colloquial language.”

CHAPTER XVII.

Literary Correspondence.

1837—1847.

“ Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms and history,
Must drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.”

BENTLEY from Horace, Book IV. Ode II.

THE following letter was addressed by Sir S. R. Meyrick to the honorary secretary of the Society for the publication of Welsh MSS.

“ Goodrich Court, near Ross,
12th April, 1837.

Sir,

By this day's post, I am honoured with a letter from you, stating that the committee of the Society for the publication of ancient Welsh MSS. wish me to become a corresponding member. I beg you will acquaint the gentlemen of which it is composed, that as far as my humble abilities go, they may command them; and further, that I think so highly of the usefulness of such a Society, that I shall be happy to become a subscriber in a pecuniary way.

I have but few Welsh MSS. myself, and only two that may be called ancient, one of these is genealogical and written in the year 1497, termed *Gwehelythau Cymru*, the other in the year 1560, entitled *Cronicl o wêch oesoedd*, which belonged to the celebrated Edward Lhuyd, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and contains his autograph. But in the Vatican Library, I presume, there must be several.

There is a copy of Nennius, of the tenth century, as I have been assured, and it was to have been printed by the Rev. Mr. Gunn of Norwich; and one of the early volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine mentions a copy of Llywarch Hên's Elegies, one of which is there given. The Marquis de Santarem told, last year, my late son that the conventual libraries in Portugal were rich in foreign MSS. and when I go in June to Paris, I will inquire more particularly of the Marquis or his friends whether he knows that any of them are Welsh. It is some time since I called the attention of the Cymrodorion Society in London to the fact of the numerous MSS. in the British Museum connected with Wales, and advised a catalogue of them to be made, which I believe has since been effected.

I think the object to which your's and similar societies are directed of such utility, that though I have no peculiar interest in the northern counties of England, I at once became a subscriber to the Surtees Society, four of whose volumes are now before the public.

I don't know whether you are aware that introductory to the pedigree of the Treveilir family in Anglesea is a short Mabinogi. With every wish for success to your Society,

I have the honour to remain,

Most respectfully your's,

Samuel R. Meyrick, K.H.

(but not Bart.)”

Sir S. R. Meyrick to the Rev. T. Price :

“ Goodrich Court, 2nd Dec. 1837.

A thousand thanks, my dear Sir, for your delightful and interesting letter. You have done the thing exactly in the way I could wish; but pray let me have verbatim the description of the gwely-companion the gentleman wishes for, and a similar detailed account of what is offered, for these matters give a curious picture of manners. The cyntedd is by no means the dais, as the fire was never there, but either in the middle or at the side of the great hall. (Cyn, first or chief; and Tedd, a spread; Cyntedd, neuadd, the lower part of the hall. Vide Owen in voce.) Supposing the

gentleman to be sitting at the high table, and the fire in the middle of the hall, it would be too hot for his legs, he thinks, unless a banker, now termed a bench or form, were placed before them. The word "banker" is still used by masons for the bench or stool on which they place the stones they are about to sculpture, while "bench" is by carpenters applied to their tables. He would sit in an arm-chair with cushions on the arms. The green silk lapping fastened the feathers near the neck.

Pray purchase for me, if you can, a copy of the Welsh printed book from which you made the extract, and also a copy of the Latin Merlin that mentions Vortigern and Doward hill, (the little Doward Hill, on which is a flat once enclosed by earth-works, and called "the baily," ballium, a court-yard.) I have just received my English copy, which seems to be a reprint at Carmarthen, in 1812, of Thos. Heyword's Life and Prophecies of Merlin, and there is not a word in that about cloartius, Ganerw, or the Wye. I have also got the third vol. of the Archaiology of Wales, and the music seems to me as great a puzzler as the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

It was not till about 1595, that Sir Gelly Meyrick had lands granted to him in Herefordshire; when the new coat of arms was assigned, his home was in Pembrokeshire, viz. 1583, and in that document he is described as of Hascard in that county, in the church of which his mother was buried. I rather think his being from that county made Sir Gilbt. Dethick look for a Meyrick of that district, and that the arms of Meyrick, king of Dyved, viz. vert a boar passt. argt. langd. gules, directed the choice, while the porcupine,* being considered as especially denoting military prowess, was preferred. Our pencenedl was Cydavael Ynad, judge of the court of Powys, temp. John i. regis, whose descendants were lords of Cydywain in Montgomeryshire, until the time of Henry the 6th, when one named Einiawn Sais, (not he of Edward 3rd's time,) married Eva the heiress of Bôdorgan in Anglesey. Meurig ab Llewn.'s eldest son continued the

* Louis XII granted a porcupine to the Chevalier Bugard for having defended a bridge against 200 knights.—S. R. M.

Bôdorgan branch. His second son was bishop of Bangor, whose second son, Sir Francis, brother of Sir Gelly, founded the Pembrokeshire branch, now extinct.

Poor Kirkmann has been in a very bad state of health, but I have endeavoured to comfort him by saying that you have promised to meet him here next summer. When is your Cymreigyddion meeting for next year to be announced? Once more thanking you for the very great pains you have taken to gratify me,

I remain,

Most truly yours,

Samuel R. Meyrick.

Mr. Price wrote the following admirable letter in answer to one which had been addressed to him by the hand now engaged in tracing his Biography.

“Crickhowel, May 13, 1840.

When I had the pleasure of receiving your very interesting letter some weeks ago, I was on the point of setting off from home for a few days; and as I had then no time to notice your inquiries in the way I wished, I laid the letter by until my return. And I must confess to you that when I took it up afterwards, I found so many difficulties in the subject you refer to, that I have from time to time deferred attempting an answer. And now I write to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, rather than to give any explanation of those subjects.

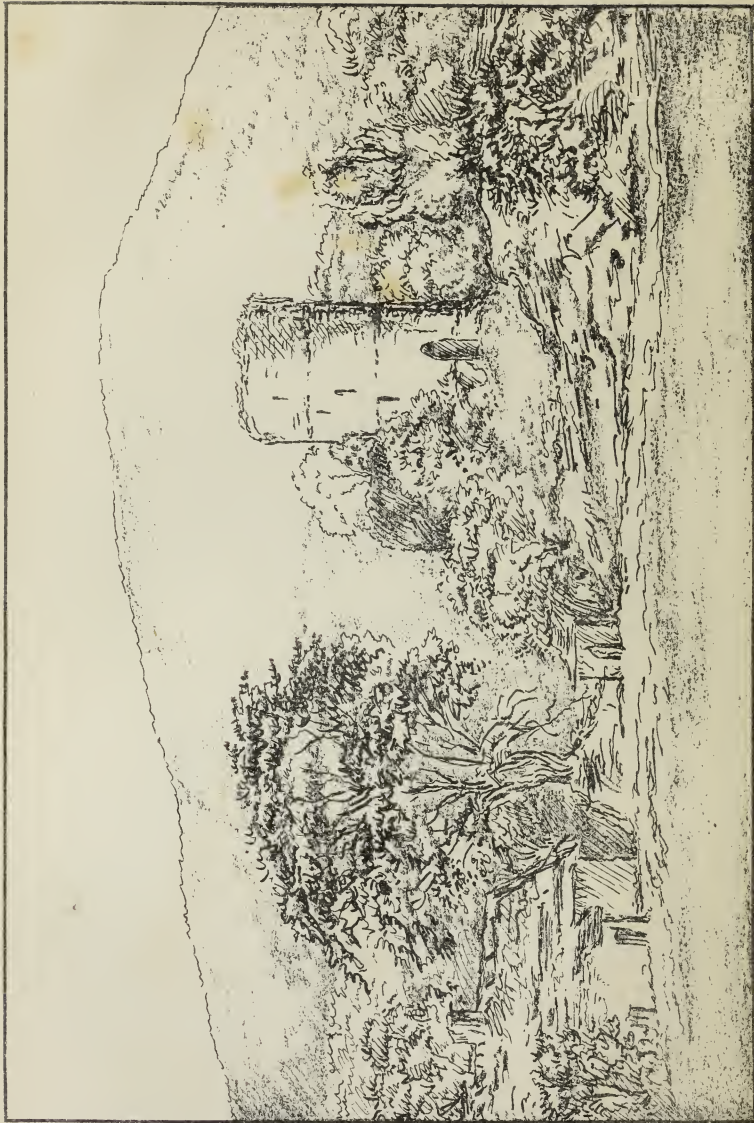
With reference to Druidism, I fear we are to remain for ever in the same state of ignorance as our predecessors; for I cannot find that the present age has thrown any light upon the tenets of that order. One thing only appears certain respecting the Druids—they knew how to keep their own secrets. As to the classics, I am satisfied they contain but very little information. The late Archdeacon Payne, of this town, made for his own use a collection of all that he could find in the classics relative to Druidism; and it forms a thick quarto, closely written, being extracts regularly brought down. And I believe that even he himself, after all his labour, was obliged to confine himself to a

few very remote conjectures as to the tenets of Druidism ; at least, I have never heard him give an opinion otherwise than in a very undecided manner. Then as to the Bardic remains, I must acknowledge that I myself cannot see my way at all through them. Davies is very amusing ; but he does not convince me. Amongst the works you name as having read, there are two which I do not see in your list, 'Britannia after the Romans, 1836,' and 'An Essay on the Neo-Druidic Heresy in Britannia, 1838,' both thin quartos. They will amuse you a good deal, and leave you in the same state of mystery as ever ; the author is not known, but I have heard that his name is Herbert. If I had any means of conveying them to you, and were sure of receiving them back in a stated time, I should have much pleasure in sending them to you. The price is 30s. and 14s. London, Bohn ; but I think the 1st volume is out of print, there were but a few copies printed.

I ought to inform you there is one person living who professes to be a Druid, and to have received the secrets of the order from his father and others, i. e. Mr. Taliesin Williams, of Merthyr Tydfil, son of Iolo Morganwg ; and he is the only one of the order now surviving. He is as secret and mysterious as Abaris himself could have been, if Abaris was a Druid. All that he will say is, that Davies and all the rest knew nothing about the matter ; and he says that he himself was for twenty years under a sort of Druidical training with his father, and that the system is of so sublime and intellectual a nature, that unless he can find some one qualified in such a way as to be a worthy member of the order, the secret shall die with himself. Of course, in such a case it is impossible to form an opinion ; sometimes I have been able to discover in conversation a tendency to approve of the doctrine of the metempsychosis. But, as far as my own observation goes, I assure you I have not been able to form the most distant idea of ancient Druidism from anything that he may have said. I will confess that he has now and then staggered me a good deal by referring to some ancient Bardic lines, when I have doubted the antiquity of his system. For instance, the Bardic symbol at the head of their written compositions is

this Λ which they say contains the elements of the bardic Alphabet, as there is no letter in that alphabet that is not formed of one or more of those lines; and also that all the ancient European alphabets may be resolved into these elements, the round strokes being later additions for the facility of writing with a pen, &c.; whereas the Coelbren letters were cut on sticks, and therefore the horizontal and round lines would not do, as the grain of the wood did not admit of it. Λ would do very well, but — O () would splinter; and in accordance with this elementary system of three lines Λ they have a story about its being revealed to some one in a vision of three rays of light, and announced by three shouts or voices, &c. Now all this I thought to be the mere production of the leisure hours of old Iolo Morganwg, or some other person in modern times; but one day, by accident, I happened to open upon an ancient englyn in the Myf. Arch., attributed to Gwenddydd, the sister of Merlin Silvestris, in which it is said, that on some future time when some events shall take place, (which I cannot understand,) then ‘happy the mouth that shall utter three words of the old original language.’ ‘Gwyn ei fyd y genau yn frwydd gyfeistrin, A lefaro trigeir o’r heniaith gysefin.’ ‘There,’ said Ab Iolo, ‘that’s Druidism;’ and he directed my attention to so many expressions bearing upon the same subject, that I was completely mystified, and was obliged to acknowledge there appeared to be something handed down in these poems in concealed meanings, and which could not be made out by ordinary readers.

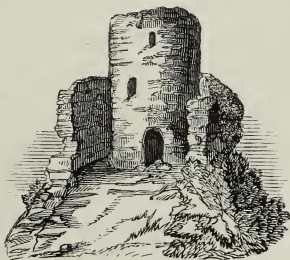
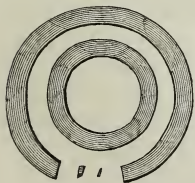
As to the Irish Round Towers, they are just as mysterious as Druidism. Those that I have seen could not have been places of defence, as they are too confined to hold more than a very small number of persons, nor is there any way to defend them from the inside; so that if attacked, the assailants might in a short time undermine the foundation, whilst the besieged could not do anything to resist them, the tops being covered in like a bee-hive, and the lofts lighted with only one window, from which it would be impossible to act on the offensive, even with bows, excepting in one direction. My own opinion of these Irish



Aug. Hill of Slanmore Dist.

Fréville.

Towers is, that they were such imitations, as the climate allowed, of the pillars upon which the eastern hermits posted themselves. We know that at one time Ireland abounded with monasteries to such a degree that it was called the Island of Saints; and perhaps we might prove that the usages of the Eastern Church prevailed in Britain and Gaul and also in Ireland in some degree; and probably in consequence of its secluded state, the eastern discipline continued in Ireland after it had been superseded in Britain by that of Rome. At any rate, the difference about the keeping of Easter between the Churches of Wales and Rome, shews that in the sixth and seventh centuries some customs of the Oriental Church prevailed; and among others, why not the Stylic system of Hermits, in such a manner as the climate would admit of? i. e., in pillars built so as to be protected from the weather. If this does not explain the subject, I must give it up. With regard to the Round Towers belonging to old Castles, I am satisfied they are all subsequent to the tenth century, and perhaps are of the beginning of the twelfth. I have seen those of Tretower, Brynlllys, Longtown, Launceston, and I think some others, and I am satisfied that they are in the pointed style of architecture. There is also an uniformity of plan; for instance, those of Tretower and Launceston are planned in the same way—a round tower surrounded by a wall:



and that at Tretower is evidently of what is called the Anglo-Norman age; and I think I have seen evident traces of that date in some of the others.

I cannot persuade myself that Caractacus was the son of Cunobelin, as I do not think it likely that so powerful and warlike a nation as the Silures, and of necessity so proud, would set aside their native princes in order to place a stranger and a refugee at the head of their armies. The Romans were very incorrect in their accounts of the barbarian nations, as regards their institutions and domestic concerns. Therefore, I cannot admit the slight notice of Caractacus's extraction which they give, as weighing against the evidence of native tradition; as the ancient princes of Glamorgan have for very many ages claimed a descent from Caractacus, and there is such a consistency running through the pedigrees, and other historical matters in which his Silurian origin is asserted, that I think it would be conceding too much to such evidence as is afforded by Dion Cassius, even if his original work could be produced, should we allow it to nullify that of the natives altogether. But all that we have of Dion Cassius upon this subject, is the abridgment of his work by Xiphilin, a Byzantine writer of the middle ages; at least I do not recollect meeting with any other notice relating to Caractacus being the son of Cunobelin, either in Dion Cassius, or any other work. I think, therefore, that it is much more likely that the 'brave and warlike nation of the Silures' sent Caractacus with a body of men to assist the eastern Britons in their difficulties, and that he returned again to his own country, than that they would have taken a stranger, defeated, and beaten out of his own country, and placed him on the throne. But of course, all this is mere conjecture, and until some more decisive evidence can be found, it must remain so; nevertheless, I think, even with the materials we possess, a very good case might be made out in favour of the Silurian origin of Caractacus.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

T. Price."

As regards the Round Towers of Ireland, Mr. Petrie's able work has solved the difficult enigma. As regards Caradawc, (Caractacus,) it would appear from historical analogy, and from a careful comparison of authorities, that

instead of being a leader of auxiliary troops, he was in fact the commander in chief and dictator of all Britain, bearing the titles of Cadlywydd and Pendragon, and acting in the fields of defensive warfare, as Agamemnon did in the aggressive Trojan war. The following Triads are in themselves sufficient to authorize this opinion :

“The three jury monarchs of the Isle of Britain ; the first Caswallon, son of Lludd, son of Beli, son of Mynogan ; the 2nd Caradog, son of Bran, son of Llyr Llediaith ; the 3rd. Owain son of Maxen Wledig ; that is to say through the juratory election of the country and nation was the monarchy given them when they were not elders.” Triad xvii.

“The three conventional monarchs of the Isle of Britain * * * the 2nd, Caradog the son of Bran, when he was invested with the martial sovereignty of all the Isle of Britain that he might oppose the invasion of the Romans. They were called the three conventional monarchs because they were so privileged in a convention of the country and neighbouring country under all the limits of the nation of the Cymry, and a convention was held in every dominion and comot and hundred of the Isle of Britain and its adjacent isles.” Triad xxxiv.

In the “Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,” (Ed. 1844, p 56.) Mr. Williams (ab Ithel) remarks :

“Caradog, though elective sovereign of the whole island, and ruling many nations, was yet emphatically and peculiarly Prince of Siluria ; and therefore his patrimonial residence must have been situated in that region.” Several triads authorize this conclusion, for instance the ninety-ninth, which mentions “Collwyn, shepherd of the tribe of Brân, the son of Llyr Llediaith, in Morganwg.” &c.

On the subject of the Coelbren y Beirdd, the reader is referred to Waring’s Life of Iolo Morganwg, (Gilpin, London,) and to the elaborate essay accompanying a translation of Mr. Taliesin Williams’s defence of the antiquity of the Peithynen, &c., for which a prize was awarded to Mr. Meredith, of Monmouth, (Ieuan Gryg,) at the Abergavenny

Eisteddfod of 1853. Previous to the perusal of that essay, the following lines had occurred to the author of this Biography :

Nè prima quasi torpente si giacque ;
Chè nè prima nè poscia procedette
Lo discorrer di Dio sovra quest 'acque :

Forma e materia congiunte e purette
Usciro ad atto che non avea fallo,
Come d'arco tricolorde tre saette ;

E come in vetro, in ambra od in cristallo
Raggio risplende sì, che dal venire
All'esser tutto non è intervallo ;

Così il triforme effetto dal suo sire
Nell'esser suo raggiò insieme tutto.
Senza distinzion nell'esordire.

Concreato fu ordine e costruito
Alle sustanzie, e quelle furon cima
Nel mondo, in che puro atto fu prodotto.

Pura potenza tenne la parte ima ;
Nel mezzo strinse potenza con atto
Tal vime, che giammai non si divima.

Jeronimo vi scrisse lungo tratto
De' secoli, degli angeli, creati
Anziche l' altro mondo fosse fatto.

(Dante. Del Paradiso, Canto xxxix. 19, &c.

“Upon these waters moved the spirit of God ;
Simple and mixed both form and substance forth
To perfect being started, like three darts
Shot from a bow three corded. And as a ray
In crystal, glass and amber shines entire,
E'en at the moment of its issuing ; thus
Did from the eternal Sovran beam entire
His three fold operation at one act
Produced coeval. Yet in order each
Created his due station knew : those highest
Who pure intelligence were made : mere power
The lowest, in the midst, bound with strict league.
Intelligence and power unsevered bond,
Long tract of ages by the angels past,
Ere the creating of another world
Described on Jerome's pages, thou hast seen.”

(Cary's Translation of Dante. Paradise, Canto xxix. 24, &c.

Further particulars on this subject will be found in the account of the Abergavenny Eisteddfod of 1842, given in the nineteenth chapter of this volume.

Miss Jane Davies has kindly supplied the following :

“Carnhuanawe to the Rev. Walter Davies.

Crickhowel, August 23, 1841.

Dear Sir,

I beg to return you many thanks for your very valuable information respecting ‘Rhyd y Groes.’ Both your letters came safe to hand. The person for whom I made the inquiry is * * * The place forms the scene of an adventure in one of the Mabinogion. I forwarded your letters to * * * And though I have not heard from her since I sent off the last, I feel assured she must be much gratified by the information it contains.

I have no doubt you are right as to the locality, and I am inclined to think this is the place mentioned in Warrington, who quoting Rymer, vol. ii. p. 2, 3. anno 1273, says, ‘On the death of the late King, (Henry III.) a summons was immediately dispatched by the regency to Llewelyn [ap Gruffydd,] Prince of Wales, with orders for him to repair to the Ford of Montgomery, and there to take the oaths of fealty and allegiance to the absent King,’ &c. I have not got Rymer by me, but I have no reason to doubt the accuracy of Warrington’s translation. The only thing that perplexes me about the Ford is that, as far as my recollection serves me, the Mabinogi mentions an island below the ford; this I apprehend could scarcely exist in a small brook, though that is not impossible. But, however, as the whole story is one of fiction, there is not much weight to be attached to this particular; but every thing seems to indicate that this place of Rhyd y Grôes, was one of importance in the middle ages; why it should have become so, remains for discovery by some one, who with the eye of an engineer, and a knowledge of ancient tactics, shall make an accurate survey of the country.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

T. Price.

Y mae y ddalen Gymraeg o’ch llythyr yn awr o’r blaen; tra dymunol fyddai gweled rhyw un medrus yn cymmeryd mewn llaw, y testun a sylwir gennyich arno. A chan y byddai yn waith gwr medrus, dymunol fyddai ei weled yn y

Saesonaeg, er boddhad i'r dysgedigion y rhai ni ddeallant Gymraeg. Ond ar yr un pryd, gan nad yw'r cyfryw gyfieithiad yn ofynol yn ol y rheolau, ni ellid ei gyfrif megis yn ychwanegu at deilyngdod y gwaith mewn cystadleuaeth. Ond pe cymmerai gwr eithaf medrus y testun mewn llaw, nid tebygol y cyfarfyddai a neb rhyw gystadleuaeth mor galed a gorfod pwysaw y gwahanawl haeddiannau mor fanawl. Yr unig un a wn i am dano yn y wlad hon, i wneud iawnder a'r cyfryw destun yw ab Iolo, ond y mae ei ddwyllaw yn awr yn llawn gan yr ail gyfrol o weithrediadau y Welsh MSS. Society, yr hwn sydd yn y wasg. Cynhwysa gasgliadau o eiddo ei dad, y rhai, oddieithr eu diogelu yn y modd hyn rhag distryw, nid oes dim iddei ddisgwyl ond iddynt ryw bryd neu gilydd, fyned ar ol y cruglwythau eraill o hen ysgrifau colledig. Yr hyn pe ddigwyddai, bydded eu teilyngdod mwy neu lai, cyfodid y fath wwb o'u plegyd, a phe baent werth y deyrnas oll. Ond yn awr ar ol eu gosod yn y wasg, caiff y cyffredin gyfleusdra i farnu am danynt. Am danaf fy hun, meddyliaf eu bod ar y lleiaf yn haeddiannol o'u diogelu trwy argraffiad, gan ys pa faint yn ychwaneg a dalant. A welsoch chwi Draethawd ab Iolo ar Goelbren y Beirdd? Y mae yn werth ei ddarllen—hoffwn wybod eich barn am dano, megys yn ffurfio prawf.”

The following letter renders a pleasing tribute to Mr. Price's literary reputation :

“ 4 Kings Bench Walk Temple,
Nov. 5, 1842.

Sir,

A Philological Society has been lately started in London, for the investigation of the structure, the affinities, and the history of languages, and the philological illustration of the classical writers of Greece and Rome. The president is the Bishop of St. David's, and it already numbers among its members, some of the most distinguished of our English Philologists.

The council are anxious to secure the co-operation of our Celtic scholars, and Mr. Price of Crickhowel, has been repeatedly mentioned by different members as a gentleman,

whose profound acquaintance with the Welsh language and literature, would render his countenance and services peculiarly valuable; I have accordingly been instructed to convey to him their wish of electing him one of their 'original members.'

The powers now vested in the council will cease on the 25th of November, when the Society holds its first ordinary meeting. Thenceforward members will be elected by ballot.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

Edwin Guest,
Secretary."

The Mr. Jones alluded to in the annexed letter, was a surgeon, in the Royal Navy, who had received many gratifying attentions from Mr. Price, on account of his consanguinity to the historian of Breconshire.

"Plymouth, 4 October, 1843.

Sir,

Mr. Jones, of Plymstock, does me the favour to recommend an inquiry to your kind attention, which is to be made in reference to the projected work described in the enclosed paper.

That inquiry is into the emigration of prince Madoc.

The following passage from a late book of Baron Von Humboldt, shows that such an inquiry is expected by this eminent person to be productive :

'It is much to be wished that in these days of just, and not excessive scepticism in historical research, an inquiry could be made into Prince Madoc's story, in Wales. Old traditions, and the genuine chronicles of the Principality, would thus be usefully examined. I by no means share the contempt with which some writers rashly treat this story. On the contrary, I am strongly convinced, that some facts, hitherto lost sight of, may be recovered to throw light upon the voyages of the middle ages; and upon the striking resemblances of some things now familiar to us in the new world, to many things well known in the east.' (Humboldt, *Examen. Critique*. Paris, 1837, 2nd v. p. 142. &c. &c.)

I shall be much gratified in being allowed the advantage of a further correspondence with you on this subject.

I remain, Sir, your humble servant,
S. Bannister.*

For further particulars concerning Prince Madoc, the reader is referred to another chapter of the present work, and to the Hanes Cymru of Mr. Price, p. 589. A collection of curious information, with citations from the ancient Welsh poems, which make mention of Prince Madoc's voyages, may be found in Stephens's "Literature of the Cymry," pages 141—8.

The subjoined letter was found among Mr. Price's papers. The reply, with its appended note, was sent by the late Rev. John Jones, (Tegid,) as a freewill offering, for insertion in the present volume.

“Nevern, near Newport, Pembrokeshire,
Nov. 16. 1847.

My dear Sir,

I have been asked if I knew of a Triad in existence like the one below, and if in existence, where? Can you throw any light on the subject, and let me know? If you can, I shall thank you greatly. I cannot find the Triad in the Myvyrian Archaiology, nor in the Cambro Briton, neither in the Cambrian Register.

Sir R. Colt Hoare, in his Ancient North Wiltshire, p. 83, mentions that a person then living had informed him of a Welsh Triad to this effect :

‘The three primary circles of Britain, Gorsedd Beisgawen, Gorsedd Bryn Gwyddon, Gorsedd Moel Efwr.’

Now, is such a Triad known to exist in print or MS.? It is Lord Cawdor that wants to know.

Yours very truly,
Tegid.

The Rev. Thos. Price.

Please to write to me, and I will acknowledge the source from whence I had my information. J. J.

* Query,—Thomas Bannister, author of "England and her Dependencies."

“ Y Persondy, Cwmdû, Nov. 20, 1847.

Dear Sir,

You will find the Triad you are in search of in Ab Iolo's *Coelbren y Beirdd*, which you may get from Mr. Rees of Llandovery.

The Triad is as follows :

‘ Tair phrif-orsedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain,—Gorsedd Bryn Gwyddon yn Nghaerlleon ar Wysg ; a Gorsedd Moel Efwr ; a Gorsedd Beiscawen.’

Modd arall :

‘ Tair Gorsedd Gyfangerdd Ynys Prydain,—Gorsedd Beiscawen yn Nyfnwal ; a Gorsedd Caer Caradawc yn Lloegr ; a Gorsedd Bryn Gwyddon yng Nghymru.’

Which I think may be translated as follows :

‘ The three Principal Bardic Gorsedds of the Island of Britain,—The Gorsedd of Bryn Gwyddon in Caerlleon upon Usk ; and Gorsedd of Moel Efwr ; and the Gorsedd of Boscawen.’

Another version :

‘ The three Gorsedds of Poetry of the Island of Britain, the Gorsedd of Boscawen in Devon (and Cornwall ;) the Gorsedd of Salisbury in England ; and the Gorsedd of Bryn Gwyddon in Wales.’

I do not hesitate to translate *Beiscawen*, *Boscawen*,—in Cornwall on the coast between Penzance and Land's End, near which there are some Druidical remains, especially a Stone Circle. *Dyfnwal*, I feel assured, comprises Devonshire and Cornwall. *Moel Efwr* I know nothing of. The word *Efwr* in this country signifies the wild parsnip, a sweet plant that pigs are fond of.

Osglawg blaen Derw ; chwerw chwaeth On ;
Chweg Efwr. (Llywarch Hên.)

Full of branches the top of the Oak ; bitter the taste of the Ash ;
Luscious the Efwr.

But as *Moel Efwr* is here identified with some place in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, perhaps it has something to do with Amesbury, or Avebury, or Emrys, &c. But I have no doubt this matter has been well discussed by Sir Richard Hoare, whose work I have not seen for many years ; and

therefore I shall not trouble you with any further remarks. The Triad given by Ab Iolo, I am satisfied he found amongst his father's MSS.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

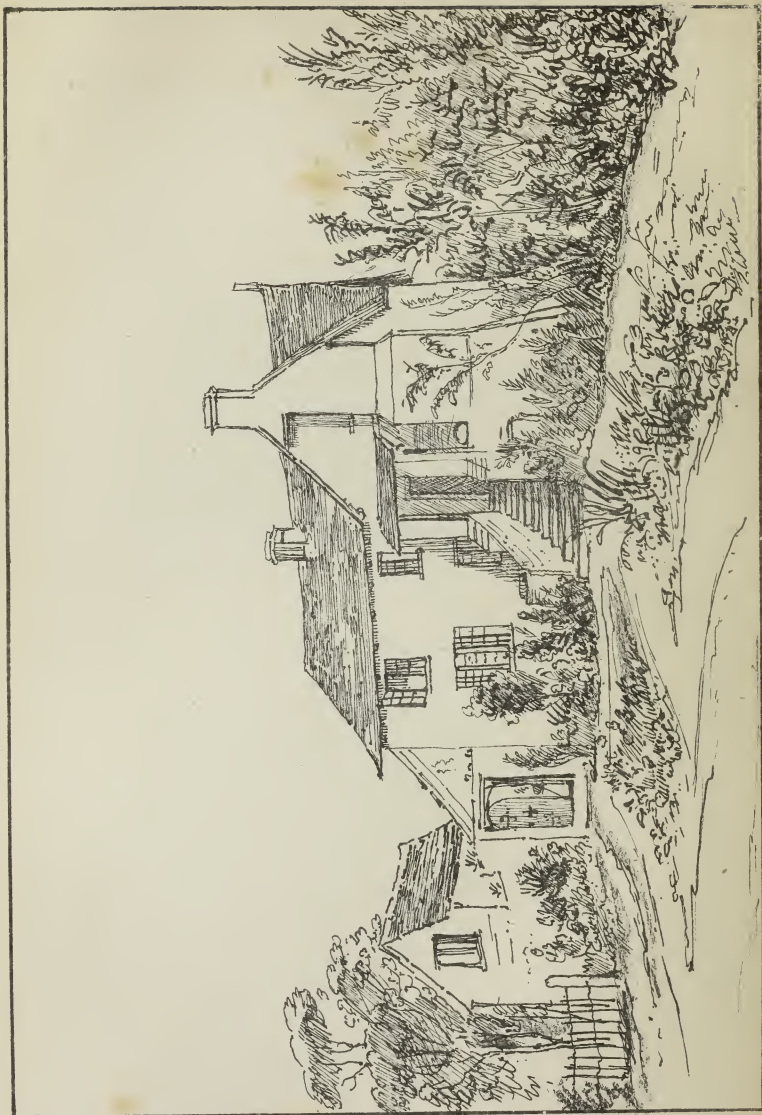
Thos. Price.

The Rev. J. Jones, (Tegid.)

Note.—Since Mr. Price has stated it above, as being his conviction that Moel Efwr was identified with some place in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, and perhaps it has something to do with Amesbury or Avebury, may I be allowed here to throw out a conjecture? namely, that the word Avebury may be a compound of Efwr and bury; as Efwrbury, and that in course of time the letter r was left out. ‘Burh, a town, city; a fort, castle; court, palace, house. Burg, or the modern bury, denotes a city, as Canterbury.’—See Burh in Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. For an account of the Druidical Remains at Avebury, see Rees's Encyclopedia.

Tegid.”





Y Pen-y-dŵl - Cwm-dû.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Y Persandy, Cwmdû.

“Wide was his cure, the houses far asunder,
Yet never failed he for rain or thunder,
Whenever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small,
And staff in hand, on foot the storm to brave.”—CHAUCER.

WHEN entering upon the Vicarage of Cwmdû, Mr. Price found the parsonage house in ruins; and experienced much difficulty and tedious delay in obtaining repayment for the dilapidations, from the representatives of the previous incumbent. The terms on which the glebe land had been let, also caused him some anxiety; and in both cases he was reluctantly obliged to resort to the aid of his legal adviser. In the year 1840, Mr. Price mortgaged the living of Cwmdû to the Commissioners of Queen Anne's Bounty, in order to raise a sufficient sum of money to build a new Vicarage house. This proceeding entailed upon him for life an annual payment of £22 7s. 5d. the conjoint amount of accruing interest, and of the instalment for the gradual repayment of the principal sum. A charge of 19s. 9d. a year was also levied upon the living, “in respect of the yearly tenths of the said Benefice,” according to the valuation made in the 26th year of King Henry the VIII. The smallness of his means, his extreme liberality to the poor, and his peculiar mode of managing his pecuniary affairs, conduced to render these recurring demands very troublesome to him, and he often met them with difficulty.

Pleased with the advantageous site of a barn upon his glebe land, and with the form and masonry of its walls, he resolved to convert it into a dwelling-house, adapted to his personal taste and convenience, and suited to become the peaceful and pleasant habitation of succeeding Vicars of Cwmdû. This project by slow degrees he successfully accomplished. The uneven surface of the ground enabled him to dispense with a stair-case ; and by making steps here and there within the building, he rendered every room accessible from one side or other. When complimented upon the pleasing exterior of his dwelling-house, and the good effect produced by the arrangement of the windows, he would reply, that it was quite a chance result, as he had been governed merely by considerations of interior convenience, just knocking out a place in the wall for the admission of light wherever he found it to be really wanting. Mr. Price, having rendered his new Vicarage (Y Persondy) habitable, Mrs. Prichard became his tenant there at an annual rent. She furnished the house, and, in November 1841, removed thither with her daughters, accompanied by Mr. Price as her lodger. For the first time in his life, Mr. Price now found a dwelling-place beneath a roof of his own ; and while suffering, as all quiet scholars must do when involved in the perturbations of a family migration, he applied himself with alacrity to the review of his disturbed treasures, and to their arrangement, after his own taste, in the prepared habitation which he regarded as the bourne of his life's earthly stages. Mr. Price, in the course of his previous life, had gradually accumulated a large and varied collection of antiquarian remains, many natural and artistic curiosities, plaster casts of a few fine sculptures, rare prints, good coins, choice seals, and a library comprising nearly fifteen hundred volumes of books selected by himself, as the delightful companions and eloquent monitors of his solitary studies. To him the greatest possible exercise of self-denial was to lend his books ; yet, even the most precious among them he would spare to trustworthy friends for a punctually limited time, in order to assist inquiries into Welsh literature. The possession which he most valued was a manuscript copy of Aneurin's " Gododin," which had once been the property

of his early friend, Mr. Theophilus Jones. Its date appears to be about the year 1200. It is a small 4to of 38 pages, written upon vellum; and the lines are filled to the margin, irrespective of the metre. Capital letters, ornamented and coloured alternately red and green, are used only at the beginning of the paragraphs. The names of Gwilym Tew, who flourished A.D. 1440—1470, and of Rhys Nannor, who flourished A.D. 1440—1470, are inscribed on one of the pages as severally owners of the MS.; and the style of their penmanship appears to be more modern by at least two centuries than that of the book itself. Mr. Theophilus Jones attached to this MS. the following note:—"This copy, Mr. Davies of Olveston supposes to be that mentioned by Lhuyd, and said to have been lost out of the Hengwrt Library. It was given me by Mr. Thomas Bacon, who bought it from a person at Aberdâr." Transcripts carefully taken from this MS., and afterwards collated together, afforded the version of the "Gododin" from which the Rev. John Williams (Ab Ithel) made his English translation, published in 1852. (Vide pp. viii. and ix. of his preface to the work.) A letter from Mr. Price on the subject of his copy of the "Gododin," is printed in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, Vol. v. p. 122.

He had extraordinary taste for music, and considerable knowledge of the science. He could play any Welsh air by ear on the triple harp, but did not sufficiently exercise his powers to acquire much practical skill in such performances. An accomplished musician once remarked of him, that the thrill of a single chord struck by Mr. Price's own hand seemed to afford him more intense delight in listening to it, than even the spirited and able execution of the finest national melody. This fact is an illustration of the observations made by Dr. Macculloch in his work on the Divine Attributes, concerning the pleasing effects of "timbre," or the quality of musical sounds.

It was the same to Mr. Price with thought as with sound. When a fine idea touched his mind, instead of following it out through a course of consecutive reflection, he would rest in the emotion it excited, just as he did in the sweet vibration of a single responsive string of his country's

triple harp. Among his treasures there were several old and curious Welsh harps; and one of his most valued possessions was an old triple harp made by John Richards of Llanrwst; the person who made also the far-famed harp of blind Parry of Rhuabon.

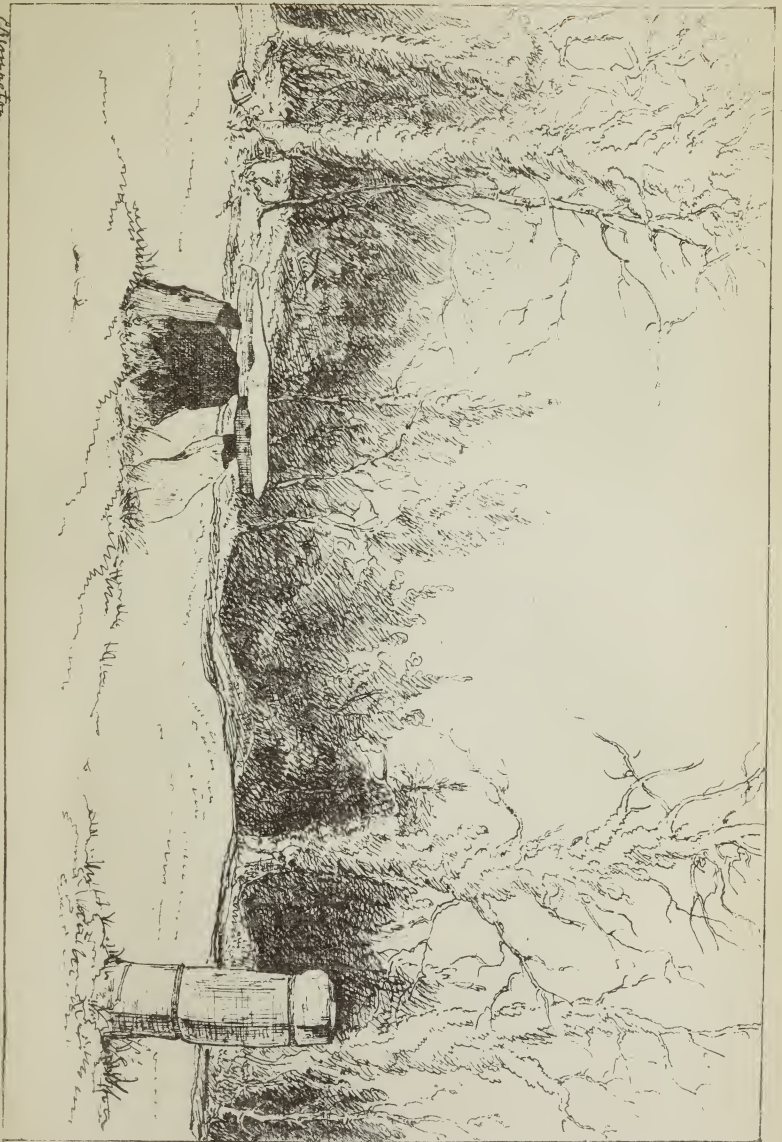
The exclamation of Linnæus was the constant utterance of Carnhuanawc's heart, "Blessed be the Lord for the beauty of summer and spring, for the air, the water, the verdure and the song of birds." Mr. Price took great delight in trees and shrubs and plants, in ferns and mosses and lichens, and in every varied form of vegetable life. He was very fond of flowers, and more especially of wild flowers; doubtless regarding their indigenous growth in suitable soils, as lively tokens of the great Creator's kindness in adorning the ground with objects so pleasant and refreshing to the senses of man. With Wordsworth he could say:

"It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

In the spirit also of Campbell's beautiful apostrophe, Mr. Price looked upon them as the companions of his childhood, and the beloved associates of his purest earthly pleasures. He regarded with peculiar reverence the sacred plants of the ancient British Druids; and cultivated carefully the vegetable edibles transmitted in domestic use from his progenitors; for instance, the small native species of leek, (seifys,) and the little yellow turnip of the country, (erfinen wyllt;) the allium schænoprasum, and the brassica rapa of Lindley. The hedges of his little domain were formed of furze, (eithin,) ulex europæus and nanus; the juniper tree, (meryw,) juniperus communis; and the golden willow, (mer-helygen,) salix vitellina, were cherished and reared there. The broom, (banadl,) spartium scoparium, brightened his little grass-plots; and his banks and walls were covered with the fragrant gilliflower, (blodau'r gôg,) cheiranthus fruticosus, sown by his own hand. The yew, (ywen,) taxus baccata; the mountain ash, (cerddinen,) pyrus aucuparia; the birch, (bedwen gyffredin,) betula alba; the hawthorn, (yspaddaden,) mespilus oxycantha; and the grey wormwood, (bydiawg lwyd,) artemisia absinthium, were among his chief favourites.

Birmingham

Mr. Rice's Cornfield & Machinery



① Cymdeithas Cynreigyddion y Fenni ①

blank line for the name of the winner

Am ragori ar y Delyn; Hydref.....^{blank} 1837 ①

2.

Please to answer my 11th question
with as little delay as possible.

I remain
Yours truly
J. Price

1. Facsimile of the handwriting of Mr Price in all his M.S.S. for the press.
2. Facsimile of the handwriting of Mr Price in correspondence.

Intermingled with these native British plants stood a cromlech and a maenhîr formed, after ancient British models, of unhewn stones selected by Mr. Price from various parts of the neighbouring mountains. He possessed several stone hand-mills of ancient date, which he considered to bear an exact resemblance to those mentioned in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter xxiv, verse 41, and still used in eastern countries.

His favourite desk was made by his own hands. It consisted of a piece of deal board affixed as an inclined plane to a flattened stick, which, being inserted into a tubular stand upon a plinth, could be raised and lowered by a screw.

His favourite pens were Reeds from Llynsaffaddon, Arundo Phragmites, (Corsen Gyffredin.) Mr. Price in his youth wrote a negligent hand; but for the last thirty years of his life he improved it into a clear and legible text, remarkable for its uniform neatness. He was fond of imitating the caligraphy of past ages and of foreign languages, and he attained by frequent practice to such precision and facility, that his copies of curious manuscripts might easily be mistaken for mechanical facsimiles.

While writing the Hanes Cymru, he often passed the whole night in study, forgetting to go to bed until the burnt out candles or the rising sun gave intimation of the lapse of time. He took habitual delight in executing works of manual skill, and kept a carpenter's bench and chest of tools in constant use. He constructed several Welsh harps with his own hands; and usually added the varnish and strings to the triple harps made, according to his designs and directions, by Mr. Basset Jones. He carved skillfully in wood and stone; he modelled well in cork, wax and clay; engraved neatly upon brass, silver and steel; etched finely; and drew in pencil with remarkable facility and correctness. His illuminations of manuscripts and his heraldic paintings were good; but in coloured drawings from nature he often attempted some unusual and remarkable effect, and failing to produce it, gave his pictures a gloomy vagueness of expression.

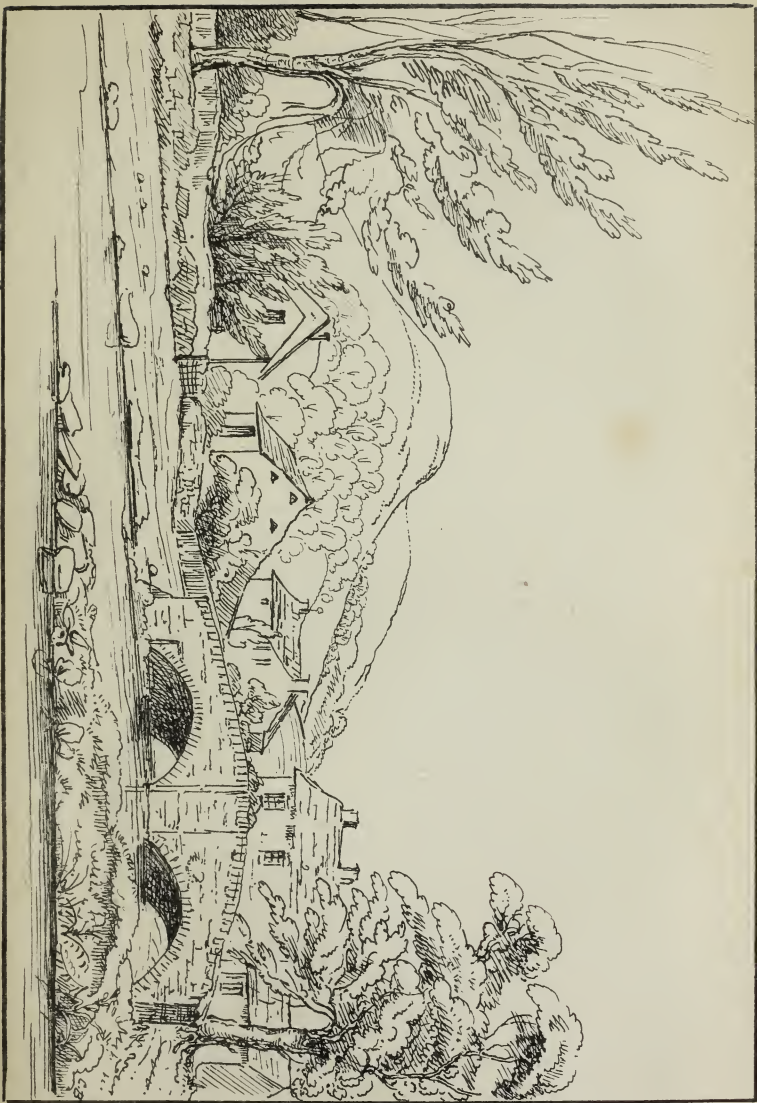
Like almost every other churchyard in Wales, the churchyard of Cwmdû occupies one of the finest spots of the dis-

trict. Three-fourths of its graves are dressed as flower-beds, or marked by the presence of ever-living rosemary or other pretty herbs, shrubs, or little trees; and its walls stand thickly set with the fragrant plants of their own distinctive flower, which were fostered and renewed by the vicar's hand.

One day, while walking about in his parish, Mr. Price saw at Velindre Cwmdû, a group of idle boys, who were amusing themselves by getting up a fight between a captive owl and a dog or cat. He bought the irritated bird of its tormentors, took it home with him, and soon succeeded in taming it by kindness. He gave it the name of "Gwenney," to which it soon learned to answer. It would eat from his hand, perch upon his shoulder, and fly after him when he went out. One very cold night, in the depth of winter, Mr. Price and the bird went out together, but urged by some wayward impulse, "Gwenney" took an erratic flight, neglected his call, and obliged him unwillingly to return home by himself. He had petted the owl for three years, and was much vexed at the loss of it. A day or two afterwards, the unfortunate "Gwenney" was found lying quite dead under a yew tree in the churchyard. Mr. Price manifested ever afterwards a partiality for owls. He had also a liking for hedgehogs, from long observation of their habits and character.

In the year 1845, he gave great attention to the preliminary arrangements for the composition of the Parish Tythes of Cwmdû, under the new Act of Parliament. The proper execution of the local map, was, however, a far more important consideration with him, than any advantage or loss which might affect his own income.

After having received his annual tythes, it was Mr. Price's custom to ask Mrs. Prichard at once for a statement of all her bills and charges. These he instantly paid, with minute exactness, taking or giving the change to balance the account to the very uttermost farthing. When assured that every claim upon him had been fully satisfied, Mr. Price, holding the surplus in his hands, used to say with a smile, "Then this money is my own, and I may do what I like with it!" He would accordingly proceed to gratify the propensities of his compassionate and generous nature, by



Velindre,
Dwmdri.

secretly and gradually distributing it in alms among the poor. He was never known to refuse relief or assistance to any necessitous person who applied for either. He delighted also in seeking out the wants of his poor neighbours in order to supply them, and expatiated in the spontaneous exercise of every sort of Christian charity. He never invited visitors, but whenever his friends chanced to come, he gave them a kind and hospitable reception. After having employed poor people to work for him, and paid their respective demands, he would generally ask if they were sure that they had charged enough, and would always, under one pretext or other, make them a present of two or three shillings more than they expected. He made it a rule never to accept of presents from the needy, but would sometimes purchase their intended gifts of fruit at double the proper worth.

From the original formation of the Brecon branch Bible Society, Mr. Price officiated as one of the secretaries, and was an annual subscriber to its funds. He subscribed also to the Brecon clerical charity, for the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen within the county; and, for the sake of his more immediate neighbourhood, he likewise subscribed annually to the Crickhowel medical dispensary.

His habits of life were very simple and inexpensive. He accustomed himself to plain diet, and was abstemious in its use. He never touched distilled spirits, seldom took any wine, and usually drank a weak kind of table beer. He often suffered from the feverish thirst of fatigue, and under its impulse drank great quantities of tea and other weak liquids.

With a view of usefulness among the poor, he had acquired sufficient knowledge of medicine and practical skill in surgery, to treat ordinary ailments and casualties with judicious promptitude. A hearse returning from a distant funeral, and passing with reckless speed through the village of Cwmdû, a man happened to be thrown from the driving-box upon the sharp-edged stones of the roadway. Having been stunned and severely cut, he was carried into a neighbouring house. A surgeon was sent for, and on his arrival found the stranger laid upon a bed, with his wounded head supported by the knees of the vicar, who sat perched on his

own heels, and on the bolster, with a pair of scissors in one hand, and a sheet of adhesive plaster in the other; having already closed many of the gashes with appropriate slips, he was pausing at that moment in perplexity over the complicated cuts and skin abrasions of the nose and cheeks. His humane and anxious care for the people's welfare, led him also to become the ready amanuensis of the sick poor. He would put anything of personal interest aside at once to write for them to the authorized medical adviser, relating their complaints, describing their sufferings, and detailing their symptoms with the earnest exactness of hearty commiseration.

From the very day of his ordination until his abode at Y Persondy, Cwmdû, Mr. Price, as a minister of the Established Church, had been continuously over-worked. Seven successive days devoted for years to onerous toil, seldom fail prematurely to relax the sinews, to bleach the hair, and to harass the spirits of the strongest; and the sacred services of the Sabbath day form but a small proportion of the duties which belong to the pastoral charge of a numerous and scattered population.

The frequent and approximate repetition of solemn ordinances in necessary haste and weariness, has, under such conjunctures, an almost irresistible tendency to produce a hurried and absent manner in the performances of public worship. A bent, caused by nineteen years of pressure thus severe, can scarcely be expected to re-adjust itself upon the removal of the weight. Occasional hearers, who have long ago, perhaps, forgotten his plain theological expositions and their practical application, remember but too well, that his surplice was hastily thrown on, that it was set sometimes awry, that he ran with too much agility up the pulpit stairs, and that he read and preached too rapidly. Such censures there are in every age,

“Who hear unmoved the Sage's warning tongue,
To mark his shoe ill-formed, or gown ill-hung.”

(Drummond's Translation of Persius. Satire I.)

Even the gentle and peaceful demeanour of the good, must fail to conciliate those unfortunate beings, who, pained by the

excellence and happiness of others, follow upon all the gestures of merit like a distorted shadow; or darkly grope for the one tiny dead fly, in the vase of fragrant unguents. Chemists assure us, that the diamond is nothing more than pure carbon, differing merely in physical condition from coke and plumbago. The ignorant and envious, who attempt inquisitively to pry into the nature of finer minds than their own, would fain imitate the process of the laboratory and use the voltaic battery of detraction to reduce for their private gratification the brightness of adamant to the dulness of black-lead. The daily recurrence of the duties of Mr. Price's vocation, the attraction of private studies and ingenious manual occupations, his delight in the solitary contemplations of beautiful scenery, the claims of his private friends upon his hours of recreation, and of neighbours and acquaintance upon his occasional services, the voluntary labour periodically taken in behalf of Cymreigyddion Societies and Eisteddfodau of the vicinity, and his gratuitous but arduous services in the supervision and graphic illustrations of the books published by the Welsh MSS. Society, speeded the flight of time, and left, each closing day, a cumbrous overweight of business to the morrow. To such inevitable engagements and probable contingencies, were added the frequent interruptions of unforeseen demands from distant quarters. Even his official transmissions of parochial certificates were accompanied by such distinct and accurate identifications and genealogies of the parties, whose birth, marriage, or burial had been the subjects of inquiry, as to excite the gratitude of the applicants for the "lucid explanations" thus conveyed.

From the period when he first became publicly known among his countrymen, until the very day of his decease, almost every literary work that appeared in his native language was in some degree indebted to his learning, his critical acumen, his purse, or his social influence, at one stage or other of its preparation or production. His suggestions and advice were sought by the peasant scholars and bards of the Principality, and every native bookseller and native hawker of books regarded him as a patron. The learned men of Wales, the antiquaries of England, Scotland,

Ireland and the British Colonies, of Brittany, and of Continental Europe, applied to him continually for information upon difficult points relating to the language, the topography, the traditions, the history, the poetry, the customs, manners, arts and ethnology of the British tribes. Many of the applications made by his own countrymen related more or less directly to theology; seeking the aid of his philological skill, for the origin of obscure terms; and the authentication of his historical quotations, for statements affecting the customs and usages of that early British Church, which still survives in the Church by law Established in the Cambrian Principality. Such topics well merited their share of his attention, but his time and pains were too often less worthily claimed by correspondents, who presuming upon casual acquaintance, wrought upon his compassionate and compliant nature, first to revise and correct for pity's sake the vapid effusions of feeble intellects, and then to bestow his money, and exert his influence to obtain for the poor authors the means of obtruding their plagiarism and platitudes upon public notice, and extorting, as the price of a book, money, better sought by some work of manual skill, or at once solicited, with honest humility, as charitable alms. The letters published in the present volume form but a small selection from the voluminous remains of his correspondence.

In conversing with young clergymen, Mr. Price would urge upon them the importance of entire and exclusive devotion to their calling. He warned them to make all their studies strictly subservient to professional usefulness; and avowed his regret that literature had in his own case divided his attention with themes which ought to have engrossed it.

He had a constitutional bias towards desultory occupation, and the influence of circumstances confirmed it. All his faculties were fine; but at last his mind seemed to be like a diamond, broken up and partly ground to dust, for the mere purpose of bringing out the brilliancy of others. He would readily undertake commissions of any kind that appeared likely to be of service to his country, whether such commissions might relate to "black-wool from the mountains" to be made into trowsers for a friend, by a village tailor; or to

the collection of flannel and linsey patterns to tempt or encourage the wayward patronage of peeresses. His good will extended beyond the mere endeavour to alleviate distress and to bestow substantial benefits; it prompted him also to fulfil the wishes, to comply with the requests, and to promote the ease and innocent pleasure of every human being he came in contact with. He was always ready, even to sketch a landscape, to mend a toy, or to render any service however trivial. Nothing like obsequiousness ever attended this inherent civility and suavity of manner. He belonged constitutionally and by unbroken habit to the giving, not to the receiving class. Whether visiting at cottages or sojourning in palaces, he expected and sought for nothing, but for opportunities of doing kindnesses; and only desired in return the happy consciousness of possessing the good-will of his associates.

Through every changing form of fickle fashion, from his youth until his death, Mr. Price invariably wore the same sort of dress. The sheep of the neighbouring mountains supplied the wool, from which the old women of his parish spun the yarn, which a neighbouring weaver converted into black cloth. Mr. Price disliked the gloss of newness in his clerical suit, and to avoid it would often detain the piece of cloth from his tailor's hands, until by letting it lie about the room, or subjecting it to friction over his arm-chair, he had removed the smoothness beyond the possibility of restoration. Every article of apparel that he wore was of home growth, home spun, and home made; not indeed under his own roof, but in his immediate neighbourhood. His hats were manufactured from the skin of mountain hares. The buckles of his short black gaiters were cast by the village blacksmith. He wore his black trowsers unusually wide, a rather short black waistcoat, and an unusually long black frock-coat, of which the sleeves were very long and wide, loose at the wrist, and set into the arm-hole with plaits upon the shoulder. His buttons, though black and inconspicuous, were of a peculiar sort, for which he would rather wait any length of time, than suffer others to be substituted. His large shirt-collar embedded his chin, and stood level with the tops of his ears. It was confined round

the throat by a black stock. His thick and well set hair and his fine hands were delicately kept, and his whole appearance indicated at once originality and refinement. Mild, humble and unassuming as he was, the natural delicacy and dignity of his character inspired such reverential regard, that even in his solitude at Cwmdû, the few individuals who formed his household, and had for thirty years devoted themselves to promote his comfort, were never known for a single moment to forget their difference of social position. It often happened that for whole months together he had no other associates, yet they never sat down in his presence.

He could not sue for or solicit fortune's favours; and neglect, the lot of the disinterested, was consequently his. Capable of nobly employing and of worthily enjoying opulence, he often moved among persons who were able to procure or to confer it. They saw his simple habits of life, admired his contentment, acknowledged his merit, and perhaps wondered at his independent bearing, while they granted their interest and their patronage to more ambitious, or to importunate aspirants for preferment. Few persons seem to realize the fact, that worldly advantages often prove both beneficial and acceptable to men whose stern self-government represses the desire of attaining them. It is only among the disinterested that the grateful and the generous can with confidence be sought.

He had an innate love for the harmonious, the beautiful and the graceful in all things. It pervaded his own tastes and pursuits, and regulated his social preferences. Avowing once, in conversation with a friend, the pleasure which he took in the occasional society of a certain nobleman of the highest rank, he added earnestly, "It is not because he is a duke, but because he is so elegant!"

Men of genius attaining true wisdom are indeed a sort of natural priesthood, belonging severally to their native classes, but by a still closer relationship united to each other, and claiming brotherhood with their like as such, whether high or low, rich or poor, irrespective of all worldly distinctions. They are as Levites, intermingled with people of all ranks, but holding distinctively their own, and constituting a dispersed, though united tribe, whose hopes and whose inheri-

tance are hallowed and set apart. His society was acceptable to persons of every class, but best appreciated by the most refined. His unaffected manners were the easy and graceful indications of a noble and gentle nature, which, with the insight of superior intelligence, could at once discern his own exact position and its proprieties wherever he might happen to be, alike in the majestic presence of royalty and beside the sick-bed of a peasant. At school, at college, among the comrades of his childhood, the fellow-students of his youth, and the companions of his maturity, in every parish which he ever served, in every friendly society and at every domestic hearth which he ever visited, the first, the dearest attribute with which recollection hallows his beloved name, is not learning, or intellectual ability, or beneficence,—it is simply KINDNESS. His character exemplified *truth*, purified by constant openness to the light of Heaven, never ostentatiously inviting, yet always fearlessly awaiting the strictest scrutiny of human observation; *justice*, calmly and carefully dispensing to fellow-mortals the blessed rule of self-conviction; *benevolence*, resulting from grateful participation in the mercy and love of God, and overflowing in compassionate and sympathetic goodness to mankind.

Mr. Price was usually very sensitive of impressions from without; keenly alive to the stir of passing circumstances, and easily soothed into reverie by the soft harmonies of art or nature. There were, however, certain seasons, when even amidst lively society, his mind became absorbed and abstracted in the deep solitude of silent thought. A curious instance of this kind is related by a friend. Mr. Price, sitting one day with a large party at dessert, had sunk into a state of abstraction and forgotten all present things, when being suddenly aroused to imperfect recollection by the ladies rising to leave the dining-room, he started up, ignorant of all that had occurred during his mental absence, and under the mistaken notion that the proceedings of the banquet were in a much earlier stage, he assumed a solemn attitude, and devoutly enunciated: "For this and for all his other mercies the Lord's Holy Name be praised!" giving thanks in effect for the departure of the ladies.

He was fond of relating traditionary legends and tales of

preternatural beings. A friend, impressed by the realizing light cast by his fervid imagination over such narrations, was induced one evening beside a Christmas fire, to inquire, whether his personal experience afforded any mysterious parallel which might authorize credulity. Mr. Price replied, that he never witnessed anything so nearly akin to the effects usually ascribed to supernatural agency as the following incident, which occurred in one of the wildest districts of Breconshire, of which at the time Mr. Price was the officiating Minister. He was sent for one day by the family of a dying woman ; and passing through sequestered glens, and over precipitous crags, amid the roar of mountain cataracts, the chills of a wintry wind, and the desolate aspects of a snow covered scene, he reached at length a dreary spot among the hills, and entered the lonely homestead where his attendance was required. He was at once conducted into a little bedroom beyond the kitchen. On approaching the sufferer, however, he found her to be utterly averse to accept his services. Looking at him with terror and abhorrence, and then turning her haggard countenance away, she exclaimed, "Don't talk to me about religion ! Don't read to me ! Don't pray for me ! I'll bear nothing of the sort !" Shocked and discouraged he withdrew, and sat down silently beside the kitchen fire. The person who had shown him in, was busy out of doors : there was perfect silence through the house, and no sound perceptible but the slight, hovering movement of enkindling flame among the fuel in the grate. At last Mr. Price was aroused from his meditations by the voice of the sick woman, calling him to come to her. Mr. Price immediately obeyed. Her attendant also came, but she dismissed her instantly, and with an air of mystery asked Mr. Price in a whisper, if he heard that sound. He answered that he heard nothing. She bade him listen again, and again, pausing to observe his looks. Still he could hear only the gentle flickering of the fire. He told the sick woman that perhaps she might hear a cat mew, or some noise of that kind. She answered emphatically, "No ! What I hear is the cry of a child. It is the very same cry which the child gave when I threw it over the waterfall. I did it to hide

my daughter's shame!" She then expressed her grievous remorse for the crime, and entreated Mr. Price to pray to God to have mercy upon her. He did so, and remained for a long time trying to bring her to true repentance; meanwhile his own imagination became so strongly affected by the wretched woman's fantasy, that at last he also believed that he could hear the baby's cry proceeding from the cradle which stood near. The guilty grandmother expired before he left the house; and his melancholy musings, during a long and lonely walk back again at night, through the snowy wilderness, to his home, served to impress these circumstances indelibly upon his memory.

CHAPTER XIX.

Completion of the *Hanes Cymru*, Letters, and *Cisteddfodau* of

1842—1845.

“ It was always my endeavour, without fee or reward, to benefit all who conversed with me, and to make them wiser and better men.”

SOCRATES.

SEVERAL circumstances which deeply interested Mr. Price occurred about this period. In the year 1842, the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists sent a student from their Theological Institution at Bala, as a Protestant missionary into Brittany. Protected by the Consistory of Nantes, and assisted by the Protestant minister at Brest, he succeeded in establishing divine worship at Quimper, where a Church and a pastoral residence were erected at the expense of the Welsh Society. In this Church there are two services every Sunday; the morning one in French, the afternoon one in Breton; an occasional service is also sometimes given in the English language, at the request of English residents. The unfortunate gentleman, for whom Mr. Price had done so many services in the years 1823—5, after sojourning upon the continent throughout the intervening period, returned to England in the year 1841, and immediately commenced a new series of correspondence with his former friend and patient creditor.

Assuming the posture of an humble and helpless supplicant, suffering under the accumulated discomforts and miseries, which imprudence can so readily produce, and with unaffected self-deception attributing all his misfortunes to that Divine Providence, which without some special intervention can never make severance between folly and its natural effects. For seven years more did this gentleman continue his applications to Mr. Price, who repeatedly raised subscriptions in the neighbourhood of Crickhowel for his relief, and remitted to the unhappy petitioner all the sums that he could obtain by solicitation from opulent friends, and more money than he could properly spare from his own small purse. Every acknowledgment was promptly and affectionately made, but each was accompanied by a fresh demand. On the verge of total blindness, and probably of speedy death, the last of these melancholy letters bears date December, 1847.

In the year 1842, Mr. Thomas Williams of Crickhowel published the fourteenth part of the *Hanes Cymru*, completing that valuable work, which forms a closely printed octavo volume of 798 pages. Its circulation was chiefly effected through the intervention of the pedestrian booksellers, who regularly traverse the Principality at stated times, to supply the demands of the Welsh peasantry for publications in their native language. Rhys Stephen, an eloquent Welshman, thus describes the feelings of his countrymen :

“The length of time taken to publish *Hanes Cymru*, gave rise to some curious and characteristic circumstances. The first part appeared in 1836, the second at a somewhat distant interval, the third at one more distant still. Then the sanguine Cambrians began to complain, and in one periodical after another asked, ‘Is Carnhuanawc going to finish his work at all?’ This was, in some instances, in such a manner as to indicate a sense of no little grievance endured by the good people, as though it was Mr. Price’s duty, not only to write such a book for their benefit, but also to bring it out, not at his own, but at their convenience. A stranger would have treated all this with silent contempt or displeasure ; Mr. Price, however, knew his countrymen ; he rightly con-

strued all this eagerness as proving the high respect of which he was the object. He accordingly, and with great urbanity, sent a letter to all the Welsh magazines explaining the causes of delay—namely, the discovery in course of writing the work for the press, of insufficient authority for certain statements, and a desire for re-consideration and re-examination of documents, for the sight of some of which long journeys from home had been inevitable. In carrying out this purpose, which he did unflinchingly, he spent nearly six years in bringing the whole work through the press. It was not an uncommon thing for him to stop the press that he might go to London or even to Paris, to satisfy himself upon some point of grave difficulty or of doubtful authority. Thus anxiously, laboriously, unselfishly did Carnhuanawe serve his countrymen, and they have now in a single volume a History of Wales, equalled, we dare to say, by no kindred book for popular use possessed by our English neighbours.”

One of the most severe critics of this work has confessed that its many excellences must compel “every reader, and the more critical the reader he will be, to acknowledge, not only that it is the best History of Wales that has yet been written, but that it must long continue to be held in deserved estimation.”

It is generally considered by competent judges to be the best History of Wales extant in any language.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 12th and 13th of October, 1842, another Eisteddfod of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion was held in a pavilion near that town. The President was Rhys Powell, Esq., of Glynllech. In the course of Mr. Price’s speech on the first day of this Meeting, he said:

“Among the many evidences of the existence and activity of our Society, we may place its literary productions, and of these I shall first of all notice the “*Liber Landavensis*,” which at our last meeting was in an unfinished state; it is now complete, and I have the pleasure of presenting it to the meeting, and I believe that those who examine its contents will find, that however valuable it is as an antiquarian docu-

ment, it possesses another merit, for in it we have evidence that the banks of the Towy are not less fertile in the works of art than those of the Thames, or the Seine, and we view this work as a splendid specimen of typography. We also find that the editorial merits are not of a lower character, and to those who have an opportunity of examining its contents, I have the pleasure of announcing, that the learned editor, Mr. Rees, of Cascob, is again employed for the Society, in the same handsome and gratuitous manner, in preparing for the press another volume of a similar kind, 'The Lives of the Welsh Saints.' He has also in hand 'A History of the Monasteries of Wales,' and 'The Castles of the Counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth.' I have now the pleasure of laying the 'Liber Landavensis' before the meeting. The next work which the Society has been the means of producing, is 'An Essay on the influence which the Legends of Wales have had upon the Literature of France, Germany, and Scandinavia,' and to which, Mr. President, you have done us the honour of referring. This work is the production of one who stands high in his own country, Professor Schulz, as a profound scholar, a man of critical acumen, and of active and diligent research, and his work must be considered an addition to the literature of Europe. But whatever intrinsic merit it possesses, locked up as it was in the German language, and still more securely so in the chest of our Society, had it not been for the kindness of Mrs. Berrington, who undertakes its translation, it might have remained for ever useless to the world, laid up in the Society's chest. It will show that the position we have taken in Welsh literature is now recognised by the literati of the Continent. At a former period we ventured to suggest that the works of romance and imagination which have appeared from time to time on the continent of Europe, found their origin in the legends of Wales; a foreigner, a profound scholar, says we are right, and traces the progress of the traditions of Wales through foreign lands. To us it is a triumph, and in the next place we trust that it has opened a field of literature quite new to the world, and the learned gentleman who undertook the examination of this work assures us that it will exhibit a new feature in the

literature of Europe. The next work I must leave for the notice of the learned editor himself; it is in an unfinished state, in consequence, I regret to say, of his ill health; its selections are from the MSS. of Iolo Morganwg, edited by his son, Taliesin ab Iolo. The next work which the Society has brought forward, is the 'Coelbren y Beirdd,' a history of the Bardic Alphabet, opening with a most curious ancient legend, which tells us that the Bardic Alphabet was formed by Menw of the three loud utterances, Menw ap Tair-gwaedd. This Menw saw, descending from the sky, three diverging rays of light, and upon them were inscribed all the arts and sciences in the world; these three descending and diverging rays of light formed the basis of the Bardic Alphabet, every letter being formed of one or more of these three lines. In our Welsh Mythology we know that Menw the son of the three utterances, was the primary legislator of the country; the "Gwaedd" is probably a corruption of the three "Weds," a strong resemblance of the Sanscrit three "Vedas." This is a most extraordinary coincidence between the ancient learning of the Cymro and that of the Hindoo, a circumstance which must throw new interest on the presence of our illustrious visitor. The next work I shall notice is one to which, although the Society cannot prefer any direct claim, yet, from its past undertaking having been suggested by the proceedings of one of our Eisteddfodau, the Cymreigyddion feel a pride in associating the "Mabinogion" with their publications. This work, for which we are indebted to the talents and liberality of Lady Charlotte Guest, is the one to which Professor Schulz alludes, and instances it as bringing forward such a quantity of legendary matter, that it opens a new field of literature, and places it quite in a new light. The Mabinogion furnishes us with evidence of the truth of the position already advanced, respecting the original stimulus given to European literature, by the legends of the Welsh; and although not yet complete from the press, it has already been translated into several of the continental languages. It has appeared in the French and German, and bids fair to run as extensive a course as its ancient predecessors, which found their way not only over all the western world, but even

into the distant east, at least we find one of the Arthurian romances in the Greek language ; and from the testimony of ancient writers, they were not unknown even amongst nations still more distant. I will not trespass on your time longer than to say, that I trust I have shown that the members of the Cymreigyddion have at least some right to the rank which has been claimed for them in the literary world."

This Eisteddfod was attended by Chunder Mohun Chatterjee of Calcutta, as the representative of the learned and enlightened Dwarkanauth Tagore, his uncle, who had intended to be present.

"At a more advanced stage of this day's proceedings, the Rev. Thomas Price came forward with an address to Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, written on a skin of vellum, in the original Welsh character, with illuminated capitals, and other ornaments ; it also contained a translation in English, written in modern text hand. He read the Welsh address, and afterwards the English translation :

'Most illustrious Dwarkanauth Tagore, in the name and on behalf of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, I beg permission to address you in the ancient and aboriginal language of this island, and to express the high gratification they feel in being honoured with your presence at this their national festival, which is held in conformity with the ancient usages of their country, handed down from ages of which no memorial remains, save that which may be traced in the uncertain records of tradition ; and although that tradition is of too vague and indistinct a character to occupy the place of history, yet, if the alleged migration of the Cymry from the summer country, the similarity of the Druidic and Brahminic tenets, together with the many striking instances of resemblance between the Sanscrit and Cymraeg languages, may be allowed any weight, there exists evidence of the cognate origin of the Hindoo and Celtic races, or an early and intimate connection between those two primitive branches of the human family. Under these impressions, and with these views respecting the eastern division of the Indo European

race, they cannot but regard, with feelings of peculiar pleasure, the appearance among them of a representative of that celebrated people, especially when they see in that individual so eminent an instance of the high intellectual cultivation which once characterised his nation; and that adorned by the practice of social virtues, which have ensured him the affection and gratitude of his own countrymen, and the esteem of all who have had the honour of his acquaintance. As the urgency of weightier affairs will not admit of a longer sojourn amongst us, and as one of our most sacred duties is to speed the departing guest, we most cordially wish you a prosperous and happy return to your own people; and should circumstances lead you again to visit the shores of Britain, the Cymreigyddion y Fenni will be amongst the foremost to welcome your coming.’”

Mr. Price then presented the Address to Chunder Mohun Chatterghee.

The following letter from Dwarkanauth Tagore, addressed to the Rev. T. Price, (Carnhuanawc,) of Cwmdû, subsequently acknowledged the receipt of the address :

“ Fenton’s Hotel, St. James’s-street,
Oct. 14, 1842.

Sir,—In the midst of the preparation which my departure for my native country renders necessary, I have received at the hands of my nephew, the beautiful and interesting address intended to be presented to me at your late festival. The inevitable brevity of this very hasty communication will not permit of my saying any thing upon the subject of our remote connection through a common language, and similar form of religion; your address will, however, lead me to inquiries upon the topic, which if they cannot be brought to a satisfactory result, will at least prove of a curious and interesting description. I sincerely regret my inability to be present at the late commemoration of your ancient customs. If spared to revisit this hospitable land, I may, on another occasion, participate in the pleasure which has now been denied me. Accept my best thanks for the good opinion of me which is expressed in the address, and be pleased to

convey to all concerned in its presentation, the assurance of my gratitude and respect.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

Dwarkanauth Tagore."

At the Abergavenny Eisteddfod of 1842, the Tredegar prize harp was gained by a young man, named John Roberts, who lived for some time at Cwmdû, and conducted himself in a manner altogether consistent with the prepossessing respectability of his appearance. In May, 1844, Mr. Price was much surprised at receiving a letter from John Roberts, confessing himself to have been a deserter from the 23rd regiment, and stating that he had saved sufficient money, from the rewards of his musical performances, to purchase his discharge from the army; and, with a view to enjoy future liberty with a clear conscience, had surrendered himself at Parkhurst barracks, where he then was lying a prisoner awaiting his trial by court martial. The object of his letter was to entreat Mr. Price's interest with the principal gentlemen of the county of Monmouth, and his personal application to the commanding officer of the 23rd, to intercede for a favourable consideration of his case. A copy of Mr. Price's reply remains among his papers. It expresses grave regret at the discovery of the soldier's breach of duty, kind interest in his fate, a testimony to his previous proper conduct, and an exhortation to submit with proper resignation to deserved punishment. A second letter from John Roberts, dated June 4, thankfully acknowledges the good effect produced by Mr. Price's letter, in mitigating the severity of the sentence; mentions that he is condemned to branding and imprisonment with hard labour for eighty-four days, and entreats Mr. Price's further interference in his behalf to obtain an abridgement of that term. A subsequent letter, dated June 16th, repeats the same request with urgency.

Mr. Basset Jones of Caerdiff, the celebrated Welsh triple harp maker, having conceived the idea of making a very perfect triple harp as an appropriate offering to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, communicated the project to Mr. Price, and entreated his advice and assistance in

its execution. Mr. Price, full of loyal nationality, entered with zeal and diligence upon the work. He invented and drew the design, assigned the appropriate forms and accurate proportions of each several part of the symmetrical whole, and superintended with sedulous vigilance the process of manufacture and embellishment. His mechanical skill, his artistic ingenuity, his heraldic knowledge, and his fine taste were all brought to bear upon the production of this instrument. By Her Majesty's gracious permission the Welsh tribute was accepted, and its bearers were honoured with the royal commands to attend at Buckingham Palace, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th of July, 1843. Thither Mr. Price accordingly went, for the purpose of presenting the harp on Mr. Basset Jones's behalf, and explaining its structure and powers. He was accompanied by John Jones of Llanofor, and Thomas Griffiths, then of Tredegar, two eminent Welsh harpers, who played, in the royal presence, upon the Prince of Wales's harp, and upon their own instruments. The party were honoured with the gratifying commendations of her Majesty, and of the Prince Consort; and the harpers subsequently received from their Sovereign liberal largess.

Anxious that the historical and heraldic decorations of the new houses of parliament should do honour to the Cambrian race, Mr. Price addressed the following letter to Sir Charles (then Mr.) Barry :

“ Cwmdû, Crickhowel, August 18, 1843.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry it has not been in my power to attend sooner to the subject of my visit to you at Westminster, not having been quite settled at home since my return from London. I now send you a few sketches of what I think may be added on the part of Wales to the decorations of the Houses of Parliament. The Arms of the Principality, the red dragon the supporter, and the plume of feathers, speak for themselves, the leek also requires no explanation; but it has long been and continues to be a great mortification to Welshmen, to find it so frequently omitted in the mantling and heraldic ornaments in which the rose, the shamrock



Giraldu de Barri
from the tomb in St David's cathedral

A Knight of the Barri family
from a tomb at manorbier
pembrokeshire

Giraldu de Barri (Cambrensis) preaching a Crusade before Rhys ap Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales

From an original drawing by the Rev. Thomas Price

July 1841

and thistle are introduced. The historical sketch is a specimen of what I conceive may be done with the history of Wales, if well executed by a competent artist. And I would in the same manner select some of the most prominent national events from the sixth century down to the thirteenth, a period comprising almost the whole history of this country as a separate Principality. The subject of the sketch I send you is taken from one of the most interesting eras of our history, and I trust it will not be considered less appropriate that the principal characters happen to be amongst the relatives of the architect. The sketch is merely a composition of my own; of course, if adopted, you will put it into the hands of some more experienced artist to work out.

I shall be at all times ready to attend to your wishes connected with this subject, and hope you will let me know how I can be of further service to you.

And remain,

Yours very truly,

T. Price."

The great architect politely acknowledged the receipt of this letter, and of the "interesting sketches;" and requested further communications and suggestions concerning suitable illustrations of the Principality. Mr. Price's recommendation failed to effect its object; but his letter and drawings were carefully docketed and preserved by Sir Charles Barry; who, at the request of a friend of the Biographer, returned them for the use of this work, in December, 1853. One of those original drawings, representing Giraldus Cambrensis preaching the Crusade to Rhys ap Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, forms an illustration of the present volume.

Preparations having been made for the celebration of an Eisteddfod of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion in the ensuing autumn, certain writers ambitious of notoriety, and actuated by enmity to Cambrian usages and to their upholders, commenced, in the summer of 1845, a public attack upon both in the columns of two or three provincial newspapers. It was the evident intention of these vizored assailants to impugn and to disgrace the popular champions of Wales, and more especially to dismantle and destroy their

local stronghold. Anxious to vindicate himself and his party, to avert and counteract all hostile purposes, and to convert his enemies into friends, by a clear exposition of the groundwork of his opinions, Mr. Price was induced to publish a series of letters in answer to his impugners and opponents.

“To the Editor of the ‘Monmouthshire Merlin.’

Sir,

As it is entering into a contest upon very unequal terms, I have made it a general rule never to notice anonymous attacks; but on the present occasion, I am, at the instance of some of your readers, induced to trouble you with the following remarks upon a letter signed ‘Cattwg,’ which some time ago appeared in the ‘Merlin,’ and in which my name was introduced in connection with a dispute relative to the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion.

In that letter, a complaint is brought forward against me, that I ‘prevent the pedal harp from ever being played at the meetings of the society.’ To this I reply, that I certainly always have used my endeavours to that effect, and for the following reasons: In the first place, it would be contrary to the principles of the Society, whose object is the cultivation, not of music absolutely, but of national music exclusively; and as the pedal harp is not the national instrument of the Welsh, it does not come within the limits of the Society’s operations

In the next place; if the Society were so inconsistent as to withdraw its patronage from the triple harp, and confer it on the pedal harp, it would abandon a practicable for an impracticable object, and, as far as its influence extends, contribute not only to the extinction of national music, but also the deterioration of every other; and this again for reasons that follow:

First, the cost of a pedal harp, in an undamaged state, is so great as to prevent its ever becoming a popular instrument. A triple harp may be had for eight or ten pounds, but five times that sum will not procure a pedal harp; and I question whether half the money would be raised for the object. So if the triple harp were abandoned, and its place

not supplied by the pedal, as the people must and will have music of some quality or other, that recreation would be sought in the fiddle, the hurdy-gurdy, and the grinding organ, &c.; and then our music would really deserve some of the epithets which Cattwg has bestowed on it.

But the enormous cost of a pedal harp is not the only obstacle in the way of its general cultivation; its great weight, and consequent unportableness, must always be sufficient to prevent its being adopted by that class of harpers who generally compete at the Eisteddfod. A good pedal harp is so weighty as to require considerable exertion of strength even to move it across a room. In towns, where it is seldom carried more than the distance of a few streets, and where able-bodied porters are at hand, this inconvenience is not much felt; but how is a poor harper in the country to carry such a load upon his shoulders across the mountains, in the exercise of his minstrel avocations? Indeed, the inconvenience of such a cumbrous instrument has occasionally been seen, and the method adopted to remedy it: for when a Welsh harper has, by some chance, become possessed of a pedal harp, I have known the pedals and machinery all taken out, in order to lighten the instrument and render it portable. But after all, the pedal harp is by no means so free from imperfections as we might be led to suppose; but on the contrary, it is exceedingly liable to be put out of order. After being some time in use, few pedal harps are ever in perfect tune; for when the sound-board and pillar become curved by the strain they undergo, the strings are in the same degree shortened; and as the portions of the strings divided off by the action of the pedals, in forming the semitones, are not shortened, but remain the same as when the harp was new, all the semitones are of necessity too sharp. In a strong built instrument carefully kept, the defect is not perceptible; but it is a mathematical certainty, that whenever the sound-board of a pedal harp becomes curved, all the strings under the action of the pedals are out of tune. To those who are not nice to a shade, the fraction of a tone may make little difference; but to an accurate ear, the effect is anything but pleasant. This imperfection does not belong to the triple harp, as in that instrument the semi-

tones are tuned by ear, and not by machinery. It is also capable of many combinations of notes which the other cannot produce, as well as of a more rapid introduction of accidentals, as the fingers can be moved with greater rapidity than the feet.

But I must own that these are not the only reasons by which I am influenced in my preference of the triple harp. It is our national instrument, and I look upon it with pride as an honourable national distinction. Were its merits even less conspicuous, I should nevertheless endeavour to preserve it, and that from feelings of nationality; and I believe my countrymen are not singular in their predilections with regard to their national instrument; similar predilections exist in other countries, and are even fostered with anxiety. In Scotland, the harp once existed; but it has long disappeared, and the Scotch people lament its loss; but such remains of their ancient minstrelsy as they possess, they, like true patriots, cultivate with enthusiasm, and it will be long before Scotland deserts the bagpipes for any foreign instrument, however melodious. The Irish also lament the disappearance of the harp, and have occasionally made some exertions for its preservation; but its decline had proceeded too far before these attempts were made, and it is now considered as almost lost in that country. But in Wales, the harp still continues as the national instrument. And shall we at this moment be induced to abandon it altogether? If we should, I believe we are the only people in Europe who would do so. I feel assured, that if any one of the civilized countries of Europe possessed such a national instrument as the triple harp, it would be cherished with pride and affection, and every encouragement given to its cultivation, and every exertion made for its preservation. And besides all this, I cannot prevail upon myself to believe that the triple harp deserves all the scorn and contempt that has been heaped upon it by Cattwg; at least he is the only person I have ever known speak of it so disparagingly. I have known it played in the hearing of persons of acknowledged musical taste and science, and never heard them express themselves in such a way as to lead to an idea that they entertained for the instrument any of the contemptuous

feelings of Cattwg. Nay, I have seen the triple harp listened to with unequivocal demonstrations of pleasure, when some of the first musical talent of the day has been present, and under circumstances which forbid any supposition of feigned approbation or unmeaning compliment.

Trusting, therefore, that our national instrument will still continue to enjoy the favour and patronage of our countrymen,

I remain, etc.

T. Price.

Cwmdû, Sept. 10. 1845."

"To the Editor of the Monmouthshire Merlin.

Sir,—It has been signified to me, that my letter, in the last Merlin, was not sufficiently comprehensive, and that I am called upon to extend my remarks to other charges brought against the Cymreigyddion; and in accordance with this suggestion, I am induced once more to trespass on your columns.

Amongst these charges there is one which appears to form the foundation of nearly all the others, but which, nevertheless, is of so general a character, that in order to disprove it, and fully vindicate the Society, it will be necessary to enter into several details with some degree of minuteness. The main charge is that the Society is endeavouring to bring back a state of "barbarism." In my opinion, the reverse is the real fact; as the formation of a society, having for its objects those of the Cymreigyddion, is one of the strongest indications of an advance of civilisation; and the man who would extinguish such a society is himself the abettor of barbarism. However great the evils that accompany civilisation, and they are great and numerous, yet it is universally admitted that the present century has brought with it a more extended diffusion of knowledge, together with a refinement of taste, and a higher development of intellect; and it appears to me, that this advance of mind is in no instance more distinctly perceptible than in the formation of literary and scientific societies.

Wherever we find a literary society established, we are assured that there are, in that locality, those who attach a

value to mental cultivation, and exert themselves to promote it; and in proportion as such society meets with support, we may form an estimate of the taste and pursuits of the people. Half a century ago, many things were treated with neglect and contempt, which have since become objects of national importance, and even of legislation. We remember the time when antiquarian researches were confined to a few individuals, and remains of antiquity considered as rubbish, and treated accordingly; but now we find that antiquarian knowledge is generally cultivated as a science, and those objects which were once destroyed without compunction, are sought after with anxiety, and preserved with care, and veneration. Museums are formed for their reception, and volumes written in illustration of them. Here, then, we find the advance of mind; veneration for the remains of former ages; and, with this feeling, we claim to identify that by which the Cymreigyddion is actuated.

Formerly, ancient manuscripts were considered of no value, beyond the quantity of parchment they might contain; but now vast sums of money are expended on their purchase, libraries are created for their safe custody, and their contents perpetuated by the press. Here, again, is an indication of mental advance; and in these services the Cymreigyddion claims to participate. Formerly, philological investigations had but little interest, excepting in a very limited circle; but at the present time we find societies are formed, not only for the study of languages, but also for the examination and analysis of dialects and local idioms. In this pursuit again, we claim a kindred object; and if our Cymreigyddion were extinguished tomorrow, it would leave behind it lasting testimonials of the services it has rendered this branch of science. Half a century ago, national music was but little esteemed, excepting amongst those whose unsophisticated taste, and tenaciousness of ancient usages, rendered it an object of value. But now a totally different sentiment prevails. National airs are sought after and noted down, with the greatest zeal and activity; and able dissertations are written illustrative of their character, and history. Chapell has, in a splendid collection, given us the airs and ancient ballads of England; Dauncy has rendered a similar service to Scotland;

whilst Bunting and Moore have been equally active in the cause of Ireland. In these pursuits also, the Cymreigyddion claim to join, and are carrying out in the Principality the object which Parry and Jones so ably commenced; and that, too, with spirit and success; inasmuch as they have not only saved from oblivion some of our most beautiful melodies, but have effectually succeeded in preserving amongst us that noble instrument, the harp, and perpetuating it in the country, where I trust it will permanently remain, as one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity, that in any nation may have been rescued from the hand of time.

These are some of the indications of real intellectual cultivation, which in the present day are discernible amidst the accumulations of error and spurious improvement, that present themselves to our notice. It is in the promoting of these, and similar objects, that the Cymreigyddion claims its share of service.

And I feel I cannot too much admire and applaud the public spirit of those enlightened tradesmen of Abergavenny, who have come forward to establish this Institution, and have so liberally continued its support. Another point upon which the Cymreigyddion is assailed, is its patronage of the native manufacture of woollen, as it is urged that calico can be had at a lower price. Now, settling the sanitary difference between cotton and woollen, and the superior quality of the latter as a promoter of health, together with the advantages it possesses in its better adaptation to the temperature of our climate, and the occupation of the rural population, I much doubt the greater cheapness of the other. Indeed, it is generally admitted that country made woollens are, from their durability, the cheaper of the two.

But, allowing the advantage of pecuniary cost to be on the side of the cotton, are we to overlook the moral price at which it is obtained? The appalling national sacrifices which are daily offered up at its altar? Are we to forget the mass of wretchedness, disease, and famine, which exist in those depositories of misery, the great cotton manufactories? Surely those who advocate the pernicious system of congregating manufacturers in such places, for the sake of saving a few pence in a yard of cloth, can either not have well con-

sidered the claims of humanity, or else not have acquainted themselves with facts, which have of late occupied the attention of the legislature on this subject, and brought the evils of the manufacturing system so prominently before the public. The rural manufacturer follows a healthful occupation, and furnishes to others the means of preserving health; whilst in the great cotton manufactories, thousands of wretched beings are dragging on a miserable existence, in such deep degradation of mind and body, in such intellectual darkness and corporeal suffering, as to make it a positive act of charitable service, to save even a single individual from entering one of those cities of the plague which have of late years sprung up amongst us, and which disfigure and disgrace our country.

I remain, etc.

T. Price.

Cwmdû, Sept. 16, 1845.”

“To the Editor of the Monmouthshire Merlin.

Sir,—Well aware that the present discussion cannot claim an exemption from the general fate of all discussions, but that it is doomed to follow in the track of its predecessors, and pass through the several stages of excitement, exhaustion, and inanition; also believing that symptoms have made their appearance of its having already reached that stage of its progress, in which public interest begins to flag, in my last letter, in order the better to adapt my arguments to the patience of my readers, I omitted some particulars which I should otherwise have inserted; and now, should there be sufficient public interest in the subject still remaining to authorize the request, I would beg the favour of your affording a place amongst your columns for the following observations.

In addition to the charges against the Cymreigyddion to which I adverted on former occasions, it is also accused of want of efficiency in promoting its objects. Now really this is an extraordinary mode of proceeding; on the one hand the Society is condemned as a promoter of barbarism, and on the other, accused of wanting efficiency in such acts of promotion! But passing by this little oversight of incon-

sistency, and having already answered the charge of promoting barbarism, I shall now proceed to the question of efficiency; and here I do not hesitate to assert that the Cymreigyddion has not only evinced as high a degree of energy in its operations, but has also accomplished as many, and as important objects, as any other similar society of equal standing in existence.

With regard to the energies of the Society in its home proceedings, I need only refer to the effect it has already produced amongst its opponents; the commotion it has excited, and the strength put forth in the attempt to crush it. These are, to me, sure proofs of a more than ordinary extent of influence; men do not set about killing gnats with sledge hammers. Though a member of the Society from its first formation, yet until the present moment, I had no conception of its extensive influence in the country, or the strong position it had taken up. From henceforth I shall regard the Cymreigyddion with additional pride and admiration, and shall consider it a positive duty to increase my own exertions in forwarding its views, and to endeavour, as far as my sphere of influence extends, to awaken similar sentiments in my own countrymen, persuaded that such a powerful engine of national good has not been placed in our hands to be treated with neglect.

As respects the foreign transactions of the Society, it will be sufficient to remark that it has already acquired that which is so much coveted, but so difficult to obtain,—a European reputation. On the continent, men of talent and literary eminence have come forward to compete for its prizes; and by their labours contributed not only to the illustration of Celtic literature, but also to the general advancement of philological knowledge. One of these writers, in tracing the progress of the ancient legends of Wales through Germany and Scandinavia, has completed that portion of literary survey, and opened a new field of investigation in that department of philosophical inquiry, which is, perhaps, of all others the most interesting, and that is, the development of European intellect on its first awakening, after its heavy sleep during the long night of the dark ages. This work of the learned Schulz has supplied a link which

was long wanting in the chain of literary connection; and if the Cymreigyddion had no other testimonial to produce, this alone would entitle it to the respect of every one capable of forming a right estimate of the subject.

Another distinguished foreigner, whose attention has been directed towards the objects of the Society, is the able and learned Dr. Meyer, who, in the pursuit of his investigations upon one of its subjects, has, by his extraordinary knowledge of languages, and his powers of research and analytical reasoning, succeeded in placing the Celtic in its true position amongst the Indo-European tongues, and producing a work, without which the studies of the philologist will henceforth be incomplete, and his conclusions unsatisfactory. Thus it appears that in the prosecution of its objects, in addition to its domestic influence, the Society has acquired a continental reputation, its name has extended itself to distant countries, and the proceedings of the approaching Eisteddfod will be read with interest in various nations, and in different languages; affording, in my opinion, decisive evidence that the Society is not exactly in that state of imbecility which has been represented.

Such is the nature of the Society's objects and its transactions: and I appeal to every dispassionate observer to say, whether there is here anything to call for the bursts of anger which have been witnessed amongst its opponents, or the violence of invective and abuse which has been directed against it. And as a member of the Society, and proceeding as we have done, without intentionally causing offence to any, I cannot but look upon it in the light of a hardship, that we should thus be subjected to these repeated attacks, as unprovoked by us as they are unworthy of our assailants.

I remain, &c.

T. Price.

Cwmdû, Sept. 23rd, 1845."

"To the Editor of the Monmouthshire Merlin.

Sir,

From what has appeared in the last 'Merlin,' I am led to think that you have come to a determination to bring the Cymreigyddion discussion to a speedy close; but should

you, previous to clearing the arena, think proper to give insertion to my letter of last week, I shall also feel obliged by your allowing the present communication to appear.

In the last 'Merlin,' I find two letters addressed to me, both of which I wish to acknowledge. With regard to that from the 'Gentleman of the Principality,' I beg to say that I thank him for the very complimentary and flattering manner in which he has expressed himself towards me, and to assure him that I have never harboured an idea of attributing to him any intention of personality, his valedictory address notwithstanding. And, indeed, when I reflect that I am the only person who has ventured into this reckless *melée*, unharnessed and unmasked, where so many mailed and vizored combatants are doing fierce battle around, I think I ought, upon the whole, to consider myself not ungenerously dealt with.

But before concluding, I would wish to say that your correspondent, together with his coadjutor 'Cattwg,' (whose complimentary expressions towards myself, individually, I also beg to acknowledge,) have in my opinions trained one argument rather beyond its proper bearing, as they both concur in representing my encouragement of the triple harp as the abetting of drunkenness and dissipation; and that, because men have been seen intoxicated whilst listening to the instrument. Now, it appears to me that if this principle is admitted, the grower of barley must also be condemned as the author of drunkenness, because some people are found to drink beer to excess! And allow me to ask your correspondents, Would the potations indulged in on such occasions have been less powerful under the pedal harp? or, if every description of harp were proscribed, would its substitutes, the fiddle and the barrel-organ, furnish any security against excess? If they would, I must abandon my own ground. If the extinction of the Welsh harp would ensure the suppression of drunkenness, vagrancy, idleness, and dissipation, your correspondent may well be ashamed of me, as an encourager of that instrument; but if these vices are equally predominant where its sound is never heard, I cannot bring myself to believe that it is so wholly responsible for the demoralization of the world; or, indeed, that the sound of

the harp has any necessary connection with the growth of evil.

I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

T. Price."

Cwmdû, Sept. 29th, 1845.

In October, 1845, Charles Morgan, Esq., of Ruperra, the appointed president, having been prevented by illness in his family from attending the Abergavenny Eisteddfod, his public duties upon that occasion were ably performed by Sir B. Hall of Llanover. The meetings took place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th, in a new building called the Cymreigyddion Hall. Sardinia, Germany, Denmark, and the Indian continent assisted in furnishing it with guests, and the attendance of the home and adjacent county families was numerous beyond all precedent. The previous controversy had tended to excite public interest and sympathy for the national cause, and consequently to render this Eisteddfod not only a memorial of success but of triumph. Mr. Price spoke eloquently on both days. In the course of the proceedings of Thursday the 16th, David Williams, a Welsh youth, having spoken a few introductory words to Dwarkanauth Tagore, in the Hindostanee language,

"This unexpected circumstance was explained by the Rev. T. Price, who said that their young friend, Mr. David Williams, who had prefaced their address in the ancient language of India, was a native of his own peaceful and secluded valley of Cwmdû, but by one of the strange chances of fortune, he had passed a considerable portion of his life amongst the Himalaya mountains, and was on the field throughout that hard-fought day which added the territory of Scinde to the British crown. Mr. Price concluded by reading the following address to the distinguished foreigner:—

'Illustrious and honoured Dwarkanauth Tagore,—We, the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society, now assembled in the celebration of an ancient national festival, held from immemorial ages, according to the usages of our country, beg to thank you, in our ancient British language, for the

honour of your presence upon this occasion, and to express the gratification we feel in being permitted to communicate to you, in person, those assurances of welcome and respect which, at a former time, circumstances did not admit of our doing.

We had then heard of your many estimable qualities—your patriotism and loyalty—your private benevolence and public liberality—the charities you have dispensed—the schools and colleges you have built and endowed—the protection you have afforded your Indian countrymen—and the hospitality you have always shown to the natives of Britain. All this we had heard, and were prepared to acknowledge, on your intended visit at our former Eisteddfod; and now we can only add, that the years which have since elapsed have but served to increase our admiration, and deepen the feelings of esteem which we have been taught to cherish.

But in addition to these sentiments, which we entertain in common with thousands of our British countrymen, there are others, which at this moment present themselves, of a more peculiar nature, inasmuch as we, the Celtic inhabitants of this island, the descendants of its earliest colonists, and a portion of the most western branch of the great Indo-European race—after a separation of four thousand years—do now behold amongst us a representative of that division of the human family to which were allotted the distant regions of the earth; a race long celebrated for its intellectual cultivation and scientific attainments—a race whose debtors we are for much of our most valuable knowledge—the people of a land where the sun of science had reached its meridian splendour, while its morning rays had scarcely dawned upon the western portion of the globe. And when we see this representative of that great and celebrated people now seated amongst us, and participating in the same patriotic spirit which we ourselves shall always wish to cherish, it brings to us the comforting assurance, that whatever change time and climate may effect, whatever vicissitudes in the course of ages may occur, yet the love of country is indestructible, and the fire of patriotism not to be quenched.

We again thank you for the honour you have done us,

and wish you health and prosperity in the prosecution of all the worthy designs you may have at heart.

Abergavenny, October 15, 1845."

This address was composed, and engrossed upon vellum by Mr. Price, who wrote it also in the Welsh language.

"Ardderchog bendefig, Dwarkanoth Tagôr,

Nyni, Gymreigyddion y Fenni, ymgynnulledig yn nghynhaliad o'n hen wyl wladawl, cynhaleddig o'r cynoesoedd yn ol defodau ein cenedl, ydym yn dymuno diolech i chwi, yn ein hên iaith Gymraeg, am anrhydedd eich cynnrychioldeb ar yr achlysur hwn, ac i fynegu i chwi y dywenydd a deimlwn yn yr adeg a fwynhawn o gael rhoddi i chwi, wyneb yn wyneb, ein serchiadau o wresaw ac o barch, yr hyn ar amser rhagflaenawl ni chaniataent amgylchiadau i ni i'w wneuthur.

Yr oeddydym ar y pryd hwnw gwedi clywaid am eich amrywiol rinweddau—eich gwladgarwch a'ch ffyddlondeb—eich caredigrwydd a'ch haelioni—yr elusenau a weiniasoch—yr ysgolion a'r athrofeydd yr ydych gwedi eu hadeiladu a'u cynnysgaedu a chynhaliaeth—y nawdd yr ydych bob amser gwedi ei estyn tuag at eich cydwladwyr Indiaidd—a'ch lletteugarwch tuag at frodorion Prydain. Hyn oll yr oeddydym gwedi ei glywaid, ac yr oeddydym yn barod idd ei arddel ar eich gofwyad bwriadol i'n Heisteddfod ragflaenol. Ac yn awr ni allwn ond ychwanegu, nad ydynt y blynyddau a gerddasant er yr amser hwn, ond gwedi ychwanegu a dyfnhau y teimladau o barch y rhai yr oeddydym y pryd hwnw yn eu meithrin.

Onid heblaw y syniadau hyn, y rhai a gynhaliwn yn gyffredin gyda miloedd o'n cydwladwyr Brytanaidd, y mae ereill, y rhai ar y pryd yma ydynt yn ymddangos o anianawd mwy neilltuol; gan ein bod nyni, frodorion Celtaidd yr ynys hon, eppil ei phrif drigolion, a dosparth o'r gangen fwyaf orllewinol o'r genedl fawr Indiaidd-Ewropaidd, ar ol ymranriad o bedair mil o flynyddoedd, ydym yn awr yn gweled yn ein plith gynnrychiolwr o'r gyfran hono o'r teulu dynol i ba un y dosparthwyd bellderau y dwyrain,—cenedl gynt yn enwog am gelfyddydau a choleddiad cynheddfol,—cenedl, dyledwyr pa un yr ydym am lawer o'n gwybodaethau

gwerthfawroccaf,—trigolion gwlad ar ba un yr oedd haul celfyddydau gwedi esgyn i entrych awyr cyn bod ei belydr boreuol ond braidd gwedi gwawrio ar y cyrrau gorllewinol hyn o'r ddaear. A phan y canfyddom y cynnrychiolwr yma o'r genedl fawr ac enwog hono yn awr yn ein plith, ac hefyd yn ymgyfrannedig yn yr un yspryd gwladgarol yr hwn yr ydym nyni ein hunain yn ei feithrin, dyga attom y sierhad diddanol, gan ys pa gyfnewidiad bynnag yr effeithir gan rediad amser neu gyfnewidiad awyrnaws; gan ys pa dreigl-iadau amgylchiadol a ddychweiniant, yn rhwysg oesoedd, etto fod gwladgarwch yn anniddymadwy, a'i dân yn llosgi a gwres parhaus.

Yr ydym drachefn yn diolch i chwi am yr anrhydedd o'r cynnrychioldeb, ac yn dymuno i chwi iechyd a llwyddiant yn yr holl weithredoedd clodwiw ag sydd gennych mewn bwriad."

At its conclusion, Dwarkanauth Tagore said:—"Mr. President, ladies, and gentlemen, you will excuse my imperfect reply, when I tell you that I have been taken by surprise, suddenly and unexpectedly. This is the second honour conferred upon me by this Society. On your former festival, although I was not fortunate enough to receive your address personally, yet I received it from my nephew; that address and this day's proceedings will never be forgotten as long as I live, and these two addresses will go to show my descendants that the visit I paid to this country has been well repaid by the honours I receive from this most ancient and learned Society in Wales. It is great presumption in me, ladies and gentlemen, after all the eloquence you have heard, to attempt to address you; if I could express my feelings to you in my own language—in the language in which my young friend addressed me—I might then do some justice to my own feelings; but you will say that my language is certainly foreign to you, and perhaps some of you will now say that the English language is as foreign to you as my own language; but as you have mixed amongst the English very much, perhaps you will understand me if I thus venture to address you; although living at a distance of 12,000 miles from England, it is most difficult for

me to express myself in that language, and impossible for me to do so in the same eloquent way in which the chairman and others have addressed you. However, ladies and gentlemen, for the honour you have done me I beg to thank you, and to assure you, however imperfectly I may express myself, that what I do say comes from my heart. I was not prepared at all for receiving this honour, nor did I know that I should have been called upon to-day, although I should have considered it my duty to have returned you thanks for the honour you paid me on the former occasion. Allow me, before I sit down, to say that I am very much indebted to Lady Hall for this pleasure, for inviting me here to-day, that I might fulfil the promise I was unable to keep on a former occasion. I thank you for the kindness I then received, and which you have repeated this day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think if I try to say more, I cannot sufficiently thank you; English is a language foreign to me, and I am overwhelmed by the flattering expressions contained in the address you have presented to me."

Mr. Price gained the great prize at this Eisteddfod for his "Essay on the comparative merits of the remains of ancient literature in the Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic languages, and their value in elucidating the ancient history and the mental cultivation of the inhabitants of Britain, Ireland, and Gaul." Vide vol. i. p. 113.

CHAPTER XX.

The Established Church in Wales.

“ Things are preserved from destruction by bringing them back to their principles.”

BACON'S “ *Advancement of Learning*,” Book III. Chap. i. Bohn's Ed. p. 117.

No work of man possesses like the works of nature an implanted power of self-renewal. No chemical action solidifies his structures ; no indwelling vital principle assimilates the means of their support. Upon all human fabrics, alike the stately mansion, the formidable castle, and the majestic cathedral, as soon as the builder leaves them, the process of dilapidation begins. The slight and scarcely discernible flaw widens into the gaping chasm, and every passing breeze or falling rain-drop helps to speed the melancholy and spontaneous reaction of decay. It is the same with civil and ecclesiastical institutions as it is with material structures. There must be a continual reference to the fundamental principle, and a watchful rectification of deviating evils as they occur, in order to maintain the integrity and efficacy of existence and action. Where such due care has been neglected, and the essential form and beneficial uses of these institutions have been long perverted, the work of reformation becomes proportionately difficult.

It was said of Abp. Leighton, that “ He looked on the state the Church of England was in with very melancholy reflections ; and was very uneasy at an expression then

much used, that it was the best constituted Church in the world. He thought it was truly so with relation to the doctrine, the worship, and the main part of our government: but as to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts and the pastoral care, he looked on it as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. He thought we looked like a fair carcass of a body without a spirit; without that zeal, that strictness of life, and that laboriousness in the clergy which became us." (Bp. Burnet's "History of His Own Times." Ward's Edition, 1724. Folio. Vol. i. Year 1684. Page 589.) Mr. Price's disinterested and contented mind was naturally indisposed to complain of grievances, and the profound veneration with which he regarded the constitution and ordinances of the Established Church caused him to be as jealous of its honour and reputation as of his own good name. Yet family tradition, personal experience and daily observation, having forced upon him the painful conviction that gross and multifarious corruptions and abuses were deforming, disgracing and ruining that Church in the Principality, the aggrieved and indignant spirit of the patriotic Cymro found utterance at last; and in the year 1844, the following letters, addressed to the editor of the "Sun," recorded Mr. Price's anonymous, but earnest protest against the systematic embodiment of corruptions over which he had long mourned.

I.

THE WELSH CHURCH.

"And the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Such was the closing fact appealed to by the great founder of our faith, in testimony of his divine mission, and the truth of the dispensation he was about to usher in. And this divine characteristic has been from age to age most devoutly preserved by every ecclesiastical body of people down to these last and degenerate days. Even the Church of Rome, in the plenitude of its despotic power, howsoever high its pride or deep its corruption, never once forsook that grand principle of its original formation. Whatever might be its derelictions in other respects, it never neglected th

poor; their temporal wants were attended to in a way that might often shame our so much vaunted Reformation improvements; and as to their spiritual requirements, such as the Church of Rome believed the truth to be, such a Gospel as it acknowledged, it communicated of it to the poor bountifully, assiduously, and with earnestness and good-will; and it was reserved for the Church of England, or rather for that half-withered branch of it, the Church of Wales, openly and without disguise to discard this great principle, and adopt its opposite. For here, were the message of the prophet delivered, the answer would often be, "And the *rich* have the Gospel preached to them." Should any doubt the correctness of this statement, let them at once repair to Wales, and note the conduct of the Church there; for, in many parts of that ill-used country, this is the precise principle acted upon. In one valley alone, in a mineral district, in the diocese of Llandaff, containing a population of 10,000, up to a recent period there was no place of worship belonging to the Established Church for many miles. About five years ago, in consequence of the repeated remonstrances respecting the neglect of the people by the Church, and the numerous dissenting chapels continually springing up, it was determined to make an effort to erect one place of worship belonging to the Establishment. Accordingly a subscription was set on foot, and urgent were the appeals to the benevolent public, and the friends of religion, &c., and loud was the clamour respecting accommodation for the poor, and every hackneyed canting expression known was enlisted on the side of the working classes and the labouring classes, &c.; and in order to insure this accommodation, it was expressly covenanted for, that the service was to be performed alternately in Welsh and English, the former being the language of the great bulk of the people. Under these assurances the amount of some thousand pounds was raised, to which the Church Building Society liberally added another thousand; and thus a Church was erected, capable of holding two thousand people, and every expectation held out that the shepherdless sheep on the mountains should at last be securely folded. And so they were for some time, and, no doubt, would have continued, had the original contract been

honestly observed, in which it was stipulated that the Welsh service should be regularly performed every Sunday alternately with the English. But this order was soon laid aside; and as the iron-masters and their families were English, the Welsh service was often entirely dropped, or else partially performed, and that generally only once a fortnight, so that the Welsh people gradually deserted the Church; and now, where it was intended that two thousand should assemble in worship, it is a rare occurrence to find two hundred, exclusive of the school children; and the communion service is never performed at all in Welsh.

Are the Welsh, then, an irreligious race? Quite the reverse, when they have their religious services performed in their native language. And, as a proof, there are within almost a stone's throw of this very Church, no less than eight dissenting chapels, in which the Welsh is the language of the ministry, with service in each twice at least every Sunday, and oftentimes on other days of the week as well. In one of these chapels alone the average attendance exceeds a thousand, and the communicants amount to five hundred. And what does the Bishop say to all this? Nothing. He probably knows nothing about it. How should he? And if he did, he would only say that the Welsh are obstinate, and must not be indulged with Welsh prayers,—once in three weeks will do for a Welshman, or once a month.

Is it to be wondered at that the sheep are scattered with such shepherds? No: but the wonder will be if they are ever recalled; and it is well the world should know how these matters are managed by the Anglo-Welsh Bishops, who fatten on the dioceses of the aboriginal Britons. We are prepared with more facts hereafter of each, one and all of them, which shall be made known, if they cannot be altered.

II.

“Not that he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.”

O Judas, Judas! how numerous are thy disciples, how flourishing thy school! Thou wast but one in twelve, but thou didst soon outstrip thy fellows. Thy professed prin-

ciples, how exalted, pure and disinterested ! Might not this be given to the poor ? O ye poor, ye poor ! How often are your wretched heads made the stepping-stones for the feet of avarice and pride to pass over to the objects of their cupidity and ambition. How many benefactions have been dedicated to you, inheritances bequeathed to you, commons inclosed for you, laws enacted for your advantage ; and yet have all left your miserable heads only enough above water for some other canting philanthropist to step over towards the real object of his pursuit ! Yea, even churches have been built in your name, and for your sole accommodation ; and you have been thrust into their damp and mildewed corners, to kneel out your devotions on the cold granite pavement, and strain your ears to catch an occasional word from the far distant minister, whilst others possess the inner retreats of the sanctuary, chambered and curtained, and pillowed and footstooled, in all the luxury of the drawing-room and boudoir !

But if we would wish to view this ecclesiastical mockery of the poor in all the offensiveness of its most contemptuous scorn, we have nothing to do but to cross the Severn into the Principality of Wales, and there our curiosity will soon be gratified ; and that not merely in an occasional instance but in a regular and systematic course of proceedings. For here we shall see the poor, not only driven to the corner, but actually spurned from the Lord's table !

The first portion of the Principality we light on is the diocese of Llandaff. Here, throughout extensive districts, the Welsh is the language of the peasantry, and consequently that of the working classes, and of the poor ; but it happens that from the attractions of the country, or from commercial speculation, in many of the parishes English families have taken up their residence, and in these parishes the Welsh service has invariably been more or less dropped, and the English substituted in its stead, solely for the accommodation of a few more wealthy individuals, whilst the bulk of the people are deprived of the privilege of hearing the word of God in their native tongue.

But this is not all. In most of these parishes the Welsh service is partly continued, as it would be too barefaced even

for the present race of clergy to discontinue it altogether ; but in a vast proportion of them, the communion service is never performed in the Welsh language, but invariably in English ; and on these occasions the Welsh portion of the communicants are obliged to content themselves with having merely the few short sentences accompanying the delivery of the bread and wine repeated in their native language, whilst the whole of the rest of this great and important service is performed in English, for the accommodation of those whose gayer apparel proclaims their having come from some more fashionable part of the kingdom.

Is not this the homage to the ‘gold ring,’ mentioned by the apostle ? The very fact of delivering the consecrated elements to some of the congregation, with the sentences in Welsh, is a proof of that being the language they best understand, and yet they are to be deprived of all the rest of the service, the confession, the prayer, and the blessing. And all this is done in scores of instances under the very eyes of the Bishop ; the people, treated like serfs, spurned from the Lord’s table, as beings of an inferior order, to make room for “the man with the gold ring.” Is it a wonder that, under such treatment, the people hate our Bishops, that they curse our hierarchy, and revile our Church ; call her Babylon, and cry, “Down with her ?” Surely Rome herself, if she be the spiritual Babylon, was never guilty of such an abomination as this. But though small consolation, it is yet a certain fact, that if evil does not work out its own cure, it brings with it the punishment of its authors, for finding themselves thus treated in the parish Churches, the people, naturally sensitive and discriminating, and also deeply imbued with religious feelings, have left those scenes of slight to themselves, and of insult to their religion, and have sought other communions, where they can hear the word of God in their own language ; and where, if they find less orthodoxy, they find more charity ; where, if the mysterious symbols of the great Atonement are not distributed under the sanction of the mitre and the cassock, they are at least received in the confident assurance of a charitable spirit, and of the existence of sympathy, Christian communion, and brotherly kindness. These are spiritual comforts which the

Church of England, or rather, as before intimated, that rotten branch of it, the Church of Wales, often withholds from the great bulk of the people; and the people are their own avengers, for in the diocese of Llandaff, there are parishes containing twenty thousand Dissenters, with not five hundred Churchmen !

III.

“ We do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.”

What a glorious opening scene, and how gloriously continued on ! “ Their sound is gone out into all lands.” “ There is neither speech nor language but their voices are heard among them.” Even the distant isolated Briton rejoiced in the heavenly privilege, and his descendants have enjoyed it to the present day. But, alas ! here we are forced to stop. A change has come over their fortunes ; and when those Britons now stand forward to hear the joyful tidings in their tongue wherein they were born, they meet with an unqualified refusal. “ No,” says the Church of England, “ you shall hear no such things unless you learn English.”

A short time ago we adverted to the practice in the diocese of Llandaff, of denying the communion service to the poor in their native tongue, and the many other unchristian practices concurrent with that ; and as such practices must be too notorious to escape public animadversion, it may be asked why the aggrieved parties do not remonstrate and memorialize the Bishop on the subject. Memorialize the Bishop ! Why, he has been memorialized, expostulated with, entreated, implored, supplicated upon the subject. And what is said on the part of the Bishop ? Why, that he is “ pastor parvorum,” and not “ pastor populi ;” and with these scraps of Latin the matter is dismissed. The Bishop does his work by deputy, and the people remain as they were. Deputyism and sinecurism are the vital air of the Church of England. They are the oxygen and hydrogen of its constant respiration, only that to this combination is added another ingredient of no less general diffusion, and that is nepotism. This is the laughing gas of the Establish-

ment. It was this principle that operated so efficaciously in the recent arrangements in the parish of Mamhilad, and produced the usual fruits there. In this parish the people were accustomed to hear the service of the Church in their native Welsh language; but about the beginning of the present year the Welsh clergyman having left, it was contrived that through the exercise of some little reciprocities between influential persons in this diocese, and others on the English side of the Severn, without in the least consulting the convenience of the parishioners, an English clergyman was placed here totally ignorant of the Welsh language, and who, of course, withheld from them their customary service. Upon this the parishioners determined upon addressing the Bishop, and accordingly a petition was drawn up to the following effect, and delivered to the Bishop:

“To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Llandaff:

We, the undersigned inhabitants of the parish of Mamhilad, in the county of Monmouth, and diocese of Llandaff, humbly beg permission to state to your Lordship, &c.”

And here they proceed to say that they had been accustomed to have the service of their parish Church performed in their native Welsh language, and that the congregation was often very considerable; but that in consequence of the change alluded to, it was continually diminishing, and was then reduced to seven individuals; and then they added that if such practice was persisted in, they had no alternative but to absent themselves altogether from their parish Church, and seek some other place of worship, where they could hear the word of God in their native tongue; and concluding with a prayer that the Bishop would redress their grievances.

Would it not be natural to suppose that such an appeal would be immediately attended to? But no! The “pastor pastorum” had nothing to do with this vox populi. Week after week passed away, and nothing was done; and the last we heard of Mamhilad was, that the seven tenacious churchmen had at last dwindled into five! Whether those five have followed their neighbours, we know not; but this

we are assured of, that there is a dissenting chapel to be erected in or near that parish, to which a popular and eloquent Welsh preacher will be appointed; and the swarm which has left the old hive will be better housed, and if not more wholesomely, at least more bountifully fed.

But one other fact, not less characteristic of the system, is that this same English clergyman has been also placed as minister to the new Church in the adjacent iron works, in the midst of a Welsh speaking population, under the patronage of the Pastoral Aid Society! Little do the contributors to that charity suspect how their money is applied.

It may be asked, Where will all this end? We do not possess the faculty of second sight, but with such active causes before us, we will venture to predict a few effects, and in so doing we shall announce a few facts, probably new in certain quarters. There is even now a decree gone forth from the vatican, that will ere long visit this nefarious system with the retribution it so righteously deserves: for there are at this moment preparing for the ministry in a Roman Catholic seminary, a number of young Welshmen, well acquainted with the language, talented, eloquent men, devoted to their creed, who, as soon as arrangements are complete, will be sent out into the Principality as missionaries and parish priests; and what is more, there is actually a Welsh Catholic Bishop consecrated for Wales; yea! and he will fix his residence in the ancient see of Llanđaff; yea, his palace and cathedral are already planned out, and that, too, in a style of magnificence worthy of the importance of his charge, where, surrounded by his suffragans and coadjutors, he will complete the organization which his church is so competent to design.

The church of Rome was once expelled by the Church of England for not ministering in a language understood by the people. Three hundred years of exile have taught her wisdom. We shall see her engage her rival with the same weapons, and most probably not without effect. "See," she will say to the injured and insulted people of Wales, pointing to the Church of England, "See now that false, heartless step-mother of yours, famishes your souls and mocks your cries. Come ye to me, and be ye comforted and fed."

And when this takes place, who is to enter into battle in defence of the Protestant faith? Is it the crippled, crutched, and dotaged Church of England? Will she resist the march of mighty Rome when she comes forth in the vigour of her renovated youth? Is it the fashion-ridden Anglicized clergy of the Establishment, who preach to bare walls, that will direct the popular feeling, and stay the progress of the enemy? No; if the encroachment is to be resisted at all, it is not by the Church of England that it will be done, but by her deadly enemies the dissenters. And in that conflict, if the dissenters are defeated, the Church of England is gone; but if the dissenters prevail, that very success will establish their own supremacy, and be equally fatal to the Church. So, this is our prediction!

IV.

“Put me, I pray thee, into one of the priests’ offices, that I may eat a piece of bread.”

However, in these days of degeneracy, we may lament the decline of zeal in the ministrations of the ordered priest, we must at least acknowledge that it has lost none of its pristine ardour in the aspirations of the candidate for that holy office. The “piece of silver” and the “morsel of bread” still exercise their influence in all its native freshness and vigour. Nor are these cravings of the aspirant permitted to remain unallayed. The importunity of the seeker awakens the sympathy of the bestower of office in a manner truly exemplary; both exert themselves with the most laudable emulation to carry into effect the principles upon which they are confederated.

But if we would see this system in its full and perfect organization, we must step over into Wales, and look at the practice of the Welsh Church; and there we shall find the “piece of silver” and the “morsel of bread” stand out as prominently as if they formed the subject of one of the queries in the ordination service, and some essential qualification were connected with their presence. In that unhappy country we find this pernicious system as regularly maintained as if some dire fatality rested on the land; for there

we shall find prelates and patrons, candidates and examiners, exerting themselves to carry out this baneful principle with the infatuation of men doomed to fulfil a curse.

We have already pointed to the custom in the Welsh Church of denying to the people the service in their native tongue, and thereby excluding them from the communion, and ultimately driving them to the dissenting chapels. We will now advert to a concurrent practice, a branch of the same cankered trunk, of admitting into orders, and instituting to livings, men unqualified for their office, through an utter ignorance of the language of the people whom they undertake to instruct. That an abuse so enormous should be suffered to exist is absolutely incredible, except upon positive and ocular testimony; but, unhappily, in Wales, such testimony thrusts itself upon our notice, in whatever direction we move. For the last century the Welsh Bishops have none of them been natives of the Principality, and, of course, true to the system of nepotism by which they themselves were placed in their respective stations, they never failed to bestow upon their unqualified English relatives and friends such livings and dignities as fell to their gift, and were worth accepting; and where private advowsons existed, the same system of presentation obtained; the bishop, of course, extending towards other patrons a liberal indulgence, and refraining from too rigid an inquiry into qualifications. By such practices, the Welsh Churches became to a great extent occupied by men unacquainted with the language of the country; the poorer benefices alone escaping the corrupting influence. In the course of time, the effects of this system began to show themselves in the rise of dissent; and the inhabitants of the Principality, from being a strict and constant Church-going people, became a race of determined and inveterate dissenters. Doubtless, it was no trifling sense of injury that could compel a people, so attached to ancient customs as the Welsh, to forsake the hereditary habits of their country, and abandon those places of worship to which they had resorted in their youth, and where the graves of their forefathers lay. But such was the violence done to their feelings by the unprincipled and oppressive proceedings of those ecclesiastical traffickers who were sent amongst

them, that the strong bands of early attachment, and even of religious association, were rent asunder, and the people of Wales are at this moment a nation of dissenters, becoming every day more and more exasperated against that Church out of whose communion they were driven.

However, at length these evils began to assume an aspect so threatening, that it was determined that persons appointed to Welsh parishes should be acquainted with the Welsh language, and that all candidates should undergo an examination in that language. The effect of this was that every man who had any prospect of a Welsh curacy, or a Welsh living, applied himself with all his energies to the acquiring of the language, promising himself to be able in the few months allowed him, to master a new and difficult language, whose idioms and pronunciation were, previous to that time, totally unknown to him. And now we find another striking feature present itself to our view: the Bishops are, but with one single exception, all of them utterly and hopelessly ignorant of the language, and, therefore, the examination is entrusted to a deputy. How that duty is performed will not be asked, when we state that of the multitudes of candidates of all ages and capacities who, after four or five months' study, have offered themselves for examination, not one has ever been rejected. Men are often plucked, in a Latin examination, after a course of study of ten or fifteen years; but a man acquires Welsh in half as many months! aye, and is entrusted with the communication, through that language, of the great mysteries of salvation. He is, thus scantily provisioned, sent forth to instruct the ignorant, to combat error, to dispute with the fluent dissenter, and, in a word, to fill an office in which, of all others, a knowledge of language and a command of idiom and phraseology are indispensable. Well then, the newly-appointed minister commences his labours. His first essay excites derision; his next creates disgust; his third or fourth begins to empty his church; and before his half-dozen is finished, preparations are making for erecting a new dissenting chapel in his parish. And how can we expect that it should be otherwise? The Welsh are, of all people on earth, the least likely to be satisfied with mediocrity in the addresses

they hear from the pulpit. They are accustomed to a style of oratory of the most stirring character. When the London reporters visited the Principality during the late disturbances, though by no means disposed to speak favourably of the Welsh, yet in this respect they were constrained to acknowledge a degree of excellence of no ordinary occurrence. After having attended the public meetings on the mountains, and the religious assemblies in the chapels, and listened to the various speakers addressing the people in their native language, and thus feeling themselves competent to form a correct opinion on the subject, these men have told us distinctly, that they have heard the most eloquent and distinguished speakers in Britain, in the Church, the senate, and at the bar, and yet for action, delivery, fluency of language, and effect upon the hearers, they never saw a real orator till they came amongst what they designate as "the inspired peasantry of Wales." And it is to this people that the English Bishops of Wales send men to preach, who, till within a few months of undertaking that office, have never pronounced one word of the language! When, therefore, the people contrast the freedom of utterance of their native preachers, with the stammering, hesitating, and blundering of their new preceptors, and the manner in which the latter endeavour to squeeze the bold and masculine intonations of the ancient British language into the slender, wire-drawn accents of modern tea-table English, is it to be wondered at that they turn away with contempt and disgust, and seek some other instructors? But what cares the new incumbent for all this? He has got his "piece of silver" and "morsel of bread." What cares the patron? He has provided for his friend. What cares the Bishop? He looks forward to be translated to a more lucrative see.

CHAPTER XXI.

Essay on the Geographical Progress of Empire and Civilization; the Commission of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales, &c. &c.

1845—1848.

“What is our business here? The known end why we are placed in a state of so much affliction, hazard and difficulty, is our improvement in virtue and piety, as the requisite qualification for a future state of security and happiness.”

BISHOP BUTLER'S "Analogy." Part I. Chap. 5.

PYTHAGORAS, whose symbols accorded wonderfully with those of the druid sages, divided the life of man into four periods; a spring of twenty years, a summer of twenty years, an autumn of twenty years, and a winter of twenty years. The third season was now closing upon Thomas Price, and beyond it Providence reserved for him only one short year of nominal old age. In 1846, he experienced several attacks of erysipelas, and his general health perceptibly declined; yet still, struggling against all obstacles, he contrived to continue his interesting communications to the literary periodicals of the Cymry.

Mr. Frank Howard, the historical painter, doubtless received a full and satisfactory answer to the subjoined appli-

cation. He is since dead, and its results are unknown to the author of the present volume.

Decoration of the new Houses of Parliament.

“Tudor Lodge, Albert Street,
Mornington Crescent, Feb. 23, 1847.

Sir,

I trust you will excuse my troubling you upon a point of the history of Wales, with which I understand you are the most fully acquainted. The surprise of Cardiff castle by Ifor Bach, and the treaty signed on that occasion by Robert Fitzhamon, has been suggested to me as furnishing a fine subject for a large historical picture, suitable to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, being in fact the cession of South Wales by treaty, an important fact generally over-looked.

I find the invitation to Fitzhamon to settle in Morganwe, mentioned with all necessary details in Caradoc; but I have not been able to obtain any authority for the surprise of Cardiff castle, and the achievement of Ifor Bach; can you oblige me with any reference, or information on the subject? Apologising for the trouble I am giving,

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

Frank Howard.

The Rev. Thomas Price, &c. &c.”

An essay written by Mr. Price, “On the Geographical Progress of Empire and Civilization,” was translated for him into German, and first printed in the “Augsburg Gazette” of September 23, 1844. It subsequently appeared in its native English, in the “Athenæum” of December 14, 1844. In July, 1846, Mr. Price wrote, and retained among his papers, a very elaborate enlargement of the original essay, accompanied by coloured maps and diagrams executed by his own hand with admirable skill and neatness. In the month of January, 1847, Mr. Price re-wrote the whole, and in the following May he produced from the curtailed combination of the third and fourth MSS. a fifth version, which he published early in June. It was the

purpose of the work to demonstrate, that the predominance of nations proceeds from an electric influence, tending geographically in a north-western direction, and that the rate of progress corresponds upon an average with the retrocession of the equinoxes, though subject to certain periodical retardations and accelerations, and to various undulations and oscillations.

More than a hundred years ago, Bishop Berkeley, alluding to a received opinion, said :

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

It is remarkable that Mr. Price should no where have mentioned or alluded to the source from whence the leading idea thus developed was obviously derived. Perhaps he shrank from the reproach of superstition. Perhaps the idea had become so familiarly associated with his own reflections upon it, that its origin was absolutely forgotten. However that might be, the very first paragraph of this ingenious essay could not fail to recall to the student of British history the druidical declaration that the course of empire is westward. Tacitus relates, that after the destruction of the capitol of Rome :

“ The Druids, in their wild enthusiasm sung, their oracular songs ; in which they taught that when Rome was formerly sacked by the Gauls, the mansion of Jupiter being left entire, the commonwealth survived that dreadful shock ; but the calamity of fire which had lately happened, was a denunciation from Heaven, in consequence of which power and dominion were to circulate round the world, and the nations on their side of the Alps were in their turn to become masters of the world.” (Murphy’s Translation. The History. Book iv. c. lv.)

To the contemplative philosopher, who regards with calm and distant view the ardent neophytes of science, exempt from the monopolizing toil and eager pursuit in which their energies are absorbed, possibilities so various and so wide

become apparent, that while encompassed by all the great acquisitions of physical science, which practical labour has won for the world in recent times, his fancy soars to seek the yet undiscovered and untraversed regions of the vast unknown. His sense of creation's immensity, and of the metaphysical wonders of unsearchable thought therein betokened, reacts in a sense of ignorance so overwhelming, that with the simplicity of a rustic or of a child, he is ready to believe anything, that may rightly consist with unshaken faith in Omnipotent and Omnipresent Goodness.

This pamphlet was reviewed at considerable length, and with much candour and ability, in number 1042 of the "Athenæum," October 16, 1847. Of Mr. Price's essay, it is only necessary here to remark, that the collection of instances from historical facts is partially made, and consequently does not serve to establish the propounded theory. Yet to be capable of forming that eccentric theory, and of adducing those ineffective facts, must imply degrees of intellectual vigour and industry, well entitled to the respectful consideration of many, whose only exhibition of discriminating sense appears in scornful perception of the errors of genius.

In the eighteenth chapter of Guyot's "Earth and Man," (Parker, 1852,) entitled, "The Geographical March of Civilization," may be found a very ingenious and eloquent exposition of a more recent theory, accordant in the main with the views given in this essay. M. Guyot's remarks in previous passages of the same work concerning the "Geographical Distribution of Man," harmonize generally so well with Mr. Price's views on the subject of physiology, that it is much to be regretted the two authors should have wanted opportunities for the reciprocal interchange of thought.

Meanwhile Carnhuanawc's philosophical speculations did not hinder his mechanical ingenuity, or render him negligent in doing kindnesses.

Through Mr. Price's whole life he delighted much in change of occupation, employing himself by turns and as occasions offered in many very different ways both mental and manual; yet although his habits were desultory, his

tastes were permanent; and the pursuits which had engaged his attention in early life, never afterwards lost their charm for him. One or another might for a time drop out of use, but each and all revived again with the recurring opportunities of exercise. Having once undertaken a commission to procure a harp for a person residing at some distance, he as usual, devoted his attentive ingenuity and manual labour to insure the utmost possible excellence for the instrument. After its delivery, he was consequently chagrined to find that its style of ornament had met with censure and ridicule. His own pen has left the following vindication of the work :

“Cwmdû, near Crickhowel, Jan. 29, 1847.

Immediately on receiving your note in November last, I went to the harp-maker, Mr. Jones of Abergavenny, and communicated to him your instructions respecting the forwarding of the harp, and I am happy to find that it has arrived safe at Tenby. But it has given me no little concern to hear that some part of the ornamental work has met with great disapprobation, and that the ‘lion rampant’ has been pronounced ‘a failure.’ And as I myself had modelled that figure with my own hands from an ancient copy, and had it carved in the wood under my own superintendence. I felt by no means comfortable under this sentence, and immediately sent off the wax model to Sir Samuel Meyrick, stating the severe censure which had been passed on the carving, and requesting his opinion on the subject, and Sir Samuel, without loss of time, favoured me with an answer, dated the 26th instant, from which the following is copied.

‘Any one who is really acquainted with heraldry knows that the form of the heraldic lion is by no means that of the real animal, and as you had to represent a crest, of course you had to make it heraldic. In my opinion, it could not have been better done.’

As regards myself, my long acquaintance with antiquarian subjects, and the practice I had had in copying, and designing heraldic figures, had given me a degree of confidence in my own judgment, such as at least to cause me to feel secure against any charge of failure in so simple a design, and of undertaking what I was not competent to execute.

However, as that charge has been so distinctly made, I hope you will allow me, in my own vindication, to oppose to it this opinion of Sir Samuel Meyrick, the first authority living, as I believe you will find universally admitted.

With respect to the price of the harp, £20, though it may appear a large sum, yet having watched the progress of the work, I beg to assure you, that I do not believe that Mr. Jones can have much, if any, profit by it at all. At least, this I know, that the Cymreigyddion have frequently paid upwards of that sum for harps which could not have taken up anything like the time and labour bestowed upon this.

I remain, &c.

T. Price."

In the same year, he gratified his taste with the unwonted and expensive indulgence of a trinket. It was a bloodstone seal, plainly set in gold, and finely engraved by a London artist from a delicately minute drawing made by himself of a Welsh triple harp, with "Old Parry's curve," encompassed by the motto, "Iaith enaid ar ei thannau," (The language of the soul is on its strings.) To enable him to enjoy this petty possession free from the internal reproach of selfishness, it was necessary, however, that he should at the very same time procure an onyx signet ring bearing a similar, though still smaller harp, with the motto "Cynwedd Cymru," as a present for a person to whom he felt obliged.

As an executor to the will of Miss Williams of Cwmdû, which contained a bequest to the Welsh Charity School in London, Mr. Price was, in the year 1847, elected a life-governor of that Institution. In November of the same year, in compliance with an official request, he accepted the office of local secretary to the Cambrian Archæological Association. On the foundation of the Llandoverly Institution in 1847, Mr. Price was appointed one of its trustees. The objects contemplated by the excellent founder were well understood and clearly defined by Mr. Price, whose thorough acquaintance with the character, condition and requirements of the Welsh people, enabled him decidedly to point out the most effectual plan for their benefit. The only letter from Mr. Phillips preserved among his papers is the following :

“ 5 Brunswick Square, 6th Sepr. 1847.

My dear Sir,

Your welcome letter reached me early this morning, and age is not very active in writing. I lose no time in saying, that Richard Williams shall have a place in the school at Llandovery, to which I hope he will carry a little Welsh, as that is to be the colloquial language of the school; his being born in India, of Welsh parents, is rather a recommendation. I am glad to find that my efforts to improve the Welsh meet the decided approbation of one so well spoken of by all as Mr. Price. Believe me,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

The Rev. T. Price, Cwmdû.

T. Phillips.”

Mr. Price never spoke evil of any one, nor represented any person's conduct or character in terms which bore the slightest indication of ill-will or unkindness. He was an innate and habitual philanthropist, universal good-will irradiated his aspect, modulated his voice, and pervaded him as an inseparable attribute of his being. No harsh or unkind judgment was ever delivered in his hearing, which he did not immediately endeavour either to contradict or to qualify. Like every other sensitive human being, he experienced the attraction of sympathy and the repulsion of antipathy. Arrogant contempt could excite his resentment, and expressions of scorn or acts of injury against his personal friends or his fellow-countrymen, never failed to arouse in him the strongest and sternest indignation of which his noble nature was capable; yet his displeasure, in whatever way enkindled, had always more of grief than anger in it.

In the month of October, 1846, a note from an old friend and former neighbour, introduced to his favourable notice Mr. Symons, one of the three Commissioners, appointed by the Committee of Council, to inquire into the state of education in Wales, or rather into “the means afforded to the labouring classes of obtaining a knowledge of the English language.” This was followed, January 2, 1847, by a circular letter from the Commissioner himself, who, accordingly visited the Church school of Llanfihangel Cwmdû on

the 11th of the same month. In the published Reports presented to Parliament by command of her Majesty, folio edition, part II. p. 137, appeared an account of this school, authenticated by the initial letters of the examining Commissioner's name. At p. 17 of the same book, Mr. Symons, alluding generally to the endowed schools of the district, remarks: "Those which do exist are usually abused, and in no case properly superintended." He then specifies Ystrad Meurig, Presteign, Whitton, Old Radnor, Cwm Toyddwr and Llandegli, in Radnorshire; Llanfihangel Cwmdû, Llanbedr, and Christ's College, in Brecknockshire, as appearing to him "especially to need reform and active supervision."—"There are," he adds, "trustees or visitors in most of these cases who appear to be negligent of their duties."

In a note to p. 66 of his Report, the same Commissioner, after a contemptuous notice of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, says: "One of its distinguished members has written a History of Wales, but couched in such antique phraseology that its sale, it is said, has never repaid the expense of printing it." These passages, like all others tending to the depreciation and reproach of the Welsh people, passed rapidly through all the daily and weekly newspapers of London, and of all the provinces in the United Kingdom; and Mr. Price's attention having been called to the personal blame involved in the remarks thus blazoned forth, addressed the following letter

"To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—My attention has been directed to the Education Reports which have lately appeared in the 'Times,'—in one of which, that of South Wales, by Mr. Symons, I find my name brought forward in connection with certain allegations, the truth of which I feel called upon most distinctly to deny.

In speaking of the parish school under my superintendance, Mr. Symons says, the children read 'with difficulty.' In this I decidedly differ from Mr. Symons, as, according to my judgment, they read with fluency and without difficulty.

Mr. Symons then gives instances of the extreme ignorance of the children with regard to questions he put to them,

especially as to the meaning of miracles. I will admit that the children appeared ignorant enough, and dull enough; but had Mr. Symons given a more complete report of the examination, instead of the present exclusive and partial statement, the ignorance of the children would not have appeared so singular as he has represented. For when Mr. Symons had put the question, 'What is a miracle?' and found that none of the children could answer it, he commenced a lecture upon their ignorance in a strain of severity which I considered not only out of his province as a Commissioner, but rather more harsh than the case required; and I observed that I was not sure that I could answer that question myself. I then made an attempt, and said something about 'violating the laws of nature.' But, being conscious it was not the proper answer, I asked Mr. Symons how he would explain it. He was silent for some time, and then, with much hesitation, and in an under tone, he answered, 'Yes,' and repeated my words, 'violating the laws of nature;' which, after all, was not the right definition. So that the question was not answered at all, either by the children, or by me, or by Mr. Symons himself. Now, I ask, is this a case to justify so prominent a charge of ignorance as that which appears in the report?

Whether it is on account of this alleged ignorance, or from the non-adoption of some model system patronized by Mr. Symons, I know not, but he most decidedly charges me with abusing the charity. This is a very serious accusation, and demands further notice. About fifteen years ago an unendowed school was opened in this parish, and a gentleman residing on the spot was so satisfied with the school, that he left a bequest towards its support. From that time to the present, the school has been conducted by the same master, on the same plan, and precisely in the same manner; and for twelve years a relative of the founder, also residing on the spot, had daily opportunities of witnessing the proceedings of the school; and that relative, who died not six months ago, left another benefaction towards its aid. Now, I will ask again, Where is the abuse? Had the founder anticipated any alteration in the plan, he would not have left the first legacy; and had his relative seen any such alter-

ation, we should certainly not have received the second bequest. I trust the founding of the school, and its being for so many years conducted to the satisfaction of the founder and his relative, will afford a sufficient refutation of Mr. Symons's charge of abusing the charity. Would it not have been more in accordance with justice, had Mr. Symons made himself acquainted with these facts before he subjected me to so serious a charge?

Whether it is that the mere accidental miracle scene above mentioned was construed by Mr. Symons into a premeditated rebuke, and excited a desire of retaliation, I cannot say, but he follows me in a spirit so like that of vindictiveness, that I cannot account for his conduct on any other ground. He takes up a work in the Welsh language, which I published several years ago, totally unconnected with the subject of the Reports, and criticizes it with a degree of severity, that if the effect corresponded with the intention, must inflict upon me positive pecuniary loss; and in order fully to mark the utter worthlessness of the production, he says, 'the sale never paid the expense of printing.' This assertion, I am happy in being able to place amongst the other untruths of which I have to complain; and I have the further gratification of saying, that of the 2,000 copies which were printed, almost the whole were bought by the labouring classes,—a description of people who Mr. Symons would have us believe are scarcely able to read at all.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
T. Price.

Llanfihangel-Cwmdû, Feb. 7, 1848."

Satisfied with the zealous and able refutations offered by his compatriots to the national calumniators, and trusting to the effects of truth well told and of enlightening time, Mr. Price contented himself with this personal vindication. His energies were too much depressed by feeble health, and his feelings too much aggrieved by his country's disparagement, to allow of his entering upon the wider field of defensive warfare, and encountering the toils and agitations of controversial strife.

In "A Letter to the Lord President of the Committee of

Council, on the Report on Education in Wales," dated "Brecknock, April 19th, 1848," Mr. Symons, after some attempts to palliate the severity of his former representations, adds; (pp. 21—2.) "Notwithstanding this, I must in justice admit, that the conduct of those who resent our Reports as a one-sided portrait of Wales is not without some excuse. Perhaps for every one person who forms his judgment of the Reports from his comprehensive knowledge of their contents, there are ten who derive it from the extracts which have been given in the newspapers. Now a very undue proportion of these selections have (sic) been made from the dark side of the picture; and I admit that the second hand impression thus conveyed does great injustice to the Welsh character, whilst it has materially tended to prejudice the Reports. For such perversions we are not answerable. It has been said by one of our assailants that our Reports contain the materials of a highly favourable view of the Welsh people. This is the strongest evidence of the fairness of our design and the catholic character of the portrait. By picking out the bright traits which are to be found in no very scanty measure in our Reports, such a picture has been actually collated by the author of an ingenious pamphlet entitled 'Artegall,'* and which affords a conclusive disproof of the alleged one-sidedness of our Reports by a striking array of the tributes they contain to the merits of Wales and the virtues of the people."

Dr. Arnold has well said, (Vide his Life by Stanley, vol. i. page 324.) "All writings which state the truth must contain things, which taken nakedly and without their balancing truths may serve the purposes of either party, because no party is altogether wrong." Thus did Mr. Symons, wishing to disprove and to extenuate his former exaggerated expressions, find it expedient to seek shelter under those very instances of countervailing good, before unvalued, and left to be drawn forth by the author of "Artegall," from the most obscure cells and corners of the Commissioners' repository, in manifest proof of the partiality and injustice of the moral condemnation passed by their Reports upon the Welsh people.

* Published by Rees, Llandoverly; and by Longmans, London.

CHAPTER XXII.

Various Reminiscences.

“ Beside his oaken garlands lay
Full many a fragrant wreath,
Of trefoil, sweet brier, hawthorn spray,
Gorse, broom and mountain heath ;
From the brook-side the fragrant gale,
And roses from the cottage pale.

Nor wanting were exotics rare
In choicest order set,
Nor garlands loosely woven, where
The wild and cultured met ;
Nor scattered leaves and flowerets lone,
By friendly hands at random thrown.”

MS.

IN accordance with its title the present chapter is appropriated to several contributions, which serve to illustrate Mr. Price's peculiarities of mind and habit, while bearing independent testimony to his worth and talents. No. I. is from the pen of an intimate friend, who says :

“ The writer's first recollection of Mr. Price is at an Eisteddfod at Brecon, about the year 1826, and although they might possibly have met before that period, there was no especial individual impression prior to that time. One of the images stamped on the memory in connection with that occasion, still recurs in the beaming countenance of the learned Archdeacon Payne, absolutely irradiated with joy and gratification, the extreme brilliancy of his light blue

eyes, being particularly remarkable combined with his fine white hair. The enthusiastic delight with which the Archdeacon was gazing at his friend, when the writer of these reminiscences entered the Town Hall, at Brecon, and the expression of benevolent triumph which illuminated his venerable countenance, attracted attention to the speaker of the moment, which attention was immediately riveted by his own striking appearance. The fine features and the clear complexion of Carnhuanawc had then all the advantage that health and animation could give, his large dark brown eyes were at that time undimmed by sickness, his tall and slender figure was upright and elastic, his attitude strikingly graceful, a profusion of waving hair contributed to render the contour of his head spirited and remarkable, he was at that moment in the full tide of national enthusiasm, and electrified his audience with his eloquence, while he seemed to be himself, and to feel himself, the personification of the nation of the Cymry, and really inspired with the best aspirations of the whole noble race to which he belonged, designated by Milton as 'an old and haughty nation proud in arms.' The writer's mind had never before been directed to the wonderful fact of the existence of the living native literature of Wales, and of the proud intellectual pre-eminence of a peasantry, who were the authors, printers, and readers of books in their own language, paid for out of the earnings of their own honest industry; books which contain much information in prose and matter for deep thought, independent of the abundance of poetical compositions, which always forms a large portion of their native literature. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the effect produced upon an eye and ear witness by the unexpected public announcement of this truth, by a man possessing the personal advantages above described; who while he eloquently expatiated on the peculiar talents of his countrymen, threw down on the platform book after book in the Welsh language, smiling with triumph at the surprise depicted in the countenances of many of his hearers in the higher classes, who had evidently never before supposed that the Welsh language existed except on the tongue of the peasantry, and in old manuscripts which they were satisfied in believing would never again see the light of day!

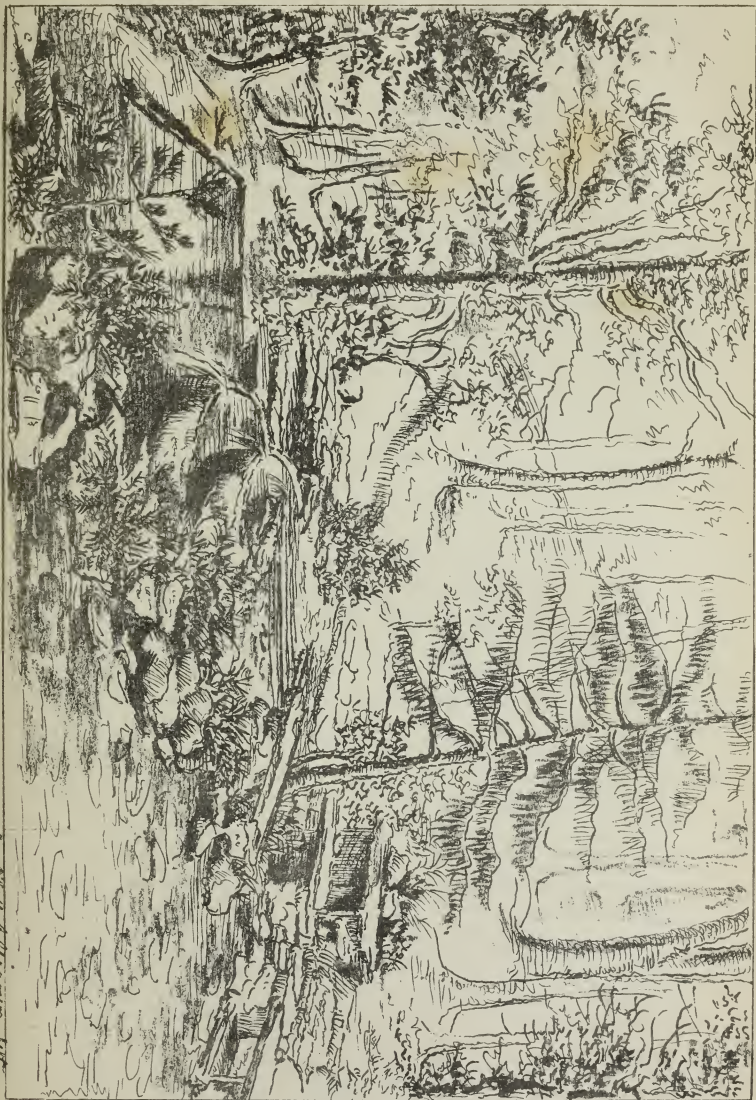
After this period, meetings and communications with Mr. Price became more and more frequent until the time of his death, interrupted only in later years by his own oft-recurring illnesses, which rendered him unable to leave home as often as was desired. The task of delineating the character of Carnhuanawc is left to the hand of his Biographer; the contents of this paper are confined to a simple contribution of recollections of his sayings and doings, during the twenty-seven subsequent years, wherein the writer had constant opportunities of observing him. His first inducement to remain as a guest for two or three days was in consequence of having the argument urged upon him, that some person was expected, who would be interested in obtaining information about the language and people of Wales, and whose influence might afterwards be beneficial to their interests, if he would himself communicate a few of the facts with which he was acquainted.* Having found that he was not transported into any uncongenial atmosphere, that he was not entrapped into large parties, or kept against his will, he became in a short time quite at home, and used to say: 'Now send me back or I will not come again; if I am kept now I shall be afraid ever to trust myself again, but if I am sent home to-day, I will come again when I can be of use to any-body.'

There were, in one part of the gardens frequented by Carnhuanawc, groves of flowering shrubs, which grew very close together, and were surrounded with turf on the outside, but within the mould was dug up between the trees. Mr. Price begged that the turf might be laid down to form paths through these small wildernesses, and covering a sufficient space in the centre for him to lie down, where he might feel entirely shut out from the world by the surrounding thickets: he gave as his reason that the luxury to him was inexpressible of having such a spot at hand which he could resort to unseen, and unobserved, and listen in peace to the birds, the insects, and the

* "It is believed that the first person, whom Mr. Price was induced to meet was the late Lady Louisa Stuart, the grand-daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who took great interest in the ancient poems of the Welsh, and who in her visit to Wales, perused with much pleasure translations from Taliesin, by Archdeacon Payne, which he kindly brought for the purpose."

gentle murmuring of the distant fountains. In rural sounds he discovered the real elements of music, and especially delighted in the different styles of natural melody of the various singing birds; he traced every sort of musical harmony in the various sounds produced by the ripple, and the fall of water, the murmuring of various flies and bees, combined with the soft strains frequently produced by the passing of the wind through foliage of different textures. He would also sit for an hour or two together in a small deep dell of holly trees, where there were nine wells, the waters of which ran some distance by separate tracks, and then in one united stream poured into a stone bath fringed by wild ferns. To that spot Carnhuanawc often retired to meditate, and to listen to the natural sounds which delighted him.

In the year 1834, Mr. Price took great interest in a wonderful Welsh boy, William, the son of Thomas and Mary Manuel, natives of North Wales. This child, then only four years old, read Welsh, English, Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and naturally read backwards or upside down with the same ease that other persons would read in the ordinary way. Mr. Price first became acquainted with him at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, and afterwards frequently visited his mother's cottage when she resided in the parish of Llanover, and also near Crickhowel. W. Manuel was after recommended to the attention of Alderman Thompson, who kindly placed him in Christ's Hospital at the age of eight years; where, after a most successful career, he died of a decline when only twelve years old. This extraordinary child had two brothers, in whom, also, Mr. Price was much interested. Thomas, the eldest, died also of decline in early manhood, 1851. Though not so extraordinary as his brothers, he was an excellent Welsh, Latin, Greek and English scholar; and while daily engaged as a clerk in a lawyer's office, he in the last year of his life wrote during the night for a prize on the subject of 'Wales as it is, &c.,' under the bardic name of 'Efydydd,' which he won. Edward, the youngest child, promised to have even more extraordinary abilities than William. He read English, Welsh, German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew when he was four years old, and died also of decline before he was five. Their mother (herself a remarkable woman,) was the daughter



Figmon Ofer.

Bay, State of Wisconsin, 1877.

of a farmer in North Wales, who being fond of reading, and mistress of Welsh and English, and perceiving the extraordinary thirst for learning evinced by her children, taught herself to read and translate Latin and Greek for the sake of assisting them.

Mr. Price's mind was too well cultivated, and his time too well employed, to care about eating or drinking excepting to support nature; but there was an exception to this general rule, an example of which may be amusing. The only luxuries of food in which he indulged were hot rolls for breakfast, which rolls were baked for him every morning. It may perhaps be remarked that Mr. Price's being habituated to such fare for his daily breakfast was inconsistent with the other habits and circumstances of his life, but this is not so extraordinary in the case of a poor Welsh clergyman as it would be in that of an Englishman, because there is no Welsh female peasant, or farm-house servant, who is not a good baker; and besides bread, the Welsh are in the habit of making various sorts of cakes on the bake-stone,* to be eaten hot,† to which no doubt Mr. Price had been accustomed, and with which he had been often regaled in his childhood. Mr. Price was also particular about his cheese, and was as much pleased when he received a present of a piece of good cheese from a neighbour, as many persons would be by the arrival of a fine haunch of venison. The beer he generally drank, he said, was a sort of bran beer, of which it is well known the Welsh can make a refreshing, but unintoxicating beverage. He had a perfect horror of indulgence in spirituous liquors, and a great dread of ever acquiring, from the thirst incident to fatigue, a habit of indulgence in drinking the *cwrw*‡ of the country, he therefore hit upon the expedient of having a sort of beverage which had a little of the taste, but none of the evil properties of malt, and used often to laugh about his own peculiar beer, saying that there were only four things that he cared about in eating or drinking, namely, hot rolls, cheese, his (nominal) beer, and tea; besides which, in summer, he occasionally indulged himself in hiring a whole plum tree,

* Planc.

† Bara Planc.

‡ A'e.

with the fruit upon it, to which he resorted to pick a plum whenever he wished to eat one.

Carnhuanawc's temper was remarkably placid and forbearing under serious cases of annoyance, but he was occasionally ruffled about trifles—petulance would perhaps be too strong an expression to apply to it. The only instances remembered of irritation of temper were when he was provoked with a friend making tea, who, he considered, had put too much water into the bason, which he always used instead of a teacup; although it was done out of regard to his health; and also when the same person lectured him on the indigestible nature of hot rolls, and advised him to eat dry toast.

Mr. Price's character for hospitality was universal among the peasantry, including, of course, the bards of Wales; but when persons of trifling and superficial character expressed their wish to see his house, and their intention of calling upon him to explore the romantic scenery in his neighbourhood, his silence or his short alarmed manner of saying 'Oh don't, indeed I cannot recommend you to come, I shall be sure to be out,' made an impression of his disposition the very reverse of the truth. The manner in which his Persondy was built facilitated escapes from uncongenial visitors, as being on the side of a hill, the front door was ascended by steps, and Mr. Price's own sitting-room and bedroom were near the back door at the opposite side of the house; consequently, when he was disturbed by any unusual noise of wheels or voices in front, he could pass out unseen and take refuge on the Briannog mountain, before the besiegers had asked if he was at home. One or two of his very old and intimate friends, who knew the secret, used to amuse themselves occasionally by making an attack at the front door, and then rushing round to catch the master of the house in the act of plunging from the back door into his sylvan retreat from the last mentioned outlet, where Mr. Price had a favourite Mullein, which he had transplanted there for its remarkable height and luxuriance; this plant flourished after its removal, and he used to shew with pleasure the number of feet it annually attained, as manifested, according to the time of year, by the long dead stalk and seed vessels, or the fine spike of yellow flowers. He was

very proud of the quantity of wall-flowers, not only on the churchyard wall, but on the walls in front of the neat cottage gardens in the village of Felindrè; and in this, as well as in many other instances, he exemplified the possibility, by the exercise of intellect, of producing luxuries which cost nothing, although as enjoyable as the most expensive gratifications. Carnhuanawe sowed the top of every wall in his vicinity with flowers which required neither care nor culture, but which in their season produced a fragrance never exceeded by the most expensive exotics. Many men have loved flowers, and regretted that a narrow income forbid indulgence in gardening expenses; many women have raised slips of geraniums in pots, and kept them in a window because they had neither garden or greenhouse in which to cultivate flowers; but very few have exercised sufficient sense to enable them to indulge these refined tastes, by rendering each wall a parterre, without injury to man, or robbery of bird or beast.

Mr. Price had a sincere regard and esteem for Monsieur Rio, (Riew,) the Breton,* both on account of his own brilliant talents, and from sympathies of various kinds. M. Rio had come over to visit Wales for the purpose of studying the Cymric language, and comparing it with his native tongue as now spoken in Brittany; and his marriage with a lady belonging to one of the oldest families of South Wales multiplied opportunities of meeting. M. Rio and Mr. Price delighted in antiquarian conversations, and on one occasion they examined together the stone font in Llanover Church, which was an object of peculiar interest to Mr. Price, who believed it to be of druidical antiquity, from the peculiar cutting on the out side of the stone. There was also a tombstone with an antique cross upon it, which engaged his attention; from the antiquity of the carving he believed it to be of very early date in the British Church, and he thought that it had marked the grave of St. Govor,† and had been removed to its present position exactly underneath the inner door of the front porch,

* Author of the Poetry of Christian Art, &c.

† Govor, Henwg, and Gwaneg were the three chief Saints of Gwent.

when the Church was rebuilt many years before. Although for some years before Mr. Price's death, they had not met, yet, whenever the name of Rio was mentioned, Mr. Price's eye kindled, and he would repeat it and dwell upon it as upon a musical sound, saying; 'Ah! Riew,' and add smiling, 'what an extraordinary genius that man was.' On one occasion, he took a pen, and drawing a zigzag stroke, said; 'That is Rio, he was a complete flash of lightning,' meaning that he had astonished and illuminated in the most eccentric and unexpected manner.

Another foreigner, much esteemed by Mr. Price, was the learned Dr. Carl Meyer of Rinteln, who, before his official appointment in this country, spent much time in his society, meeting him at the house of a mutual friend in South Wales, and also having for some months lodged in the village of Felindrè, Cwmdû, while studying the Welsh language, to which he at that time devoted himself with great zeal. During this period Dr. Meyer spent many hours with Mr. Price, often taking long walks to the top of the mountain with him, and this recalls an anecdote which is very characteristic of Mr. Price. When he heard that his German friend intended to take lodgings in a cottage at Cwmdû, he begged that he might be dissuaded from doing so, because, added Carnhuanawc gravely, 'I shall be obliged, if he does, to leave the place, it will have the effect of banishing me, which will be a serious inconvenience to me, while for him any other place would do as well to learn Welsh.' When asked what his reason could be, he simply said, 'that if he did not see much of Dr. Meyer, he might naturally be hurt, and that if he invited his society, he would so often be in his room as to materially encroach upon the time which he felt he must appropriate to other purposes, and that the struggle between inclination, duty and necessity, would make him miserable, and therefore the only alternative was flight. The friend to whom he spoke seriously advised Dr. Meyer not to go to Cwmdû, and confidentially mentioned Mr. Price's dilemma to Dr. Meyer who only laughed at it, and said that he would prove to him that his knowledge of his habits and character, would prevent the slightest intrenchment on the time which Mr. Price required to devote to his own occupations. The

event proved he was right, as Dr. Meyer's residence at Cwmdû did not the least weaken, but appeared to strengthen their mutual regard, and they spent many hours together in agreeable conversation in the open air.

Mr. Price might be considered to have been almost as much devoid of vanity as of pride; but it is recollected that there was also one occasion, on which a little vanity was apparent. It was on the evening on which he went to Buckingham Palace, by command of her Majesty to present the Welsh triple harp, which was accepted for the Prince of Wales, designed by Mr. Price, and made by Mr. B. Jones. It is related that when Carnhuanawc shewed himself to a friend after he was dressed to go to the Palace, an exclamation of commendation and surprise was made upon his figure in the new suit of clothes, purposely ordered for this great occasion, as in the long and loose attire which he had been in the habit of wearing, his figure was scarcely discernible. On hearing this he said, "Well, as you say that my figure looks well, I don't mind mentioning that in my younger days I was considered to have the best figure of all the young men that used to jump into the river, to practice swimming, but that is all gone by now, so I can mention it as a thing that is past."

The following narration is from the condensed reports of several London papers of July, 1843.*

'The Royal dinner party, at Buckingham Palace yesterday, (July 28,) included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Clementine and the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and the Princess Augustus and Leopold of Saxe Gotha, the Belgian Minister and Madame Van der Weyer, the Portuguese Minister and the Baroness de Moncorvo, Prince Castelcicala, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford, Lady Charlotte Dundas, Earl and Countess Cowper, Lord Portman, and the Right Hon. George L. Dawson Damer.'

'By her Majesty's command, the Rev. Mr. Price, Vicar of Cwmdû, (Carnhuanawc,) so well known for his taste, talent and learning, and one of the most eminent antiquaries of Wales, came to Buckingham Palace, with the Welsh triple harp, made expressly for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by the well known Welsh harp maker, Basset Jones of Cardiff, which national tribute of Cambrian loyalty, her Majesty and

* See pages 292—300.

his Royal Highness Prince Albert, were graciously pleased to permit the Prince of Wales to accept. Mr. Price was also commanded to bring with him two of the most eminent Welsh harpers, that her Majesty and Prince Albert, and their illustrious visitors, might hear the Prince of Wales's harp played upon, and have a specimen of real Welsh music. It is in the real ancient and picturesque form of the national instrument of the Principality; it stands about six feet high, it is elaborately carved in solid wood, the base of the pillar being supported by the leek, intermingled with mistletoe and oak leaves, a wreath of oak leaves entwines the pillar, terminating in the Prince of Wales's plume, supported by sprays of oak from whence depend three labels, on which are carved in antique characters, *Albert Tywysawg Cymru*, (*Albert Prince of Wales*.) On the side of the harp is likewise carved the following line from one of the Welsh bards:

‘*Iaith enaid ar ei thannau.*’

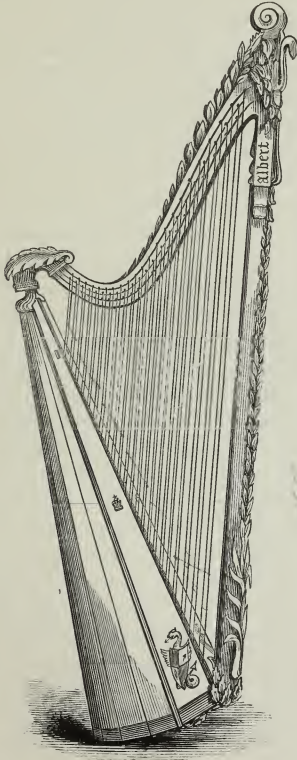
On the sounding-board are emblazoned the arms of Wales, four Lions passant gardant, or and gules, counterchanged, a Red Dragon supporting the shield, which is surmounted by the coronet and plume of the Prince of Wales.

The Welsh minstrels first played a duet, ‘*Codiad yr Ehedydd*,’ on their own harps, after which Jones (of Llanover) had the honour of performing alone on the Prince of Wales's harp, the ‘*March of the Men Harlech*,’ which he did in a masterly manner as well as with delicate taste and effect, Gruffydd (his pupil) followed with the ancient melody of ‘*Penrhaw*,’ which he performed in a very superior manner, after which they played ‘*Sir Harri Ddû*’ as a duet. The performances concluded by Gruffydd playing a composition of his own, named ‘*Difyrwrch Tywysog Cymru*;’ or the Prince of Wales's Delight.

The Rev. Mr. Price had the honour of explaining to her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, the peculiar construction of this instrument. Her Majesty was graciously pleased to examine the harp minutely, and entered into conversation with Mr. Price. We understand that her Majesty observed, that she was not a stranger to the tones of the Welsh harp, having heard it during her visit to the Principality in the year 1832, when she was present at the great national festival of the *Eisteddfod*, and that she remembered that visit with much pleasure. The gracious notice her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, deigned to bestow upon this patriotic Cambrian, as placed in charge of the favourite instrument of his countrymen, and the interest they evinced in the national minstrelsy of the Principality, will be indelibly impressed on the hearts of her Majesty's Royal and faithful Cambrian subjects. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert were graciously pleased also to express their approbation of the harpers, and to testify their pleasure in the performance, which lasted till her Majesty withdrew. The following day the Welsh harpers were presented with £20. by her Majesty's com-

mand, in testimony of her approbation, and Mr. Basset Jones received her Majesty's patent, as Welsh harp-maker to her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince of Wales.'

The accompanying engraving appeared in the Illustrated London News, of August 5th, 1843, having been taken from a drawing made for that paper from the harp itself :



On Mr. Price's unsuccessful competition at the Abergavenny Eisteddfod of 1845, instead of mortification or resentment being depicted in his countenance, he came forward instantly on the platform, and said that he derived real gratification from a very unexpected source, and that as it redounded to the honour of his countrymen he could not resist informing the assembly, that believing there would be little competition on that subject, and being conscious that he had not only devoted a good deal of study to it ; but that without vanity he might say he felt qualified to produce an essay, which would not disgrace his country or his race, that he had been one of the competitors for the prize, which he had rather expected to win ; but that the announcement of another name proved that there were other Welshmen more competent than himself, and that he could declare with truth, that to be thus beaten counterbalanced and made amends for the disappointment, which he was not too proud to admit he had momentarily experienced.

There was a nobleman, who frequently retired for occasional seclusion to a residence he possessed in Wales, which was situated within a walk of Cwmdû. He and his family soon discovered their neighbour's superiority of mind, and the variety of interesting and entertaining information he possessed, and they frequently availed themselves of Mr. Price's vicinity to induce him to walk over that they might enjoy his society ; but the delicacy of Carnhuanawc's mind and its innate refinement were so great, that it was only by a series of accidental occurrences that the high estimation in which he was held became known. He so much dreaded that he might indirectly be the means of giving pain to less favoured residents that he would resort to every expedient, consistent with truth, to conceal from inquirers that his company was ever sought by the persons in question, that they associated with him, and carried him off with them to explore the romantic mountains and vallies in the neighbourhood ; but the effect produced by the manners, character and acquirements of Mr. Price in the above instance was not at all singular, for the writer does not remember an instance wherein similar partiality for the society of Carnhuanawc was not evinced among the numerous individuals, comprising the great, the

good, and the learned, with whom on many occasions he was brought in contact ; whether English, Welsh, Irish, Scotch, or Foreigner.

Among the innumerable labours for the service of his country in which Mr. Price was engaged, he undertook with a friend to write every month a letter or an article for some Welsh magazine. Perhaps not more than one quarter of what Carnhuanawc wrote was ever published under that bardic appellation, or under his own name. He did not write for fame, but for his nation ; and to this end he made a list of fifteen Welsh periodicals, to which he and his friend were to contribute, and a list of the subjects on which he would write himself. Many were not recorded, many are forgotten ; but among those of which a memorandum is preserved, are the following subjects :—

“ 1. On Welsh epitaphs and inscriptions on tombstones, and in reprobation of the hackneyed verses generally kept for that purpose by tomb-makers, and thoughtlessly purchased ready made, instead of having appropriate sentences selected from the Welsh Bible adapted to each particular occasion.

2. On the good or evil effects of early moral impressions.

3. On teaching Welsh children to read English first, instead of instilling their religious duties into their minds with their native language ; and the superior good conduct and general virtue of those communities, where the children were completely grounded in the knowledge of the Bible in their own language before they acquired English ; which is so easy to Welsh children that they will acquire it perfectly and speak it with more distinctness than the English themselves, if they only associate with English people for the space of two or three months, even after the age of twelve years.

4. On the superiority of the Welsh Bible as translated from the Hebrew and Greek, compared with the English version, in consequence of the greater copiousness and adaptability of the Cymric to render the meaning expressed in the Hebrew and the Greek languages, and the consequent superior fidelity of the Welsh version of the Holy Scriptures.

5. On the gradual but continual decline of the Church in Wales since the abandonment of the wise policy of Queen

Elizabeth, who fostered native learning in the Principality, and placed well-qualified Cambrian bishops in the Welsh sees ;—and the subsequent virtual expulsion of the Cymry from their own parish churches, from the paucity of Welsh ministrations, and their consequent secessions from the Establishment.

6. On the want of Welsh schools energetically carried on under episcopal sanction and clerical influence, especially of Welsh Church Sunday schools ; instanced by the fact that in some districts dissenters have been bribed to leave their chapels to act as clerks when Welsh service was to be performed, in consequence of many Church schools being unable to produce persons who could read their own language.

7. On the evils of teaching varieties of superficial knowledge, according to the modern system of education, instead of the inculcation of sound morality and practical sense through the medium of the native language, as in the superior system of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist schools, as undeniably evinced by their successful results.

8. Prognostications of the state of Wales in fifty years, if the unnatural opposition should be continued between the anti-Welsh proprietors and their tenantry, and the anti-Welsh bishops and the natives of the soil and their language.

9. On the great and increasing power of the Welsh press.

10. On the extraordinary neglect of Welsh literature, and total ignorance of British history prevailing in England, and the consequent contempt evinced by the English for every thing relating to Wales ; in contra-distinction to the high appreciation of Welsh literature shown on the continent, especially in Germany, and the superior knowledge and desire for information on all subjects connected with the Principality by German scholars.

[The Biographer of Mr. Price cannot add a better commentary upon the above passage, than a letter which she had the honour of receiving some time since from Sir Charles Salusbury, of Llanwern :

“ My dear Madam,

I feel myself appearing in the light of a culprit on the score of omitting conveying to you the anecdote of my con-

versation with the great Professor Bopp, of Berlin, but on leaving Llanover, I had hoped to have been able to call there ere their flight for London. I then made a series of visits, so I must throw myself on your mercy to accept my apology. The little bagatelle I related to you when I had the pleasure of meeting you in Monmouthshire, was, that having once had the very great good fortune of passing a couple of days in the society of that distinguished individual, he frequently reiterated his surprise at the ignorance and want of interest exhibited by the so-called savans of England on the subject of that marvel of marvels, the Welsh language. While the Sanscrit has perished as a vernacular tongue; while the Hebrew is become, to all effects, a dead tongue; and Arabic only the mode of intercourse of a nation of Freebooters, there stands Cambria's boast, living, active, and giving delight to hundreds of thousands. The great orientalist added, that it was a scandal to the name of a philologist to be unacquainted with its powers; and that no Englishman he had ever met with seemed to know there existed such a wonder near their door.

Believe me to remain, my dear Madam,

Most obediently yours,

C. S. Salusbury."}]

11. On the superior ancient dyes of Wales.

12. On the native woollens and other manufactures of Wales, and the proper encouragement and employment of the mountain hand-loom weavers."

This last subject was suggested by Mr. Price's dread that a mistaken idea of national benefit might induce the encouragement of the Welsh woollen manufactures to be pushed beyond a beneficial limit; and having been himself mainly instrumental in drawing the attention of the higher classes to the excellent fabrics produced by the hand-loom weavers of Wales, for the clothing of the peasantry as well as the wealthier classes, he feared lest large manufactories might be erected, myriads of people crowded together, and vice and disease take the place of the healthy and happy industry now exemplified in the small rural bands of ruddy

children who repair to the rustic farmstead of the present hand-loom weavers with the single building on the stream supplying the water-wheel, which is inseparable from their craft.

The above are only a few of the miscellaneous subjects set down by Mr. Price, which he was to contribute in the course of one year in one department of Welsh literature; and many a page to which the signature of 'Taliesin ab Ll. Hên,' 'Cymro,' 'Hên wr,' 'Pen Mynydd,' &c. &c., have enlightened and cheered Welsh readers, who little dreamed that Mr. Price was the author.

His readiness of invention was as extraordinary as his manual dexterity. On one occasion, a sudden claim was made upon him for a list of Welsh names, from which to make a selection for an approaching christening. Time pressed, and in his haste he wrote them on two separate bits of paper, and fearing they would not be kept together, and not having a pin at hand, he seized a knife, and cutting off the top of his pen, shaped the hard part of the quill into a little sharp stiletto, round the blunt end of which he firmly twisted a bit of thread, which he formed into a tassel to prevent its slipping into the hole through which it kept the paper together. This was done with inconceivable rapidity, and so neatly that it looked like a porcupine's quill ornamented for the purpose to which it was applied. On another occasion a complaint was made to him that the artificial leeks, sold at the time of the Eisteddfodau, were so dear that many persons could not afford to purchase them; and a deserving trades-person was named, who wished to make a large number at sixpence each, but did not know how to gain a profit at that price, if they looked tolerably well. Carnhanawe laughed, and said, 'Well, I will undertake to make a leek, without a needle, which shall be saleable and respectable, and which shall pay the seller too.' He called for bits of green and white satin ribbon, a pair of scissors, some cotton, silver paper, and white sewing silk, a little bit of wax and some gum. He cut the leaves of the leek very neatly out of the white and green ribbon, formed the stem and root with cotton placed round lengths of thread, which represented the fibres, and reduced it to its proper shape and

proportions by twisting thread round it. He then adroitly covered it with silver paper, also reduced to shape by waxed thread; and then expertly covered the whole with satin ribbon twisted round and gummed, and in about an hour made a very pretty little leek, about an inch and a half long, with a string at the back to tie it to the button-hole, the whole cost of materials being scarcely three pence.

Mr. Price's whole life being devoted to the service of others, it may seem superfluous to remark that he was very unselfish; but an anecdote which is remembered as a solitary exception to this general rule may be amusing. Carnhuanawc, on one occasion, forgot, in the enjoyment he himself experienced in a gentle shower of rain, during a drive of fifteen miles, that the old groom who drove him was rheumatic, and suffered from damp weather; and he was almost angry when, after emphatically urging once or twice how much he enjoyed that sort of rain, and appealing to the old man for sympathy, he was told by his companion, that 'it did not agree with him at all.' Mr. Price had always been accustomed to be much in the open air, at all hours and all seasons; and he always contended that there was not a greater mistake than to suppose that anybody, in healthy habits of life, must suffer from being wetted by rain during exercise,—that not only he believed it to be innoxious, but beneficial, in mild weather during motion, and that it was not only wholesome, but agreeable, if people would divest themselves of fanciful apprehensions and the fear of spoiling their clothes, or wear convenient habiliments suited to weather and climate. He did not, however, advocate unnecessary exposure to rigorous cold, was a great friend to warm woollen clothing, and an uncompromising denouncer of 'rotten catch cold calico.' He also advocated and required considerable warmth from fires as well as clothing in doors, and during bodily inaction and sleep. Mr. Price certainly exemplified the truth of his theories, as in the course of nearly thirty years, the writer does not remember ever having seen him suffer from a cold or a cough.

Carnhuanawc's small income and great liberality, literally left him nothing to expend on any selfish pleasure, and except the books which he collected in a long course of years

he seldom laid out any thing on himself, except for plain necessities; one of the few exceptions to this general rule being the payment of £10. to the agent of a nobleman, who had property at Clydach, for the purchase of some picturesque trees, which were condemned to be felled, on condition that they should be spared. On one occasion, in May, 1845, when Carnhuanawc was pointing out some of his favourite haunts at Clydach and Llanelly, to the writer of these reminiscences, he suddenly ascended a small mound covered with trees, and said, 'This is my estate, perhaps you are not aware I have one, but I am now on my own ground, at least these trees are mine which grow on it, which I paid £10. for on condition they never should be cut. I considered it worth the money to preserve them;' and he then laughed as he looked up at the trees over his head and said; 'Think of my looking at my own property.' He also at the same time pointed out the beautiful yew trees in that locality, especially those hanging over a cave, which he said when fringed with long icicles was one of the most beautiful sights in nature, and that he almost preferred certain spots at Clydach, where yew trees abounded, in the winter to the summer. He seemed pleased on that occasion at the joyful recognition of a woman called Martha Morgan, who finding that he had friends with him, and that they wanted to cross the Clydach, rushed into her house and actually tore up a board from the floor up stairs to carry down to the water, and place from one block of rock to the other. There was also a well under a bank, which he seemed to recognize as an old and favourite spot.

With regard to Church preferment, he used to say, that he would not accept the archbishopric of Canterbury, if obliged to live out of Wales; and that it was equally improbable he should ever have any good preferment offered to him in Wales: but that having food and raiment and being happy where he was, he was satisfied and content and could go on in his own way. He did not consider it in the least disgraceful for a minister of religion to witness dancing if in a private room, when it was going on within proper hours, and without involving any neglect of duty; and he would stand on such occasions in a convenient corner, looking as much



C. E. Lucas del.

Aug: Hall del.

View on the Clydach - Favorite trees of Mr Price, near the stream.

pleased at the cheerful and inspiring scene as any of those engaged in it. He considered that Wales had been robbed of two of the most innocent recreations permitted to man, from the mistaken strictness in forbidding dancing and music, which by character and constitution the Welsh are so especially calculated to enjoy, and but for which prohibition many hundreds of persons, who requiring some amusement, take refuge in public houses, would be perfectly sober and probably members of temperance societies, if such healthful and harmless amusements were permitted in other places under proper restrictions, instead of there being no medium between puritanical ascetism, and tavern dissipation. The only other trait especially remembered of the character of Carnhuanawe, was the deep indignation he experienced at the erroneous opinions (since utterly refuted) in the Reports of the Commissioners on Education.

It is questionable, if Mr. Price had lived to the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, whether he would not have had a kindred feeling roused at beholding the niche of St. David vacant: the venerable archbishop of the early British Church being excluded, and his place filled up by St. Stephen, as the companion of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick!

Mr. Price always believed that Sir Charles Barry would have paid due honour to the history of Britain, by giving a proper share to Cambrian symbols in the new Houses of Parliament, and he was disappointed that such was not the case before he died; but as the palace of Westminster is not completed, it may be hoped that the confidence Carnhuanawe felt in the great national architect, will not have been altogether misplaced.

He felt the most unswerving reliance on the protection of Providence for his beloved country: for Wales he had lived, and like a good soldier, in the service of Wales he died.

A.”

Another correspondent has supplied the subjoined record:

No. II.

“The following recollections, however slight in themselves, derive an interest from the earnest affection for their

subject, with which the narrator dwells upon every relic of him, who was at once his pastor, and his firm, unchanging friend.

John Jones, an old collier, more familiarly known as Shôn o'r Gogledd, i. e. John of the North, was, as his appellation indicates, a native of North Wales. When yet a boy he left his birth-place, and embarked at Liverpool in a small vessel which traded between that port, Carnarvon, and Swansea. Circumstances, however, soon induced him to exchange the sailor's for the collier's life, and he ultimately removed to the parish of Llanelly, in Breconshire, where he became one of Mr. Price's parishioners. From his early youth this collier, who was a nephew of the Welsh bard, Twm o'r Nant, had, to the utmost of his power, cultivated a taste for 'learning,' had actually published several small Welsh works, had made himself acquainted with the rudiments of Greek,* Latin, and Hebrew, and otherwise qualified himself for the instruction of others. When therefore, Mr. Price, after overcoming various obstacles, succeeded in establishing a Sunday school in the parish, he made Shôn its master: a situation in which, from peculiar circumstances, even more difficulties than are ordinarily the lot of that functionary presented themselves. Of these difficulties it is needless to say more than is suggested by the circumstance, that when, in compliance with the desire of the proprietor of works, who had granted the use of an iron-store-house for the school, on condition of the children's being marched once in each month to Church in procession, Shôn endeavoured to marshal his little flock into the usual walking order of two abreast, he found himself almost overpowered in the attempt, 'It was as well to order,' said the old man, 'a flock of wild sheep on the mountain!' Such a proceeding had been hitherto unheard of, and unknown: and the youth of the parish of Llanelly resisted so great an infringement on their personal liberty; until perseverance had, at length, imbued them with so much of the spirit of order as was necessary to induce

* The collier still cherishes, with pride and delight, a Greek Testament which was given to him by Mr. Price, though he complains that the dimness of his eyes, and the smallness of its print prevent him from reading it with his former pleasure.

John or Gogiedol
From life



Hugh Hall painted.

Extract from a Testimonial
"I do certify that I have known John Jones for upwards of twenty years & have always found him to be honest & sober & well conducted. He is the nephew of the celebrated Welsh Bard Thom's heart & possesses some portion of his talent which he has always employed in the service of religion & morality. He has worked as a Collier & Miner for 34 years. He had two Brothers able Seamen on board the Northumberland in the Battle of Trafalgar both of whom died in the service of their country."

Signed

15. April 1844.

J. Poell Vicar of Cumbria
and formerly Curate of Sharncliffe.

them to form the required rank! The brightest hours of the old man's life soon became those which found him, each Sabbath, engaged in discussions with Carnhuanawc,—discussions which usually terminated with an injunction, from the latter, to reflect, during the week, on what had been said; the subject being punctually taken up at the same point on the following Sunday. In these conversations all restraint was set aside, and the curate and the collier talked together, 'calon wrth galon,'—heart to heart; the one deepening in the converse, his ever widening human interest; the other, insensibly drawing nearer and nearer to the higher mind, which was thus laid open before him. When Mr. Price removed to the parish of Cwmdû, these truly Sabbath meetings necessarily became less frequent, but Shôn still occasionally paid his desired visit; accompanied his unchanging friend to his Churches of Cwmdû and Tretwr; and then returned with invigorated mind and spirit to his weekly toil. It was on one of these occasions that the pastor with that commingled feeling, which so frequently appears to call up the memory of early childhood to the minds of those to whom death is near at hand, spoke of an episode of his child-life, which, with almost prophetic sadness he linked with a circumstance of his later years, terming them the two most irrational acts of his life; the latter being that of deeply embarrassing himself, in his old age, to build a house, which, as he but too truly said, he should not long inhabit, as his life was already doomed; while the former had been the chase of a rainbow! A chase, however, perhaps not quite so uncommon amongst inquiring and enterprising children, as he might himself imagine. The grave and thoughtful student told how, in his earliest childhood, he had marked the spot on which, upon a distant mountain, the extremity of the 'bow in the clouds' had rested! and had immediately started to examine the place, and, if possible, to secure some fragments of the glowing vision. Ancient fable represents that where the rainbow rests, there of all the places on the earth, the flowers smell sweetest; and that happiest of all the happy shall he be who gathered them. But when the child gained the weary height, the flowers which had been 'bathed' in the rainbow hues, were blooming still in freshness and

beauty, while the 'bridge of the gods' * was far away as before. Nothing daunted, however, he descended to the place where it now rested in the valley below. The spot was gained, but the prize was fleeting still. Soon he marked it rising as it appeared to him, out of the bosom of a stream; into which he waded, at the peril of his life; which must have been sacrificed, had not his mother, becoming alarmed at his protracted absence, sent out in happy time to seek for him.

Of a more lively cast, though not less characteristic of Mr. Price's mind, was a recollection, on which he dwelt with great delight, of the means he had devised, when a school-boy, in order to test the pretensions of a gipsy tribe, to see further than their neighbours into the knowledge of things unseen. For this purpose he caught a white horse, and a light-coloured ass, belonging to a party of gypsies encamped near Bulth, and persuaded his young companions to assist him in collecting a large quantity of blackberries; the juice of which he rubbed into the animals' coats, imparting a hue, which if somewhat unusual, served its intended purpose of making them appear at a distance of the same dark hue as other horses and donkeys, with which they were feeding on the common. The result may be supposed; the gypsies wandered about, vainly inquiring for the white horse, and light-coloured ass they had lost, until they discovered after a heavy shower of rain, the ridicule to which they had been exposed; their assumed knowledge of the invisible, and inscrutable, having become the laughing stock of the youths and maidens, who had formerly regarded with implicit faith their oracular predictions.

When increasing years had in some measure incapacitated Shôn o'r Gogledd for more laborious toil, he was selected for the district lying between Cruhywel and Llantrissent, as one of the pedestrian booksellers, through whose means the *Hanes Cymru* was circulated, and cordially welcomed in many a Welsh cottage home. To the period when he was thus employed, the old man naturally looks back with a pleasure, the enduring character of which is in propor-

* So called in the Scandinavian Mythology.

tion to the more frequent communication which it produced with the man, who was to him at once pastor and friend.

B.”

The following communication, with the annexed facsimile of the Memorial, has been furnished from the repositories of a deceased friend :

No. III.

“ Dear ——

We think you will be interested with a narration of the efforts lately made in Wales to attract her Majesty's attention to the royal and glorious bearings, emblems, &c. &c., which have been overlooked by her heralds and great officers on grand state occasions, and which the Cymry are most eager to have displayed at the christening of the Prince of Wales, whom they consider as their own especial Prince, and whose christening was an opportunity to be promptly seized upon to try to say a word for the honour of the long neglected Principality ; yet, how ‘to seize’ it was a question which racked all inventions. None of the parties concerned were of sufficient rank to address Her Majesty. A petition from the people would, without any proper medium to present it, be naturally consigned to oblivion, or considered the forerunner of some question in Parliament which would speak for itself ; and indeed the Cymry believe there is not a person about the court, of rank or influence, that would care if Wales were annihilated to-morrow. Few of the real old blood of Cambria are to be found in high places, and we cannot expect that the Caledonians, Milesians, and Anglo-Saxons will plead for Wales. The question was frequently asked, What is to be done ? It was useless to think of running over the country to try to instil patriotism into the higher orders in Wales, who, by some strange and unfortunate fatality, are, with few exceptions, dead or antagonistic to the natural sympathies and feelings of their own countrymen, a melancholy state of things which recalls the sad results of similar mistaken policy previous to the old French Revolution in the last century. At last an ingenious device was adopted, which, avoiding all appearance of presumption, did not require the patronage of the great. I wish I could have

obtained a duplicate, but the inclosed rough draught was the only thing procurable, and it gives a very good idea of the document which was dispatched, and which I saw.

The excellent and patriotic Mr. Price, better known as 'Carnhuanawc,' (of whom you have heard,) taught one of the most ingenious natives to gild and draw the dragon of Wales heraldically, as well as the arms of Wales, &c. Carnhuanawc himself wrote the memorial in the old character, of which the accompanying parchment is his own first rough draught, and he directed it most beautifully to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and Lord of Snowdon; to which latter title the Prince has a right by custom since the time of Llewelyn, Sovereign Prince of Wales, who kept Snowdon (or, in Welsh, Eryri,*) as his free territory, and was thus addressed. Carnhuanawc also himself recollected and suggested the very ancient Welsh prophecy which may allude to the present royal line, as Queen Victoria is as much Queen of Wales, by blood and descent, as she is of England and of Scotland; a most remarkable fact, and one which her Cambrian subjects are not likely to forget, as they are the most loyal race on earth.

The memorial was written on the finest vellum in black letter, in the same character as the inclosed; the size was the same, but the paintings on the margin were very brightly emblazoned with gold and silver, and colours. The leek was different to the sketch, being wavy, graceful and natural, and tinted to the life. It overshadowed a compartment of deep blue, on which was picked out, in gold, the peculiar coronet of Arthur Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII. with the single feathers, and 'Ich Dien' on a scroll. The compartment was bordered by a silver ribbon suspended over a leaf of the leek, on which was traced 'Tywysogaeth Cymru,' in ancient letters. The figure of St. David was very superior to this sketch. He bears a cross of the ancient British form, inclosed in a circle. The Welsh lines are verbatim, and were inscribed on the last fold of the document, at the back of which a single extra page of vellum was attached by bows of green and white ribbon, and hung

* Eryri means the Crag of the Eagles.

behind the centre paragraph; and on it were inscribed (as near as I can remember, for I had no copy) the following explanations of the various embellishments.

1. The banner of Wales. The banner of Wales is the red dragon of Cadwaladr, King of Britain, on a field of white and green, the colours of the Royal House of Tudor. This banner was thus borne by Henry VII. at the battle of Bosworth Field, and on all state occasions by the Tudor Princes; and in honour of which royal and ancient bearing, and of Welsh valour, Henry VII. established the heraldic office of Rouge Dragon, which still exists.

2. The ancient arms of Wales, as borne by Queen Elizabeth.

3. The triple harp,—the national instrument of Wales. This harp is of very peculiar construction, and has three rows of strings; it still continues to be the favourite instrument of the Principality, and some of the finest Welsh music was composed expressly for it, and cannot properly be played on any other instrument. In the courts of the Welsh Princes, ‘the bard of the harp’ was held in very high estimation; and in the reign of H. M. George III., Edward Jones had the honour of the appointment of Welsh harper to the Prince of Wales.

4. The leek. The national emblem of Wales, of which Shakespeare says, ‘It is worn for a memorable trophy of predeceased valour.’

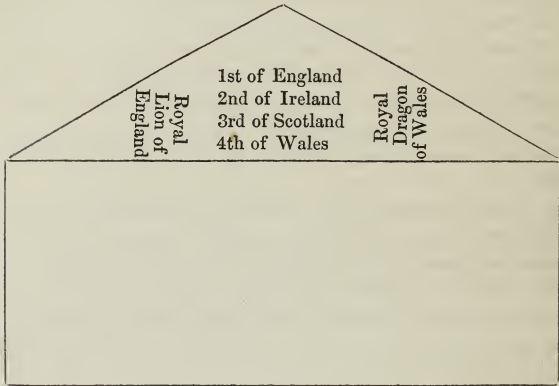
5. The crown and feathers of Arthur Prince of Wales, son of Henry VII.

6. St. David, the patron saint of Wales, and archbishop of the ancient British Church in the sixth century.

7. The ancient British prophecy, the translation of which is, ‘The Druids said that liberality should be restored in the lineage of the eagles of Snowdon.’

A vellum envelope inclosed these manuscripts, on the outside of the flap of which were emblazoned the royal arms, but instead of the Scotch unicorn, (introduced by James I.) the royal rouge dragon of Wales reappeared opposite to the lion; and on the fourth quartering, instead of a repeating of the arms of England, the four royal lions of Wales, borne by the last Sovereign Princes of Wales; and to shew that it

was in honour of Albert Prince of Wales, and of Wales through him, his feathers surmounted the whole; and on opening the envelope, appeared, in small characters, the following explanation of the arms inside of the flap.



The vellum envelope was inclosed in one of white satin, quilted with silver thread, and edged with silver lace, and on the outside of the flap of this satin envelope were four ribbons, by which was fastened a seal formed of a small square of pasteboard covered with white satin, with a ribbon at each corner to correspond with the cover, on which little platform was fixed a nosegay of coloured wax flowers,—the rose, leek, thistle and shamrock, in miniature, united with a green and white ribbon also beautifully moulded in wax. The whole was firmly fixed on its satin basis, but removable, without injury, by untying the ribbons. The satin envelope thus sealed was placed in a small old-fashioned carved oak coffer, lined with purple velvet for the occasion. On the lid of this coffer a Muse was carved, with a pen in her hand, and a book on her lap, to represent the genius of Cambria engaged in writing chronicles of her Princes! Under the satin packet was a wrapping cloth of the finest white and green cachemere joined up the centre, (like the banner of Wales,) bound with green and white ribbon, half and half.

By its side a small white satin bag, in which was a miniature leek, composed of leaves of green and white satin, with the stem and bulb of pearl, and the fibres small strings of the same. Outside was fastened a slip of vellum, with the words, 'The national emblem of Wales, prepared for the christening of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Anno Domini 1842.'

The oak coffer was inclosed in a box, and the key of the coffer with a green and white ribbon was again inclosed in a small blank envelope unsealed, and that deposited in a larger envelope, containing a note to the Royal Secretary of Windsor Castle. No more is known except that this precious freight, which had caused so much thought to Welsh heads, and so much labour to Welsh hands, must have arrived at Windsor, about the day Her Majesty returned from Claremont, (according to the newspapers;) viz. the Saturday se'nnight before the christening. The object in the composition was to recall to memory the various claims of Wales, with an act of duty to the Prince, and the latent hope that some Cambrian name might be bestowed upon the royal heir of Britain.

Letters were also written on behalf of the Cymry generally, to Mr. Saunders and Mr. Mawdit, whose names appear in the newspapers, as 'clerk of the palace,' and 'chief yeoman of the kitchen,'—references were given, the former to the British Museum for the drawing of the banner of Wales borne at the funeral of Queen Elizabeth by Lord Brandon; (the Herald's College now seem to forget, if they ever knew, all these royal ancient things,) and the letter begged Mr. Saunders at all events to represent by his art, the arms and emblems of the Principality for the christening cake of the Prince of Wales! A curious circumstance became known to Carnhuanawc, through a person in Wales, who received a letter from a Welsh bookseller in London, saying, a gentleman had been with him from Windsor, wanting a print or description of the arms of Wales, for the royal confectioner to put on the christening cake of the Prince. Imagine the ignorance of those heralds, in not being able to furnish Her Majesty's confectioner with the arms of Wales! There must be some deep malice entertained in the modern College

of Arms against the honour of the Principality, or they would take a pride in shewing their British knowledge; but indeed perhaps they do not know poor things! for really they are not considered any thing in Wales, with regard to their acquaintance with real ancient British pedigrees and arms; though they may learn some new things lately made up. And indeed it is not believed they have even a Welshman to fill the essentially Welsh office of Rouge Dragon, in the College of Arms, any more than they have a Welsh librarian in the British Museum, where a learned Cambrian clergyman lately found, after a toilsome and expensive journey to the city of King Ludd, that though they have a treasure of Welsh MSS., there is not any Cymro in the charge of them, or any body who can even read their titles in that establishment of supposed superior information, and consequently Welsh scholars, who go up to read, may ask in vain for any particular Welsh MSS. as they know not one from another, being too ancient, I suppose, for the English to care to be acquainted with their contents. They are therefore sealed books, and likely to remain so under the present arrangements.

Forgive this digression; but although English yourself, you know our noble race, and can feel for the mortification we experience at having our ancient records thus ignored as if by simultaneous conspiracy, and while the valuable literature of the descendants of the Druids of Britain is suffered to lie useless merely for want of one Welsh scholar to take charge of them, thousands are expended in disinterring the mummies of Egypt, and decyphering the stones of Assyria. Perhaps you will be surprised that any number of persons could take all the trouble (and much more than I can write) to compose and execute this memorial without a probability, scarcely a chance, of knowing what will become of the fruits of this ingenuity of patriotism; but you can scarcely have a conception of the deep undercurrent of nationality still existing in the Cymry. Carnhuanawc is the living type of the nation, one indestructible attachment is the master passion of his life; and I do not think there ever was so pure a patriotism. Like the rest of his people, it is altogether entirely independent of politics, independent of any idea of

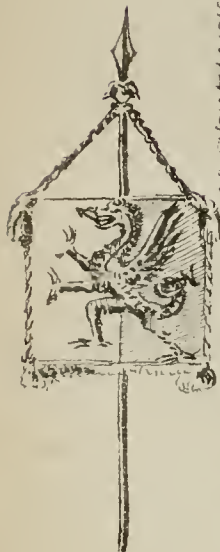
worldly aggrandizement or pecuniary benefit. They respect their country, they grieve if it is forgotten; but they reverence their Queen and adore their Prince, and their chief anxiety is to be acknowledged by both as their Cambrian subjects. Carnhuanawc is a perfect philosopher; I will not say he has no desire to know whether Her Majesty looked at the memorial, but believing it to be almost impossible he ever should know, he contents himself with the reflection, that if the result was satisfactory, the object of the labour is attained, if not, that it is better to be in ignorance; and having done all that was in his power to assist in the loyal and legitimate objects in view, he is now happy, and sleeps in peace. On the contrary, the idea of any thing left undone that might avail troubles him; and till all is performed that is possible to awaken interest, or cause inquiry into the privileges, history or literature of one of the most interesting, most ancient, and truly loyal parts of Her Majesty's dominions, he cannot be contented; that done, he trusts to the same Providence which has hitherto assisted our nation to preserve their language and their individuality despite the Romans, the Danes and the Normans, in peace and in war, and which renders them the standing miracle of a thousand years, during which many other races have successively become extinct. The Cymry work and work like moles, but it is for their country, not for themselves, and if, now and then, they behold a visible result, which has, like an oak tree, sprung out of the materials their industry has collected, they rejoice over the unexpected reward,—still they work on, believing that, whether effects are apparent in their time, or not, their labour will never be in vain. The blood which flows in the veins of Carnhuanawc—the “*gwaed coch o Gymru*” *—has a peculiar property; it renders the individual alive to the minutest trifle affecting the interests of Wales, with a memory awake to every circumstance that can be turned to its advantage, and if any thing enters the head of a true Welshman, which may be done for the honour of his favourite region, he can scarcely eat or sleep till it is accomplished, though he does not crave for the

* Red blood of Wales.

honour of being celebrated himself. Remember these pages
are for yourself The tylwyth têtg* desert us if we boast of
our undertakings,—once known, the charm is gone!

C.”

* “The Fair family”—(Fairies.)



May it please Your Royal Highness.

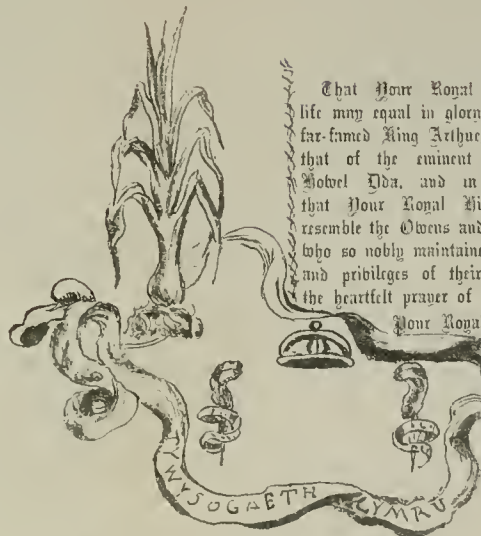
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o receive graciously the humble expression of the devotion of a large portion of the Inhabitants of Your Royal Highness's Principality of Wales, who have neither rank nor riches, by which they can procure the means to lay themselves at your Royal Highness's feet, nor any Patron on whom to depend as a faithful organ of their hopes and their congratulations; and were they not certain that their virtuous Sovereign and Her Royal Consort will not reject the true loyalty and affection of the lowest of Her subjects, they could



not thus dare to address their Royal Son, without express permission, to offer this humble declaration of their enthusiastic attachment to their Prince, descendant of their ancient and revered Monarch Cadwaladr Bendisid. . Obit 683.

Fearing that the poor efforts of skill of natives of Wales, which are intended, in some sort, to adorn this simple tribute, may be considered as unmeaning devices, not calculated to convey any ideas to Your Royal Highness's mind, worthy of so illustrious a Prince, there is appended an explanation of every figure therein depicted, which will be found worthy to engage Your Royal Highness's attention, inasmuch as they relate solely to the honours which belong to Your August Mother, and to Your Royal Highness, through Your renowned British Ancestors, and to events, traditional or historical in the records of Your Royal Highness's Inheritance, The Principality of Wales



That Your Royal Highness's life may equal in glory that of the far-famed King Arthur, in wisdom, that of the eminent Legislator, Howell Tda, and in patriotism, that Your Royal Highness may resemble the Owens and Relewyns, who so nobly maintained the rights and privileges of their country, is the heartfelt prayer of

Your Royal Highness's Faithful, Humble, and Devoted
Cambrians.



ΣΧΗΜΑΤΩΣ ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΟΛΟΓΙΑΣ
ΣΤΑΘΕΡΗΣ ΜΗΤΑΣΤΑΣΕΩΣ
ΕΠΙ ΤΗΣ ΕΞΕΛΙΞΗΣ
ΕΠΙ ΤΗΣ ΕΞΕΛΙΞΗΣ.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Closing Scenes.

1848.

“ Here is no home, here is but wilderness ;
Forth, Pilgrim, Forth !
Look up on high, and thank thy God for all.”

CHAUCER.

IN May, 1848, Mr. Price, according to a too frequent practice of his, had on one occasion been sitting up at his studies until after midnight, when about one o'clock in the morning, the sound of a heavy fall in his apartment aroused a wakeful attendant, who found him lying upon the floor in a state of utter unconsciousness. Dr. Henry Lucas and Mr. Wakeman were immediately sent for from Crickhowel. They came and abstaining from the lancet's use, successfully applied various means of restoration. After nine hour's continuance in a death-like swoon, Mr. Price, about ten o'clock a. m. opened his eyes, and gently inquired “ What does Lucas want ?” He then gradually revived.

Mr. Wakeman, who had been for many years acquainted with Mr. Price's constitution, expressed his opinion on that occasion to Mrs. Prichard, that should a similar seizure recur, Mr. Price would not survive it. From that period, Mr. Price, as to physical force, was never again the same man ; his frame became attenuated, his countenance wan,

and his whole nervous system enfeebled. He was consequently unable any longer to perform the Church services, and obliged to procure the aid of a clerical friend and neighbour. He continued, nevertheless, his pastoral visits among the poor; and no remission of ordinary occupation or change in habitual interests betrayed his failing powers.

The circulation of Le Gonidec's New Testament had been so effectually hindered by the Roman Catholic Priests, that after twenty years had elapsed from the date of its publication, the Welsh Missionaries in Brittany found the edition still unexpended. Their zealous efforts gave a fresh impulse to its diffusion, and soon elicited the painful discovery, that the refinement of its diction and the correctness of its orthography differed so essentially from the dialect of the Breton peasantry, that with all its excellence, that translation was not sufficiently intelligible to the people. At the urgent entreaty of the Welsh Missionaries, the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, after much consideration, undertook the revision of the work, and committed its execution to the care of Mr. Jenkins of Morlaix, assisted by M. Ricou, a competent native Breton. During the preparation of this new version, Mr. Price was repeatedly consulted upon difficult passages. Three thousand copies of the revised edition founded on the text of Le Gonidec were printed in the year 1847, and under the diligent direction of Mr. Phillips, more than 1800 copies were distributed before the month of December, 1849. Mr. Phillips says :

“It is a fact that in those parts of Brittany where the native language is no longer used, the moral and the religious condition of the people is by no means improved. There is less crime in Brittany than in any other part of France, and the proportion of criminals from amongst Protestants is smaller than from amongst Roman Catholics.”

Sir T. Phillips's 'Wales,' p. 573.

Mr. Phillips, the zealous and intelligent Welsh agent of the Bible Society, in a note dated February 15, 1849, referring to the Breton Testament, says of Mr. Price :

“During the past summer I had the satisfaction of con-

sulting him twice at his own house, respecting the present version, and at the time of his death, he was engaged in comparing the two versions, in reference to certain portions which I submitted to his judgment."

The continuance of his zealous care for the welfare of his parishioners, neighbours and countrymen, is evinced by a transcript in his own hand writing :

"Crickhowel Union, Cwmdû, July 8, 1848.

Gentlemen,

I beg to thank you for your attention to the subject of vaccination in this district. And the guardians having in accordance with your instructions thrown it open to the medical men of the union in general, I hope there will be no more difficulties, as Mr. Wakeman, who has always been an active promoter of vaccination, will be now authorized to extend his services to the whole of the union, and will not only vaccinate, but will, as he always has done, ascertain whether the operation is effective, instead of returning cases as successful, where the subjects have never been seen after vaccinating. I beg to assure you, that as far as I can discover, all prejudice against vaccination has disappeared in this part of the country. The only obstacles it has to contend with are those which arise from the neglect of medical men, and the parsimony and indifference of the less enlightened guardians. The common people bring their children readily and thankfully for vaccination, and are fully aware of its effect even as a mitigant where not a preventive, and are happy to avail themselves of its influence as such. Of this I can speak with confidence and satisfaction, as I myself was one of the first persons vaccinated, after the introduction of the practice into the Principality, forty years ago.

I remain, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

T. Price, Vicar of Cwmdû.

To the Poor Law Commissioners."

In order to assist in the preparations necessary for the celebration of an Eisteddfod y Fenni, Mr. Price, as usual on such occasions, spent the greater part of several weeks that

summer at Llanover. The agreeable change of scene, and the society of congenial friends, tended to revive his languid spirits; but his bodily feebleness and consequent unfitness for business, which had in previous years been easy and delightful to him, were now made painfully manifest both to his coadjutors and to himself. His medical adviser, Mr. Wakeman, warned him in vain of the dangers which must await upon over exertion and excitement. He mildly but resolutely determined to risk them; although his pallid looks and feeble movements betrayed the painful course of efforts perseverance must have cost him. It was remarked of him at this time by one well competent to judge, "I thought his state of mind and spirit very edifying. He was withdrawn from most commonplace things, as though in consciousness that he was but for a short time here, but his warmth of interest in all things worthy of interest was the same as ever."

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 11th and 12th of October, 1848, a triennial Eisteddfod of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, was celebrated in the public hall appropriated to its use in the town of Abergavenny. The loyal heart of Mr. Price beat with peculiar exultation at this festival, for it was held, by Her Majesty's gracious permission, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Warmth of temperature and cloudless skies cheered the days of its celebration. The mountain scenery stood forth in all its majesty, and the pretty pageantry of the Welsh procession, with its national costumes and emblems and patriotic mottoes, soothed and elated for the last time the Cambrian feelings of Carnhuanawc. He saw with pride and pleasure among the assembled company the diplomatic representatives of Prussia and of Turkey, doing more especial honour to his beloved country in the person of Prince Calimaki, a descendant of the glorious ancient Greeks, and of the Chevalier Bunsen, one of the most eminent men of intellectual and inventive Germany. The Marquis of Northampton there impersonated to his sight the interest and sympathy of all cultivated and accomplished Englishmen, while the presence of Mr. Hallam and Mr. Layard brought the comforting assurance that Wales and her records would at last be investigated,

known and valued by English historians. Sydney, Lady Morgan, was a remembrancer there of feminine power in achieving victories for her compatriots against hostile prejudices. Lady Charlotte Guest, Lady Hall of Llanover, Miss Angharad Llwyd; Colonel Kemeys Tynte, the chivalric president of the meeting; and crowds of Welsh friends, Welsh bards, and Welsh patriots of all classes, gladdened his anxious eyes with auspicious indications that Wales could not want champions for her good and righteous cause, although he himself might soon be summoned from her service.

To a keenly distinctive relish for the various subjects of competition, and a just appreciation of comparative ability, he added a prompt, delicate and tender perception of the bearing of circumstances upon the feelings of individuals. He was the ready spokesman of the bashful candidate, the fluent eulogist of the successful, the kind consoler of the baffled aspirant, the benevolent and sympathizing friend of all. Known, either personally or by name, to every human being in that numerous assembly, he as usual officiated upon the platform as a sort of High Steward of Wales. His guiding eye and regulating hand replied to all inquiries, and secured harmonious order. No Cambrian minstrel from afar, no unproved bard, no young Datgeiniad ever retained the timid misgivings of a stranger while Mr. Price stood there to smile a welcome. Sir Benjamin Hall being absent in consequence of severe illness, Mr. Price acted in his stead as one of the judges of sculpture at this meeting, and fully concurred with his colleague, Mr. Williams of Aberpergwm, in awarding the subscription prize of seventy guineas for the best model in plaster illustrative of Cambro-British history, to Mr. Evan Thomas, F.S.A., a native of Brecon.

At this Eisteddfod a prize of twenty-five guineas was given by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales "for the best critical essay on the history of the language and literature of Wales, from the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan, and Meilyr, to that of Sir Gruffydd Llwyd, and Gwilym Ddu; accompanied with specimens, both in the original, and in a close English or Latin translation of the poems most characteristic of that period." In awarding this prize

to Thomas Stephens, a self-educated Welsh druggist of Merthyr, the learned Archdeacon of Cardigan described his essay as a work "in which every requisite excellence of a literary historian is combined with a diligence of research rarely witnessed." The essay was subsequently published under the title of "The Literature of the Cymry," at the charge of the good and generous Sir. J. John Guest.

It affords the best general view of the bardic poetry of Wales which has ever yet been opened to the English public. Few candid and diligent students, after a careful examination of that valuable work, can fail to acquire a strong conviction of the excellent services rendered by Mr. Price, both directly and indirectly, to European literature, for Mr. Stephens's book owes, not only its chief worth as a comprehensive digest of Welsh poetry, but stands virtually indebted for its very being, to the sagacious principles of interpretation, and to the ingenious conjectural criticisms of the unassuming and indefatigable Carnhuanawc. As regards his literary fame, Mr. Stephens, in the candid and liberal spirit of Carneades the Cyrenian critic, would doubtless readily adopt and apply to Mr. Price the graceful acknowledgment, "If Chrysippus had not lived, I should never have existed."

A subscription prize of £10. 10s. 0d. was awarded on this occasion to Mr. John Jenkins of Morlaix, for the best Welsh inscription for the tomb of Le Gonidec, the eminent Breton lexicographer, and antiquary. "A prize of five guineas given by Lady Parry, of Madryn, for the best historical account of "Statuta Walliæ," or the Statutes of Rhuddlan, by which Wales was annexed to England," was awarded that same morning, to the Rev. Thomas Price, who was invested by Lady Charles Somerset.

On Wednesday, the 11th of October, Mr. Price twice addressed the meeting. In his first speech he dwelt at some length upon his favourite topic, the influence of Welsh traditions upon European literature. His second speech was elicited by the reception of Lady Parry's prize, and gave a synopsis of his successful essay.

On Thursday, the 12th of October, the Rev. D. R. Stephen in the course of a very eloquent dissertation upon

the poets and poetry of Wales, referred to the "admirable use" made by Mr. Price, in his "Hanes Cymru," of the bardic remains for historical purposes, terming him "Our own Carnhuanawc." While thus speaking, Mr. Stephen turned towards Mr. Price and bowed, and the whole assembly in a sort of rapture uttered its applause. Mr. Stephen resumed his subject with the words: "I say 'our own Carnhuanawc'—for he is all ours—he scarcely is his own, so intensely is he ours, and so entirely does he belong to Wales. It is at the same time true, that to live for others is in the highest sense to live for one's self! The admirable use, I say, made of these precious remains, sustains and exemplifies, as far as the plan of that excellent work permitted, the position I have ventured to lay down."

On the 2nd day of the meeting Mr. Price spoke thrice, though briefly. In his first address, he added his tribute of praise to the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Stephen upon the bards of Wales in all ages. In his second address, he commended the "typographical excellence" of the Llandoverly press. His third subject was the national harp and "the joy of its music." During the subsequent competition for harps, he introduced Henry Green to the notice of the meeting, a Welshman who had played the beloved airs of his country under the walls of Canton, upon the very harp which he then bore.

The Rev D. R. Stephen has left the following record concerning these last days of Mr. Price's public life :

"The Thomas Price of this very last October—we utter the feeling of hundreds present when we say that his first appearance on the platform excited general and painful sensibility—we can say for ourselves that, forgetting the inevitable lot of mortality, we had never thought it possible for our own Carnhuanawc to become so feeble; and so when first he took our hand, and complained of loss of memory, in excuse for what his kind spirit unnecessarily construed into negligence, it cost us all the self-command which the publicity of the occasion imposed to maintain ordinary calmness. The second day he seemed much better, and such was the strength of his will in the cause, that he presided at the

evening meeting. This was the last sight seen of Carnhu-anawe amongst his own admiring Cymreigyddion."

The deadly pallor of his complexion, and the excessive brightness of his eyes, caused some of his anxious friends to fear that he might expire upon the platform. Struck by the strange combination of languor and vivacity in his appearance, the Chevalier Bunsen afterwards remarked, that it seemed as if the body were really dead, and only preternaturally inhabited for the time by his spirit.

The proceedings of the Eisteddfod being over, Mr. Price returned in a very exhausted state to his home at Cwmdû. He arose every day from his bed and walked out, sometimes visiting his parishioners, sometimes standing to talk with such of them as he casually met, and often sauntering alone through his favourite haunts, and sitting down to contemplate the beauties of the scenery. Mysterious is that active and powerful tendency by which particles in accretion assume their own peculiar crystalline forms; and more mysterious still is the assimilation of matter in organic structures; yet far surpassing both is the formative development of human character by the abstruse process of successive thought. Inscrutable to the closest human observation, unawares to the self-conscious being, the probationary course of discipline and improvement finishes its work, and the preparation of the spirit for its change becomes complete. A deep tranquillity rested upon his spirits, and the calm of heavenly peace was shed around him. He suffered from sickness of the stomach and consequent inability to take sufficient food for his support. On Sunday, the 5th of November, the nausea increased, he could retain no food, and excessive languor depressed him. On Monday the same sad symptoms prevailed, yet still he left his bed. The next day, though weak from long continued inanition, he felt better, both in strength and spirits, than for many a day before. He was always a peacemaker, and that morning he effected a reconciliation between two of his parishioners, who had previously been at variance.

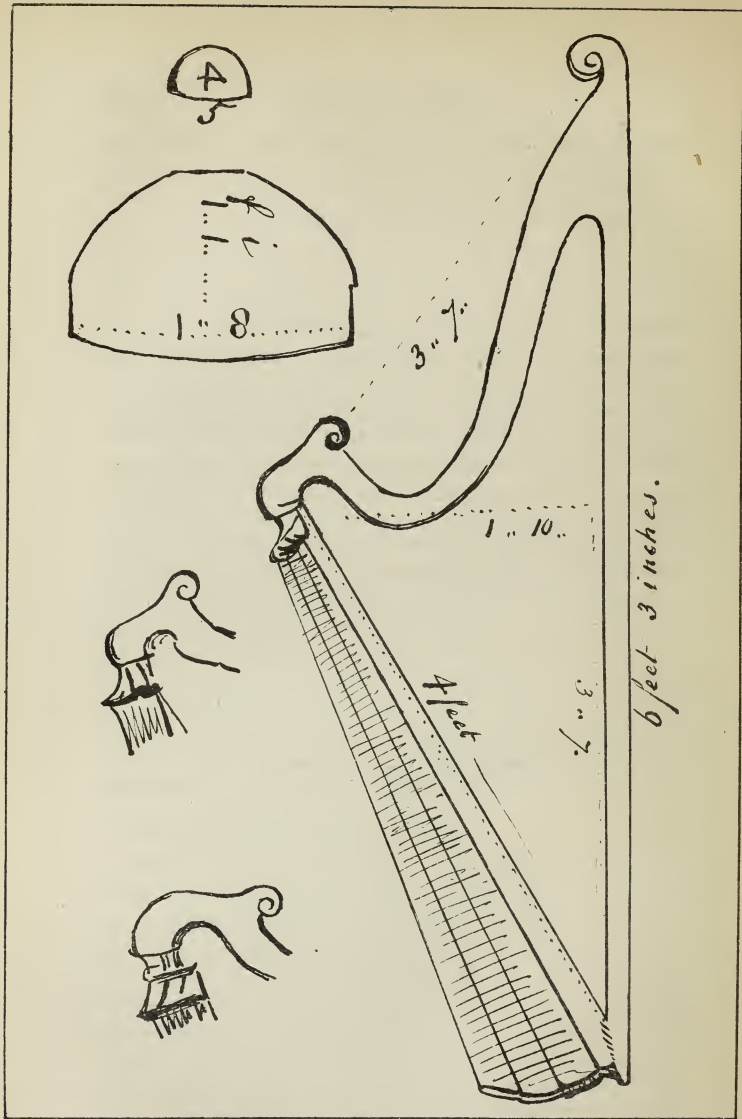
Mr. Price had made an appointment with a mason of Cwmdû, named Thomas Prosser, to go with him on the

morning of Tuesday, the 7th of November, to a quarry two miles distant. The object of their intended walk was to make choice of suitable materials there, for the construction of a tomb. Mr. Price told the mason, under an injunction of secrecy, that these stones were intended to cover his own remains, and directed that they should be dressed and prepared for that purpose during the ensuing winter. The execution of the project was prevented by the arrival that morning of two friends from Llanover; Lady Hall having heard of his increased illness, and charged them to bring him back with them in her carriage for the benefit of change of air and scene. He received the visitors with cheerfulness, conversed with them regarding his illness, and upon other subjects, dwelling with especial interest upon that of Welsh music. In order to illustrate his remarks, he rose to fetch a favourite triple harp, and carried it himself from another sitting-room into the parlour occupied by his guests. He explained with animation the best method of tuning the instrument, and expatiated on the merits of a steel harp-key of peculiar form and size. He afterwards wrote a note to Lady Hall, saying that he was then too ill to accompany his returning friends to Llanover, but that he would try to be there in the course of a few days to see Sir Benjamin, who was then very ill. About four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Price conducted his guests down the vicarage meadow to the little inn by the side of the high road; he handed them into the carriage, stood to see them drive off; and walked slowly back again to his home. On re-entering his sitting-room, he said to his attendant; "Lady Hall sent to say that I must return to Llanover, with the Miss Williamses, but I am not well enough to go from home; and I told them they might as well take a corpse with them in the carriage as take me." Mrs. Prichard was from home for the day, but her eldest daughter, Elinor, had charge of the house, and paid unremitting attention to the comfort of Mr. Price. At her suggestion, he consented, in about an hour, to try once more to take some food. She saw him pour out a cup of tea, and help himself to a mutton-chop before she left the room; and when she returned after the lapse of a few minutes, he told her that all was very nice, and he was try-

ing to take it. She again quitted the room, and expecting him to ring for the removal of the tray, awaited the summons in the adjoining room, sitting down there to her harp, as usual at his meal-times, and playing several times over one of his favourite Welsh airs, "Syr Harri Ddu." At last becoming uneasy at the length of time, she set aside her harp, and ventured again into his presence. Mr. Price sat leaning helplessly over the right arm of his chair, with his head drooping, his eyes were closed, and he was speechless. Greatly alarmed, but retaining self-possession, Elinor Prichard attempted to raise him into an erect sitting posture; he evidently endeavoured to assist her effort, but only slipped more forward on the seat. Finding her inability to preserve his balance on the chair, she at last succeeded in drawing him gently and gradually down upon the floor, prostrate and supine, across the room opposite to the fire. She sent off a messenger to Crickhowel, she fetched pillows to support his head, assisted in carrying down a feather-bed and placing it beneath him, prepared mustard poultices, applied them to the soles of his feet, and watched beside him until the arrival of the physician and surgeon. Dr. Henry Lucas came first, and immediately bled Mr. Price; Mr. Wakeman soon followed, but Mr. Price without uttering a word, or giving any distinct sign of consciousness, softly breathed his last the same evening, at half past eight o'clock.

The following is a copy of his Will :

"In the name of God Amen. This is the last Will and Testament of me Thomas Price Vicar of the Parish of Saint Michael Cwmdû in the County of Brecon Clerk. I give and bequeath to William Parry of Neuaddfry in the said Parish of St. Michael Cwmdû and to Mary Sharman of the said Parish of St. Michael Cwmdû Spinster my messuage and garden at Velindre in the said Parish of St. Michael Cwmdû together with my lands called or commonly known by the name of The Ynysfach Tweds situate in the said Parish of Saint Michael Cwmdû aforesaid to hold the same with the appurtenances unto the said William Parry and Mary Sharman their heirs and assigns for ever as joint tenants I give to the said William Parry and Mary Shar-



These are the proportions of Richards's Harp. there is one thing I certainly must make a point of, and that is the angle of the comb above the neck, which in my opinion is much more elegant than that which you have adopted. . . . I enclose you also rubbings of the volutes, which are much lighter than those you make.

J. Price

man my share of the Four Thousand pounds lately bequeathed to me by Ann Williams of Cwmdû Spinster to hold the same to the said William Parry and Mary Sharman their executors administrators and assigns as joint heirs absolutely subject to the legal expenses of proving this my last Will and Testament. I give to Susannah Prichard Widow now residing in my Vicarage House called the Persondy in the said Parish of St. Michael Cwmdû all the remainder of my property both real and personal that I may die possessed of to hold for her own use during her life and at her death the same to become the property of her daughter Elinor Prichard now also residing in the said Vicarage House called the Persondy to hold the same to the said Elinor Prichard her heirs and administrators and assigns absolutely.

And I hereby nominate and appoint the said Susannah Prichard and her daughter Elinor Pritchard Executors of this my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this sixth day of September in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty seven.

T. Price.

Signed published and declared by the above-named Testator Thomas Price, as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us, (both being present at the time) who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

Charles Gabell, Crickhowell. Arthur R. Gabell.

CODICIL.

It is my wish that as soon after my death as may be convenient my executors do select such articles of my property as they may chuse for their own use and sell the remainder. Some of my books are valuable and will fetch good prices. And some few articles I wish to be given to some museum and especially my old harp made by John Richards which I wish to be given to Sir Samuel Meyrick's museum at Goodrich Court.

T. Price.

Cwmdû, Sept. 6, 1847."

It might erroneously be supposed, from the first bequest in this Will, that Mr. Price had owned the landed property referred to. He was not, however, the real owner of a single acre. The messuage and garden at Felindre, and the lands called the Ynysfach, were merely held by him in trust under the Will of his deceased friend and neighbour, Miss Williams, for the erection of six cottage dwellings as almshouses, and for the maintenance there of six aged maidens or widows of the parish of Cwmdû. This trust Mr. Price had, while living, most faithfully fulfilled, and in death he thus carefully consigned it to other hands.

We are told that when Crantor of Soli was dying, his friend Arcesilaus inquired of him where he would wish to be buried, and that Crantor replied :

“It is a happy fate to lie entombed
In the recesses of a well-loved land.”

“Yr Eglwys i'r byw, a'r fynwent i'r meirw :” (The Church for the living, the churchyard for the dead,) was the epitaph of the Rev. William Skinner of Llangattoc, who died in 1757. Imbued with a kindred sentiment, which had probably been increased by the melancholy results of intramural sepulture at Cwmdû, Mr. Price, many months before his death, had chosen the spot for his own grave ; he had also directed that his remains should be buried in “the beautiful earth” of the parochial cemetery, forbidding all ostentatious parade and unnecessary outlay at his funeral. These prohibitions were conformable alike to his simple tastes, and to that benevolent habit of mind which ever preferred the welfare of others to selfish aggrandizement. The funeral was consequently announced to be a private one ; and such in one sense it proved, for none attended it save the particular friends and bereaved neighbours of the deceased ; and yet the mournful company amounted to at least 400 persons.

On the morning of Monday, the 13th of November, 1848, the mountain streamlets of Cwmdû rippled glittering in sunshine, and the landscape, with its faded and half fallen foliage, shone forth in the parting glory of a Martinmas summer. The blue sky was cloudless, and a solemn stillness

* Yonge's Diogenes Laertius, p. 162.

pervaded the air, broken only by the heavy sound of a funeral peal from the muffled bells of the parish Church. In his own chamber, and upon his own bed, lay the open coffin enshrining all that was mortal of the Vicar of Cwmdû. According to the usual custom of the country, flowers covered the couch, encompassed the coffin, and bestrewed the corpse, and posies of the choicest blossoms lay in the pale hands. The fine features, unchanged but ennobled, bore that serene aspect of pensive exaltation, which, even in the utmost humiliation of mortality, seems to foreshow the dawn of everlasting life. His friends, one by one, or a few together, came gently and silently to look for the last time upon the face of the beloved dead. Gazing intently and tearfully there for a few moments, did many a mourner realize the power of Christian faith and hope and love, taught by the voice of the departed, and enforced by the memory of his example. At length, the coffin having been closed, carried out, and placed upon the bier, the funeral procession formed in front of the dwelling-house soon after twelve at noon. The members of the Cwmdû club, walking two and two, led the way and preceded the bier, which was followed by Mrs. Prichard's two daughters as chief mourners, by various friends from Llanover, Abergavenny, Llanelly and Crickhowel, by the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion Society in orderly array, and by an unmarshalled, but decorous, concourse of sorrowing neighbours and their children.

Passing down the field from Y Persondy into the high road, and thence up the steps and through the large gate into the churchyard, the procession reached the Church. The Rev. George Howell of Llangattoc, his friend and recent assistant, performed the last solemn offices for Carnhuanawe. The feeling and truthful record of an eye witness and a real mourner says :

“The service was, of course, performed in Welsh, and a more striking scene than that presented from the Church to and at the grave could not be imagined; the atmosphere was unclouded, and the silence was so complete that nothing was heard but the bearers' tread, and the song of robins and other small birds. When the clergyman began the prayers,

the whole multitude knelt with him on the turf—even the little children went down on their knees—and it is not an exaggeration to say that tears rained down—old men and old women, whose years might have nearly doubled his whose loss they deplored, seemed penetrated by grief; it was a sorrow which seemed hopeless, and they were indifferent to all around. On the conclusion of the service there was a continued silence, nobody turned away, but all without speaking quietly surrounded the grave, with their eyes fixed on the coffin, as if they thought they could preserve it, or see him over again.”

The same true friend of Carnhuanawc and of Wales gives the following able sketch of his noble character :

“ Where can be found a man with that union of humility of disposition and superiority of intellect which distinguished him?—with those various and extensive acquirements and delicate tact, which fitted him for the society of the most learned and refined men in Europe; while his simple habits of life, his enthusiastic attachment to every flower and every tree of native growth in Wales, with his deep interest in the Cambrian peasantry, and in the language of his country, its music and poetry; together with his own literary labours, rendered him independent of all society, though ever fitted to enjoy it. He was, perhaps, the happiest, because the most contented, of human beings. He envied no one, coveted nothing, expected nothing, but drew on himself to assist all who asked him, as far as his money, his time, or his talents could avail, to promote the best interests of Wales and Welshmen. With all this, he was firm and unbending in integrity; nothing could bribe him to deviate from his duty to his countrymen. He neither bent the knee, nor bowed the head, to advance his own interests. He was born to little, lived upon little, grasped at no more than he possessed; but, liberal as independent, applied every thing he could abstract from necessaries, to supply the wants of those who had none other to help them.”

On the following Sunday, a funeral sermon, in his native language, was preached for him in the parish Church of

Cwmdû, by the Rev. George Howell of Llangattoc. The text was Deut. c. xxxiv, v. 5, and the character of Mr. Price delineated and eulogized as a man of extensive and various acquirements, of extraordinary benevolence, of peaceful habits and tranquil pursuits, and of eminent patriotism. Truth uttered with feeling constitutes the most affecting style of eloquence, and the tears of the congregation attested their sympathy with the preacher; in fact they sorrowed and they wept together.

In several parts of the Principality, in Manchester and at Liverpool, funeral sermons were preached for him in the chapels of dissenters of different denominations; for wherever Carnhuanawc was personally known, the unity of Christian faith and hope and love had levelled the dividing boundaries of sectarianism.

Mrs. Powell (born Elinor Prichard) subsequently applied to the Rev. John Jones, Tegid, for a suitable epitaph to be placed over the remains of Carnhuanawc. He sent her two; and she made choice of one, and had it engraved upon the slab, which, resting upon four blocks of solid stone, marks the last resting place of Thomas Price. The poetical part of this epitaph consists of the twelve lines selected by Tegid from the ode of "Prudd Ydwyf."

"Coffadwriaeth am y Parchedig Thomas Price, [Carnhuanawc,] Periglawr Cwmdû am 27ain mlynedd, ac awdwr "Hanes Cymru." Genid ef yn Llanfair yn Muallt.* Bu farw Tachwedd y 7fed, yn y flwyddyn 1848, yn lxi mlwydd oed.

Gwelid yn ei gorff gwiwlan,
 Ei wisg lwys a'i foesau glân,
 Ei dalcen mawr ysplenydd,
 Ei wên deg mal huan dydd,
 Ei eres lygaid eirian,
 Hylym a dwys mal fflam dân,
 A'i gerddediad gorddidawr,
 Nodau mwys ei enaid mawr.
 Ei lais oedd fel y delyn,
 Synai a denai bob dyn.
 Ffrwyth Hymettus, felus faeth,
 Oedd ei eres dda araeth.†"

* This is a mistake. He was undoubtedly born at Pencaerelin, in the parochial district of Llanfihangel Bryn Pabuan. See page 4.

† Copy sent by the Rev. J. Hughes of Cwmdû, from the tombstone, Nov. 15, 1853.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Testimonies to Caruhuanawur's Worth.

“ Whose language breathed the eloquence of truth,
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought.”

ROGERS' Pleasures of Memory, part ii.

To the ancient heathen, unblest with the revelation of life and immortality, a happy and lasting memory on earth was inestimably and often inordinately precious. Under every religious dispensation it has in all ages been justly dear to all good men, not only on account of the honour which it reflects, but also because it does in some degree perpetuate the power of virtuous example and reiterate the precepts of wisdom; thus fulfilling the parting wish of the benevolent spirit. “Among the Egyptians,” says Diodorus Siculus, “the punishment of the bad, and the rewards of the good, being not told as idle tales, but every day seen with their own eyes, all sorts were warned of their duties, and by this means was wrought and continued and most exact reformation of manners and orderly conversation among them.” (Booth, vii. 93.) Each successive high priest of Jupiter in the Egyptian Thebes erected in the temple a wooden effigy of himself. These priests deny the possibility of any human being's descent from a god, but they described each of these colossal figures as a “Piromis” descended from a “Piromis,”

a word which signified in the ancient language of Egypt, a person beautiful and good. (Beloe's Herodotus. Euterpe, cxliii.)

The ancient Egyptians were the only nation who, actually and literally, held a court of inquiry into the several characters of the dead, and adjudged them in form, either to the oblivion of shame, or to the remembrance of glory. Among the living, however, in all human societies, a similar though inobvious process is incessantly carried out, by the reciprocal observation of social beings, spontaneously exercised upon each other. Thus the conscience of each, not only assists to direct or to convict that of others, but the general verdict upon every individual is pronounced at death, with evidence not less convincing than that of the semicircular tribunal of the boat and lake.

Pulpits and platforms, magazines and newspapers, simultaneously gave utterance to the sorrow of the Welsh people, in one strain of grateful eulogy. English editors took up the theme, and the name of Thomas Price was honourably recorded in the obituaries of the Gentleman's Magazine, the Athenæum, and other standard chronicles. Meanwhile the grief and admiration of his more intimate acquaintance found vent in sympathising communications with each other. Writing to a mutual friend, soon after Mr. Price's death, one of the ablest scholars in the Principality * said ; " I wish some one who is acquainted with his private life, parentage, &c. would write a memoir of him, for he might rank with the Las Casas and Oberlins, who have been tardily rewarded by biographers."

Dr. Carl Meyer of Rinteln† resided for several years in Wales, while studying the language and literature of the country. He at one time took lodgings at Cwmdû, for the sake of enjoying retired leisure and sharing occasionally in Mr. Price's mountain walks. They generally differed in opinion, yet found mutual pleasure in each other's society.

* The late William Williams, Esq. of Aberpergwm.

† At that time Librarian to H.R.H. The Prince Albert. Our Correspondent " A " has accidentally anticipated this previously written paragraph, at p. 348.

Under the first impulse of grief at the news of Mr. Price's sudden death, Dr. Carl Meyer wrote as follows :

“ Good Price dead ! I sincerely and deeply feel this unexpected loss, the more so, as since his last illness, and after nearly two years' separation, I had most ardently wished once more to see him before his death or mine, and to show him how much my idea of his merit has grown during that time. Indeed the remembrance of him is like true gold, and becomes more precious through the fire of absence. He was a genuine Welshman, perhaps the most amiable and interesting I ever met with, possessing in the highest degree that wonderful combination so peculiar to the Welsh character, of poetical intuition and analytical reasoning, of inspiration and irony, of bold scepticism* and never shaking faith. He was a poet without knowing it, and the silent genius at the bottom of his soul was always more powerful still than the brilliant one he showed in his conversation. I shall long be in mourning for him, and never cease to love and to admire him, either in this world or in any other to come. I cannot leave W. C. now ; else I certainly should come to Ll. to attend his funeral. If the Christian usage permitted, I should wish to see him buried under one of the ancient Carneddau, on one of those beautiful prominent points of the Cwmdû mountains, where we used to sit together and look at the Haul y Marw.”†

The Duchess of expressed how deeply the Duke and herself were grieved at the death of their “ valued and lamented friend Mr Price,” adding :

“ I cannot say I was surprised, as I had been very unhappy at the alteration I saw in him when last at Llangattoc, and from that time I feared his end was not far off. Both the Duke and I had a most sincere and affectionate regard for him. There was a singular and most attaching mixture of talent, learning and simplicity in him, which must make his loss deeply felt by all ranks who knew him well. To the poor in his parish I don't know how he can be replaced, and the Duke's most anxious wish is to be able to find some one

* Mr. Price himself would have objected to the correctness of this term.

† The setting sun.

to succeed him, who may in some measure walk in his footsteps, and who will have a proper veneration for those objects he so anxiously toiled for.

There is something very poetic and quite in consonance with his life and sentiments in having breathed his last to the sound of the harp he was so enthusiastic about. His end was peaceful, and I trust he is happy, but we must ever regret him, and cannot hope again to meet with one so gifted."

A little book was published at Caermarthen in the year 1849, entitled "Gwentwyson; sef Ymdrechfa y Beirdd; neu, Awdlau Galarnadol am yr anfarwol a'r bythglodus y Parch. Thomas Price." It was edited by Mr. Evan Jones (Gwrwst;) and prefaced by a letter from the Rev. John Jones of Nevern, (Tegid,) containing critical remarks upon the several poems, and extracts to illustrate the poetical powers of their respective authors. From "Awdl Ail" (The Second Ode,) signed "Prudd Ydwyf," pp. 26—37, he has thus cited twelve lines, adding, "D. S. Pe gyrai yr awdwr y llinellau hyn i'r Archddeon Williams, i Llanymddyfri, caent le, meddylw'n, yn ei hanes o Garnhuanawc. Tegid." The suggestion was made by Tegid under the mistaken expectation that Archdeacon Williams would become Mr. Price's Biographer.

At the great Eisteddfod held at Tre Madoc in October 1851, a prize of £2 2s. was given by Lady Hall for the best "Epitaph (Englyn) on Carnhuanawc." The authorized report adds that "the award was read by Eben Fardd, together with the following englyn, which elicited loud applause:

'Derbyniwyd 127 o englynion ar 'Carnhuanawc;' bernir 'Cymro' yn deilwng o'r wob'r, nid am nad oes pethau mewn englynion ereill yn llawn cystal ag sydd yn ei englyn ef; ond am iddo ddygwydd cael enw Carnhuanawc i fewn; ac o herwydd cyfeiriad yr ymgeisydd hwn at Carnhuanawc fel telynor. Wrth ddodi yr enw mewn englyn, gwneir yn annichonadwy i neb ei ddefnyddio ar fedd arall. Y mae llawer o englynion yn y rhifedi mawr a ddaeth i law ar Carnhuanawc, y rhai a wnant y tro ar fedd unrhyw lenorydd arall,

ond yr englyn 'Cymro' wedi ei gyfansoddi i Carnhuanawc yn neillduol.

Carnhuanawc, cawr ein hynys,—gwnai'n henw,
 Gwnai'n hanes yn hysbys ;
 Gwnai'r delyn syw 'n fyw â'i fys,—
 O! 'r mawr wr—yma'r erys !

The successful competitor was Mr. Robert Hughes, of Llangybi, (Robyn Wyn o Eifion.) There were 126 competitors." A. J. Johnes, Esq., of Garthmyl, has made the following translation of this epitaph :

"Carnhuanawc the giant of our island, made our name,
 Made our history well known ;
 Made the elegant harp live with his finger :
 O great man here he will stay !"

Disapproving of the foregoing, because it described Carnhuanawc merely as a great man, a historian and a harper, the late Mr. Evan Jones (Ieuan Gwynedd,) wrote the following :

"Mwyn, isel, gymwynaswr—offeiriad,
 A phuraf wladgarwr,
 Carnhuanawg enwawg wr—er ei glod,
 A huna isod, ein pen haneswr :"

affording a "description of him as a kind and amiable benefactor, a clergyman and a pure patriot, a man of celebrity, who, notwithstanding his fame as our chief historian, sleeps below." One by Twrog was subsequently published, which had not been offered for competition :

"Gwladgarwr, o glod gwrol,—ein hanwyl
 Carnhuanawc ddoniol ;
 Budd yr oes, mewn bedd ar ol—
 Llyw a nawdd byd llenyddol."

TRANSLATION.

"A patriot of manly fame, our beloved
 Gifted Carnhuanawc ;
 The treasure of the age is in his grave,—
 The leader and sanctuary of our literary world."

At the Eisteddfod of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni held at the usual place in the autumn of the year 1853, a bust of Carnhuanawc was conspicuously set in the front of the platform. Mr. Thomas, the eminent sculptor, has favoured the Biographer with the following record of its history :

“ 7 Lower Belgrave Place, London, Octr. 29, 1853.

Dear Madam,

I hasten to acknowledge your interesting note, in which you request me to furnish you with some particulars of the bust of the lamented Carnhuanawe for your forthcoming Memoir of him.

I had known the learned Vicar of Cwmdû from childhood, but having left the country, I lost sight of him for several years, when I accidentally met him at Llangattock Park visiting the Duke of Beaufort, in 1845. Three years afterwards, 1848, I attended the Abergavenny Eisteddfod, in company with my brother, and there met Carnhuanawe, who appeared much altered from illness. We were much struck with the poetic cast of his countenance as we sat listening to his eloquent address. The poetic fervour, the vivacity of his manner, and the brightness of his eye—

“In a fine frenzy rolling,”

and glistening with flashes of true genius, made a lasting impression upon our minds. There he stood on that platform for the last time, the object of admiration and the theme of applause. After the evening meeting, he accompanied us to the Hotel; we had coffee, and some conversation in reference to the fine arts; (I must here mention that he was an artist in feeling himself;) he spoke of the antiquity of sculpture, and the eminence to which its professors had risen, more particularly of our own great sculptor, Flaxman, a kindred spirit with his own. This was the last opportunity we had of seeing him. Alas! in one short month from that time, he was no more. In listening that evening to his charming conversation, his fine face impressed itself so strongly upon our recollection that it was not easily forgotten. My brother treasured up that noble countenance in his memory; and on our return to London, he employed his best efforts to embody those thoughts in sculpture; the result was the bust you saw at the Eisteddfod, which it is gratifying to my brother has met with your favourable opinion. My brother has been frequently complimented upon his success in the likeness, and the expression of the face. To him, the modelling of so fine a head was truly a

labour of love ; nevertheless, I trust that some day he will be rewarded by his countrymen, who may be patriotic enough to hand down to future generations the immortal Carnhuanawc in marble.

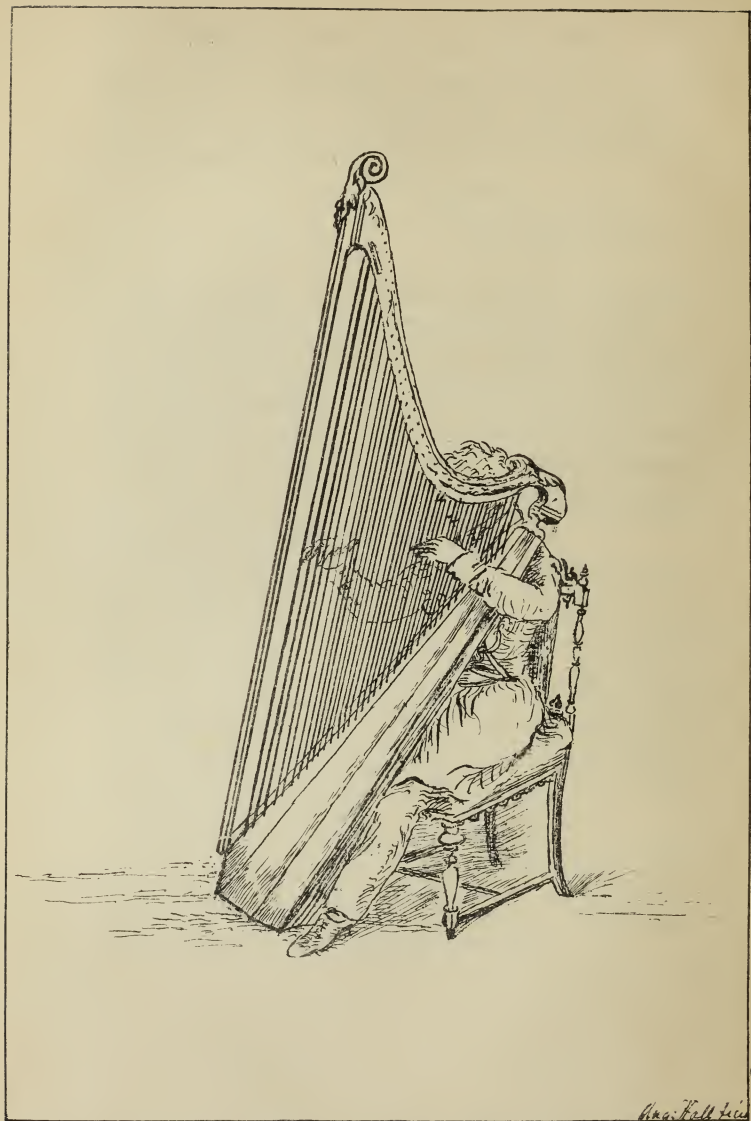
I beg to remain,
Yours very faithfully,
Jno. Evan Thomas."

The frontispiece of the present volume is a photograph taken from this bust, by the permission of Mr. Thomas.

It was not only to a sculptor's eye that the lineaments of Mr. Price were striking. A clergyman from Cornwall, serving a Breconshire curacy, having heard the fame of Mr. Price from mutual friends, but personally unacquainted with him, attended, for the first time, an episcopal visitation at Brecon, and looking round upon the assembled clergy of the archdeaconry, without hesitation instantly recognised the head of Mr. Price as the finest there.

Several portraits in oil were painted of him at various times. One, by Mr. Salter, is now in the possession of Mrs. Powell of Abergavenny ; one, by Mr. Lucy, was some years ago multiplied by lithographs ; one, by Mr. C. A. Mornewick, is now at Llanover, and a photograph from it forms the frontispiece to the 1st volume of this work. The most characteristic notion of his air and figure is given in the full length profile cutting, vol. I., page 233 ; the true aspect of his countenance is best conveyed by the bust modelled by Mr. Thomas.

Rhetoric, poetry, sculpture and painting have thus paid due tribute to his memory ; it only remains for Carnhuanawc's Biographer to show, that the Cambrian harp, which cheered him through life and soothed him in death, bears henceforth and for ever the echoes of his fame.



John Jones-Harper
Playing on the Prize Triple Harp
which he won 1839
at the Cardiff Eisteddfod

Wm. Hall, fecit

CHAPTER XXV.

Welsh Music.

“Ceinwedd Cymru.”

AMONG the Literary Remains of Mr. Price is the large folio volume, bound in green cloth, alluded to in previous pages; it contains about 200 leaves, the greater number remaining still blank. The second leaf, on its first page, is headed “Welsh Music.” The entries are irregularly dispersed through the book, without any proper order, though often in a sort of natural connection with some person or fact. It was obviously a mere note book for the collection and preservation of all his own reminiscences and family traditions; of all his practical knowledge and personal observations; and of all the information incidentally gained in conversation, gleaned from books, or communicated by friends, tending, in any manner or degree, to illustrate the history of the Welsh triple harp. His signature and the date of the year are occasionally prefixed, or appended, to separate paragraphs. It was begun in the year 1840, and continued, apparently, to the year of his death. It contains a great deal of curious and valuable matter, the genuine produce of the author’s own mind, and several original sketches from his hand; various abstracts from books, and pen and ink copies from plates of facsimilies, drawings and engravings; besides many manuscript quotations, printed extracts and pictures from other miscellaneous publications. On opening this “green book,” the neatness of the penmanship, and the elegance of the drawings and musical notes, often intermingled with the text, prove attractive at once of interest for

the subject, and of sympathy for the patient student, who once spent many quiet hours in tracing those elaborate details. This species of interest must, of course, be lost in the printed page, but one not very different may possibly arise upon reflection. Though a mere accumulation of materials, loosely thrown together, and intended, perhaps, for some work of yet indefinite form; no finished productions of the author bear more distinctly than they do, the impress of his character. Mr. Price makes copious extracts from Bunting's work on Irish Music, in order to illustrate the points of similarity and contrast between the harps of Cambria and of Erin. Lord Belfast, in his "Lectures on the Poets and Poetry of the 19th century," mentions Mr. Bunting, as a man, "to whose zeal and industry Ireland is indebted for the preservation of her old national music." The 1st vol. containing sixty-six melodies, never before published, appeared in the year 1796; the 2nd vol. containing a dissertation on the Irish harp, and seventy-five melodies, never before published, appeared in 1809; and the 3rd vol. containing 150 melodies, of which 120 were then published for the first time, completed the collection in the year 1840. To these volumes, and more particularly to the 2nd, the reader is referred for details, to which space cannot properly be afforded here. "A Caledonian harp, belonging to the family of Lude;" thirty-eight inches and a half high, and of thirty strings; "Queen Mary's harp, also in the family of Lude," thirty-one inches high, and of twenty-eight strings, are roughly copied in pen and ink by Mr. Price from engravings in Gunn's "Historical Inquiry concerning the performance on the harp in the Highlands of Scotland." Mr. Price has roughly copied several old fashioned harps from coats of arms in "Gwillim's Heraldry," ed. 1632; and others from the royal arms of England in Boyer's "Heraldry," ed. 1729. He has also copied from Simon's "Essay on Irish coins," all the delineations of harps used as reverses from the reign of King Henry VIII. to that of George II. After these copies come the following remarks:

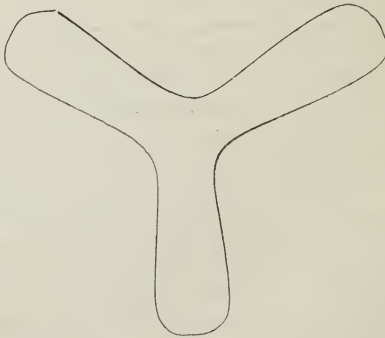
"From the foregoing facts it appears that the harp began to be given on the Irish coins in the reign of Henry VIII. occupying the centre and principal portion of the reverse of

the coin; and was not introduced into the royal arms, or placed on English coins, till when it was quartered It appears that from Henry VIII. to the beginning of the reign of James I., the harp on the coin was plain and without any ornament, being, probably, an impressed representation of the real harp in common use, small, and intended to rest on the knee; the lower part was turned upwards in a scroll; unless this is an attempt to represent the usual finish of the common harp. But, certainly, it must be said that this rounded form is not found in any of the old harps now in existence; but in the reign of James I. I find a considerable change in the harp on the coin, as it begins to be loaded with ornaments after the style of the day, called now the style of Louis quatorze. Whether any real instrument was ever ornamented in this style, I cannot say, but I think not, as that would have encumbered it much, though, perhaps, some might have the angel's head and wings on the post and part of the comb. But as the screws do not appear in the wings, it is probable that in this lengthened form they are the mere fancy of the designer. There is one coin of James I. with an unornamented harp, but still it is turned towards the dexter side. Another characteristic of the reign of James I. is, that the harp is turned the other way. This was probably done by the heralds, according to the rules of heraldry, to make it look towards the dexter side. But originally it was made to look the other way, I suppose, as being the best position for seeing the performer when playing. As he played the treble with his left hand, and the harp resting on his left shoulder, in order to see his face better, he must turn his right side towards the spectators, by which means he could, occasionally, even turn his face quite full towards him. From the reign of James I. down to the present, that of Victoria, 1840, the heraldic harp has continued the same, though the real instrument has undergone great changes. There are, however, slight differences observable according to the taste of the die-sinker; and in the coins of William IV. and Victoria, greater attention seems shewn to finishing the body of the harp, though the fastenings of the strings at the upper ends are left entirely to the imagination."

In Welsh, the several parts of the harp are as follows :

- The Sounding board,Bol and Bola,
 — Back,Cefn,
 — Block of the neck.....Cragen,...a shell
 — Neck, Gwddwg,
 — Comb,Críb,
 — Pillar,Llorf,
 — Screws,Ebillion
 — Strings,Tannau,
 — Harp Key,Cyweirgorn.

The form of harp key, the triple string harpers prefer, is one with three shanks, each containing a tube. It must be smooth and rounded, and as small as to be contained in the palm of the hand, and turned round there with ease: any angular or ornamented work prevents it being so turned, the three tubes have different sized holes for different screws, as they may happen to be. The harp key may be contained in a circle of two inches and five eighths diameter. There was a smith near Tremadoc, named Griffith Owen, who was celebrated for his harp keys . He charged half a guinea each for them.

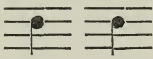




The size of Jones of Llanover's harp key made in North Wales. The chords are called gafael, i.e. a grasp or laying

hold of. An octave is, gafael wyth : a fifth, gafael pump : a third, gafael tri, &c.

METHOD OF TUNING THE TRIPLE HARP.

The triple harp may be tuned in any key, but it is generally tuned in G or D as the most convenient. In tuning, the right hand row of strings is touched first. The first string tuned is G, when the instrument is to be in that key ; then

D above the G, i.e. a fifth  the D is taken as the foundation,

and A  above the line tuned making another fifth 

In this manner the harp is tuned in fifths, precisely in the way generally directed in books of instructions, only that the screws being on the left hand, the tuning key is held in the lefthand, and the strings struck with the right. The right handrow of strings being thus tuned, the left hand row is next tuned. The harper still holding the tuning key in his left hand, begins with the lowest string on the left hand, and touches it with the forefinger of his right hand, by passing it between the string obliquely upwards ; that is, the note to be tuned being G, he puts his finger below F, the string below, and slopes it up till it touches G on the left hand, and then his thumb comes readily to G on the right hand, his forefinger touching three strings, F, F sharp, and G, and his thumb on G on the right side. He then strikes G on the left side with his forefinger, and immediately G on the right side with his thumb, thus :



and at the same time screws up the left side G till it is in unison with the other ; always striking the note to be tuned before the other. Having brought the two side rows into unison, he next goes to the middle row, and draws the string next above F to an unison with the outside Fs, by which he has three strings tuned to F sharp, and this is the foundation for the centre row, which he tunes by fifths and eighths like the other rows. When trying chords on the left hand row, he holds the harp key in his right hand, and passes his right hand over the comb so as to get at the screws, which he turns as he sees occasion with his right hand, at the same time trying the strings with his left."

Two pages of the MS. book are filled with enlarged imitations of engravings in the first volume of the "Pictorial History of England," pp. 287, 324, 332 and 337. They represent Saxon figures playing upon harps. The originals are to be found in the Cottonian and Harleian MSS. Five slight pencil sketches of harps in a row are apparently original, and intended to exhibit the gradual increase of size and alteration of form in the instrument, until it attained the highest state of perfection in the triple stringed harp of John Parry. Two pages are occupied by pen and ink imitations of harps from English coins in Mr. Price's own possession ; none of them rare, and all of them already engraved in numismatic and historical works. Of a harp on a George the Second's shilling, 1745, Mr. Price remarks :

"This is the best calculated for use, as the comb receives the strings in a separate piece, under the ornamental wing."

Two pages more are occupied by five facsimiles of musical instruments from Montfaucon. Tome iii. Supplement. The absence of all allusion to the harps of ancient Egypt delineated by Wilkinson and others, seems to indicate that Mr. Price did not search out illustrations of the forms of musical instruments, but merely noted such as fell casually in his way.

From January, 1839, to the close of the year 1847, Mr. Price kept up a constant correspondence with the late Mr. John Parry, (Bardd Alaw) on the subject of the large collections of Welsh music, then preparing for publication. The tunes, their names, their dates, and all particulars severally

concerning them formed topics of most lively interest to Mr. Price. Mr. Parry, with the candour of conscious talent, solicited and availed himself of Mr. Price's tasteful criticism, adopted many of his suggestions, and gladly accepted the occasional aid both of his pen and pencil. Of Mr. Price's skill in designing, and peculiar ability in representing the best form of the national instrument, the frontispiece to the second volume of Mr. Parry's "Welsh Harper" remains a durable testimony. The late Mr. John Parry, (Bardd Alaw) in the preface to the second volume of his "Welsh Harper," dated January 1, 1848, inserted the following acknowledgment:

"I am indebted to my friend, the Rev. Thomas Price, for the following interesting communication on the preservation of Welsh music; and I take this opportunity of tendering to him my grateful thanks for his valuable assistance, on this as on a former occasion." "From the code of music framed by Gruffydd ap Cynan, prince of North Wales, in the eleventh century," says Mr. Price, "it is evident that the science was at that time, in the Principality, in a very advanced state of cultivation; and although no remains of notation of that age have been discovered, yet amongst a people so attached to ancient habits as the Welsh, we may be satisfied that an institution so popular and so interwoven with national habits, as this branch of the bardic system was, could not have entirely disappeared without leaving many and evident traces behind. It is therefore but reasonable to conclude that much of the traditional music of the Principality is at least as old as that period; and that many of the airs still played by the Welsh harpers, and sung by the people, are identically the same with those heard amongst their forefathers, amidst the rocks of Snowdon and Cadair Idris, a thousand years ago. The earliest written collections of Welsh music known to exist are those contained in the manuscript of Rhys Jones, the bard of Blaenau, and in that of the British Museum, (formerly in the Welsh School,) which was transcribed by a harper of the name of Robert ab Huw, of Bodwigan, in Anglesey, in the time of Charles I., from a manuscript by W. Penllyn, a harper who lived in

the reign of Henry VIII. These collections were printed in 1807, in the third volume of the 'Myfyrian Archaology,' but as they are in an obscure system of notation which has not hitherto been satisfactorily deciphered, of which a facsimile having been given in the first volume of the present work, (Parry's Welsh Harper,) we can at present only allude to their existence, and pass on to those of a less uncertain character.

The first printed collection of Welsh music, that we are acquainted with, is that published in 1742, by John Parry, the celebrated harper of Rhuabon, and for many years domestic harper to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. This work contains twenty-four airs, and is entitled 'Ancient British Music, or a Collection of Tunes never before published, which are retained by the Cambro Britons, &c. Part i.' This was followed by 'Part ii.,' no date, called 'A Collection of Welsh, English, and Scotch Airs, with variations.' In 1781, Part iii. was published, called 'British Harmony, being a Collection of Ancient Welsh Airs, the traditional remains of those originally sung by the bards of Wales, &c.' This book contains forty-two airs. This collector was generally known as 'Blind Parry,' and was an exquisite performer on the triple harp. It is said that to his performance on that instrument we are indebted for the first idea of the bard of Gray; at least, it was he that was avowedly the means of reawakening the dormant inspiration of that splendid composition, and bringing it to a completion, as appears from one of Gray's own letters; for, in writing from Cambridge,* he says:

'Mr. Parry has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a dancing, and inspired them with due respect for my old bard, his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has set my ode in motion again, and has brought it at last to a conclusion.†

* To Mason, May, 1757. I. W.

† This incident is alluded to by Rogers, in the Notes to his Pleasures of Memory, Part I. I. W.

In 1794, Edward Jones, harper to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. published part i. of his collection of Welsh airs, called 'Bardic Remains.' In 1791, part ii. came out, and in 1820, part iii., the whole of which airs are contained in the first volume of 'The Welsh Harper.' In 1803, a collection of sixty Welsh airs, arranged by Mr. Russel, was published by Edward Williams, of the Strand, London, but the airs were chiefly taken from Edward Jones's 'Bardic Remains.' 1804, John Parry, (Bardd Alaw) published two sets of Welsh airs, arranged for a military band, called, 'The Ancient Britons' Martial Music.' 1807, John Parry, (Bardd Alaw) published a set of Welsh airs, arranged for the harp or pianoforte, flute and violincello, dedicated to the late Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. 1809, John Parry, (Bardd Alaw) published a volume of Welsh melodies, with English words, chiefly written by himself, for which the Gwyneddigion Society, in London, presented him with a silver medal, at the recommendation of the late Owain Myfyr. 1809, Mr. George Thompson, of Edinburgh, published a volume of Welsh airs, with English words. In 1811, a second came out, and in 1817, a third volume, with accompaniments by Haydn, Hozeluch, and Beethoven; in the latter are two airs, composed by the Bardd Alaw in 1804, called 'The Maids of Mona,' and 'Sion ab Evan.' 1820, John Parry (Bardd Alaw) published six original melodies, composed after the style of the Welsh; among which are 'Cadair Idris,' universally known as 'Jenny Jones;' 'The Delight of the Gwyneddigion,' and 'Ruthin Castle;' all of which are played by the harpers throughout the Principality. 1822, John Parry (Bardd Alaw) published the first volume of his 'Welsh Melodies,' with English words by the late Mrs. Hemans. In 1823, a second volume, with English words by several writers; and in 1829, a third volume, with words by the late Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson. 1826, he published the music of a farce, called 'A Trip to Wales,' written by himself, and performed at Drury Lane Theatre. 1829, the music of a tragedy, called 'Caswallon,' written by C. E. Walker, B.A., and performed at Drury Lane Theatre, which music consisted entirely of Welsh airs, arranged by John Parry, was published. 1829, Richard Roberts, harper,

of Caernarvon, published a collection of Welsh airs, called 'Cambrian Harmony.' 1833, the music of a dramatic piece called 'The Welsh Girl,' performed with great success by Madame Vestris, at the Royal Olympic Theatre, consisting of Welsh melodies, arranged by John Parry, was published. About the same time a collection of Welsh airs, by Mr. Hayden, of Caernarvon, came out. 1839, John Parry published 'The Welsh Harper;' being a reprint of Jones's 'Bardic Remains,' from the original plates, with some additional airs, and of which the present work, (the Welsh Harper) now published, (1848) forms the second volume. 1839, Master Joseph Hughes, then in the ninth year of his age, published a collection of Welsh airs, called 'British Melodies;' harmonized by himself, together with some compositions of his own. He possessed extraordinary powers of execution on the harp. But soon after the publication of this work he was drowned, by the upsetting of a boat on the Hudson, near New York. 1844, Miss Maria Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm, published, 'The Ancient National Airs of Gwent and Morganwg, being a collection of Welsh melodies never before printed, selected from amongst those sung by the peasantry of her native district. 1845, John Thomas (Ieuan Ddu) of Merthyr Tydfil, the celebrated Welsh vocalist, commenced a work in numbers, called, 'Y Caniedydd Cymreig,' being a selection of Welsh airs, several of them never before published, harmonized for the voice, together with Welsh and English words, in many instances original. In addition to the above, we may mention the several collections of sacred music which have been from time to time appearing, some of which contain original compositions, and all so far national as to be accompanied with Welsh words.

Such are the principal collections of Welsh music that have come under the notice of the writer. Amongst them the most popular and generally useful was that of Jones's 'Bardic Remains,' which on that account having become exceedingly scarce the Bardd Alaw was induced to prepare for the press a reprint, under the title of 'The Welsh Harper,' as above stated. This work also becoming popular, especially amongst the harpers of the Principality, has been so much in demand as to call for another issue; the task of superintending which

having again devolved on the Bardd Alaw, he determined to extend the usefulness of the work, by adding a second volume, arranged in the same practical style, and which is now presented to the public. The airs are, in some instances, selected from those already in print, but in general they are taken from unpublished collections, made at different times by friends of the editor, and placed at his disposal. The inditer of these brief annals of his country's melodies, cannot close his series without adverting to the prominent position occupied by one particular name, that of the Bardd Alaw, (Mr. John Parry,) and the obligations to him under which the Principality rests for the many facilities afforded by him of access to its ancient musical stores. Indeed Mr. Parry's professional life has been one of unremitting industry. He has written, composed and published more music than any man living, perhaps, with the exception of Sir Henry Bishop. He has published upwards of seven hundred vocal pieces, and as many instrumental ones, for the harp, pianoforte, flute, flageolet, clarionet, &c., and about twenty books of instructions for different instruments; and a collection of two thousand melodies of various nations; forming altogether about forty thick folio volumes. Amongst the contents of the present volume* it is possible that in some instances a resemblance may be traced betwixt the airs here given as Welsh, and those of other parts of the kingdom; but the editor† is not, on that account, disposed to relinquish the claim of his native country to those airs; on the contrary, from the influx of Welshmen into England in the time of the Tudors, and the number that served in the English armies in the reign of Edward the Third, and especially from the prevalence of the harp in Wales, as a part of an established national system, he feels confident that, in probability at least, if not in demonstration, the weight of evidence is vastly in favour of such disputed melodies having rather travelled with the Welsh minstrels, in the train of their patrons, to England, than that they should have their origin in the latter country, where no such system of national minstrelsy

* Vol. II. Parry's Welsh Harper.

† Bardd Alaw.

existed. It must be admitted that there are in this publication some airs which, from their lengthened metre and general construction, seem to indicate a date far more recent than those of undoubted Welsh origin; of these we may name that of 'Monday Morning,'* page 60, and 'Arise and see the Building,' page 4. Of their original composition the editor † will not undertake to furnish proof, but he will venture to state that they have been current in Wales, and sung to Welsh words, for upwards of a century. There is now living an elderly man who sings a Welsh song to the first air, Monday Morning, composed upon the subject of an affray, in which his grandfather, when a young man, acted a part; so that the air cannot, in any way, be considered of recent introduction.

With regard to the transmission of Welsh music from very early times, the presumptive evidence, at least, is strong. However, in discussing the subject, we shall not go back to the remote ages of tradition, but begin with those of which the written annals, bearing upon this question, are still extant. In the year 914, Howell Dda, king of Wales, framed a code of laws, of which several copies are preserved, and which contains certain clauses concerning the royal harper, and even expressly prescribes the airs he is to play on particular occasions. This code continued in force for several centuries. In the eleventh century, Gruffydd ap Cynan, prince of North Wales, framed a code of laws for the regulation of musical practitioners, some of the clauses of which are still on record; and the Eisteddfodau, or triennial bardic congresses, for many ages ensured the rigid observance of these enactments; of which congresses, some were occasionally conducted in a style of great magnificence, under the patronage of the native princes. In 1107, Cadwgan, the son of Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, prince of Powis, held an Eisteddfod in Cardigan Castle, in which musical contests took place; and in 1177, Rhys ap Gruffydd, prince of South Wales, held an Eisteddfod in the same castle on a scale of still greater magnificence; and soon after this, Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary of that prince, speaks in terms of high admiration

* Foreu dydd Llân.

† Bardd Alaw.

of the skill and science of the Welsh harpers. The annexation of Wales to England, by Edward the First made no change in the laws of national minstrelsy; and whatever cruelties he may have been guilty of, in a moment of exasperation, towards such individuals as were so unfortunate as to fall into his hands, it was not the policy of that sagacious monarch to add to the irritation of a brave and high spirited people, by assailing their favourite national institutions; and accordingly we have on record the names of several bards, who flourished during the reign of Edward, and were alive long after his death, and composing poetry; so that the bardic massacre, to whatever extent it may have been perpetrated, was certainly not so general as has sometimes been represented. But, however this may be, we have good authority that the bardic system was in its full vigour a few years after Edward's death, nor has its continuity, suffered any interruption from that time down, and the bardic congresses were held as usual, and occasionally on the same sumptuous scale. In the reign of Edward III., Ifor Hael, a chieftain of the family of Morgan, of Tredegar, held an Eisteddfod at his mansion of Gwern y Cleppa. In the reign of Edward the Fourth, and with his permission, Gruffydd ap Nicholas, an ancestor of the present Lord Dynevor, held an Eisteddfod at Caermarthen, in a style of princely magnificence. And in the year 1523, a commission was issued by Henry VIII. for holding an Eisteddfod at Caerwys, in Flintshire, before the chamberlain of North Wales, and others. In the course of time, through relaxation of bardic discipline, the profession was assumed by unqualified persons, to the great detriment of the regular bards, and accordingly Queen Elizabeth issued a commission for holding an Eisteddfod at Caerwys, in the year 1568; which was accordingly held, and degrees conferred upon fifty-five candidates, twenty of whom were harpers. Though this Eisteddfod of Queen Elizabeth was the last appointed by royal commission, yet there were several others held in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Richard Neville, and other influential persons; amongst which the last of particular note was one held in Bewper Castle, in Glamorgan, by Sir Richard Basset,

in 1681. Now, as old Parry of Rhuabon, was proficient enough to publish his Welsh airs in 1742, his preceptor must have acquired his musical skill early in the previous century, at the latest; and as we are acquainted with the names of several eminent harpers of that time, we possess an unbroken chain of evidence in favour of the high probability, if not absolute demonstration, of our national music having been transmitted through an uninterrupted channel, from a period of distant antiquity, to the time in which he lived. During the early part of the last century, numerous bardic meetings were held in different places, whose names are mentioned, especially one in Glyn Ceiriog, in 1743, yet we do not hear of any general Eisteddfod on a large scale, excepting that held in 1771, under the auspices of the Gwyneddigion, until the year 1789, when an Eisteddfod was held at Corwen, under the same patronage; at which there were present twenty bards, eighteen singers with the harp, and twelve harpers. There were several other Eisteddfodau held, before the end of the century; amongst which, that of St. Asaph in 1790 deserves notice, for the earnestness with which the proceedings were carried on, as the contest of the singers with the harp lasted thirteen hours! Within these thirty years, Eisteddfodau have been held, and the silver harp won as follows.—Those marked * were conducted by the editor† of this work, also all that took place in London.

EISTEDDFODAU.

WINNERS OF THE SILVER HARP.

Caermarthen 1819	Thomas Blaeney, of Rhuabon.
Wrexham... 1820*	Richard Roberts, of Caernarvon.
Caernarvon 1821	William Hughes, of Welshpool.
Brecon1822*	Henry Humphreys, of Welshpool.
Caermarthen 1823	William Williams, of Caermarthen.
Welshpool...1834*	Henry Humphreys, of Welshpool.
Brecon1826*	John Jones, of Dolgellau, died at Llanover, 1844.
Denbigh.....1828*	Richard Roberts, of Caernarvon.
Denbigh ...1828*	Edward Jones, of Llangollen.
Beaumaris ...1832*	John Williams, of Oswestry.

† Bardd Alaw, Editor of the Welsh Harper.

EISTEDDFODAU.

WINNERS OF THE SILVER HARP.

Cardiff1834* Hugh Pugh, of Dolgellau.
 Liverpool ...1840 Ellis Roberts, of Dolgellau.*

Several meetings have also taken place at Abergavenny within these fifteen years. Also in London, from 1822 to 1836, under the auspices of the Cymmrodorion, or Royal Cambrian Institution.

Having now, it is presumed, produced sufficient reason for maintaining that the transmission of Welsh music has not undergone any interruption, the following translation of a Welsh inscription in Llanover churchyard, in Monmouthshire, on the tomb-stone of a harper lately deceased, will show the professional descent of some of the best Welsh harpers of the present day, in the succession of master and pupil, from those of the 17th century :

‘ Here lies John Jones, domestic harper to Sir B. Hall, of Llanover, Bart., and formerly of Dolgellau, in Merioneth, who died December 12th, 1844, aged 44. He excelled on the triple harp, and gained the silver harp at the Brecon Eisteddfod of 1826 ; and performed on the harp with applause before Her Majesty Queen Victoria, at the royal palace, in 1843. He was a pupil of Richard Roberts, of Caernarvon ; whose tutor was William Williams, of Penmorfa ; whose tutor was John Parry, of Rhuabon, the original of Gray’s Bard ; whose tutor was Robert Parry, of Llanllyfni, in Arfon, who derived his art from the ancient harpers of Wales.’

Then follows the epitaph :

‘ Ffyddlawn, moeslawn, addfwyn aeth
 Trwy’r fydol daith orfodol sy ;
 A mudaw neud oddyma wnaeth
 At gôr y telynorion fry ?’

As the line of minstrel genealogy is here distinctly traced, so we may add that Jones has also left behind him pupils, who are not likely to allow either the art or the succession to become extinct ; and within a few years, the Eisteddfodau have received a renovation, which must operate to the preservation of as much of the bardic system as is compatible

* The localities are added from a Note Book,—I.W.

with the social condition and genius of the present times. These congresses have already effected much to rescue our ancient music from oblivion, and to preserve what is most interesting in our national usages from being swept away by the flood of innovation, which has set in with so much violence; and they have been well supported, both by the common people and gentry of the Principality. We have witnessed many held under very distinguished patronage; and there is one which can boast of a degree of distinction far above the rest, and that is the Eisteddfod held at Beaumaris, in 1832, which was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty,—then the Princess Victoria,—together with that of her august mother, the Duchess of Kent.”

Mr. Price proceeds in his green book to carry on his biographical notices of Welsh harpers:

“Edward Jones of Caerphili died in 1820, aged 52; performed on the single string harp. He was much admired as a harper. He composed the Caerphili March, a tune still played in his neighbourhood, but of no particular merit, and neither national nor striking in effect.

William Jones, brother of the above Edward Jones, was also considered a good harper.

Thomas Evans, of Newtown Nottage, [y Drenewydd yn Nottas,] in Glamorganshire, was a harper who flourished about 1760; he was the hero of the song called ‘Y Ferch o’r Scer,’ and used to sing it to his harp, and was said to have composed it himself.

Edward Evan, of Aberdâr, was a performer on the single harp; he composed some pieces, which are in the possession of Mr. Morris, of Newport.

Benjamin Hughes, of Llanwonno, was considered a good harper; some of his compositions are in the possession of Richard James, of Aberdâr.

Morgan Edward, of Mynyddislwyn, a harper of the 18th century.

Thomas John, harper, near Pontystrad, Llanfabon, 18th century.

William Morgan, harper, Cowbridge, 1760.

David Lewis, of the Wheat Sheaf, Abergavenny, played on the single string harp, and was much liked as a player for dancing. He is now [1843] about 68 years of age, and has left off playing some years. I asked him what tunes were commonly played on the harp when he was young, and he answered that they were just what are still played,—‘Codiad yr hedydd,’ ‘Codiad yr haul,’ ‘Ar hyd y nos,’ &c.

Blind Parry died Oct. 7th, 1782. Jones’s Bards, p. 101, see his epitaph. Old Mr. Gwynne, of Glanbrân, who was an excellent performer on the triple harp, used to say that he preferred hearing Will Penmorfa even to Blind Parry himself. Will Penmorfa was this William Williams, of Tregîb. John Jones, the harper of Llanover, himself an excellent performer, and who mentioned the above to me, said, that he heard old Williams of Tregîb play, and that he was the finest harper he had ever heard. He played with great spirit, and was very particular in stringing his harp, assorting the strings with great care; and also that he had them much larger than most harpers; and unless his harp was very strong, he would tear out the sounding board, and had done so to several harps. On the other hand, old Roberts of Caernarvon, the pupil of Williams and tutor of Jones, always preferred slender strings; but Roberts’s playing was always in a very different style. I have often heard Roberts play; his execution was exceeding rapid, regular and true, never touching the strings with his nails, or making any jar whatever. At the Abergavenny Eisteddfod of Oct. 12th and 13th, 1842, Richard Roberts of Caernarvon, who attended as judge of the harp-playing, gave me the following account: Richard Roberts was born in 1796; he was a pupil of William Williams, of Penmorfa, near Caernarvon, afterwards domestic harper at Tregîb, Caermarthenshire; according to Roberts’s account, this Williams was once a splendid performer. I, T. Price, remember seeing him at the Caermarthen Eisteddfod, in 1823. He was then an old man, and blind, with a green shade over his eyes. At the close of the Eisteddfod, he came forward and played an air on the harp, but not with much execution; he seemed to be labouring under the effects of age.

John Richards, the maker of blind Parry's harp, was for many years resident at Glanbrân, near Llandovery, as harp maker to Sackville Gwynne, Esq. He died there at the age of 78, and was buried at Llanfairarybryn, near Llandovery, in 1789, as the following inscription on a mutilated headstone in the churchyard shows: 'Here lie the remains of John Richards, of Llanrwst, in the county of Denbigh, a celebrated harp maker, who had the honour of being employed by her present Majesty Queen Charlotte, &c.'

William Williams was a pupil of John Parry, the celebrated blind Parry, whose playing gave the finishing stimulus to Gray's Bard. Roberts said that Parry was at one time very stupid and dull, and that he prayed fervently for talent and obtained it. His great grandson is now living, but there is no harper in the family. His harp was brought into Caernarvonshire, (but to where, I did not note down, T. P.) it was made by John Richards,* of Llanrwst. Dec. 20, 1842, Gipsev Roberts, father of John Roberts, told me that formerly, long before his time, there was near Conway, Llanrwst, a celebrated harp maker, of the name of Dafydd Morris. There was also in the same country, and about the same time, a celebrated harper named Dafydd Cadwaladr.

Mr. Henry Green, a Welsh harper, went out in Captain Tudor's ship to China, in 1841, and played a Welsh air (Merch Megan) under the walls of Nankin. He had some harp strings put on his harp in China, and on his return home, he sent his harp to Basset Jones, of Caerdiff, to be repaired, it having been accidentally injured off the Cape of Good Hope, and Basset Jones sent me this bit of one of the strings; it is differently manufactured, and appears of different materials to our harp strings."†

Here end the extracts from the green book.

Mr. Basset Jones, of Caerdiff, Welsh harp maker to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, has kindly placed in the

* See pp. 280, 381.

† A fragment of the string was annexed to this memorandum.

hands of Mr. Price's Biographer a series of autograph letters written during the year 1836, and the twelve following years. They were addressed to him by Mr. Price, and contain orders for various Welsh harps, with most exact and workman-like directions for their construction upon principles evolved by Mr. Price from a long and careful study of the best existing instruments. The several sets of instructions are illustrated by appropriate drawings, made to a scale of relative proportion. The knowledge, ingenuity and industry evinced in this correspondence excited the highest admiration of Mr. Basset Jones; while the kindness, candour, and active services of the writer secured his grateful attachment. In a letter dated Cwmdû, Dec. 9th, 1843, Mr. Price, alluding to a certain harp which had not pleased him, made the following curious observations :

“It is very loud, but I do not like the tone at all. It is by no means sweet, but harsh and hollow. I think some of the wood must be too thin. It sounds the letters *oo* as in the word *too* with a very nasal twang, especially from the 2nd octave down. You are of course aware that all harps sound some vowel: the North Wales harps sound the *a* with a snarling character; your best harps sound *aw* as in the word *law*.”

The Rev. John Williams Ab Ithel, in his “Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,” chapter xix, “Music,” has stated his conviction that “the service, including the prayers and creed, was always choral in the ancient British Church.” After quoting the testimony of Giraldus Cambrensis to the musical skill of the Welsh people in the 12th century, Ab Ithel translates from the Myfyrian Archaology, vol. iii. p. 196, a passage tending to prove the existence of similar excellence in the 6th, since “Singing a song in four parts with accentuation was one of the twenty-four games, which are said to have been instituted in the time of Arthur.” The poem entitled, “Y brawd Fawg a'i cant i Dduw,”* (Myf. Arch. vol. i.) contains the remarkable lines,

“I'th foliant soniant son clych a llyfrau,
Cerrdau telynu cras dannau crych.”

* See vol. i. of the present work, page 336.

“Thy praise is sounded forth from bells and books,
Songs, and harps of loud light-drawn strings.”

The date assigned to this “Ode to God” of the brother Madoc, the son of Walter, is 1250. Without searching for further citations in proof of the use of the Welsh harp in Church music, the subjoined section from an old English chronicle offers itself to memory as tending to show the intimate connection of that instrument with the ecclesiastical ministrations of the 13th century:

“Wales at this time (A.D. 1247) was in a most straitened condition, and owing to the cessation of agriculture, commerce and the tending of flocks, the inhabitants began to waste away through want; unwillingly too did they bend to the yoke of the English laws; their ancient pride of nobility faded, and even the harp of the ecclesiastics was turned to grief and lamentation. The Bishop of Menai or St. David’s died as though he pined away for grief, and William Bishop of Llandaff was struck with blindness. The Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, owing to their bishopricks being ruined by fire and slaughter, were compelled to beg and live upon the property of others.” Matthew Paris, Giles’s Translation, vol. ii. pp. 244—5.

Charles Wolfe has said that “Irish music often gives us the idea of a mournful retrospect upon past gaiety, which cannot help catching a little of the spirit of that very gaiety which it is lamenting.” The brilliant Sydney, Lady Morgan, has remarked in conversation, that “there is a sacred tone in all Welsh music.”

An attempt is made in the following verses to describe the thoughts and feelings suggested by the music of Cambria.

LINES TO THE WELSH HARP.

“Iaith enaid ar ei thannau.”

The language of the soul is on its strings.

Delight of Cambria! Harp of ancient days!
Uttering, ere Romans trod our island’s shore,
Devotion’s sacred tones in lofty lays,
Content’s glad voice and stirring notes of war!

In earnest ever, still to feeling true,
From age to age thy hallowed chords have borne
The spirit-power of music ever new
As nature's echoes, meeting sweet return.

The pathos of the past, emotions rife,
Which cast enchantment o'er the present hour ;
Futurity's bright hope, ennobling life,
Speak from thy magic frame with thrilling power.

Thy country's harmonies her music knows,
Soft as the ripple of her sunny streams,
Fresh as the breeze round Cadair Arthur blows,
Ecstatic as the soaring sky-lark's dreams :

Wild as the cataract, yet gentle too
As glittering wreaths which fall in silvery spray ;
From sounds her scenery rises still to view
In all its glorious, serene array.

Thy country's story in thy music lives,
Thy nation's spirit animates thy frame,
Memory to thee immortal record gives,
And hope anticipates thy future fame !

The Cymry still a people shall remain,
And hold wild Wales through good and ill secure,
Their language they shall keep, their harp retain,
The bards declare, while earth and time endure !

YSGAFELL.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

- Aneurin—his "Gododin," 106—107;
 Dr. Davies's adaptation of it in his
 "Mythology of the Druids," 205;
 Probert's prose version, 205; Evans'
 Latin translation of certain passages,
 and Gray's versification thereof, 205;
 Wiffen's proposed translation of, 204
 —206; Owen Pugh's versions, 205;
 Mr. Price's copy described, 278, 279
- Bannister, Mr. S.—his correspondence
 on Prince Madoc, 273, 274
- Barry, Sir Charles—his correspon-
 dence, 300, 301
- Beaufort, Her Grace the Duchess of
 388, 389
- Belfast, The Earl of—his Lectures on
 the Poets and Poetry of the nine-
 teenth century, 394
- Berrington, Mrs.—her translation of
 the German Essay of Professor
 Schulz, 295
- Betham, Sir William,—Letter from
 him, 227—228
- Beynon, Rev. Henry—Incumbent of
 Llanafan-Fawr, 8
- Blackwell, Rev. John—receives a
 prize at the Welshpool Eisteddfod,
 for his essay on the Welsh language,
 118; attends the Brecon Eisteddfod,
 1826, 129
- Blakeney, Lieut. W. Aug.—his inter-
 course with the Rev. Thomas Price,
 67, 68
- Bowen—Particulars of the family,
 2, 3, 4, 42—44, 77—79, 80
- Bunsen, The Chevalier—his opinion of
 Eisteddfodau, 447; attends the Eis-
 teddfod of 1848, 374; his remark
 on Mr. Price's appearance, at the
 Eisteddfod of 1848, 378
- Bunting—his work on Irish Music, 394
- Burgess, Rev. Dr. Bishop of St. David's,
 19; patronizes the Caermarthen Eis-
 teddfod, 119
- Calimaki, Prince, the Turkish Amba-
 sador—attends the Eisteddfod of
 1848, 374
- Campbell, Thomas—his letters on the
 subject of Mrs. Siddons's Biography,
 215—223
- Chatterghee, Chunder Mohun, of Cal-
 cutta—attends the Eisteddfod of
 1842, 297, 298
- Churchey, Mr. of Brecon—mentioned
 by Campbell, 217—220
- Clive, Lord—President of the Welsh-
 pool Eisteddfod of 1824, 118
- Combe, Mr. Thomas—his letter to the
 Rev. Rhys Price, 3, 4
- Croker, Mr. Crofton—his Fairy Le-
 gends, &c. 95
- Davies, Mrs. Betsy, (born Jones,) 25;
 her recollections of Lady Hester
 Stanhope, 38
- Davies, Rev. David, of Llangunllo—
 contributes to this work a letter re-
 ceived by him from the Rev. Thomas
 Price, on the death of the Rev. John
 Jenkins, 103, 104
- Davies, Rev. Edward, author of "Celtic
 Researches," &c.—Offers the Rev.
 Thomas Price the curacy of Olves-
 ton, 51, 52; cited, 84; his remarks
 on Theophilus Jones's copy of "The
 Gododin," 279
- Davies, Miss Jane—A letter supplied
 by her to the present work, addressed
 by the Rev. Thomas Price to her
 father, the Rev. W. Davies, 271
- Davies, Rev. Walter, of Manafon—as-
 sists in establishing the "Cambrian
 Quarterly Magazine," 97; Chair
 Bard at the Caermarthen Eisteddfod,
 1819; one of the judges of the
 poetical compositions at the Brecon
 Eisteddfod, 1822, 106; attends the
 Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1823, 146;
 mentioned, 158; letter on Welsh
 music, 233, 234; mentioned, 244
- Dunraven, The Earl and Countess of—
 Entertain Mr. Price at Adare Abbey,
 county of Limerick, 93
- Evans, Howel—his early recollections
 of Thomas Price, 17—19

- Evans, Moses, of Llanfrynach, (Glanmehascyn) bard of the Aberhonddu Cymreigyddion, 130; mentioned, 158
- Franchiseville, M. Jules—recites some original verses at the Eisteddfod, 1838, 242
- Gipps, Rev. Henry, vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford—letter to the Rev. Thomas Price, 72—74
- Gogledd, Shôn o'r—his recollections of the Rev. Thomas Price, 360—363
- Greenly, Lady Coffin—a member of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 231
- Guest, Sir J. John, Bart. of Dowlais, a member of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 231; Presides at its second anniversary, 233; undertakes the expense of publishing Mr. Stephens's "Literature of the Cymry," 376
- Guest, Lady Charlotte—her translation of the "Mabinogion," 236; her notes to the above, and a sketch of Cafalls' footprint, furnished by her to the present work, 256—258; her Mabinogion, 296—297; attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 375
- Hall, Right Honourable Sir B., Bt. M. P.—President at the fourth anniversary of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 233
- Hall, Lady, of Llanover, 129, 375—379; gives a prize at the Tremadoc Eisteddfod for the best Englyn on Carnhuanawe, 389—390
- Hallam, Henry, Esq.—attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 374
- Harpers, Welsh,—Old Sam of Builth, 20, 21; old David Watkins of Llanfaes, 21—23; Thomas Blayney, of North Wales, 42; the Brothers Rickets, 42; old Daniel, 43; John Jones, teacher of the Brecon Minstrelsy Society, 82; loses that appointment, 97; befriended by Mr. Price, 97, 98; mentioned, 158; triple harp given by Mrs. Devett, 233; Prichard, Susanna, wins the triple harp, at the Eisteddfod of 1838, 242; W. Hughes, wins the silver harp at Caernarvon, 255; John Jones, of Llanover, and Thomas Griffiths, then of Tredegar, perform at Buckingham Palace, 300; various particulars concerning Welsh harpers, 394—413
- Harris, Mr. Joseph, of Llantydewi,—Editor of the "Seren Gomer," 84
- Howard, Mr. Frank,—his letter on the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament, 331
- Howell, Rev. George,—performs the funeral service over the Rev. Thomas Price, 383; preaches his funeral sermon, 385
- Hughes, Rev. J.—his copy of the Rev. Thomas Price's epitaph, 385
- Hughes, Rev. John, author of the "Horw Britannicæ,"—one of the judges of poetical compositions at the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1822, 106; receives a prize at the Welshpool Eisteddfod, for his essay on the early establishment of Christianity, and on the Cymry, 118; suggests the translation of the Scriptures into the Breton language, 149; mentioned, 152; in a speech of Mr. Price's, 160; his letters to Mr. Price, 160, 161, 195—199
- Hulmandel, Mr.—the lithographer, 96
- Humboldt, Alex. Von—his remarks on the history of Prince Madoc, 273
- Irving, Rev. Edward—his opinions, &c. 183; his tour in South Wales, his letter, &c. 184—188
- Jenkins, Rev. John, of Ceri—Extract of a letter from him, 85; assists in establishing the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," 97; his death, 103—104; mentioned, 118—129, 150—155—158
- Jenkins, Mrs. widow of the Rev. John Jenkins, of Ceri—Letters addressed to her husband, by the Rev. Thomas Price, and supplied by her to the present memoir, 163—167
- Jenkins, Mr. John—a Welsh Baptist Missionary to Brittany, 169
- Jenkinson, Dr. Bishop of St. David's—consecrates a piece of ground, added to the parochial cemetery of Cwmdû, 203; his letters to the Rev. Thomas Price, 206—215
- Johnes, A. J. Esq. of Garthmyl—Assists in establishing the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," 97; his translation of an englyn on Carnhuanawe, 390
- Jones, Mr. Basset—a maker of Welsh triple harps, 281, 299, 300, 349—351; letters supplied by him to the Biographer, 412, 413
- Jones, Rev. D. secretary to the Swansea Auxiliary Bible Society—His visit to Brittany, 156, 157, 162—165
- Jones, Rev. John, (Tegid)—assists in establishing the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," 97; his correspondence with the Rev. Thomas Price, 274—276; selects Carnhuanawe's epitaph, 385—389

- Jones, Rev. Leyson, perpetual curate of Tretwr, 201
- Jones, Theophilus, historian of Breconshire, 5—23; his friendship for the Price family, 19, 40, 41; his death, 48; his copy of the Gododin, 279
- Jones, Mrs. Theophilus—her correspondence with Mr. Price, 51, 52, 95, 96
- Jowett, Rev. Joseph—his correspondence, 169—171
- Keightley, Thomas—his *Fairy Mythology*, &c. 95
- Knight, Rev. W. Bruce, Chancellor of Llandaff—an adjudicator of the Cardiff Eisteddfod, 1834, 194, 195
- La Martine, M. de—Verses written by him for the Eisteddfod of 1838, 241, 242
- Lansdowne, The Marquis and Marchioness of, take Mr. Price with them to visit the lakes of Killarney, 93
- Layard, H. A. Esq.—attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 374
- Le Gonidec, M.—recommended by M. de St. Martin, to translate the Scriptures into Breton, 148; his translation, 161—165; letters to the Rev. Thomas Price, 167—177; letter from his son announcing his death 178; an instance of Mr. Price's peculiar regard for him, 179; prize given for an inscription on his tomb, 376
- Llwyd, Miss Angharad—attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 375
- Loudon, Mrs. Margaret—her history, 77—80
- Lucas, Henry, M.D. Esq. 371—380
- Lucy, Mr.—his portrait of Carnhuanawe, 392
- Manuel,—The family, 344, 345
- Mayberry, Mr. of Brecon and of Tennessee—Recollections of America, 75
- Meredith, Mr. (Ieuan Grug.)—his translation of Taliesin Williams's defence of the Coelbren y Beirdd, 269
- Meyer, Dr. Carl, of Rinteln—his friendly intercourse with Mr. Price, 348, 349; his testimony to Carnhuanawe's worth, 378, 379
- Meyrick, Sir Samuel R.—assists in establishing the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," 97; letters from him 261—264
- Miles, W. A.—Assistant Commissioner of the hand-loom weaver's inquiry, 203, 204
- Mills, Rev. W. L. of Stonehouse—information furnished by him, 88, 89
- Moore, Thomas—his letter of thanks for having been elected a member of the Cymrodorion Society, in Gwynedd, 139
- Morgan, Sydney, Lady—attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, quoted p. 412, 375
- Morgan, Sir Charles, Bart. of Tredegar—President of the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1822, 106; a member of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 231; president at its fifth anniversary, 204; on its behalf presents the Hirlas to the Comte de la Villemarqué, 242
- Morgan, Charles, Esq. of Ruperra—President of the Eisteddfod of 1845, 312
- Morgan, Elinor, born Bowen, 3, 42
- Mornewick, Mr. C. A.—his portrait of Carnhuanawe, 392
- Mostyn, Sir Edward—President at the Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1828, 139
- Newcastle, His Grace the Duke of—Letter from 192—194
- Newton, Sir Isaac,—Mr. Price's extracts from his *Observations upon the Prophecies*, 180—182
- Northampton, Marquis of—attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 374
- Ouseley, Sir William—his letters to the Rev. Thomas Price 98—101
- Owen, Mr. Aneurin, 166
- Parry, Lady, of Madryn—her prize for an essay on the Statutes of Rhuddlan, 376
- Parry, Rev. H. vicar of Llanasa, 254
- Parry, Mr. John, (Bardd Alaw,)—Musical judge at the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1822, 106; conductor of the musical arrangements of the Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1828, 144; an account of his works, &c. 393—409
- Patmore, Mr. P. G.—his mention of Campbell in his work entitled, "My Friends and Acquaintance," 215
- Payne, Archdeacon—appoints the Rev. Thomas Price to be his curate at Llangeneu, 50; his residence at Llanbedr, 51; attends the Brecon Eisteddfod, 106; referred to, 341—343
- Penhouet, Col. of the Gens. d'armes of Bretagne, 164
- Phillips, Thomas, Founder of the Llandovery Institution,—His letter on the admission of a candidate, 336
- Phillips, Rev. Thomas, Welsh agent of the Bible Society, 372—374
- Pinkerton,—his sceptical theory opposed by Mr. Price, 98, 202
- Powell, Rees, Esq. of Glynllech—President of the Eisteddfod of 1842, 294

- Pratt, Mr of Crickhowell—supplies the particulars regarding the rebuilding of Cwmdû Church, 202
- Price, Rev. John Rhys—His birth, 4; anecdotes of him 7, 8, 10, 19; letters to his brother, the Rev. Thomas Price, 44, 68, 69; letter of congratulation to his brother on his preference; his illness, death, epitaph, and particulars concerning him, 88, 89
- Price, Rev. Rhys—his early history, 3—6; his Church preferences, 4—6; removal to Builth, 15; his character, 15—17; letters to him from Lady Hester Stanhope, 27, 35; his contributions to the history of Breconshire, 40, 41; his last illness, and death, 43; his epitaph, 66
- Price, Richard, Esq. M. P. for the Radnorshire boroughs, assists the Rev. Thomas Price in establishing a Bible association for that county 57
- Price, Rev. Thomas—his parentage, birth, and early childhood, 1—6; schoolboy-days, 7—14; removal to Builth, 15; attendance at the Rev. Thomas Morgan's school, 17; acquaintance with Howel Evans, and Mr. William Davies, 17, 18; becomes a student of Christ College, Brecon, under the Rev. Mr. Barber, 18; his intimacy with French prisoners, 19; his recollections of Welsh music, 20—23; intercourse with Lady Hester Stanhope, 24—40; intimacy with Mr. Theophilus Jones, 40; contributions to the history of Breconshire, 41; recollections of Welsh music, 41—43; his early piety, 43; ordination to the curacies of Llanllyr yn Rhos, and Llanfihangel-helygen, 45; receives priest's orders, 47; his removal from Builth to Crickhowel, 49; he undertakes the pastoral charge of Llangenneu, Llanbedr Ystradwy and Patrishaw, 50, 51; extracts from his sermons, 52—60; assists to establish the Brecon branch of the Brit. and For. Bible Society, 57; acts as chaplain to Hugh Price, Esq. of Castle Madoc, when high sheriff of Breconshire, 57; undertakes the ecclesiastical charge of the parish of Llangattoc, Crickhowel, with the annexed chapelry of Llanelly, and the appended parish of Llangenneu, for Lord William Somerset, 62; takes up his residence with Mr. James Prichard and his family, 61, 62; his habits of life, while curate of Llangattoc, &c. 63—68; death of his mother, 66; intimacy with Mr. Blakeney, 67; offer of an appointment in the East Indies, 68; finally declines the appointment to St. Vincent's, 70, 71; he visits London, 71; his intimacy with the Rev. Henry Gipps, of Hereford, 72; acts as chaplain to C. C. Clifton, Esq., when high sheriff of the county of Brecon, 74; acts as chaplain to Thomas Price, Esq. of Builth, when high sheriff of the county of Brecon, 74; visits Liverpool, 74; endeavours to recover property belonging to his family, 76, 77; acts as mediator between Lord W. Somerset and a third party, 81; assists in the establishment of the Aberhonddu Cymdeithas Cymreigyddion, and in the formation of the Welsh Minstrelsy Society, 82; his first contribution to Welsh literature, 83; correspondence on the subject of Welsh music with the Rev. J. Jenkins, of Ceri, 85—87; his appointment to the vicarage of Cwmdû, and pastoral arrangements, 87, 88; visits the Continent, 89-93; visits North Wales and Ireland, 93-95; visits the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, 96; assists in establishing the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," 97; visits the Midland counties of England, 97; publishes his Essay on Physiology, 98—103; his letter to the Rev. David Davies, on the death of the Rev. John Jenkins, 103, 104; his speeches delivered at the Brecon, Carmarthen, Welshpool, and Denbigh Eisteddfodau, 105—146; receives a prize at the Welshpool Eisteddfod, for his Essay "On the Mutual Relations between Armorica and Britain," 118; his suggestions on, and revision of the translation of the Scriptures into the Breton language, 147—179; his investigations concerning prophecy, 180—188; appointed to the rural deanery of the third part of Brecon south, 188; attends the Beaumaris Eisteddfod of 1832, 139; accompanies Mr. Prichard and his family to another dwelling, 190; attends the Cardiff Eisteddfod, 1834, 195; becomes stipendiary curate of Tretwr, 201; furnishes particulars of the early history of Mrs. Siddons, 216—219; his letters on the formation of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 230—232;

- its history, 1833, 1840, 229—447; removes to Rumsey Place, 249; visits Cornwall, &c. 250, 251; attends the Liverpool Eisteddfod of 1840, and wins a prize for an Essay on the history of the Welsh Princes, 253, 254; his ordinary habits of life, 277, 294; attends the Eisteddfod of 1842, 297; presents a harp made by Basset Jones, to her Majesty, for H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, 299, 300; his letters in defence of the Abergavenny Eisteddfodau, 301—312; attends the Eisteddfod of 1845, and gains the principal prize, 312—316; his letters on the state of the Established Church in Wales, 318—329; his Essay on the Geographical progress of Empire and Civilization, 331—333; attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 374—378; wins Lady Parry's prize for an Essay on the Statutes of Rhuddlan, 376; his last illness, death, and burial, 378—385
- Price, Thomas, Esq., of the Strand, Bulth—his letter to the Rev. Thomas Price, offering to become one of his sureties, 70; High Sheriff of Breconshire, 1820, appoints the Rev. Thomas Price his chaplain, 74
- Prichard, Dr., author of the "Ethnography of the Celtic Race," &c.,—his opinion of the Rev. Thomas Price's Essay on Physiology, 102
- Prichard, Mr. James—receives Mr. Price as a lodger, 61; dies, 256
- Prichard, Mrs.—becomes Mr. Price's tenant at Cwmdû, 278—371, 379, 381, 383
- Prichard, Elinor, (Mrs. Powell,) 379—381, 383, 385
- Pughe, Dr. Owen—his difference with Mr. Price, 83, 84, 93; assists in establishing the "Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," 97; attends the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1826, 129; his Mabinogion, 165; translation of passages of the Gododin, 205
- Quelern, Col. Gentil de—Commandant of the fortifications at Brest, 164
- Rees, Professor—his Essay on the Primitive Christians by whom the British Churches were founded, 194
- Rees, Rev. W. Jenkins, Rector of Casgob—an adjudicator at the Liverpool Eisteddfod, 1840, 254; edits the "Lives of the Cambro British Saints," 295
- Richards, John, of Llanrwst—the maker of blind Parry of Rhuabon's harp, and of an old triple harp possessed by the Rev. T. Price, &c. 280
- Richards, Rev. Thomas, of Llangyniw, —Letter from Mr. Price, supplied by him to this Memoir, 190—192
- Rio, [Riew] M., Author of the "Poësie Chretienne,"—A member of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 231; announced as President of its third anniversary, 233; Mr. Price's friendship for him, 347, 348
- Roberts, Mr. John, of Tremeirchion—translates the book of Homilies into the Welsh language, 74, 75
- Rodney, Lord—President of the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1826, 138
- Rolls, John, Esq., of the Hendréf—President of the Eisteddfod of 1840, 244
- Rouvray, M. Jacquolot du Bois—his speech at the Eisteddfod of 1838, 241
- Salter, Mr.—his portrait of Carnhuanawc, 392
- Salisbury, The Rev. Sir Charles, Bart.—His letter relating to Professor Bopp, 354, 355
- Scale, Mr. Henry—His correspondence on the subject of Messrs. Irving, Cardale, Fox, Mary Campbell, of Gaerloch, &c. 183
- Schulz, Professor—his prize "Essay on the influence of Welsh Tradition, upon the literature of Germany, France, and Scandinavia," 295
- Scott, Sir Walter—his letter of thanks for having been elected a member of the Cymrodorion Society in Gwynedd, 139; referred to, 144; his mistaken character of Gwenwynwyn, in "the Crusaders," 167; his Norman Horseshoe, 258, 259
- Shaftesbury, The Earl of, (then Lord Ashley)—encourages Welsh literature, 97
- Siddons, Mrs.—a native of Brecon, 216
- Somerset, Lord William—appoints Mr. Price his Curate, 61; his letter to him, on his declining the appointment at St. Vincent's, 71; requests his mediation with a third party, 81; his letter, announcing to the Rev. T. Price that the Duke of Beaufort had appointed him to the Vicarage of Cwmdû, 87
- Somerset, Lady Charles—attends the Eisteddfod of 1848, 376
- Southey, Robert—Extract from his letter of thanks for having been elected a member of the Cymrodorion Society in Gwynedd, 139
- St. Martin, M. de, Secretary to the French Society of Antiquaries—his

- letter to the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the subject of the Breton Bible, 147, 148
- Stanhope, Lady Hester—her first visit to Wales in the year 1808, her letters, and various particulars concerning her, 24—40
- Stanhope, the Hon. Capt. James Hamilton, youngest brother of Lady Hester—his visit to his sister at Glanirfon, 47
- Stephens, Mr. Thomas, of Merthyr—gains the Prince of Wales's prize for an "Essay on the Literature of the Cymry," at the Eisteddfod of 1848, 375, 376
- Stephen, Rev. D. Rhys—Remarks on Carnhuanawe, 84; account of the Hanes Cymrù, 293, 294; his tribute to the Rev. Thomas Price, at the Eisteddfod of 1848, 376—378
- Stewart, Lady Louisa, 343
- Sussex, H. R. H. the Duke of—attends the Denbigh Eisteddfod, 1828, 144; his remarks on Mr. Price's eloquence, 146
- Symons, Jellinger, Esq., Commissioner for Welsh Education, 336, 340
- Tagore, Dwarkanauth—Address to him from the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, and his reply, [1842,] 297—299; address to him from the same, and his reply, [1845,] 312—316
- Thirlwall, Rev. Dr. Bishop of St. David's, 256
- Thomas, John Evan—obtains the prize of 70 guineas for the best model in plaster at the Eisteddfod of 1848, 375; his account of the bust of Carnhuanawe, 390—392
- Tudor, Mr. John, of Albury—his correspondence with Mr. Price on the Prophetic Scriptures, &c. 183, 184; his reminiscences of Mr. Price, contributed to this work, 184—188
- Vaughan, Rev. Henry, of Crickhowel—his investigations of prophecy in conjunction with Mr. Price, 182, 183
- Vaughan, Mrs. Henry—mentioned by Campbell the poet, 215
- Villemarqué, Comte Theodore Hersart de la—Letter from him, with Breton verses, and an account of a Breton mystère, 223—227; heads a deputation from Brittany to Wales, 236; his speech at the Eisteddfod of 1838, 236, 237; three versions of his Eisteddfod song, 237—241; receives a Hirlas from the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 202, 203
- Wakeman, Mr., of Crickhowel, 371, 373, 380
- Watkins, Rev. Thomas, of Penoyre—his eulogistic remarks on the Rev. Thomas Price at the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1826, 138
- Westwood, J. O., Esq.—his remarks on certain antiquities at Cwmdû, 203
- Whitelocke, Mrs.—described by Campbell, 219
- Wiffen, J. H.—author of the "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," a "translation of Tasso," &c. &c.—his letter on the subject of an intended translation of the Gododin, 204—206
- Williams, P. Buckley, Editor of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, 97
- Williams, Edward, (tolo Morganwg,) one of the Editors of the Myfyrian Archæology—a judge of the poetical compositions at the Brecon Eisteddfod, 1822, 106; alluded to by Mr. Price in his speech at the Welshpool Eisteddfod, 1824, 128, 129
- Williams, Rev. John, Archdeacon of Cardigan—an adjudicator at the Eisteddfod of 1848, 376, 389
- Williams, Rev. John, (Ab Ithel,)—his "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry," 269, 412; his translation of the Gododin, 279
- Williams, Taliesin, son of Iolo Morganwg—professes himself to be a Druid, 265, 266; his essay on the history of the Peithynen, 269; one of the Editors of the "Iolo MSS.," 296
- Williams, Miss Maria Jane, of Aberpergwm, sends to Mr. Crofton Croker the fairy tales of Glyn Nedd, 95; mentioned, 379; her ancient national airs of Gwent and Morganwg, 403
- Williams, Mr. Thomas, Publisher, Crickhowel—suggests and publishes the Hanes Cymru, 195; completes the publication of that work, 293
- Williams, W., Esq., of Aberpergwm—suggests the establishment of the Welsh MSS. Society, 233; a judge of the sculpture at the Eisteddfod of 1848, 375; his eulogium on the Rev. Thomas Price, 387
- Williams, W. A. Esq., of Llangibby—a member of the Cymreigyddion y Fenni, 231; presides at its third anniversary, 233
- Wynn, Lady Harriet—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex's remark to her on Mr. Price's eloquence, 146

Nome de plume: Taliesin ab I. Hen,
benny, Hen ior, Pen mynyd.

Cantrell, Thos. Letter 215 et. seq.

Har's Lintwood points 396

" - - - - - , 1847/8 406

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