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Thomas Jackson**

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\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE VISITOR'S HAND-BOOK FOR  
HOLYHEAD \*\*\*

Transcribed from the 1853 Smith and Sons edition by David Price, email [ccx074@pglaf.org](mailto:ccx074@pglaf.org)

**THE VISITOR'S  
HAND-BOOK FOR HOLYHEAD,  
COMPRISING  
A HISTORY OF THE TOWN,  
THE  
Antiquities and Sublime Scenery  
OF  
THE MOUNTAIN,**

WITH A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE  
WONDERS OF SOUTH STACK AND THE GIGANTIC  
NEW HARBOUR:

ALSO, INFORMATION RESPECTING THE STEAM PACKETS,  
RAILWAYS, &c., AND OTHER OBJECTS OF INTEREST

IN

THE TOWN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY THOMAS JACKSON, R.M.,

AUTHOR OF TOURIST'S GUIDE TO BRITANNIA BRIDGE, TOURIST'S  
GUIDE TO DUBLIN, &c.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY SMITH AND SONS, 136, STRAND, AND MAY BE  
HAD THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF ALL BOOKSELLERS  
THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

1853.

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Since the opening of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, thousands of persons have availed

themselves of the opportunity, thus afforded, of visiting this extreme western point of the Principality. And though the claims of business are weighty and urgent, still, many will secure a few days in some of the summer months, for the purpose of repairing, in some measure, the physical and mental waste of a year's toil. Such persons, having arrived at the spot where they purpose making a short stay, are desirous to know how the brief season may be at once profitably spent. Hence, the numerous inquiries made by many of the visitors to Holyhead, as to whether there were any objects worthy of notice in the town and neighbourhood, led the writer to infer that a small Hand-book, containing the desired information, was a *desideratum*. He has, therefore, made the attempt to supply the deficiency, by communicating all necessary detail of such objects of interest as the Tourist may become acquainted with in the space of a short time, at a very reasonable outlay, and he trusts the following sketches will be found to afford some hints and observations, not altogether useless to those who may have the good fortune to visit this romantic locality.

In the compilation of the present Guide, the writer has consulted most of the best authors on North Wales, and has availed himself of that assistance, without which the work would not have appeared in its present dress. The writer makes no apology for the religious sentences, occasionally interwoven in the following pages, for he is fully persuaded that no excursionist can *really* enjoy a ramble amid the beauties of creation, unless he looks "through nature up to nature's God."

In conclusion, the compiler has only to add, that if the reader derives any information, pleasure, or profit, from the perusal of the work, he shall think the time occupied in writing it by no means uselessly employed.

T. J.

Holyhead, 1853.

N.B.—In the event of a second edition of this work being called for, the compiler would feel greatly obliged to any person who would furnish him with any additional information respecting any of the objects named in this Hand-book.

## HOLYHEAD.

p. 5

And thou, Holyhead!—thy time-honoured name,  
Shall henceforth flutter on the wings of fame.

To trace a mighty river to its source, has ever been considered a sublime and interesting employment. It is pleasing to ascend its course from the point where it opens into the ocean, and becomes an inlet of wealth to an empire, till we arrive at the spot where it bubbles up a spring just sufficient to irrigate the meadows of a neighbouring farm, and to observe, as it receives the confluence of tributary waters, how it diffuses its benefits to the tribes that dwell upon its banks. Still more engaging is the task to trace the history of flourishing cities and thriving towns. The rise and progress of Holyhead, from an obscure and mean condition to one of increasing prosperity, is full of interest. Its early history appears to have had but little attention, and perhaps deservedly, from the insignificance of the object. In giving a succinct account of it, the writer finds himself somewhat perplexed, in consequence of the very scanty materials with which he is furnished. The historical guide-stones placed along the march of time are few and far between. There are centuries in which the footprints of its history are scarcely traceable. Roll back the tide of time, and you will find Holyhead a small fishing village, where

A band of fishers chose their humble seat;  
Contented labour bless'd the fair retreat:  
Inured to hardship, patient, bold, and rude,  
They brav'd the billows for precarious food;  
Their straggling huts were ranged along the shore,  
Their nets and little boats, their only store.

*When* and by *whom* the Isle of Holyhead was first peopled is involved in obscurity; to us in this age, this part of its history is a profound secret; all that is, therefore, said on that subject must be mere conjecture. Antiquarians and historians have exercised their ingenuity with respect to the origin of the name of the town. On this subject there are various opinions. It was regarded as peculiarly sacred, in consequence of its being the place of interment of pious people, and thence called Holy Island. Some suppose the place was called Holy-head, from the great number of chapels or places of religious worship that were in it. Others assert that its most ancient name was *Llan y Gwyddel*; and they say that the word *Llan* probably signifies the Irishman's beach or shore, and not church, as generally accepted, for the shore is called in this parish, and no where else in Wales, *Llan y Mor*; instead of *Glan y Mor*; and in support of this supposition, our histories make frequent mention of the Irish rovers landing here, and of their incursions into several parts of the Island of Mona, or Anglesey, and also raising some rude fortifications to protect their shipping. At the present time there are places near Holyhead called *Porth y Gwyddyl*, (Irishman's port); *Pentre Gwyddyl*, (Irishman's village, or hamlet); *Cytiau'r Gwyddelod*, (Irishman's cottages.)

p. 6

Again it is conjectured, that Holyhead, like most Welsh towns, dates its origin from an early Saint; and there are also the usual stories of miraculous arrivals, especially as relates to one St. Fraid, (Bride) an Irish Saintess, who, it is said, sailed from Ireland on a sod of green turf, which, on her landing, became a firm hillock, and upon which she built her chapel. And one of the old Bards founds the name of the Island as springing from this mysterious lady, which he chronicles in the following couplet:—

Swift o'er the sea the floating island fled,  
While glorious rays illum'd her HOLY HEAD.

But its most usual Welsh name is *Caer Cybi*, (Fort of Cybi,) so called from St. Cybi. History records the following account of this singular and extraordinary personage.—Holyhead was the residence of a British Saint, named Corincus, or Cybi, son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall; who, it is said, about the middle of the fourth century, after having lived a very religious life for 20 years, went over to France, to Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers; and finding favour with the Bishop, was ordained by him, and officiated as his assistant until the Bishop's death. He then returned to his native place; but on account of tribulation in the country, and some painful occurrences in the circumstances of his family, he left home again, and arrived at St. David's, and ultimately crossed over to Ireland; and after residing there four years, returned and settled in Holyhead. A Prince in Anglesey, out of compassion to him, in consequence of his low pecuniary circumstances, gave him a castle, which was in the neighbourhood. Cybi founded a small monastery within the castle walls, and the establishment was called *Côr Cybi*, in allusion to the monastery, or *Caer Cybi*, in reference to the castle walls. Mr. Pennant presumes that the name of the town has originated from the castle walls, the remains of which are still to be seen. Mr. Morris says, that *Caer Cybi*, lived at the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire in Britain, and was contemporary, and on great friendship with Seiriol, an eminent Saint, of Priestholme, or *Ynys Seiriol*, (Seiriol's Island,) near Beaumaris. St. Cybi, observes Tanner, flourished about A.D. 380, and founded a small monastery in Holyhead. In the beginning of the 15th century, the Irish fleet invaded Anglesey; and after committing some depredations, returned to Ireland, taking with them the shrine of St. Cybi, which trophy they deposited among the relics in Christ's church.

p. 7

Whether this town took its name from the Irish, who very early resided here,—or from its number of chapels,—or from the interment of the pious,—or from the legend of St. Bride,—or from the Saint who dwelt within its ancient fort,—is surely now of very little consequence.

About A.D. 389, the Irish, under the command of Serigi, (the Rover,) landed in Anglesey; and having defeated the natives, took possession of the Island. On this invasion, *Caswallon-Llaw-Hir*, (or the longhanded) Prince of Wales, came to the relief of Mona; and having routed the enemy, pursued them to Holyhead, where their fleet lay; here they fought a second battle, in which Caswallon slew Serigi, the Irish commander, with his own hand. It is said that in this action the tribe of Caswallon put the fetters of their horses upon their own legs, by two and two, to shew their determination was,

Their country, parents, children, save,  
Or fill one great and glorious grave!

The few records we have concerning Caswallon-Llaw-Hir, delineate the great man and the hero. He was the eldest son of Einion Yrth, sovereign of North Wales. The Triads record him with Rhiwallon son of Urier, and Belyn, as the chiefs of the three golden-banded tribes. In consequence of the signal bravery of the people of Caswallon, in the great battle of Holyhead, their leader obtained a privilege of wearing the golden bands, which denoted that no other power had jurisdiction there except the voice of the national diet, assembled on extraordinary occasions. After this conquest, a chapel was erected, within the fortification of Holyhead, over Serigi, called *Eglwys y Bedd*, i.e., the church of the grave. This church was afterwards endowed with distinct revenues from those of the Collegiate Church, as appears by the College leases; it was called in the British manuscript, *Capel Llan y Gwyddel*, or the Chapel of the Irishman. At length it fell into ruin, and remained disused for ages; and was ultimately removed, in order to render the way to the church more commodious. In digging, the workmen found a stone coffin, or chest, under an arch in the north side of the chancel, with human bones of a prodigious size. Serigi was canonized by his countrymen, and had in this chapel a shrine, which seems to have been held in exceedingly high repute, for several very wonderful qualities and cures; but according to an old Irish chronicle, it was carried off by some Irish rovers, and deposited in the Cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin; from whence, they were removed with many others, after the reformation, to — a place not far from Dublin, where the relics that could be preserved from that universal destruction are still kept.

p. 8

A religious house is said to have been erected here by Prince *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, in the latter part of the 6th century. Maelgwyn Gwynedd endowed the See of Bangor with lands and franchises; he also built or repaired Shrewsbury, and the Castle of Harlech; also the Priory of Penmon; and was the patron of Taliesin, the Post Laureate, and prince of the celebrated Bards. A castle, now in ruins, over against the town of Conway, was originally erected by him; he was contemporary with Prince Arthur:—

In Arthur's days, of ancient date,  
When Cambria's chiefs elected  
Her Maelgwyn to the regal seat,  
Were Harlech's towers erected.

The sleep of Maelgwyn in the church of Llanrhos.

Holyhead being a landing place for the enemy, was often the scene of violent encounters, between the Welsh on the one side, and the Irish, Picts, Danes, and Saxons on the other.

In A.D. 914, the men of Dublin destroyed Holyhead and ravaged the Isle of Anglesey.

In A.D. 958, Abloic, King of Ireland, burnt Holyhead, and spoiled the country.

The house for canons regular, called the College, appears to have been founded by *Hwfa ap Cynddelw*, lord of Llys Llifon, and one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, a contemporary with Owen Gwynedd, who began his reign in 1137. This college was granted by James I. to Francis Morris, and Francis Phillips. It afterwards became the property of Rice Gwynne, Esq., who, in the year 1640, transferred the tithes to Jesus College, Oxford, for the maintenance of two Scholars, and two Fellows; since that time, the parish has been served by a Curate, nominated by the College. The Rev. Charles Williams, B.D., is the present Incumbent.

The head of this institute, formerly one of the three Spiritual Lords of Anglesey, was usually denominated *Penclas*, or *Pencolas*. The Rev. Mr. Evans considers it to have been *Pencais*, or chief judge in ecclesiastical matters. But from the inscription on the exergue of the ancient seal belonging to the Chapter, "*Sigillum Rectoris et capitali Ecclesia de Caer Gybi*;" it appears that his customary title was that of *Rector*. He was styled in a subsequent period *Provost*; for Edward III. bestowed the Provostship of "his free Chapel, Caer Cybi, on his Chaplain, Thomas de London," for which the King, in 1351, dispensed with his services to himself. The original number of Canons is uncertain. By an inquisition made in 1553, twelve persons, styled Prebendaries, were found on the pension list, receiving an annual allowance of twenty shillings each. Prior to the dissolution, the Provost had an income of thirty-nine marks, (£26); one Chaplain, a stipend of thirteen marks, (£8 13s. 4d.); and two others, each a moiety of the latter sum. The estimate, therefore, made in the time of Henry VIII., of its annual revenue, as amounting to £24, must have been an under valuation.

In 1745, the materials of *Capel Llan y Gwyddel*, or the Irishman's Chapel, were used for the purpose of building a Public School, by Edward Wynn, L.L.D., of Bodewryd, in this county, who gave by bond, dated Nov. 25th, 1748, the sum of £120 for the endowment of it; the interest thereof to be paid annually, on the 24th of November, to the Schoolmaster, for teaching six poor boys of the town to read and write.

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## THE CHURCH

Is a handsome, embattled, cruciform structure, consisting of a chancel, nave, ailes, and transept, with a square tower, surmounted by a low flat kind of spire. The present edifice, exclusive of the chancel, appears to have been rebuilt, in the time of Edward III., and the latter was repaired in the beginning of the last century. The inside of the entrance porch, and the external part of the south end of the transept, are decorated with rude, but curious carvings. On the latter are the figures of a dragon, a man leading a bear, and other grotesque representations. On the pediments and embattlements are cherubic heads; and one or two figures in supplicating posture. The exterior carvings, in consequence of being executed on soft stone, and exposed to the sea, are almost mouldered away; under the porch, however, where sheltered from the weather, they are much more perfect. There is the following inscription, in Gothic characters, on the north side of the Church,—"*Sancte Kybi; ora pro nobis.*" "During the last century (says the Rev. John Price, in his account of Holyhead) the natives showed the print of Kybi's foot in a rock by the east end of the chancel, till it was destroyed by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, then Curate of this place."

Long be our Father's temple ours;  
Woe to the hand by which it falls;  
A thousand spirits watch its towers;  
A cloud of angels guard its walls.  
And be their shield by us possessed;  
Lord, rear around thy blest abode  
The buttress of a holy breast,  
The rampart of a present God.

## THE CHURCH WALLS

Are considered a very perfect specimen of Roman architecture. The form is parallelogram, about 220 feet long, and about 130 broad; three of its sides consist of massive walls, 6 feet thick, and 17 in height; the fourth is open to the harbour, having only a low parapet laid on the precipitous cliffs. At the north-east angle is a circular bastion tower; and along the walls are two rows of circular holes, four inches in diameter, having the inside smoothly plastered. The cement, mixed with coarse pebbles, is extremely hard, and this, in conjunction with other circumstances, exhibits ancient marks of Roman masonry. The Church, altogether, will repay the time spent in its examination.

p. 11

Beloved Holyhead, farewell!  
 Every object around thee is dear;  
 Thy promontory, and meadows, and dell,  
 Where I wandered for many a year.

But oft has the ocean's blue wave  
 Flowed lately, commixt with my tears;  
 Since my Mother was laid in her grave,  
 Where yon hallowed turret appears.

Oh! Sexton remember the spot,  
 And lay me beside her cold bed  
 Whenever this body is brought  
 To sleep in belov'd Holyhead.

Holyhead is a place of great antiquity, situated at the western extremity of Anglesey, upon an island, or more properly a peninsula, which at high water becomes insulated, but still it forms part of the county of Anglesey. It is a seaport, market town, (market on Saturday) and contributory borough. About three miles from the town the Stanley Embankment crosses the sands, and an arm of the sea, connecting the Isle of Holyhead with the main land of Anglesey. This vast embankment is three quarters of a mile in length, and on an average 28 feet in height, with a bridge of one arch 19 feet span, under which the tide, compressed into a narrow compass, ebbs and flows with great force and velocity.

Here ocean rushes from her wide domains,  
 With distant roar salutes the sandy plains;  
 Now slow, serene, the placid currents creep,  
 Then backwards roll terrific to the deep.

Though Holyhead is not of large pretensions, and cannot fairly claim the picturesque scenery of some parts of the Principality, yet its history is pregnant with interest. There is an air of the nautical about the place, and, though near to some of the most uncultivated parts of Wales, it appears to possess an ideality of its own, and one differing materially from that of the surrounding country. It has been but little noticed by some excursionists, who have favoured the public, through the medium of the press, with the result of their wanderings; although they have written largely and excellently on the Principality, they have scarcely thought it worth their notice to pay a passing tribute to this ancient place. Indeed, the Island of Anglesey, which has to be traversed in order to reach it, is flat and uninteresting. This circumstance, has, doubtless, had the effect of deterring many persons from visiting this place, and contemplating the grand marine views around it.

p. 12

Mr. Walpole, whose splendid work appeared in 1784, makes the following remark on Holyhead:—"The village consists of a stragglng confused heap of thatched houses built on rocks." The Rev. R. Warner, who wrote his interesting and learned work on North Wales, in 1798, merely observes, "The parish of Holyhead reckons a population of about 2000." Mr. Bingley, in his instructive volume, gives us some half-dozen lines on the place; but Mr. Aiken, and several others have not so much as named it. From what they had heard and read, they concluded that the insignificant village possessed but few events at all worthy of being recorded, and those few not of the most interesting nature. They, therefore, refused

To strike their harps amid the cheerless gloom.

Such was Holyhead a few years ago. At that time there was no harbour for her vessels, but what the rude hand of Nature had formed—no lighthouse streaming in the midnight gloom—no telegraph to announce to distant parties what vessels heaved in sight—no railway train gliding swiftly and smoothly along the iron-road—no joyous excursionists pouring in by thousands, paying their respects to the natives, beneath the shining of a Summer's sun—no coachman with his sounding horn—no spirit for commercial enterprise—no Bible Society—no Missionary Society—no schools to "teach the young idea how to shoot"—no Saving's Bank—no Libraries—no Mechanic's Institute. It could not boast, like other towns, of advance in trade, or commercial prosperity. It had rather to hang its harp upon the willows, and wonder why all the mighty advantages that Nature had lavished on its transcendently lovely Bay, had been so long comparatively overlooked.

p. 13

The present century rose on Holyhead like a sun in smiles. Her growth to importance has taken place within the last half century; the time of her visitation had dawned, her set time was come; the tide of her future prosperity sprung auspiciously; the sympathies of England were turned towards her—the wealth of England was expended on her—and the experience, science, industry, and enterprise of England were put forth on her behalf. The erection of South Stack Lighthouse in 1808, the commencement of the Pier, with its Harbour, Graving Dock, and Lighthouse in 1810, the Government establishment, and the completion of the great Parliamentary road, gave a commercial impulse to the place, and materially contributed to attract and support a thriving population.

The commencement of the Breakwater, or New Harbour, and the Chester and Holyhead Railway, sounded the tocsin aloud for the advancement of Holyhead; and the advantage was taken by the

spirited inhabitants in a manner which did them credit. Within the last four years, in particular, it has rapidly increased in extent and improved in appearance: streets and public edifices, large and well built, seem to have started into existence as by the enchantment of some mighty magician; almost everything is new, and everything wonderfully improved, affording ample accommodation of every kind for the numerous visitors who may do themselves the honour of reposing within its precincts. The town is rapidly rising to that respectability and celebrity to which the salubrity of its air, its rich and varied prospects, by land and sea, so justly entitle it; but like most other places in a transition state, it exhibits a motley mixture of old and new houses. The important conveyances, vehicles to all parts of the country, the railway, and steamers, to and from Ireland daily, bestow on it a charm which it is in vain to look for in any other spot in the Principality.

There are places of worship, exclusive of the parish Church, for Independents, Baptists, Calvinistic and Wesleyan Methodists. There are two Public Schools, conducted respectively upon the National and British plan; and an Infant School, under the auspices of the Independents. The British School was erected in 1848, on land given by the late Lord Stanley, of Alderley, and the Hon. W. O. Stanley, of Penrhos. A Mechanics' Institute has been established—a new Church and Cemetery are in contemplation—a Gas Company is formed—accommodations for bathing are “looming in the future.” Indeed, although the writer is not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, yet he will venture to divine that, a few years hence, there will be a convenient Market-place—water will be brought to every roan's door—gas, one of the greatest *desiderata* in the march of improvement, will illumine our streets, and other improvements necessary and desirable for the sanitary condition of the town, will follow in the wake, and Holyhead will be raised to that position which she is designed to occupy.

p. 14

We trust the sun of Holyhead's hope has at length arisen; may it be the beginning of a bright and prosperous day, not only in a commercial point of view, but in a moral aspect, for with increasing shipping, trade, population, &c., will Christian responsibility increase also; and benevolent efforts to meet the multiplied demand, we trust, will not be found wanting.

### **POPULATION OF HOLYHEAD.**

The parish of Holyhead contained, in 1841, 3,868; in 1851, 8,665; houses, 1,800. The population is now (1853) nearly 9,000, and 1,850 houses.

### **DISTANCES OF PLACES.**

Holyhead is distant from London 263 miles—Chester, 85—Bangor, 25—Britannia Bridge, 23—Beaumaris, 27—Carnarvon, 33—Kingstown (Ireland), 63.

### **POST OFFICE.**

Mr. W. B. Jones, *Postmaster*.

### **DELIVERY OF LETTERS.**

Letters from London, and all parts of England, arrive every morning at half-past Six. Delivery commences at eight. Letters from Ireland arrive every evening about Six p.m., and are delivered the same evening.

### **DESPATCH OF LETTERS.**

Letters to London, and all parts of England, are despatched at Seven, every evening: Box closes at Six. Letters to Ireland are despatched at One, a.m., and Six, a.m.

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### **AGENTS.**

*City of Dublin Co.'s Mail Packet Office*.—*Superintendent*—Commander C. Fraser, R.N.

*Harbour Master*—Lieut. J. Lascelles, R.N.

*Admiralty Office*—Commander M. Skinner, R.N.

*Custom's Office*—Mr. Lennox.

*Woods and Forests*—J. Provis, Esq., C.E.

*Chester and Holyhead Railway Steam Packet Office*—Mr. William Storey, Clerk.

*Stamp Office*—Mr. H. G. Hughes, Druggist, Distributor.

*New Harbour Stores' Keeper*—Mr. N. F. Woolmer.

*Chester and Holyhead Steam Packet Office*.—*Superintendent*—Capt. Hirst.

### **BANKS.**

*North and South Wales Bank, Stanley-street* (draws on the London and Westminster Bank)—Mr. Robert Roberts, Manager.

*National Provincial Bank (Branch), Boston-street* (draws on Hanbury, Taylors, and Lloyd, London)—Mr. Edward Hughes, Manager.

### **ANCIENT CUSTOMS.—EGG TAKING, FROM THE CLIFFS OF HOLYHEAD.**

The eggs of many of the birds named in another page were formerly sought after as delicious food, and considered as a great treat to the epicurean. The price procured for them was a sufficient inducement for the poor to follow the adventurous trade of egg-taking; but in this, as in the pearl fishery on the coasts of Persia, the gains bear no tolerable proportion to the danger incurred. Until the dangerous practice was prohibited, men were employed in collecting them in the following manner. The adventurers having furnished themselves with every necessary implement for the business, while the sun afforded assistance by his beams, entered on the terrific undertaking. Two—for this was a trade in which co-partnership was absolutely necessary—took a station; and he whose turn it happened to be, or whose superior agility rendered it eligible, prepared for the rupestrian expedition. A strong stake was driven into the ground, at some distance from the edge of the cliff, to which a rope, of sufficient length to reach the lowest haunts of the birds, was affixed. Fastening the other end round his middle, taking the coil on his arm, and laying hold with both his hands, he threw himself over the brow of the cliff, placing his feet against its sides, and carefully shifting his hands, he gradually descended till he came to the abode of the birds; then putting his hand into the hole, while suspending himself with the other, he took possession of its contents, carefully placing the eggs in a basket slung at his back for the purpose. Having despoiled all the nests within his extent of rope, he ascended by the same means to the edge of the cliff, where his partner, whose duty hitherto was to guard the stake, crawling on hands and knees, afforded him assistance in doubling the cliff, which otherwise he would be unable to do. Dangerous occupation! A slip of the foot, or the hand, would in an instant be fatal to both. Instances have occurred where the weight of the one overcoming the strength of the other, both have been precipitated down the craggy steep, and their mangled carcasses buried in the ocean.

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To a stranger and bystander, this occupation appeared more dangerous than it really was; in persons habituated to bodily difficulty, the nervous system became gradually braced, and the solids attained that state of rigidity which banished irritability; while the mind, accustomed to scenes of danger, lost that timidity which frequently led to the dreadful disaster. To the person whose heart palpitates at the near approach to such heights, it must appear a presumptuous venture, and daily instances of its fatality might be expected; but facts demonstrate the contrary, and serve to prove how much we are the creatures of habit, and to what an extent difficulty and danger may be made subordinate to art and perseverance. A sight of this perilous employment would remind the beholder of that fine description—

— How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midnight air,  
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down  
Hangs one who gathers samphire;—dreadful trade.

### **SHALL I GET MARRIED THIS MONTH?**

During the last century a singular custom was observed at *Capel Lochwyd*, on the celebration of the annual wakes at Holyhead. This joyous festival then continued a fortnight and a day,—commencing the Sunday before the 25th of July, and ending the second Sunday after. On each of the three Sundays of the wakes, all the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, old and young, repaired to the chapel, which is situated on a very high part of the mountain, on the west side, close to a cleft, or ravine, that leads down, or rather led down, to the sea shore, (as the pass is now partly obstructed by loose stones); the old to be spectators, and the young, of both sexes that were or thought that they were marriageable, to be actors. On the shore, just above high water-mark, there is a well of most delicious water, called Ffynon (well) of Lochwyd,—having fine gravel at the bottom; and the custom was, for the lasses and lads to take a mouthful of the water, and fill both their hands with the gravel from the bottom of the well, and then endeavour to ascend the ravine (which must at all times have been very difficult,) to the chapel. Whoever succeeded, without spilling a drop of the water or dropping a single pebble, in arriving at the chapel, and casting the water and gravel on the altar, was esteemed certain of being married before the moon had attained its greatest age. The distance between the well and the chapel is about a quarter of a mile; and those who had been unfortunate in either spilling the water or dropping the gravel, were obliged to return; and, to defeat the endeavour of others to ascend, they used all their wit, resorting to grimace and buffoonery to excite laughter in those they met; by which means, very few ever reached the desired goal with the freight they started with from the well. And even, some of those who were successful, I opine, would have another difficulty to grapple with, perhaps greater than that of carrying water and pebbles from the well to the chapel, viz., that of obtaining a suitable "help-mate" in so short a time. As this ceremony took place only on the Sundays of the wakes, it was called "Suliau y Creiriau," (Sabbaths of the Relics.) The altar disappeared many years ago, and there is scarcely a vestige of the chapel left.

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## DANCING MATCH.

During the week-days of the wakes at Holyhead, as many musicians were collected together as could be found in and around the town; and one of them played till he was tired, when he was relieved by a fresh one; so that there was music without cessation. To this music twenty young women danced till they were tired; and who ever held out the longest gained the prize of a complete suit of apparel; if it was not decided in one day, the whole twenty commenced again on the following day, and so on to the end of the wakes. This prize, like the "Suliau y Creiriau," was left sometimes undecided, as the girls would dance till they fainted, rather than acknowledge a defeat. There was an old woman living in this parish in 1826, and who was then nearly a hundred years of age, who, in her youth, assisted in the performance of both the above customs. These barbarous usages were suppressed by a pious Curate of Holyhead, of the name of Ellis, about the year 1748.

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## HOLYHEAD PIER—OLD HARBOUR.

The first stone of this great national work was laid in the month of August, 1810. The Pier extends from the small island called *Ynys Halen*, or *Salt Island*, in an east-south-east direction into the sea; and is about 1000 feet in length. On the south side it is faced with a perpendicular wall of cut stone; near the east end a spur projects 60 feet at right angles with the wall, so as to afford shelter from the east winds. The back of the Pier, or part towards the sea, is on an inclined plane from the top of the parapet, and is built with large rough stones placed edge-ways, as close together as possible, and wedged with smaller ones, so that the sea has no power over it. A morning or evening walk on the parapet, which is used as a promenade, is strongly recommended; it will have a tendency to enliven the spirits, and brace the nerves. On the south side of the Harbour is a fine Graving Dock, admirably constructed, and one of the first in England. The Dock gates are protected by a spur projecting from Turkey Shore to the northward 330 feet, on the east side of the gates. The whole of the above improvements were effected for about £130,000—the Graving Dock about £12,000. Formerly the road to the Pier was through the town; but Government constructed a new road on the margin of the Pool or Basin, which covers an area of fifty or sixty acres, and is filled with water at high tide, but dry at low water.

The anchorage ground outside the Harbour having been so much raked by use that the anchors would not hold, several vessels were in consequence lost. In 1831, a very strong chain of 300 feet in length was laid down across the entrance; so that when a vessel now drags her anchor before the gale, she drives forward until she grapples the chain. This plan has been the means of saving a number of vessels, and none have been on shore since it was adopted. On the Pier there is a large capstan of great power, for the use of the Government Packets and other vessels. Many large ships, by the aid of a plentiful supply of warps, have been brought into the Harbour during heavy gales, evidently snatched from destruction by the prompt assistance thus rendered. A LIFE BOAT reposes on a frame furnished with wheels, in order that it may be moved at an instant's notice; a gratifying proof that the cause of humanity is not suffered to slumber.

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## GRAND TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

The Triumphal Arch was erected to commemorate the arrival of His Majesty George IV. On the 7th of August, 1821, His Majesty landed at Holyhead, on his passage to Ireland; an event which forms an epoch in the history of the Principality, and of Anglesey in particular. Upwards of six centuries had elapsed since a British Monarch was seen in Wales; but his Majesty's visit was under circumstances widely different from those which attended the visit of the first English King. This auspicious day had been anxiously expected by the natives of Holyhead for some time previously; and preparations for His Majesty's reception had been made with enthusiastic loyalty by every class of people. On the appearance of the Royal Yacht, about half past four in the evening, a signal was made from the top of Holyhead Mountain; but the tide being contrary, and the wind light, the yacht and attendant squadron could not approach the bay until 12 o'clock, when they anchored directly opposite the town, which was immediately illuminated. On the following day, His Majesty landed on the shores of Cambria, and was enthusiastically greeted by the cheers of thousands. The confidence which His Majesty felt in the attachment of the loyal and patriotic *Cambro-Britons* is strongly evinced in the circumstance, that this was the first time of his being abroad without a military escort. After remaining a short time on the Pier, His Majesty and suite proceeded in three of the Marquis of Anglesey's carriages to Plas Newydd. On His Majesty's return to Holyhead, he was received at the entrance of the town with similar attention and marks of respect as were evinced on his landing; and he was conducted to his barge amidst the reiterated cheers of the assembled multitude. The squadron immediately manned their yards, royal salutes were fired, and the town was again illuminated. Being detained in the bay by boisterous weather, the King left the Yacht, and embarked in the Steam Packet *Lightning*, commanded by the unfortunate Captain Skinner, (see page 21,) and proceeded to the shores of Ireland.

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As the visits of Monarchs are "few and far between," such an event was not to be lightly passed over. A public meeting was held on the 9th of August, and a general subscription was resolved to be entered into, for the purpose of erecting a Triumphal Arch, commemorative of the landing of His Majesty. On Wednesday, the 7th of August, 1822, the foundation stone was laid, with every circumstance that was calculated to produce an impressive effect. On the 6th of August, 1824, this elegant monument of loyalty was opened. It is a chaste and beautiful structure, in the Doric

style, formed of Mona marble. It consists of four handsome pillars, twenty feet high, which are placed two on either side of a carriage-way, fourteen feet wide. Outside of the pillars, and of the same height, are two rectangular pillars, twelve feet by three feet six inches, leaving a footpath on each side of the carriage-way of five feet. The whole is surmounted with a bold and projecting cornice, and covered over by three diminishing tiers of masonry, forming a platform. Over the carriage-way, on either side, are empannelled inscriptions, in Welsh and Latin, commemorative of the event.

### **HOLYHEAD LIGHT-HOUSE.**

The Light-house at the end of the Pier is one of the finest pieces of masonry in the kingdom—it is a master-piece of the kind, and is proof against the most violent storms and hurricanes by which it can be assailed. It is built of Moelfre stone, a kind of marble, inside as well as outside, on an inverted arch, and without any other timber than what was necessary for the door cases and window frames. It consists of three stories, or landing places, the ceilings of which are groined, and the gloves are of smooth stone. The floors are of rough polished stones. Its base is six feet above high water mark, and is protected from the sea by a strong glacis. The tower, which is circular, is thirty-three feet in height to the gallery, and the lantern, which is ten feet higher, is lighted with twenty brilliant lights of gas, having reflectors plated with silver, and displaying a strong white light in every direction, which being at an elevation of fifty feet above the level of the sea, affords a safe guide to vessels approaching the Harbour. There is a lamp, with reflector, placed opposite an aperture, twenty feet below the lantern, shewing a red light. This is not seen by vessels until they have cleared all rocks outside, when it at once appears, and the vessel alters her course, and runs for the Pier-head with confidence. In thick weather the packets are guided by signal guns and bells, which are so well arranged that sometimes the Pier Light-house has been the first object seen after crossing the channel from Ireland.

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### **MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN SKINNER.**

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we will.

This gallant officer, formerly commander of a post-office packet on the Holyhead station, lost his life, in 1833, by being washed overboard in an almost unaccountable manner, while standing on his own vessel speaking to one of his sailors, who was carried away by the same wave with his captain, and both ultimately disappeared. It is said the weather was not very boisterous, and that the accident was one of the most extraordinary ever known in the annals of naval experience.

The obelisk monument, erected by public subscription, to the memory of the estimable and noble-spirited officer, is now to be seen on the rocks south of the harbour. He was generally respected, and his loss greatly regretted by his numerous friends. Surely no one can visit this generous, humane, and affecting tribute of regard, without reflecting on the solemn and sudden visitations of an inscrutable Providence, as exemplified in the untimely end of the brave and benevolent Capt. Skinner.

### **THE CAPTAIN'S GRAVE.**

No sculptured slab of marble rare  
The Captain's grave discloses;  
No flattering strain of praise records  
Where his pale corse reposes;  
No weeping kindred o'er his bier  
With praises laud the brave;  
No floweret gemmed with memory's tear  
Proclaims the Captain's grave.

Wrapped in a shroud of pale sea flowers,  
Deep in a rocky grot,  
The clay-cold form lies silently,  
Where man disturbeth not.  
No solemn train of funeral pomp,  
He died as died the brave;  
The fond hope of a hardy crew  
Rests calm below the wave.

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### **SKERRIES LIGHT-HOUSE.**

The Skerries are a group of bare or half covered rocks, eight or ten in number, about nine miles from Holyhead, and two miles from the northern extremity of the Isle of Anglesey. It is called in Welsh, *Ynys y Moelrhoniaid*, or the *Isle of Seals*, from the great number of seals seen about it. It is inhabited by a few poor sheep, and a numerous colony of rabbits. The length of the Island is about a quarter of a mile; it is greatly indented at the sides, and at high water is even divided into a number of smaller insulated rocks. In fine weather it has a most dreary appearance, and in high winds the breaking of the sea against its rugged base, and the immense clouds of foam which darken the air, render the ocean inexpressibly awful and terrific. A bay light, to mark the

situation of a cluster of dangerous rocks at the north entrance of Holyhead, was first placed here in 1730, for the convenience of ships navigating between the ports of Liverpool, Bristol, and Ireland. The present Light-house was erected, and the first *oil*-light exhibited, in 1804. Before that time coals were used, of which a great fire was kept burning in the conical grate, which appears on the summit of the front peak of the rock. The light from this beacon may be seen 25 or 30 miles off, and is of infinite service to navigation; for, prior to its erection, scarce a winter passed here without shipwrecks, and nearly always accompanied with loss of lives, for the surge beats against it with incredible fury. Fish sport about the sides of this island in amazing multitudes; they are principally the colefish, the whiting, pollocks, and the cod-fish. The beautiful corasses, &c., are caught here. Puffins resort to this place in great plenty; they come in a surprising manner, all in a flock in one night, and, when their season arrives, depart in the same manner. Those who love the bold and awful rather than the calm scenes of nature, will do well to visit this island.

### SOUTH STACK—BY LAND.

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On SOUTH STACK rock what glories feast our eyes,  
Entrance our senses and our souls surprise!  
To paint each scene no colours can be found,  
Romantic beauties crowd the enchanted ground.

South Stack may be visited either by land or water; cars and boats may be hired at a moderate charge. The way by land is the mountain road, as far as a farm called *Glan yr Afon*, (river side) and then across the mountain to the heights directly opposite.

### THE LIGHT-HOUSE

Is erected on an island, or rather the summit of an isolated rock, from which it takes its name, situated at the south west point of Holyhead mountain, and about four miles from the town. This splendid structure was commenced in the month of August, 1808; and the light was first exhibited on the night of the 9th of February, 1809, and is of essential service in facilitating the access to the Holyhead Harbour. It was built at the sole expense of the Corporation of Trinity House, London. The light is a revolving one, displaying a full-faced light every two minutes, which, in clear weather, is distinctly visible at a distance of ten leagues. The frame that is attached to the pivot on which the Argand lamps is fixed is triangular, having seven brilliant lamps and powerful reflectors on each side or face. The different lamps which illuminate by night have behind them large brass reflectors, lined with silver, and kept in a state of unsullied brilliance. The angles of the triangle, being all acute, the light cannot be seen when any of them points towards an object which is more than a league distant. This affords to mariners the means of distinguishing it from the Skerries Light, distant from the South Stack about nine miles. A moveable red light is also placed for the use of the government packets.

The elevation of the summit of the rock on which the Lighthouse is erected, is 140 feet above the level of the sea at high water mark; the height of the tower, from the base to the gallery, is 60 feet, and the lantern is 12 feet from the gallery, making the total elevation of the light 212 feet above high water mark, and is visible over the whole of Carnarvon Bay. The whole of this establishment was under the able superintendence of Captain H. Evans, who first pointed out the necessity of erecting a light on this spot, and whose name is imperishably connected with Holyhead and its vicinity.

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From the summit of the cliff, from which the island and Lighthouse appear but diminutive objects, a zig-zag flight of steps, 365 in number, (as many steps as there are days in the year) are cut in the side of the mountain, secured by a parapet, so as to afford an easy descent to the nearest part of the rock on a level with the island. The descent to the suspension bridge, which spans the sound below, affords a variety of interesting views. Each winding in the face of the rock gives a change of scenery terrific and sublime. In the summer months the sea-fowl are very numerous, thousands will be seen hovering round the huge rocks and caverns of which the coast is composed, and contribute much to impress the minds of visitors with a due sense of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. After a few turnings, and expressions of surprise, in reference to the romantic scenery, the numerous birds wheeling in every direction, and their plaintive cry—the bridge will be attained. Once upon a time, before the suspended bridge was there, ferry-boats made an occasional passage to the Light-house, but the rough seas caused by the strong tides, about the Head, rendered the communication by boat very precarious. In order to obviate the danger, a passage was contrived by means of two ropes thrown across the gulf, along which the individual was drawn in a box or cradle, five feet in length, by the assistance of pulleys affixed at each end, his body hanging down, and the bellowing ocean raging below to swallow him, if the tackling did not hold him secure. This plan was superseded by a bridge of ropes, which was used some years after, and although considered perfectly safe and convenient, was by no means agreeable to the affrighted Tourist, but it seldom happened that it became an obstacle in the way of those who wished to visit the Light-house. The present Suspension Bridge which connects the South Stack rock with the Head, was formed in 1827. It is over a chasm 110 feet in width, and built on the same principle as the Menai Bridge, two chain cables passing across, firmly fixed in the rocks on either side, and carried over two massive stone pillars erected for the purpose. The chain supports the platform of timber five feet wide, and 70 feet above high-water mark. The crossing of the bridge to some will be a little trying to the nerves. The

thunders of the rolling flood below are enough to make the heart tremble, particularly when the wind blows briskly. The fairer portion of visitors, in virtue of the balloon-like construction of their attire, will more particularly court the notice of rude Boreas, and ere they can successfully battle with this bold and ungallant deity, they must exercise their ingenuity, and reef sails as well as circumstances will admit; they then, as boldly as any lord of the creation, face the warring element, and arrive safely upon the opposite crag.

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Having reached the Light-house, and ascended its steep and rocky stairs, the steps of which number 80, you may gaze, from the summit, on the wilderness of waters around; observe the myriads of gulls and guillemots, standing on the edge of the rocks, or flying about in all directions; see the Telegraph, and gaze upon the ever-varying ocean, enlivened by numerous vessels passing up or down the channel. On returning, a little exertion will be required to scale the towering acclivity, but the labour is not felt between the bracing effects of the atmosphere, and the excitement. An occasional moment's pause, for breathing purposes, will afford the visitor a fine opportunity for inhaling the balmy and invigorating air; and I would advise the visitor to draw long breaths for the pleasure of it.

Previous to the erection of this Light-house, scores of vessels had, from time to time, been on shore at the back of the Head, in many of which instances all on board had perished; but since its erection it has been the means of saving from destruction several valuable lives, and many hundred thousand pounds' worth of property.

### **SOUTH STACK—BY WATER.**

Rocks,  
Which raise their crested heads into the clouds,  
Piled in sublimity, create a scene  
More grand, more soothing to the pensive soul  
Than Rome with all its splendour.

Almost at all hours of the day the service of steady and experienced watermen may be engaged at the Harbour. The little pinnacle, with its white sail, will soon be ready to convey you on your cruise. I scarcely need remark, that in order to enjoy the trip, the atmosphere must be clear and the weather calm. The Tourists having taken their seats in their snug boat, will no sooner have given the well-known signal, "all right," than the stout seamen will take to their oars, with long and strong pulls, and in a few minutes they will find themselves smoothly gliding on the crystal flood, across the beautiful and spacious Bay; and should the boatmen be in merry mood, they may enliven the scene by singing

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### **MY NATIVE BAY.**

My Native Bay is calm and bright,  
As ere it was of yore,  
When, in the days of hope and love,  
I stood upon its shore;  
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,  
As once in youth it smiled,  
When summer seas and summer skies  
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt  
Since then upon its breast;  
The sea—how oft have tempests broke  
Its gentle dream of rest!  
So oft hath darker wo come o'er  
Calm self-enjoying thought;  
And passion's storms a wilder scene  
Within my bosom wrought.

Now, after years of absence, passed  
In wretchedness and pain,  
I come and find those seas and skies  
All calm and bright again.  
The darkness and the storm from both  
Have trackless passed away;  
And gentle as in youth, once more  
Thou seem'st my Native Bay.

Oh that, like thee, when toil is over  
And all my griefs are past,  
This ravaged bosom might subside  
To peace and joy at last!  
And while it lay all calm like thee,  
In pure unruffled sleep,  
Oh! might a Heaven as bright as this  
Be mirrored in its deep.

On the left is the New Harbour, to the right the Skerries Light-house, before you St. George's Channel. As you draw near the rocks you gain a full and varied view of the scene. In wildness and grandeur of aspect no place, assuredly, can surpass this portion of the Anglesey coast. Here nature exhibits her rude outline in the most sublime and magnificent scenery.

Let us go round,  
And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,  
That at our leisure, as we coast along,  
We may contemplate, and from every scene  
Receive its influence.

As you advance, the grand promontory, with its towering precipitous cliffs—its crags, fretted by decay and storm—its magnificent caverned rocks, and bleak indented sides, appear to the utmost advantage. The effect, as you draw nearer and nearer within the verge of these tremendous caverns, is truly appalling; at last, when you come under the black shadows of the super-ambient rocks, and approach the dismal chasms, and hear the wild plaintive cry of the sea-birds, wheeling above your heads, it is impossible not to feel sensations equally unexpected and solemn. Grand receding arches of different shapes, supported by gigantic pillars of rock, formed by the incessant action of the waves, which, in stormy weather, roll with terrific violence against this high rocky coast, and exhibit a strange magnificence—a wild and savage beauty, mingle with a dread repose which continues to haunt the imagination even after quitting the scene. The singular and fantastic shapes and positions of these rocky formations, either primitive or time-worn, pinnacled or projecting, running off in bold escapement, or shelving into sheet-like floors of granite—sometimes yawning in chasms too deep for the light of summer's sun to reach, or rounded into Amphitheatres that might have formed the council hall of a race of giants, gleaming in the hues of grey, green, and purple, lying in ribbon streaks, or mingled in rich combination—all, all, lies immediately before you. The largest of these caverns is peculiarly worth attention; it has received the vulgar appellation of the *Parliament House*, from the frequent visits of water parties to see this wonderful cavern; it being only accessible by boats, and that at half ebb-tide. It is entered through a noble arch about 70 feet high, and consists of a series of receding arches, supported by massive and lofty pillars of rock, displaying an interior of picturesque and sublime grandeur. It is a magnificent instance of the effects of the sea, in producing beautiful or fantastic forms from the soluble parts of stratified rocks, more especially where calcareous substances are prevalent in their composition. Not far from this cavern the face edges to the sea slightly divided, resembling a facade of slender columns, descending from an elevation of 250 feet perpendicular to the sea. The whole promontory is chloride schist, in strata of about six feet. Seated among these rocks, or whirling in circles above and around you, are various sea-fowls which seek these solitary abodes. You cannot look upon them without an interest seldom inspired by the tamer species; whether curlews, gulls, razorbills, guillimots, cormorants, or herons, there is something wild and eccentric in their habits and appearance, which produces ideas of solitude and freedom; for we feel that they are not our slaves, but commoners of nature. Occasionally may be seen on one of the loftiest rocks a peregrine falcon, in high repute when falconry was in fashion—one of those feudal warriors who has survived his fame, no longer the companion of courts and courtly halls.

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Indeed, there are few objects more interesting than the appearance of the South Stack, when approaching it by water—the Light-house towering, 212 feet above the level of the sea—the sound of life and industry—mingled with the lashing of the sea, and the cry of innumerable birds, are altogether of so unwonted a character, that if you were transported to the antipodes you would not feel more unfeigned surprise.

"The traveller," (observes Dr. Stanley, late Bishop of Norwich) "by day, in his passage up or down the Channel, near the eastern shores, must have observed a white tower, posted like a sentinel, on the brow of a low hammock, apparently forming a projecting ledge from the seaward base of *Caer Gybi*, or the Mountain of Holyhead. On approaching still nearer, he will perceive that this hammock, is, in fact, an island, torn from the main mass, but connected therewith by a link, at a distance resembling the gauze-work of a gossamer, which in its fall, had accidentally caught upon the corresponding projections of the disjointed rocks. Let him look a little longer, and he will now and then detect minute objects to and fro, and come to the obvious conclusion that this aerial pathway is neither more nor less than a connecting ladder of accommodation formed by the hand of man. The speck by night, the white tower by day, with its hammock and fairy bridge, comprise what is called South Stack, and, taken together it forms a prominent feature in the bold, romantic scenery of this iron-bound coast, and combines so many objects worthy of notice, natural and artificial, that be the observer what he may, poet, philosopher, or naturalist, he will find wherewithal to excite his curiosity, and reward his labour, in visiting a *spot which has not many rivals in its kind in the wide world.*"

The Tourist by this time will be convinced that the description given in these pages is not over-coloured, not chimerical; for I am fully persuaded, that no one can visit this magnificent scenery without wishing for a vocabulary varied and rich as the Alpine aspect before him; but language supplies no expressions that could paint the effect of the whole assemblage upon his mind. A painter might here use his pencil with effect, and a poet indulge himself in his sublimities. But what are high and impending rocks—what are the giant heavings of an angry ocean—and what the proudest summit of the Andes, when placed in the scale of such interminable vastness as the creating, balancing, and peopling of innumerable globes? In contemplating systems so infinite, who can forbear exclaiming—What a mole-hill is our earth, and how insignificant are we who

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creep so proudly on her surface.

## **SOUTH STACK SEA-BIRDS.**

More fleet, on nimble-wing, the gull  
Sweeps booming by, intent to cull  
Voracious, from the billow's breast,  
Marked far away, his destined feast;  
Behold him now deep plunging dip  
His sunny pinions sable tip  
In the green wave; now lightly skim  
With whirling flight the water's brim,  
Wave in the blue sky his silver sail  
Aloft, and frolic in the gale,  
Or sink again his breast to lave,  
And float upon the foaming wave;  
Oft o'er his form your eyes may roam,  
Not know him from the feathery foam,  
Nor 'mid the rolling waves, your ear  
On yelling blast, his clamour hear.

Though but a small number amongst the many who direct their steps to South Stack may have turned their attention to ornithology, yet none visit this romantic spot without expressing their unqualified admiration in reference to the thousands of sea-birds which perform their rapid circumlocutions in every direction, filling the air with their shrill screaming voices. Presuming, therefore, that a few remarks on the natural history of these aquatic tribes may not be deemed uninteresting, we give the following information concerning some of them.

We would, however, first observe, that we cannot complain of want of music on the sea-shore, for wind and wave make there a constant melody; but we rarely listen, when near the sea, to the voice of a singing-bird; such birds are uttering their joy far away over the corn fields, or among the leafy boughs of the deep green woodland, or in the stillness of the meadow, or among the water sedges. But if the voices of our sea-birds are not in themselves musical, they please us by their association with the rude and wild scenes around us, and by their fitness for their haunts. Of little use to the sea-bird would be the sweet clear tones of the nightingale or the lark. Loud as they seem to us when uttered amid the stillness of the country, they would hardly be heard over the sea, and would be of small service as a language to the winged creatures whose homes are rocky precipices, ever dashed against by loud-sounding waves. To these the screaming hoarse voices of the sea-gulls are far better attuned, and these are indeed the only utterances which could avail them amidst the storm.

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Nor is this powerful voice of the sea-bird the only fitness for its haunts which is presented to our minds as we look and listen. Besides that it possesses, in common with all birds, that wonderful power of vision, without which it could neither direct its flight with safety, nor gain any idea of distance or motion, it has immense strength of wing; and such species as the sea-gulls, which are destined to live on water rather than land, have small legs and feet; while such as are made like the curlew, to roam the marshes, have long legs, adapted for walking and wading in among them.

## **SEA GULLS.**

No bird is better known, on most parts of our coast, than the common gull, which is in some places called the winter-mew. Active and restless as it may seem on the wing, it has, when in repose, little that would remind us of the frequent comparison, "blithe as a bird." We sometimes see it in gardens near the coast, with clipped wings, wandering in solitude over the paths with dejected and melancholy air, as if pining for its native sea and its companions. When free, its manners seem almost agitated as it darts eagerly on its prey, swallowing it so impetuously that it sometimes seizes the hook and bait which the fisherman has put out to take the fish, and thus wounds itself and becomes a captive. Buffon calls the clamorous and voracious gulls the vultures of the sea; they not only feed on fish, molluscous and other living animals, but seize on dead and putrid matter of every description, either floating on the waters or spread on the shore. Gulls do not dive into the water for food, but they dip now and then to seize it. They have been found by voyagers in all latitudes, and are very numerous in northern regions, where the carcasses of whales and of large fish offer them an abundant store of nourishment. Hard and tough as their flesh is, yet it may be eaten; and the eggs, which are placed in large nests made of grass and seaweeds, are very good. The gull comes to South Stack in April or May, and leaves in September.

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## **THE GUILLEMOT.**

Much of that loud, wild screaming which resounds among the cliffs, and which sometimes rises shrill and hoarse, even above the wildest roar of the sea, is made by some of those birds which look like the diver, and which can also both swim and dive exceedingly well. The common guillemot is commonly called the foolish guillemot, or foolish Willie, or wild Willie; though why it should be deemed inferior to other sea-birds in sense is not very apparent, as it seems to surpass many of them in this respect. It may be that when on shore the bird has an awkward appearance, as the legs are placed so far back beneath the body that they walk badly, and their wings are so

short and narrow that they can scarcely flutter. Let our bird, however, but get upon the face of the waters, and we shall see it swim with grace and ease, while the very position of its legs, which renders it a bad walker, is suited to facilitate its diving. It dives very low, and the wings aid its progress as it rises to the surface when some tempting fish, or marine insect, induces it to urge onwards with great rapidity. It is by means of these short wings, too, that the guillemots clear the projecting ledges of rocks and cliffs, and jump from point to point, till they reach those high, and to us inaccessible, spots where they often build. Its single egg is placed on the bare rock. The guillemot visits South Stack about the month of April, and by the month of September, both old and young, leave the rocks, and make their dwellings, both by night and by day, on that wide world of waters for which they are so admirably fitted.

Amidst the flashing and feathery foam  
The common guillemot finds a home;  
A home, if such a place can be  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea.

The migratory movement of birds may be regarded as one of the most wonderful impulses possessed by animals, and it supplies an apt illustration of the Prophet's view, when he reproached the chosen nation of God for their neglect of appointed duty. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming: but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."—*Jer.* viii. 7.

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE THREE LIGHT-HOUSES.

Light-houses, beacons, warning-bells, and the like, are among the most indispensable adjuncts of maritime conveyance; without them, indeed, it would be utterly impossible to conduct it with anything like regularity or safety; and if there be one thing more than another that has given me pleasure while writing these pages, it is that of recording *three light-houses* (viz., South Stack, Skerries, and Holyhead) connected with the thriving Port of Holyhead. If it would not be deemed too figurative and fanciful, I should denominate these light-houses—BRILLIANT EYES LOOKING OUT FOR THE RETURN OF THE WEATHER-BEATEN SONS OF THE OCEAN. What vast improvements have been made in this, as well as in other departments of nautical affairs! Humanity, as well as interest, led to the adoption of light-houses, both as beacons and guides; and it speaks well for the sympathy and benevolence of Britons that there are on and about the British coasts upwards of 200 light-houses, which are classed as "harbour lights" and "general lights."

The first attempts were rude; common fires, first of wood, and then of coals, were originally used to furnish light. A coal fire was employed for this purpose in the Isle of Man for 180 years (as late as the year 1816). Tallow candles succeeded;—candles fastened on wooden rods were burnt in the Eddystone light-house for 40 years after it was completed by Smeaton; then came lamps with twisted cotton wicks. The glimmering lamps of by-gone days have disappeared, and are superseded by Argand lamps, with lenses and reflecting prisms. The hand of science has extinguished the faint splendours of the last century, and lighted up midnight suns, fixing them in their furbished orbits, on elegant structures, high in aerial heaven, whose reflected rays mingle together, so as to form one concentrated blaze of light, intense and beautiful, illuminating and adorning the shore and rock.

One of the most remarkable light-houses in England is the Eddystone, erected on a solitary rock, opposite the coast of Plymouth: it has withstood many a terrific tempest, and appears likely to stand firm amid the elemental wars for years to come. Not unfrequently, at the mouth of harbours, as at Harwich, two light-houses are erected, one more elevated than the other; one to guide the vessels in their approach to the coast, and the other to direct them in their entrance to the harbour.

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Not far from the room where I am now writing, break the waves of St. George's Channel. I hear the roar—it is, indeed, a stormy night—wild blows the wind,—

I think of the mariner tossed on the billow,  
Afar from the home of his childhood and youth;  
No mother to watch o'er his sleep-broken pillow,  
No father to counsel—no sister to soothe! <sup>[33]</sup>

A tide of joy rises in my soul at the thought that, close to my own door, I can gaze upon two light-houses, one of which is, mid the foaming deep, presenting a brilliant point of light—a distinct and striking object—though some nine miles of waters are rolling between us. It is the *Skerries Light-house*. I love to look at it. Its *constancy* and *fixedness* interest me. No sooner are the last rays of the sun retiring from land and sea, than the watchful keeper hastens to kindle the beacon. If to the midnight hour I protract my musings, and cast a glance upon the sea, there shines the light. If long before the dawn of day I have arisen to my labours, there it still shines. The week, the month, the year rolls round, and there is no failure. What deeply interesting facts are announced by that brilliant light; it is as if an angel of mercy, with a voice of thunder, stood and announced what part it was of a dangerous coast to which the mariner was most contiguous, and in which direction he must look for shoal and breaker. He is kindly told when there is peril, and when safety. There is language in that radiance which streams far forth upon the dark, deep sea. Facts of highest moment are announced by it. The whole surrounding region of shore and sea is suggested to the sailor by that welcome light. There it stands—a beacon against danger,

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and a guide to the desired haven. For the erection and maintenance of light-houses, a rate is levied on all vessels passing them within certain limits, this rate varying from one farthing to one penny per ton for each light so passed.

Let the reader picture to himself the advantage of light-houses, when the storm is up—when the bright beacons send forth their refulgent beams through the blackness of tempest, on the dark winter night. Who can say how many mariners owe their lives to their friendly warnings. The vessels that are wrecked through want of light-houses are recorded; but there is no record of the greater number which, no doubt, light-houses have saved. Melancholy indeed would be the consequences were all the lighthouses to be extinguished. What would become of our ships and our sailors? How dreary a scene would be presented,—the hope of the sailor would be wrecked, and dismal despair would sit on the countenances of the navigators of the sea. The swift ship approaches—the mariner looks for the friendly beacon; but it is gone! There is no voice to announce the presence of peril, and, for want of it, the noble vessel strikes the rock, and all the horrors of shipwreck ensue. Shine on, thou brilliant beacon of the perilous path of the mariner! Thou canst not rival the bright luminary of the sky, but a noble office canst thou do for seafaring men.

I love the light that streams afar to save  
The storm-tossed seaman from the 'whelming wave;  
The ocean-beacon and the river-ranger,  
That lures from evil, and that warns from danger.

### A STROLL TO THE MOUNTAIN TELEGRAPH.

Placed on this mount, what various views delight  
The ravished soul, and captivate the sight!  
Lo! yonder mountains high o'er mountains rise,  
Each higher than the last, the highest strike the skies.

The beauty of rural scenery has engaged the attention and been the theme of the poet and novelist under every clime and in every nation, from the arctic regions of the North to the burning tropics of the South. It arouses the slumbering energies of the mind, pours delight into the heart, and beguiles the languishing understanding by its smiling, soothing, refreshing loveliness, and wonderful effect. Where is there a man so callous who has not felt the vivifying influence of nature, when the summer's sun in his meridian glory shoots abroad his dazzling rays over many a fair and beautiful prospect, animating everything with the warmth of his genial fire. The view is not bounded by tall houses and sloping roofs, between which we can only get a bird's eye view of a narrow strip of sky, but we see across the fields, and meadows, and landscape, for many miles, to a distant horizon, where sky, and earth, and sea seem to meet, strongly reminding one of the following poetic dash:—

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God made the country, and man made the town.

In tracing the beauties of old Cambria through its length and breadth, but few spots have given a more pleasing idea of its graces than those seen from the summit of Holyhead Mountain, which is nearly 800 feet above the level of the sea. Though it cannot boast of the wonders of the untrodden glaciers of Switzerland, the mighty Alps, the stupendous Andes, and the Himalaya of other hemispheres, still the mountain partakes sufficiently of the magnitude to impress the beholder with feelings of awe and admiration. If not on the largest scale, it can yet boast almost every variety of the noblest characteristics of mountain scenery, even to the terrible. Let the visitor make up his mind

To face the breeze and catch its sweetness.

Let him, pointing to the pomp of mountain summit, inspire his companions in travel by exclaiming

Now for our mountain sport—up yon hill.

The stroll, which is only from two to three miles, will be most delightful. On reaching the base of the mountain, I may just remind you, that

To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first.

If you are a lover of nature many objects will attract your attention, and beguile your moments, as you ascend higher and higher. Do you take a pleasure in *Botany*? There are the shrub, bush, diversified flowers, and rare plants, emitting a reviving fragrance; and there is not

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A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains  
A folio volume. You may read, and read,  
And read again, and still find something new.

Do you delight in the study of *Ornithology*? There is the lark soaring high, and pouring forth his lovely notes, and other songsters of the feathered tribes in varied music warbling their wildest notes; and it is hardly an unnatural suggestion, that a new laid egg has cleared the rejoicing throat of the cuckoo that is loudly exulting. Has *Entomology* any attractions for you? There is the *humble-bee* pursuing his busy course, too happy to keep his joy to himself, humming aloud



while on the wing; but suspending his monotonous song, if song it may be called, the moment he alights upon a flower.—The *butterfly* of no common kind fluttering up and down the air with his companion, banquetting on pleasure in the sunny beams, enjoying its fourth state of existence. Stand and gaze for a moment on that pretty rainbow-tinted creature; and as you look, consider the different grades of its existence,—metamorphosis to its final transformation,—the egg of the butterfly has one life, and the caterpillar which springs from it has another, and the chrysalis into which the caterpillar changes has a third, and the gay butterfly which rises from the chrysalis has a fourth;—then there is the *gossamer spider*, which has just covered the bush with its webs in every direction, and while spangling with dew, and trembling in the breeze, they glitter in the sun-light like some silver tissue woven with gems; and unnumbered species of insects, of peculiar kind, may be seen buzzing and flying, creeping and jumping, above, around, beneath;—

And each, within its little bulk, contains  
A heart, which drives the torrents through its veins;  
Muscles to move its limbs aright; a brain  
And nerves disposed for pleasure and for pain:  
Eyes to distinguish; sense whereby they know  
What's good or bad; is, or is not, its foe.

Is the tourist a *Geologist*? Here are unnumbered stones, of different sizes, shapes, and colours, which Nature appears to have thrown up in one of her wildest freaks.—Is he an *Antiquarian*? If he will follow the path chalked out in these pages, he will find materials which will furnish him with an intellectual repast, before he leaves the mountain. But more of this anon.

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What are these mast-like things just a-head, peeping over the mountain's brow? A few more steps, enquiring traveller, and they will answer for themselves. Another minute, and you will reach the breathing point. The panoramic view that suddenly opens, after gaining the eminence, baffles all description. You will feel a thrill of pleasure as you stand and gaze on the majestic ocean, ruffled by the breeze, giving back the sun-beam from ten thousand glittering waves, rolling clear and deep, carrying on her liquid bosom her rich and varied burdens. While, however, you form a *Pic Nic* for a few minutes, I will amuse you with the following apposite poetic effusion:—

### THE TOURIST'S PIC NIC.

Now welcome May comes brightly in,  
With sunny shower and azure sky;  
Come, quit the city's dust and din  
Ere yet the season's freshness fly.  
This is a spot of ancient turf,  
The grass is purely fresh and green;  
Just within hearing of the surf:  
Few lovelier spots than this, I ween,  
Both land and sea in prospect fair,  
Well have a merry *Pic Nic* here.

Come woo we nature's loveliness,  
Her landscapes fair, her scenes sublime,  
While young and lightsome footsteps press  
Fresh odours from the mountain thyme.  
'Tis good to be where old and young  
In social happiness are met,  
And every heart to mirth is strung,  
As if life's sunshine ne'er would set.  
The younger folk shall dance and sing,  
The older chat of bye-gone times;  
Or poet of the party bring  
The tribute of some idle rhymes.  
Let every one dismiss dull care  
And have a happy *Pic Nic* here.

### THE SIGNAL OR SEMAPHORIC TELEGRAPH.

This is a most ingenious invention, for the purpose of carrying on a communication with distant persons. The line of Telegraphs, or stations (eleven in number), was established by the Trustees of the Liverpool Docks; they extend along the coast as far as Liverpool, and are fixed on commanding heights, at an average distance of a little less than eight miles apart. A constant look-out is kept during the day at each of these stations. The rapidity with which a communication is made from Holyhead mountain to Liverpool, a distance of about 80 miles, is truly astonishing. A question is sometimes asked at Liverpool, and an answer received from Holyhead in less than a minute,—on some occasions in 30 seconds. The ordinary intelligence of what ships are in sight, &c., is generally conveyed in 5 minutes. The Telegraph consists of two vertical columns. Each of these columns is provided with two pairs of arms, moveable on pivots, at a sufficient distance from each other to prevent any confusion in the working. There are thus eight arms, which, when out of operation or indicating a cipher, or the ciphers required in

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expressing hundreds and thousands, are invisible within the mast. Each arm is capable of three points of elevation, and is worked from below by means of chains hitched on to levers of a peculiar construction. Any number, from 1 to 9, is indicated by one or both of the arms being pointed obliquely or horizontally. This arrangement of motion is applicable to each of the four pairs of arms; but otherwise, each has a different arithmetical power, indicating units, tens, hundreds, thousands; so that the four powers in combination are capable of exhibiting every number from 1 to 9,999; but in order to extend the number still further, each mast is provided with an indicator, or board, working vertically on its summit; these indicators, when not in operation, being invisible. By this means four series of numbers, from 1 to 9,999, may be obtained, the telegraphic powers being extended to 39,996 signals. Contiguous to this telegraph is one of older date, connected with the Holyhead Harbour.

### **THE EXTENSIVE PROSPECT FROM THE MOUNTAIN TELEGRAPH.**

By the aid of the excellent telescopes of the Telegraph, all the more distant objects of attraction can be seen, and with a singular mellowness. The South Stack Light-house is brought so near, although about two miles off, as to make the individuality of persons in the lantern (previously known) easily and amusingly recognisable. Should the sky be unclouded and the weather propitious, the natural scenery that presents itself will be surpassingly grand. The view of the vast Snowdonian amphitheatre of mountains—

So shadowy, so sublime,

breaks like magic upon the eye, extending in one connected Alpine chain from the Irish Sea to the Bristol Channel, the contour of which is varied, at irregular intervals, by the numerous diversified peaks towering above the rest, till they gradually advance to the summit of Snowdon, and then uniformly declining, till they terminate in the North horn of Cardigan Bay. The Isle of Anglesey, with her distant little hills and coasts, spread like a map,

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Lies smiling before you;

that time-honoured Isle—a land of chivalry, of exciting incident, of music and of song, of venerable tradition and marvellous legend—the chief seat of the ancient Druids—where the Princes of Wales had their Palace for centuries. There the Picts, the Danes, the Irish, the Saxons, and other warlike tribes,

All armed in rugged steel unfiled,

pursued their conquests with great ferocity; ravaging the Island with fire and sword, blood and slaughter, their banners were

Fanned by conquest's crimson wing,

and the hungry ravens reddened their beaks from the war of men. From this mountainous throne may also be seen the Isle of Man; Wicklow, the garden of Ireland; the mountains in the county of Down, near the Bay of Dundrum; Bardsey Island; the Cumberland hills, and parts of the Highlands of Scotland: the vast expanding waters of the Carnarvon Bay, St. George's Channel, and Holyhead Bay, roll before you. Below you lies the Pier on Salt Island, with the Light-house on the extremity—the New Harbour, with its whistling engines, bustling workmen, and prancing horses; contiguous to which stand the modern mansions erected for the accommodation of those whose intellectual brains, like a main-spring, keep the stupendous machinery in operation, and whose engineering mappings and dottings, and sketchings and plannings, keep this corner of the world wide awake—the Old Harbour, with its vessels and smaller craft in different stages of preparation, and packets busily preparing for immediate sail—the modest Obelisk peeping over the town—the Skerry Rocks—the sea-washed South Stack, and other objects of interest, open out on every side perspicuously to the view. The painter would be at a loss upon what particular spot to fix his eye; turn which way he will, some beauty, variable and exhaustless, is before him; it is impossible for either the artist or poet to describe, with a hope of doing anything like justice to, so picturesque and varied a landscape. The impression is that of singular wildness and solitude, stretching in a succession of prospects, fading into distant softening vista, as agreeable to the eye as the imagination. While standing on this promontory, your thoughts flow poetically, although you have neither rhythm nor music in your composition.

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Having filled every cell in the lungs with exquisitely pure air, that comes direct from a "high ethereal source"—air so uncorrupted as to be met with only far, far from the haunts of men, and the hum of human cities, we must now bid farewell to this enchanting and enchaining spot, but the scene will leave an undying impression on the mind.

I love to stand upon the hill,  
And gaze on the ocean wide;  
See ships of commerce—not of war,  
On her bright bosom glide.  
But now before our eyes the mirror fades,  
Yet our strain'd glance shall linger on the scene.

### **A RAMBLE TO THE MOUNTAIN HEAD.**

O! let us away to yon heights,  
Where the Roman encamp'd him of old;  
With his train'd bowmen and Knights,  
And his banner all burnish'd with gold.

Having reluctantly turned our backs upon the Telegraph, we now direct our steps to the mountain apex. The road is not macadamized, but a romantic walk of 30 minutes will scarcely be felt between the bracing effects of the atmosphere and the excitement; and I feel assured that the antiquities will amply repay the additional toil. From the summit there is a commanding view of the Promontory, and you may mark its varying breadth and inequalities, its storm indented figure, and its broken fantastic cliffs, abrupt declivities, and deep gorges, as by some earthquake cleft.

There is, indeed, a charm connected with this mount, before which the pageant of pomp, and the heralds of emblazonry must bow down. That charm is

The power of thought, the magic of the mind.

What thoughts crowd upon the mind while standing on this memorable mountain! What triumphs and defeats have been experienced here. Hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, have alternately swelled the breasts of thousands mid these rocks, while watching every movement of an adverse fleet, or the approach of distant armies. The transactions of bye-gone centuries pass in review before our eyes—

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Pen Caer Gybi stands renown'd,  
Proud in song, and known in story;  
Where proud Rome in triumph frown'd  
O'er the Welsh, who died in glory.

These were the mighty fastnesses to which the ancient Britons had recourse when overpowered by numbers and military tactics in the plain. There is no wonder that these "sons of the mountain heroes" so long successfully withstood the inroads of Roman legions, when such craggy and adamantine rocks, were the "external circumstances" in their "formation of character;" and nothing less than the refined expedient of powder and ball could dislodge them from these rocky fastnesses and natural barricades; bows and arrows, swords and spears, were only adapted for milder game, or closer quarters. On this mountain our hardy ancestors stood and nobly fought, when liberty made her last stand in this kingdom against the strides of Roman power; their determination was

To leave the battle only on their biers,

"to conquer or to die," and thousands fell

Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.  
Here we tread  
On sacred ground, and press the mingled dust of heroes;  
Far, far beneath they sleep, nor does a stone  
Or marble column rear its head to show  
The spot where now they moulder.

## ANTIQUITIES.

There are several remains of military forts in this neighbourhood, whose appearance indicates them to be of Roman origin. While reviewing them our thoughts are instinctively carried back to those days when the stranger tenanted the land—

When o'er this rugged mountain  
Rome's earliest legions past.

Upon the summit of the mountain called *Pen Caer Gybi* (the Head of Cybi's Fort) is a remarkable Roman antiquity, viz.: *Caer Twr*, (Fort Tower). This circular building was formerly strongly cemented with the same kind of mortar as the Fort (church walls) of the Town, and supposed to have been a *Roman Pharos*, or Watch Tower. It had stood and braved the crushing thunder, vivid lightning, and warring winds and storms, for perhaps sixteen hundred centuries. But the rude hand of man has marred it, hoping by so doing to meet with an Australian digging.

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Upon this mount a tower stands  
Well known in days of yore;  
When chieftains with their hostile bands,  
Shed floods of human gore.

'Tis now in ruins—but a spell  
Of grandeur haunts the scene;  
While none remain the deeds to tell,  
The deeds of blood there seen.

Upon the side of the mountain runs a long dry wall, several feet high in many places. The

peculiar form of the wall exhibits the Roman architect; and there is no doubt the Romans had here one of their posts, or walled encampments.

There is a power  
And magic in the ruined battlement  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield, and wait, till ages are its dower.

On the opposite or West side of the mountain, and about ten minutes' walk from the Telegraph, on the right hand of the footpath leading to South Stack, and in a situation awfully romantic, may be seen traces of a religious house called *Capel Lochwyd*. Here also the hand of man has effected a greater demolition than the elemental war of many centuries; the altar and walls have been removed with the hope of finding treasure. It is worth while to visit this spot were it but to admire the taste which these hermits of old had in fixing their residence; and the piety, it may be, which led them to seek a solitary abode so favourable to devotion. From this spot has ascended the voice of prayer, and the hymn of praise. I doubt not but the surrounding rocks have witnessed such acts of self-denial, fervent devotion, and entire consecration to God as would put many of us, who are making a flaming profession, to the blush. I should imagine that few could view these remarkable remains of ancient piety without feeling, in some degree, the sentiment so admirably expressed by the Poet—

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I do love these ancient ruins;  
We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history.

Close to this sacred spot is one of the most extraordinary clefts in the solid rock ever seen by man. It would well repay the walk of miles to see it. It was here the Welsh lads and lasses of the last century descended and ascended, when they tested their fortunes in reference to the profound hymeneal question named in page 17. My friend who accompanied me to view these ancient ruins, descended the ravine, but I preferred remaining in meditative mood. The information, however, which he gave, on returning, of the scenery of the "lower regions," created in my bosom a desire, which I purpose, at some future period, should life be spared, to gratify. It is a delightful walk from here to South Stack, which may be accomplished in about half-an-hour. Many Roman coins of the time of late emperors were found a few years ago in this mountain; also several coins of Constantine the Great, in a very perfect state, one of which was presented to the Marquis of Anglesey by Captain H. Evans. In 1835, in removing some old walls at *Ty Mawr* (Large House) the property of Lord Stanley of Alderley, were found several spear-heads, axes, and rings, of bronze, with red amber blades, which, from the form and nature of the materials, appear to be of Phœnician origin.

It is a pity that ruins of such thrilling interest should have been so shamefully demolished. As the number of visitors to Holyhead will increase annually, it is hoped that efforts will be made to restore some of them, for they will always be objects of attraction.

By this time, I presume, you feel disposed for the "good things" of this life, and cast a longing look towards your quarters. Of one thing I am fully persuaded, that you will feel your health better, your spirits brighter, your appetite keener, your mind expanded, your thoughts assuming a loftier and yet more refined bearing, from your having visited Nature in a few of her sublimer abodes.

## REFLECTIONS.

While descending the rugged mount, the scenes you have just left behind may lead to a train of thought somewhat similar to the following. What a great change has taken place in this Island since the Roman Eagle fluttered in the breeze, and the conquering legions rent the heavens with shouts of victory. When the historic lamp disclosed this land, it presented a race of rude barbarians,

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Wild as the untaught Indian brood.

Superstition then triumphed over the minds of the masses. In yon valley was the sequestered grove devoted to obscure and horrid mysteries—altars were reared, on which the innocent, as well as the guilty, were doomed to bleed—the Druid priests performed the horrid murders, and pretended that they could, by such means, foretell future events, blasphemously asserting that the attitude in which the victim fell, the writhing agonies of expiring life, the manner in which the blood flowed, or the convulsions of the wounds opened, or closed, were indications of futurity—they conducted gloomy processions, with victims, bound with cords, for slaughter and sacrifice, filling the air with shrieks of agony and screams of horror—gross idolatry, savage manners, bloody rites, funeral pile, echoing whoop—all, all were there!

Wrapped in deep sleep, the ancient Britons lay,  
Hugged their vile chains, and dream'd their age away.

Such was Wales, and such was Britain too, before the light of the Christian Religion shone on her coasts. That heaven-born system, with its train of imperishable blessings, took its stand amid these wild regions, and like yon sun in the heavens, diffused her light, extended her influence,

and multiplied her bloodless conquests. She has organized, humanized, civilized, moralized, and, in many instances, evangelized the inhabitants. Christianity has expelled idolatry, restored natural affection, and has conferred, and is conferring, numerous, most substantial, and positive blessings. And while she has, on the one hand, discouraged and eradicated those vices which were the harbingers of a nation's ruin, she has, on the other, implanted those principles on which the welfare of nations depend. It is true she has prepared weapons, but they are not carnal; enlisted soldiers, but their fight is without "confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood;" she has erected a standard, but it is the Cross; unfurled a banner, but its emblem is the dove—the bond of brotherhood; and when sovereigns, senators, and legislators, are properly influenced by the pacific principles of the Gospel, war will be known no more; the sun will no more rise upon an embattled plain, nor set upon a field of blood.

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Then the labourer will  
Drive his yoked oxen, and with careless steps  
Lean o'er the share, and carol as he guides  
The obliterating furrow o'er their graves.

Contrasting the present with the past, we feel that other times now bless our land, and that while peace and joy bound over the mountain tops, we can with peculiar feelings give utterance to the language of the poet:—

Where once the Roman marshal'd his bold host,  
Bristling with swords and spears the rocky heights,  
The shepherd leads his flock, and the young lambs  
In sporting gambols tread the flowery turf.

### NEW HARBOUR.

Here numerous ships security may gain  
From raging tempests and the blustering main.

For want of a more extensive area of shelter, and deeper water, great destruction of shipping has occurred on the rocks outside the Holyhead Old Harbour by vessels endeavouring to reach the Pier; hence the necessity of an outer harbour, sufficiently spacious to admit a man-of-war at all times. This necessity had for many years been deeply impressed upon the minds of gentlemen of talent and experience. The many fearful wrecks in the bay tended to produce a conviction that no money, within a reasonable limit, should be spared for effecting a spacious and complete harbour. It is an admitted fact that the aspect of entrance to the present harbour, together with its inefficiency in size, have been the sole cause of most of the shipwrecks in the bay. The following melancholy record will serve to shew that it was high time some effort should be made to save life and property.

Dec. 18th, 1790.—On the north point of Salt Island the *Charlemont* packet, on her passage from Parkgate to Dublin, was lost, when 110 souls perished, owing to the want of a sufficient draught in the Old Harbour.

Feb. 5th, 1824.—The *John*, from Cork to Liverpool, was driven on the rocks at Penrhos, in this bay—13 lives lost. She came under the lee of the Light-house in the entrance of the harbour, but, owing to its aspect, could not come into it, consequently was blown off.

Nov. 24th, 1826.—The *Marquis of Wellington*, from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres, drove on shore out of the Old Harbour upon Brynglas Rocks—16 lost. This vessel was from 2 o'clock, p.m., until 5 30, p.m., at the entrance of the Harbour. The captain had actually written to Liverpool that evening, and sent the letter on shore with the boatman, informing his owner and friends of his safe arrival at Holyhead; before 12 o'clock all had perished!

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Jan. 14th, 1827.—The *Panthia*, N. Y. packet, bound for Liverpool, was driven into the bay by the violence of the gale, and in attempting to make the harbour, went on shore about 300 yards to the eastward of the South-pier-head. Ship broken up.

April 28th, 1829.—The *Harlequin*, from Palermo to Liverpool, drifted on the rocks at Turkey Shore, at the entrance of the harbour, and became a total wreck.

April 28th, 1829.—The *Fame*, from Barbadoes to Liverpool, drifted on the rocks at Turkey Shore, at the entrance of the harbour, south side.

April 28, 1829, the "Fitia," from Rotterdam to Liverpool, drifted from the pier to Pen Manarch, Penrhos Point, and was much damaged. The captain's wife was drowned. This vessel approached so near to the north pier that a pound weight could have been thrown on her deck; notwithstanding owing to the aspect of the harbour, shipwreck was the consequence. To this affecting catalogue a long and fearful list might be added, shewing that a vast amount of life and property has been lost—lost for ever. But sufficient has been recorded to prove that the New Harbour, which is now stretching out her welcome wings across the beautiful Bay of Holyhead, was a *desideratum*.

Holyhead is formed by Nature to become a great trading community. The bay presents a fine spacious opening, one half sheltered by eternal rocks, and on each side of its entrance, are brilliant lights to guide the mariner. It is, moreover, centrally situated in St. George's Channel,

in the tract of all its trade; and presents the only station from the Land's End to the Clyde, on the east side of the channel, (except Milford,) to which vessels can approach when the tide has considerably ebbed. No wonder then, that the various commissioners appointed by Government, consisting of some of the most eminent naval and civil engineers, should select it as the best place on the coast for an asylum harbour, and a packet station.

Several plans were proposed for the New Harbour by different eminent engineers. The first plan proposed was by the late noble spirited and indefatigably enterprising, Captain H. Evans, Holyhead Harbour Master; but it enclosed too small an area, and too wide an entrance. J. Walker, Esq., C.E., to the Admiralty, proposed a plan which was to enclose an area of 90 acres, and 3,300 feet of breakwater, and 2,500 feet of pier, at an expense of £400,000. Captain Beechy, R.N., proposed to enclose 176 acres, with 4,500 feet of breakwater, and 3,500 feet of pier, at an expense of £500,000; and J. M. Rendall, Esq., C.E., of Westminster, (the constructor of the Docks at Birkenhead, Great Grimsby, and Leith,) proposed a splendid design, on a very large scale, and adopted by the Government. It consists of a breakwater of 5,100 feet from Soldier's Point eastward, to terminate at the Platter's Buoy; and a pier of 2,100 feet from *Ynys Halen*, (Salt Island,) with its head resting on the outward Platter, enclosing an area of 316 acres,—three quarters of a mile long, and in seven fathoms of water,—making one of the most splendid refuge harbours and packet stations in the universe; the estimate cost of which is £700,000.

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The Contractors for this gigantic project are Messrs J. and C. Rigby, London. G. C. Dobson, Esq., C.E., is the Resident Engineer; G. F. Lyster, Esq., C.E., Assistant Engineer; Mr. J. Radford, General Manager; and Mr. R. Cousins, Engineer for the Contractors. The works were commenced in January, 1848; and they have been going on since then as rapidly as it was possible to proceed. Twelve months were occupied in laying down rails to the quarries, erecting stages, and making other necessary preparations for the works; since which, an average of 1,300 men have been employed on the works. The broad gauge has been used for the railway, by which means the contractors, are enabled to bring larger pieces of stone than the narrow gauge could accommodate. There are two quarries used, one called Moelfry Quarry, from which limestone is produced, and the other is, in fact, the Holyhead Mountain, from the sides of which the materials for the works are taken. A railway is formed from the extensive quarry on the side of the mountain to the Soldier's Point, and Salt Island. Wooden staging is run out into the sea; strong long balks or piles are fixed in a vertical position in the water, resting on the base; these are secured with beams placed longitudinally so as to form a base for the construction of the railway. The top of the staging is considerably above high-water mark. The depth of the sea at low water, on the line of the breakwater, varies from 20 to 40 feet; the tide rising, on an average, to a further height of 17 feet in spring, and 7 feet in neaps. Along the top of the staging are railways capable of sustaining the weight of a locomotive engine and a number of waggons loaded. In the erection of these stages the utmost care has been evinced by the contractors and engineers to prevent accident; in order to obtain this object, no expense has been spared; the machinery and staging being of the best and strongest description. The work may be described as consisting of two breakwaters, one to the north, (Soldier's Point,) and the other to east, (Salt Island.) The quarries are contiguous to the works, and here a great number of the workmen are employed; they are, perhaps, the most extensive in the country, and it is not an hypothesis to say that in no quarries extant is work of such magnitude and rapidity carried on. Holyhead Mountain, which affords the source of supply, consists of schistus quartz of so hard a nature that the tools of the workmen will scarcely touch it, and its edges will cut glass. The quarrying begun with the foot of the mountain slope, and it has progressed into the mountain until an elevation of 130 feet perpendicular has been attained. The scene at the quarries exhibits one of the most active pictures of industry, from the width of the workings, and the number of labourers employed.

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The huge mountain, towering from 700 to 800 feet above the level of the sea, expanding its full breast, and showing its fine broad forehead, and which, comparatively speaking, had slumbered for centuries, is at length disturbed from its long repose, by "physical force." A visit to this scene of industry, which literally swarms with men and horses, is no small treat. Tramways are laid in every direction, along which waggons roll to the point where they are required. Locomotive engines of unique design and requirements are continually at work, pouring their dense smoke into the air, passing along with amazing velocity to the terminus of the stage,—

Quick moves the balanced beam, of giant birth,  
Wields his large limbs, and nodding shakes the earth.

The clang of the hammer of the blacksmith—the whirl of the wheel of the grinding mill—the jerking of the punching machine, perforating thick sheet iron, as easily as a lady would put her needle through pasteboard—the buz in the engineers' compartment—the pendulum-like tick, tick, tick, of the strikers pursuing their monotonous vocations—the enormous cranes, with their pulleys, hooks, and ponderous weights attached, demonstrating the laws of gravitation—the miners, deep buried in the bowels of the mountain, the sound of whose strokes, forcibly reminds one of the fairies of by-gone days—the signal-flags floating in the breeze, and announcing in telegraphic language, "to all whom it may concern," that it is high time to take care of "number one"—the blasting, which is on a most magnificent scale, report after report, making one almost feel as if we were in the vicinity of an embattled plain, and last, though not least, the strong, sleek, well-fed horses, prancing in their furbished harness—all, all are before you and around you. Nor are the workmen less striking and peculiar—the ease with which the most unwieldy hammers are heaved by them attest their prodigious strength and profound skill—some may be

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seen, high in the quarry, suspended by ropes, reminding one of the bye-gone practice of egg-taking from the high cliffs of the promontory, pushing down the rocks, loosened by the terrible blasting, shouting to each other as if they gloried in their elevated position—the engine drivers guiding their iron horses along the stages, while the sea roars 60 feet beneath them, meeting each other on the up and down lines, with all the pleasantries of stage-coach men of olden time; fear is not in their vocabulary; though the yawning gulf is beneath them, they sing, and smile, and whistle, as they sweep along the trembling stage, as if seated in their respective cottages, with their playful wives beside them, and their merry children round them.

But to return—to cut into so hard a rock the contractors have to adopt the process of blasting, which is carried on upon a magnitude which has never been equalled. To penetrate the rocks sets of workmen, in twos, are employed in different parts of the face of the mountain, and these men drive a heading or gallery into the solid rock, about five feet high and three wide, for a distance of 30 to 40 feet, which is accomplished chiefly by blasting. In the extremity of this gallery, which runs first horizontally, and is then sunk perpendicularly, the powder is placed in a wood-case or bag, and the hole being tamped or filled up with clay, it is fired by the galvanic battery. The charges vary from one to five tons of gunpowder, according to the face of the rock to be acted upon; and the quantities thrown down varies from six to thirty thousand tons in an explosion. One of these “headings” or “shots” as they are called, went off this day (Dec. 7, 1852). Sir Richard Bulkeley, Bart., the Rev. J. Williams, M. Errington Stanley, Esq., and G. F. Lyster, Esq., were present on the occasion, and took their station on a bridge to witness the “shot;” but on seeing the stones roll through the air, they deemed it prudent to act upon the well known maxim, “retreat is the better part of valour,” and instantly left their elevated position, and placed themselves beneath the abutment of the bridge. The writer, who was present, was a little amused to see such a fine illustration of the first law of nature—SELF PRESERVATION. As a proof of the fearful extent of these explosions, I would just observe, that although the bridge on which the aforesaid gentlemen stood was about 800 yards from the quarry, a stone fell within a few yards of it. The effect of these blastings on the rock are sometimes of a curious character, but generally speaking the rock when thrown down leaves the surface of the cliff smooth and perpendicular. The stones thrown out are generally large, many of them weighing twenty tons. Shafts are also sunk from 30 to 40 feet deep. The quantity of stone taken from the quarries is accurately weighed, and already about two million tons have been buried in the sea. During the past year the average deposit has amounted to 3,500 tons per day, and supposing that there have been 250 full working days, this would give a deposit for the year of 875,000 tons.

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The mode of operation is as follows. The rough breakwater is formed by rubble-stones, brought from the mountain in waggons peculiarly constructed for the express purpose (the design of which, I understand, was furnished by the resident engineer, and proves the versatility of his genius), and dropped perpendicularly through the staging into the sea, and is then left to be dealt with by the sea, which arranges the deposit in a manner best suited to form a consolidated mass; and it is calculated that, when a sufficient portion of the mountain has been dropped into the sea, there will be formed a breakwater which will have an average base of from 400 to 500 feet, and this will gradually slope upwards to about 50 feet on the summit of the breakwater on which the stone pier will be built. But after all the sea is the great workman. We find the materials, and it makes the foundation; or as the celebrated French engineer, Monsieur Cachin, observes, “If man be strong enough to heap together rocks in the midst of the ocean, the action of the sea alone can dispose them in the manner most likely to ensure their stability.” This is now most effectually carried out by this new means of depositing stones. When a heavy sea comes on, it breaks over the ridges of rubble-rocks, which are interspersed amongst the timber of the staging, and gradually lowers them, carrying away ridge after ridge, until that which was far above the water is completely submerged; and the sea acting upon these stones gradually solidifies the mass, which binds itself into the clayey bottom of the harbour, and the whole becomes tenaciously cemented to the ground. And this process will go on until the deposit shall have formed a place sufficiently inclined to sustain the breaking of the sea without removal.

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The slopes, it is understood, will be faced with dressed stone to a certain extent, similar to the fine specimen of beautiful workmanship, which has been executed for about 100 yards, at the seaward side of “Soldier’s Point.”

The present effective staff consists of eight locomotive engines, running on five lines of railway on the breakwater; a fixed engine for grinding, fifty horses, and 1,300 men; and the stores embrace all things requisite for conducting the work in a self-supporting manner. This mass of mind and matter is able every day to accomplish a removal into the sea of 4,000 tons weight of the mountain, and so the work proceeds.

The works are being carried on by the spirited contractors with the utmost expedition compatible with good workmanship. The present extent of the north breakwater is 3,700 feet, which leaves about 1,400 feet to be constructed. The east pier extends 1,000 feet, which is about half its intended length. <sup>[51]</sup> Attention has also been directed to the permanent wall of the great breakwater on the harbour side, with a view to find quay accommodation for vessels to discharge, and for steamers to take in coals. About 800 feet of this walling is now being levelled for the quay, on which cranes, &c., are to be placed immediately, and a connection may ultimately be made with the railway.

When the work will be ended is a wide question. It is said the Contractors are under an engagement to finish their work by the close of 1855. The works are certainly progressing satisfactorily, and on the part of the Contractors there is a desire to urge them forward as rapidly

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as it is possible to proceed. It is a work which all desire to see accomplished and in use at as early a moment as the works can be safely and scientifically completed.

The public mind exults in these vast undertakings, "vain man would" now-a-days not only "be wise," but he would be *powerful*, and he delights, not merely in soliciting the aid of Nature, but in "attacking" it. When the whole undertaking is completed, protected by batteries, and ornamented with light-houses, observatories, and telegraphs, and adorned with promenades, and a Sailors' Chapel, it will present a very interesting illustration of the success with which intellect and perseverance and enterprise have been crowned; and will be indicative not only of the wealth of the nation, but a proof of the mental over the physical world, worthy of Britain in the nineteenth century.

The words of the immortal Shakespeare, put into the mouth of one of his heroines, may, with a slight alteration, be applied to the New Harbour:—

— This same blessed (Milford) Holyhead, and, by the way  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as  
To inherit such a haven.

For certain purposes, such as shelter, the harbour will become progressively available. Great benefit has been derived from the works, even in their present imperfect state. Hundreds of vessels have already taken shelter under the breakwater; the writer has counted as many as forty vessels at one time anchored in the Harbour; and the time is not far distant, when the spacious and beautiful haven will afford a refuge to ships of all sizes. When the foaming surges rave, and the billows roar—when the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash—when hurricane howls music, on the wild wide sea, and the big waves roll the chorus; when the shattered vessel is driven the mock of ocean, and the sport of winds, her tars will anchor here, and, safely moored, will tell their wonders over.—

Safe from the wind and tide  
The mighty vessels will triumphant ride.

The works may be seen by visitors, subject to certain regulations, by seeking a pass at the Engineer's Office, near the works, in the obtaining of which there is no difficulty.

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## **CHESTER AND HOLYHEAD RAILWAY.**

Railways have given an impetus to our country's civilization. They are the veins and arteries by means of which the circulation of the social body is carried on. Remote places are, by this means, virtually brought near to each other; and thus, while intelligence is diffused, an impulse is given to commerce, each of which advantages most powerfully affects the conditions of the people. The benefits of cheap and quick communication to a great commercial state are too evident to require to be enlarged upon. Time and money are thus importantly saved, and a rapid and economical transit of goods, by lessening their costs, enable the humblest to partake of comforts which were formerly considered as luxuries only for the rich.

Amongst the railway enterprises in this kingdom, the Chester and Holyhead line must be considered as possessing peculiar claims to public attention. The stupendous character of the work—the difficulties which had to be overcome, and the vast sum invested in the undertaking, place this line in the foremost rank amongst the splendid achievements of our days; indeed we may justly consider it the masterpiece of the human intellect, and the wonder of the nineteenth century. In its course, it divides broad estuaries, it penetrates the bowels of the loftiest hills, forming an iron-road where the foot of man had never trod, and the hardest rocks have succumbed to the irresistible energy of human actions and scientific skill—it crosses the important navigable river at Conway, and the Menai Straits, by means of immense iron-tubes, at such an elevation as not to impede the progress of the largest vessels. It presents an extraordinary display of enterprise and wealth; so large an accumulation of the conquests of energy, and the constituent elements of riches, it may be safely said, was never before collected in the same compass. The whole line is a noble exemplification of art subjugating and triumphing over the opposition of natural difficulties. Its completion formed an epoch in the history and application of mechanical power. If only a few years ago it had been said that people could pass over the Menai Straits, without inconvenience and without danger, at the rate of from 30 to 40 miles per hour, the tale would have been treated as one of those visionary stories, which in former days were the amusements of the nursery.

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Holyhead is the terminus of this extraordinary line—a line of great value to this place, effecting as it has done a rapid communication between this port and the eastern part of the county, as well as the manufacturing districts of Cheshire, Lancashire, and the North; while, uniting with other lines, a connexion is opened up with the Metropolis.

## **RAILWAY STATION.**

The Holyhead Station is an extensive and commodious one, connected with which are Refreshment Rooms, with Waiting and Dressing Rooms attached, Telegraph Office and a well furnished Book Room, the whole fitted up on a most splendid scale, well arranged and in excellent order, and plentifully supplied with luxurious food. A table d'hôte at the Refreshment



Rooms on the arrival of the mail and express packets from Ireland, conducted by Mrs. Hibbert, late of Wolverton. In Mr. Massinberd, manager of the Railway Station, the traveller will meet with a gentleman anxious to give every information which even the most timorous and querulous may require to further his views, or quell his fears. The Railway Company have also erected a large cattle and luggage station on the pier. A new line of railroad has been constructed along the margin of the *traeth*, or sandy estuary, which forms the Harbour, extending nearly a mile from the Station to the Pier. Arrangements for the transit of goods and live stock between Ireland and England have been made. A steamer leaves the North Wall, Dublin, every evening; but the period has been so short that no opportunity has been afforded to ascertain its success; there is, however, every prospect of the traffic becoming a very important feature in the development of this line, and certain to be productive of a large additional revenue to the company.

There are many distinguished men in the railway world, who have been accustomed for many years to look *afore* and *aft*, who do not despair of seeing the Chester and Holyhead one of the most profitable, as it is one of the best officered, lines of railway in the kingdom; but we think that the government should take upon itself to cover the vast outlay which it caused in the erection of that wonder of the world, the Britannia Tubular Bridge—a NATIONAL CONVENIENCE.

It has been a cause of regret to thousands that the proposals for the erection of the Hotel in Britannia Park, the grounds of which are in rapid progress towards completion, have not been taken up with that warmth and spirit, which the zeal and penetration of S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, led him to consider desirable. It is to be hoped, however, that the vast expenditure already incurred will not be thrown away, and the property suffered again to become almost a waste, affording as it does the most beautiful prospects, and the most healthy and convenient positions in the neighbourhood, to which multitudes of wealthy families, carrying on business in the crowded cities of England, would be glad to retire, could sufficient accommodation be secured to them. In conclusion, we would respectfully urge upon the shareholders not to sacrifice their interests in an undertaking whose prospects are of a most cheering character, in parting with their shares at present prices.

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General Manager for the Line, J. O. Binger, Esq., Chester.—Resident Engineer, H. Lee, Esq., C.E., Bangor.

## DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Mail Train, 2 a.m., and 7 p.m. Express, 2 40 p.m. For the Ordinary Trains see Time Table.

## STEAM PACKETS.

Ploughing the seas  
'Gainst wind, and tide, and elemental strife.

HOLYHEAD derives its chief prosperity and consequence from being the Station of the Government Packets, which convey the London and other English mails to and from Ireland, to which it lies exactly opposite, and is the shortest and safest passage across St. George's Channel; and now that the Railway is completed through to Chester, a new interest is awakened, and hopes entertained that the port will become one of the first importance to this remote peninsular of the kingdom. In addition to Her Majesty's packets, there are regular steam vessels, in connection with the Railway Company, that sail from the harbour daily. These are splendid first class and fast sailing steam-ships; the fittings-up are of superior character, excellent tables are kept, stewards and stewardesses are most attentive, the crew are steady, sober, and experienced sailors, the commanders are true seamen, assiduous in the discharge of their highly responsible and arduous professional duties, civil and easy in address, intelligent in conversation, and most desirous to secure, by the best attention, the comfort and convenience of their passengers—these form an aggregate of all possible auxiliaries to the enjoyment of a swift and pleasant run of 4½ hours, which lands you on the Irish shores. These superb steamers dart boldly forward, like some ocean bird upon its wing, on their trip across the channel. There is something almost startling in looking intently on that strange unconscious power which produces results of living motion, with a beauty, majesty, and rapidity of action, without any approach to violence or hurry; it is at such moments that the light of modern science appears almost too dazzling to the human eye. It is said that between Holyhead and Dublin no packet has been lost since the days of Queen Elizabeth. In 1652, a weekly postal communication was established between Dublin and England, by packet to Holyhead.

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## STEAM-PACKETS TO AND FROM IRELAND.

### *Departure.*

*Mail Packets*—Every night, 1 o'clock. Morning, 6.

*Express, Company's Packets*—Every evening, 6 o'clock (Sunday excepted).

*Luggage and Cattle Packet*—Every evening.

*Windermere*—To Liverpool, calling at Amlwch, every Thursday.

## Arrivals.

*Mail Packets*—Every night, 12 30. Evening, 6.

*Express, Company's Packets*—2 o'clock, p.m., (Sunday excepted). A Railway Train leaves Holyhead soon after the arrival of the Mail and Express Packets.

*Luggage and Cattle Packet*—Every morning.

*Windermere*—From Liverpool, every Wednesday.

## HOTELS.

The "Royal Hotel" is conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, and the "Castle Hotel" by Mr. and Mrs. Mc Vittie. At these hotels there is every comfort and convenience, whether for the invalid in hopes of renovated health, or the tourist delighting in creature comforts. They are replete with every requisite for the accommodation of visitors, and afford every inducement to persons desirous, by quietness, to enjoy a relaxation from the cares of business and the bustle of populous districts. Cleanliness, prompt attention, combined with moderate charges, are the characteristics of these establishments, and render them pleasant places for a short stay.

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The Royal Hotel, which is contiguous to the Station, has undergone thorough alteration, and every care has been taken to adopt all modern improvements, with a view of securing to travellers and families every accommodation which a first-class hotel can afford. It is fitted up in a style of elegance which renders it one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the kingdom, and in every way suited for visitors of the highest grade of society; it is fit to accommodate Royalty itself, and we opine the day is not far distant when it will be honoured with such illustrious guests. It is presided over by Mrs. Hibbert, late of Wolverton Station, whose unwearied exertions are employed to secure her inmates, as far as possible, all that can be desired. Here are hot, cold, and shower baths; carriages, cars, post-horses, &c. Omnibuses to and from the Railway Station and Steam-packets, for the convenience of parties frequenting this hotel, *gratis*.

## TRIPS BY SEA.

Many persons resort to aquatic excursions for health, recreation, and the gratification of a poetic taste; and we are happy to say that there are few places that afford better opportunities for trips by sea than Holyhead. Should the visitor desire a short voyage, he may be gratified; three or four miles will land him at *Trefadog* (Madog's House), or *Penrhyn* (The Cape), on the opposite shore. Or he may have a nine miles sail to the Skerries, or Island of Seals, and thus give the good man of the rocks a proof that the sons of the soil cast a wishful look towards his solitary abode by day, as well as the sons of the ocean by night. Or he may have a four miles cruise to South Stack, glide by the New Harbour, and gaze upon the sublime grandeur of the bold promontory. (See page 45.) Should the tourist, however, wish to achieve such nautical wonders as to lose sight of his own dear land, and to be able to say to his friends on returning—"I have crossed the seas!" his wish may be fully realized. Walk to the Pier, tread the deck of one of our splendid steamers, and in 4½ hours you will be landed on the shores of Ireland, and inhale the bracing air of the far-famed Emerald Isle.

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## PENRHOS PARK.

This handsome mansion (about two miles from Holyhead) is embosomed in the wood, and is the residence of the Hon. Wm. Owen Stanley, M.P. for the city of Chester. The principal entrance faces the sea, of which it commands a very extensive view. About a quarter of a mile east of Penrhos is Penrhyn, a cliff projecting into the sea, which has been the residence of the family of Owen for many centuries, who were descended from one of the five sons of Hwfa ap Cynddelw, Lord of Llifon in 1157, now represented by Lord Edisbury and the Hon. W. O. Stanley, sons of the late Lord Stanley, of Alderley. Hwfa was contemporary with Owen Gwynedd, one of the most celebrated princes of North Wales, who on more than one occasion gave battle and completely routed the English army, under the personal command of Henry II. Hwfa founded one of the fifteen royal tribes of Wales; and his five sons inherited his princely property, extending from Aberffraw to Holyhead, and including a great part of the Island of Anglesey.

## LADY STANLEY'S HOSPITALITY TO SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

During the tremendous gales from the north, in January and February, 1802, the *Die Liebe*, a Dutch galliot, bound from Rotterdam to Ireland, and the *Brothers*, of Liverpool, were wrecked near Penrhos, the first at midnight, where the unfortunate sufferers found all the comfort and attention which beneficence, united to influence, can so happily bestow, under the hospitable roof of the late Lady Stanley.

Mr. Richard Llwyd, in his "Lines addressed to the Thrush, in the Garden at Penrhos," alludes to this melancholy catastrophe,

A happier day, dear chorister, is thine,  
A grave unhaunted by the tread of fear;

A little forest, free from kites and crime,  
When music only meets thy listening ear,—

Save when the Demon of the boisterous North  
Rushed through the gloom of night with sullen roar,  
Led from destruction's den the Furies forth,  
To roll his dying victims on the shore.

'Twas thine amid the raging of the storm,  
To see thy Stanley disappoint the grave;  
Tread the dread beach in Charity's mild form,  
And bid her Penrhos ope' its doors to save.

And thine as playful in these flow'ry glades,  
To hear the prayer ascend to Mercy's throne,  
To hear from strangers, shelter'd in these shades,  
The grateful blessings breath'd in tongues <sup>[59]</sup> unknown.

## ST. BRIDE'S, OR TOWYN CHAPEL; AND THE ANCIENT TUMULUS.

Here friends and foes  
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.

The name of *barrows* is given to the artificial hills which were in ancient times very generally constructed to commemorate the mighty dead. Such hills are usually formed of earth, but sometimes of heaped stones. In the latter form, they are almost exclusively confined to Scotland, and are there called *cairns*. Barrows are found in almost every country, from America to the steppes of Tartary, and probably exhibit the earliest, and assuredly the grandest species of honorary burial; a humble relic of which we still retain in the mounds of earth over the graves of our churchyards. Assuming that the barrow indicates, in the matter of sepulture, the first step of man from the merely savage state, it does not seem to have been forsaken for monuments of greater art and delicacy until such further advances in civilization had been made as might be indicated to a careful inquirer by the alteration in the form or structure of the *tumulus* itself, and still more by the contents which might be disinterred; for it was in all, except perhaps the very earliest instances, customary to bury with the dead their weapons, their ornaments, and other articles of value. In the barrows of the earliest period we might expect to find no more than the bones of the uncoffined and unurned barbarian with his arrow heads of flint; while those of a later period would furnish stone and earthen coffins, urns of metal and earthenware, spears, swords, shields, bracelets, beads, mirrors, combs, and even coins and cloths,—articles which are actually found in some *tumuli*, and most of them in those of this country.

The cairns, or *carnedd*, heaps of stones, are frequently mentioned in Scripture, and in every instance, when not accompanied with a pillar, we find them raised with the same object, namely, to cover the remains of those who died in crime, and whose memories it was intended to dishonour. Such were the heaps of stones raised over the remains of Achan, Absalom, and the King of Ai. Joshua vii. 25, 26—viii. 25. 2 Sam. xviii. 17 In Syria and Palestine it is still usual for one who passes such a heap to throw a stone on it, in order to express his detestation of the infamy commemorated, as well as to contribute to the maintenance or increase the size of the monument. In Scotland, too, in some parts, it was formerly, and perhaps still is common for a person to say to the offender, "Never mind, I shall throw a stone over your cairn yet."

There are numerous cairns in Wales, many of which still bear distinctive names, such as *Carn Vadryn* and *Carn Hendwll*. Allusion to these is made in the works of the earliest bards; for instance, Taliesin observes:—

Carawg will purchase  
Wales abounding with *canerddau*.

It is said that in Druidic times the cairn was a species of monument awarded only to persons of distinction. The following passage on the subject occurs in the life of Gruffydd ab Cynan:—"Now the mountain on which the battle was fought, is called by the people of the country the *carn* mountain, that is to say, the mountain of the *carnedd*; for in that place there is an immense *carnedd* of stones, under which was buried a *champion* in primitive ages of antiquity." The cairn was of gradual growth, inasmuch as it was the custom for every passer by to fling an additional stone upon the common heap, out of reverence to the memory of the person who was interred underneath.

We are told however that when the practice of burying in churchyards became general, the cairn was condemned as fit only for great criminals. Hence the expression, "*carn or dy wyneb*" (may a cairn be upon thy face), when one wishes ill to another man. In this case travellers cast their stones out of detestation. Owing, therefore, to such a change of popular feeling in regard to the cairn, it would now be impossible, from its mere outward appearance, to conjecture the character of the person whom it covers. Moreover, the size would vary, not only according to the honour or disgrace with which the deceased was in his lifetime regarded, but also according to the situation of the grave itself, whether it was near a public road or not. It may be, however, that the position of the body, or form of the *cistvaen* (stone chest), or some other interior arrangement, would prove a clue to the solution of this question.

Many of the cairns in this country have been opened, and generally found to contain undoubted evidence of human interment; and where this was not the case, their absence may be very reasonably accounted for by the supposition that the body was burned (as in the case of Achan), and the stones heaped over the ashes.

Upwards of one hundred years ago, Sir Nicholas Bailey opened a *carnedd* at Plas Newydd, Anglesey. Supposing the mound a mere heap of rubbish, he began to level it; but when the workmen had opened the entrance into the large ruin, he ordered them to discontinue their operations, as it seemed to contain nothing but bones.

The mound or tumulus on which the remains of *Capel y Towyn* (see page 6) stand, is evidently the cemetery of a vast number of persons. Some years ago, a coffin was discovered containing a skull, and the other principal bones of the human frame, quite perfect. Four or five other coffins were also found, all of which contained bones, in a good state of preservation. The coffins were constructed of rough stones, having sides, ends, lids, but no bottoms. The dates of these burials are not correctly determined, but they are of considerable antiquity.

A very interesting paper relative to this place, written by the Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P. for the city of Chester, was read at the Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, in August, 1846, from which we make the following extract:—

“This ancient chapel is on the old London road, about two and a half miles from Holyhead, situated close to the sea. Here is a great mound, about 30 feet in height, being 750 in circumference at the base. On the summit of this mound are seen the foundation walls of a small chapel, which has given the name *Towyn y Capel* (the Bay of the Chapel) to the beautiful inlet upon the shore. This mound is composed of sea sand, and contains a great number of graves, arranged in four or five tiers, one above another, at intervals of about three or four feet. The bodies were laid invariably with the feet converging towards the centre of the mound, the head being towards the outer side. It appears that no similar instance of interment in graves formed indiscriminately, as it regards the point of the compass towards which the feet of the corpse were laid, has yet been noticed.”

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### **CROMLECHS, OR DRUIDICAL ALTARS.**

Who raised the wondrous pile? I asked and sighed,  
And paused for a reply; but none replied.  
Time passed me by, and answered with a frown,  
Whoever raised it I will pull it down.

There is perhaps no subject on which antiquarians have more employed their learning and industry, on which their theories have been so fruitful, or their discussions so endless, as on the origin and history of those ancient stones generally denominated Druidical. But, who were the founders—when were they founded—and what was the immediate object of their foundation, are questions which at this period we cannot fully answer. At the same time the undoubted antiquity of these remains, the tolerably accurate glimpses of their original condition which the antiquarian writers afford us, and the very mystery in which they are enveloped, altogether make their study peculiarly attractive. But more than all this, there is one fact connected with these antique monuments, which renders them of very high interest indeed, and that is, their dispersion over every part of the world, bearing evidently a common impress of the ideas and habits of their founders, even in places so remote from each other as to make it appear impossible that there should have been any mutual intercourse in those ancient times. Monuments of large and rude stones, disposed in the forms known respectively in our country by the names of circles, cromlechs, kistvaens, and stones erect, are found extensively dispersed through Great Britain, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, Denmark, Sweden, France, Germany, Netherlands, Portugal, Malta, Gaza, Phœnicia, Malabar, Bombay, and other parts of India, Palestine, Persia, Northern Africa, North America, and in the Islands of the Indian Archipelago, and of the South Sea. What conclusions then can we draw from these phenomena, but that those common ideas and habits of which we have spoken must have existed prior to the dispersion of the great family of man, of which the Scriptures tell us? If the identity of the monuments known as Druidical in this country with those existing in Palestine and other parts mentioned in the sacred writings be acknowledged, this important result follows:—that whilst, on the one hand, “the form of existing monuments illustrates the form of those mentioned in Scripture;” on the other, “the uses of those described in Scripture illustrates the uses of those now existing.” The Sacred Scriptures furnish us with many indications as to the use of the altar and circle of stones. (Gen. xx. 24, 25, Josh. v. 5-7, 1 Sam. vii. 16, 17-x. 8.)

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The general opinion is that the cromlechs were altars on which the priests offered their dreadful sacrifices. On this subject Cæsar has the following remarks:—“The whole nation of the Gauls, (whom Cæsar describes as imitators of those of Britain, and as deriving from the latter their customs) is much addicted to religious observances, and on that account, those who are attacked by any of the more serious diseases, and who are in danger of warfare, either offer human sacrifice or make a vow that they will offer them, and they employ the Druids to officiate at their sacrifices; for they consider that the favour of the immortal gods cannot be conciliated, unless the life of one man be offered up for that of another; they have sacrifices of the same kind appointed on behalf of the state.” To which we may add, that Tacitus, in his account of the

Roman attack on the Isle of Anglesey, the then great stronghold of the British Druids, states—that “they held it right to smear their altars with the blood of their captives.” It is a striking corroboration of the theory that the cromlechs were the altars on which these dreadful sacrifices were performed, to find that in this very Isle of Anglesey are yet existing about thirty, among which are some of the largest and most magnificent our country possesses. It is well known that, at a very early period, this Island was the great school of Druidism—the chosen retreat and asylum of the Druidical Priests. No wonder, therefore, that travellers are particularly struck with the great absence of trees, having naturally enough supposed that the former scene of Druidical superstition, the horrors of which were carried on in the dark recesses of consecrated groves, would not be so bare and destitute of timber. Nor did Anglesey always wear this naked appearance. Classical authors tell us it formerly had its venerable woods and shady groves, and the ancient British appellation *Ynys Dywyll*, or the Shady Island, intimates the same fact; and bodies of trees are constantly met with in the pits from which the inhabitants get their peat.

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Having made these remarks we shall now direct the attention of the tourist to the

### TREFIGNETH CROMLECHI.

About a mile and a half from Holyhead, at Trefigneth (a house on the quagmire) farm, may be seen some relics of Druidical superstition, and remarkable monuments of the rude art of the Ancient Britons. They are what antiquarians call *cromlechi*. Two derivations have been given for the word cromlech: the one, “an inclining stone,” from the British word *crwm*, bowed, and *llech*, a broad, flat stone; and the other, “a devoted stone or altar,” from the Hebrew *cœrœm-luach*,—the first part expressing the appearance of the upper or principal stone of the cromlech; the second, the horrible use to which, there is good reason to believe, it was put. The stones referred to are called by the Welsh, at this time, *Llechen Trevigneth*, i.e., Trevigneth flat stones; and the field they are in, *Cae’r Llechen*, flat stone field.

The writer visited these cromlechs on the 18th of February, 1853, and, assisted by a friend, measured some of the huge, unshapely stones. The western cromlech consists of 5 stones, four of which were undoubtedly uprights, but have fallen from their proper situation, and the table stone, with its flat face, reposes upon them. This superincumbent stone measures 12 feet long, including the piece broken off at the eastern end—it is 6 feet wide, and in some parts about 2 feet in diameter. One of the four stones is 10 feet long, by 4 wide, and about 10 feet in circumference. At the western end of this cromlech are three stones, but for what purpose they were originally used, I wot not.

The eastern cromlech consists of 8 stones, two of which are standing; one perpendicularly, the other in an oblique position—following the example of its companions, which have long since bowed beneath the weight or pressure of centuries;—these are 6 feet long, one of which is about 10 feet in circumference, the other 8. There is one reposing longitudinally, measuring 10 feet long, and 6 feet in circumference. The other three are of smaller dimensions. There are two table or superincumbent stones, one of which measures 10 feet long, by 6 wide; the other, 6 feet long, by 5 wide. When first constructed, this cromlech would have admitted a tall man to stand upright in it.

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When I first approached these ruins, I felt that I was treading the sacred ground of ancient Britons; a longing to comprehend their origin came over me—a yearning to make out the dark enigma that for ages had puzzled the learned and the wise. While walking round these ancient relics, I felt somewhat astonished and bewildered. Awe, amazement, and solemnity, were as a load on my spirit, pressing heavily. I wished to know, but I was ignorant; I wished to admire, but I was awestruck.

Ages seem present; shadowy, giant forms,  
And fantasies that throng the heated brain,  
Are fluttering to and fro; unhallowed rites,  
Obscene and cruel, and unearthly shapes,  
Start into being.

Many remains have I gazed on with solemn feelings; but never do I remember such arresting, mysterious solemnity being excited within me by mouldering castle, abbey, church, or priory, as that which then oppressed me. It is strange, but these stones seem imbued with the spirit of by-gone ages. There they are, monuments of antiquity—huge, grand, wonderful, incomprehensible! They over-awe you as they stand, gloomily questioning, as it were, your right to approach so near their sacred enclosure.

With these relics we cannot but associate the Druidical priests, who were the principal actors on all public occasions. The finger of time has long ceased to keep a calendar of their moments, or of their actions, and their dust has for ages mingled with the clods of the valley! Yet, here they once performed their idolatrous worship, and were held in great veneration by the people. Imagination takes the place of memory, and, influenced by the appalling gloom that pervades the spot, conjures up shapes of human victims reeking in sacrifice, while Druidic priests in their long white garments, the tiara, or sacred crown, their temples enwreathed with chaplets of oak-leaves, the magic wand in their hand, and on their heads a serpent’s egg, as an ensign of their order, and thus attired we see them going forth to sacrifice, sullen, cruel, implacable, standing round the crimson-stained altar, shrouded with superstition, mystery, and death.

These ancient stones, o'ergrown with bearded moss,  
And by the melancholy skill of time  
Moulded to beauty, charms the bosom more  
Than the palaces of princes.

They must have weathered out more than 2000 years. It was about A.D. 60, and during the reign of Nero, the Roman Emperor, when *Suetonius Paulinus*, a distinguished Roman general, entered Anglesey, and cut down the groves, sacred to Druidic superstition, and placed a garrison among the conquered. And in A.D. 79, Titus Vespasian, the Roman Emperor, sent *Julius Agricola*, a general not less renowned for his military talents than for his wisdom and humanity; he arrived in Mona, or Anglesey, and permanently secured the various triumphs of the Romans. Thus the bloody rites of superstition, the most powerful that ever enchained the human mind, and after it had long established a boundless tyranny upon the ruins of human reason, was abolished throughout the island.

Their sacred Isle with solemn woods were crown'd,  
Their woods are gone, dismantled lies the ground  
Of holy Druids, once the reverend shrine.

It is therefore, obvious, that these cromlechs were erected long before the fatal slaughter by Suetonius; and it is nearly 1800 years since he gave a death-blow to the system.

This must be a deeply interesting spot to visit, at a time when the summer's sun smiles on every object. As has been observed it was *winter* when the writer visited the cromlechs; but even then the prospect was grand. Standing here you have a most commanding view in every direction, comprising, sea and land, mountain and plain, lake and river. The towering mountains of Carnarvonshire, like another world, ethereal, brilliant, transparent as crystal, appeared in the distance covered with snow, and presented a resemblance to the Alps; far above the rest, Snowdon lifted its patriarchal head so loftily, as if it meant not only to threaten, but to thrust it into the sky. The sun, hastening towards the western skies, threw his parting rays upon this Alpine range of mountains, gilding them so magnificently, that the writer and his accompanying friend were led to exclaim, "Winter has its beauties as well as summer."

### ANCIENT STONES OF MEMORIAL.

Stones or pillars were the earliest records of all great or highly interesting events. Covenants, important treaties or victories, the deaths of distinguished persons, or dearly beloved friends, the settled boundaries of estates, were all recorded in this simple, but for the time, no doubt, sufficient manner. The first historical notice bearing directly upon the subject is the scriptural mention of a stone set up by Jacob to commemorate his vision. (Gen. xxviii. 18.) The size of this stone was necessarily small, like perhaps, those ancient stones dispersed about our own country, three or four feet high, and whose history lies too far back even for the reach of tradition. We may also mention the stone set up by Joshua, under the oak of Shechem, a little before his death, when he made the Israelites once more solemnly renew their covenant with God. (Josh. xxiv. 26.) In the First Book of Samuel, chap. vi. 15, 18, a stone of great magnitude is referred to, and which was previously well known as the great stone of Abel. The solemn treaty of peace concluded between Jacob and Laban was marked by the erection of a rude pillar. (Gen. xxxi. 45.)

The custom of setting up large stones to commemorate victories, we find, from the sacred writings, was also in use among the Hebrews. The Ebenezer, or "stone of help," set up by Samuel, is an instance of this nature. (1 Sam. vii. 12.) In the British Isles the custom appears to have been not only common, but to have continued down to a late period. Thus we find Malcolm, son of Kenneth, King of Scots, commemorating his victory over the Danes in this mode in 1008. Near Newbridge, in the county of Cork, Ireland, are three large stones set edgeways towards each other, which are said, by an incontrovertible tradition, to refer to a battle fought on the spot between Brian Boiruma, King of Munster, and the O'Mahonies of Carbery, assisted by the Danes, most of whom were slain.

With regard to sepulchral stones, we may observe, that when cases occurred with the Hebrews, that it became necessary to inter distinguished persons at a distance from the resting-places of their fathers, the rude pillar was then set up to mark the place. It was under circumstances of this nature that Jacob set up a stone over his beloved Rachel. (Gen. xxxv. 20.)—Among some of the nations of antiquity, the custom was very general; the Greeks, for instance, had for ages no other funeral monuments than a rough unhewn stone, set upon the top of a tumulus. In the "Iliad" we find Paris, whilst in the act of using the bow against the enemy, bending behind the pillar placed on the tumulus that contained the ashes of Ilus, the son of Dardanus, the ancient king of Troy. Minutely corresponding with this monument is the one at Castle More, near Tullagh, Ireland. It consists of a tumulus 30 feet in perpendicular height, with a square stone on the top, about 5 feet in height. We have one positive and interesting case on record of the erection of a vast monument of this kind. Harold, the son of Gormon, employed his whole army to draw a stone of enormous size from the shores of Jutland, to be placed over the grave of his mother. We may observe that our own churchyards, to this day, present but a modification of the usages we have described—in the mound and headstone we still see the tumulus and pillar of



ancient times. To this origin, doubtless, may be referred many, if not all, of the large stones isolated from Druidical remains, and dispersed in different parts of the county.

The *maen hir*, or long stone, is very common in this Island. There is nothing, however, in its name which would indicate its original use, or the object for which it was raised, unless, indeed, we give the word *hir*, the sense of longing or regret, as being the root of *hiraeth*; in that case it might imply that the stone was a memorial of the dead. There is no doubt that, in some instances, it was used as a monument to point out the grave of a particular person.

Thus an extract from an old document is inserted by Mr. Price in his "Hanes Cymru," (History of Wales) to the following effect:—"The *Meini Hirion* (long stones) of *Maes Mawr* (of the Great Plain.) There is a spot on the mountain between Yale and Ystrad Alun, above Rhyd-y-Gyfartha, called the Great Plain, where occurred the battle between Meilyr ab — and Beli ab Benlli Gawr, and where Beli was slain; and Meirion erected two stones, one at each end of the grave, which remained until the last forty years. It was then that a "tasteless" person, owner of the piece of land, which had been enclosed, where the grave and stones were, came and pulled up the stones, and placed them over the pipe of a lime-kiln. There, in consequence of the intense heat and great weight, they broke. Whereupon he burnt them into lime in the kiln, though they had been there for many hundred years; and a bad end happened unto him who had thus defaced the grave of the deceased soldier, about which the bard, in the "Stanzas of the Graves," sang this triplet:—

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Whose is the grave in the Great Plain?  
Proud was his hand on the weapon of war—  
It is the grave of Beli the son of Benlli Gawr!"

There are several of these monumental stones in the immediate neighbourhood of Holyhead, and though their history is unknown, I have not a doubt on my mind but they were originally erected as *memorial stones*, to point out the grave of some distinguished person or persons, or as monuments to commemorate some signal victory.

About a mile from Holyhead, on the way to Trefigneth cromlechi, on the right hand, in a field called *Cae'r Garreg* (stone field), stands a memorial stone, 8 feet long, and 10 feet in circumference at the base, tapering to about 5 feet. On leaving this stone, and just before you reach Trefigneth, opposite a cow-shed, under the left-hand wall, a *cist faen*, or stone coffin, was found some time ago, containing a human skeleton. About half a mile further, near *Trefarthur* (the abode of Arthur), in a field on the right hand, called *Caynyodd*, are two stones, one erect, about 5 feet in length, and 13 in circumference, and the other, reposing on the ground, nearly 8 feet long.

About a mile and a half to the west of Holyhead, at *Plas* farm, in the occupation of O. Owen, Esq., are two large stones. The western one is 10 feet long, 6½ feet in circumference, tapering to about 4 feet. The northern stone is 10 feet long, 6½ feet in circumference, tapering to about 5 feet.

## BOUNDARY STONES.

The use of stones erect, for marking boundaries, must be very ancient; perhaps, indeed, this was one of the earliest purposes to which such rude monuments were applied. An interesting notice of this custom is given in the "Iliad," where Homer, speaking of the great stone thrown by Minerva at Mars, says, as King renders the passage, that "she retreating, seized in her strong hand a stone lying in the field—black, rough, and vast—which men in former times had placed as a boundary of cultivated land." How long and how effectually this custom existed, Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsal and metropolitan of Sweden, speaking of his own parts, about the middle of the seventeenth century, bears testimony with justifiable pride:—"There are also high stones, by the aspect and signature whereof the ancient possessions of provinces, governments, forts, communities of noble and country men, are suffered to continue to every man in peace, without laws, suits, or arbitration, giving an example to other nations, that among these nations there is more right to be found in these stones that are boundaries than elsewhere in the large volumes of laws, where men think themselves to be more learned and civil."

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Stringent laws were given by Moses to the Jewish nation in reference to these boundary marks. "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbour's landmark, which they of old time have set in thine inheritance." (Deut. xix. 14.) "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." (Prov. xxii. 28.) Job complained that some in his day removed the landmarks (chap. xxiv. ver. 2). Every one will remember the fearful denunciation in the book of Deuteronomy,—"Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark. And all the people shall say, Amen," (chap. xxvii. ver. 17). In Hosea we have the following strong language, which shews in what light Jehovah viewed this sin:—"The princes of Judah were like them that remove the bound: therefore will I pour out my wrath upon them like water," (chap. v. ver. 10).

The "*maen terfyn*," i.e., the boundary stone of the Ancient Britons, is considered to be very common in this Island, the removal of which was punishable with death. *Maen terfyn* was not to be removed, according to the laws of Dvynwal Moelmud, under pain of death:—"There are three stones, which if any man remove, he shall be indicted as a thief: the *boundary stone*; *maen gwyn* (sacred stone), of the convention, and the guide stone; and he that destroys them shall forfeit his life (or be guilty of capital offence)." In reference to this stone another triad remarks:—"It is ordered and established, for the purpose of preventing the uncertainty of a claim, that the Bards

shall keep an orderly record of pedigrees, nobility, and inheritances. For the same purpose also is the memorial of the back-fire stones, the *maen terfyn* (boundary stone), and the horse-block, that he that removes them offers an insult to the Court and the Judges." These passages will forcibly remind our readers of the penalty in the law of Moses above quoted. Whenever we hear of ancestral domains terminating here and there at some particular stones of notoriety, as is frequently the case, we may fairly presume that such stones are some of the old *meini terfyn* (boundary stones) of the Welsh laws.

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On the right hand of the road, in a corner of the field before you reach Plas farm, is a stone measuring 4 feet high, by 5 wide, and about 12 feet in circumference. I consider this stone a perfect relic of what our ancestors denominated *maen terfyn*, or the boundary stone.

And now, courteous reader, farewell! may you enjoy your visit to this interesting locality: but it is high time that the writer of these pages fixed his boundary mark.—FINIS.

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#### ERRATUM.

Omitted in the list of Agents, page 15,—*Chester and Holyhead Steam Packet Office*.  
—*Superintendent*—Capt. Hirst. <sup>[71]</sup>

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**HEALTH FOR A SHILLING!**

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*Copy of a Letter from Mr. Bostock, Druggist, of Ashton under Lyne, dated July 31, 1852.*

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*Extract of a letter from Griffith Roberts, sailor, No. 4, Derby-street, Liverpool.*

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Your humble Servant,  
GRIFFITH ROBERTS.

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF FITS AND WORMS.

Newry-street, Holyhead, Dec. 11, 1852.

*To the Proprietor of the Cambrian Pills.*

SIR,—Allow me to address you on a very important subject, that of my former illness and wonderful recovery, the details of which I wish to the whole world may be made known:—For the

last fifteen years I have been troubled with great pain in my stomach and intestines, sour belchings, flatulence, pain in the head, lowness of spirits with general emancipation of body, and frequent fits attacked me of late, I used to throw my meals up as soon as eaten. Having consulted many Doctors, and tried all remedies in reach to no purpose, until one day I was recommended to try a Box of the Tremadoc Pills. Having continued to take them for some time, I felt much better; after taking a dose of Pills in going to bed one night, I felt towards morning a rumbling noise and a queer sensation in the intestines, I got up and took another dose, and wonderful to relate, in a few hours, *I parted with a Worm measuring nearly 12 feet!!* and ever since I am a healthy man; this occurred about three months from this date.

I remain yours obediently,  
DAVID HUGHES, Provision Dealer.

Witness, Lewis Hughes.

\* \* All these parties may be applied to for the correctness of their Testimonies. And for further confirmation of the extraordinary virtues of this valuable medicine, apply to any of the Agents, who can point out instances, in their own immediate neighbourhoods, of its beneficial effects.

CAUTION.—The high repute and extensive sale of these Pills throughout the kingdom have induced some unprincipled persons to imitate them, therefore purchasers should observe the following particulars.—*That the genuine Pills are in a turned wood Box, wrapped up in Green Paper, sealed with the Proprietor's Seal, and bearing the Signature of "Robert Isaac Jones," on the Government Stamp.*

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Barclay and Sons, Farrington-street; Sutton and Co., Bowchurch-yard; Hannay and Co., Oxford-street, London; Mander and Weaver, Wolverhampton; Evans, Sons, and Co., Lord-street; Jones, Hall, and Co., Redcross-street, Liverpool; Butler, Sackville-street, Dublin; Raimes and Co., Edinburgh and Liverpool; T. and A. Warren, Redcliff-street, Bristol; and at the Cambrian Pill Depôt, Tre' Madoc, North Wales. Retailed by all respectable Medicine Vendors in every town in the United Kingdom, in Boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, *great saving in procuring either of the large Boxes.*

☞ Should any one fail to obtain the Pills in his own neighbourhood, if fourteen Postage Stamps for the 1s. 1½d. box, 33 for the 2s. 6d., or 60 for the 4s. 6d. be posted to the Cambrian Pill Depôt, Tre' Madoc, North Wales, the Pills will be sent per return post, free.

N.B.—DIRECTIONS ARE GIVEN WITH EACH BOX OF PILLS.

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## **British College of Health, New Road, London.**

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CURE OF FISTULA, AND OTHER COMPLAINTS, WITHOUT CUTTING, BY MORISON'S PILLS.

TO MESSRS. MORISON.

January 12th, 1853.

GENTLEMEN,—I feel great pleasure in making a public acknowledgment of the good I have received from your valuable medicines. I have been afflicted from childhood with severe attacks of bilious complaint, every five or six weeks; I have suffered dreadfully from spasms, scarce ever free from them little or much: I have suffered from bad legs for these last twenty years. I have dreaded the approach of winter, for they would be then covered with scaly bleeding running sores from the knees to the ankles: I have been afflicted for these last ten years with rheumatism with repeated attacks of lumbago; I have been troubled from a child with great quantities of worms, and for these last five years I have suffered from a fistula, which gradually increasing, caused great pain and lowness of spirits, so I continued up to September 1851; when my afflictions increased—I was seized with severe griping pains in the bowels, for which by taking large doses of medicines and drugs, would relieve me for a few days, then they would return more violent. Worms made their way through the wound of the fistula in abundance. Four months I endured dreadful pains in the chest. I felt as if I were bound round with an iron bar. I felt dreadful pains across the back and shoulders, my neck became stiff, my eyes bloodshot; there appeared a heavy weight on my head, with a hissing noise like a steam engine, my arms seemed filled with streams of boiling water; I had every advice within my reach. I had blisters and mustard plasters to my chest in abundance; I had Doctors and medicines of every description, but all to no use, I gave myself up for lost; the last doctor told me my liver was dreadfully affected, and if I did not take care, I would have the yellow jaundice, and that the wound proceeded from the liver; he did me no good, there was no hope but the hospital, but I dreaded the knife. A friend at last persuaded me to try MORISON'S PILLS, but I was so prejudiced against them, I ridiculed the very idea, but try them I did, glad to catch at any thing, and thank God I did; they made me very bad at first, but I persevered, beginning with five of No. 2, increasing one each night up to nine. I found relief, they stopped the violence of the fistula, they relieved the pains in my chest, and brought from me frightful quantities of worms. I then bought some No. 1's of Mr. Lofts, No. 1, Park-place, Mile End-road, and took them alternately, increasing the doses up to 12, and they were the cause of my passing

five pieces of thick skinny substance, the size of the palms of the hand. I commenced taking the pills January 1852. In May the lumbago attacked me violently, in June my legs broke out worse; I increased the doses 16 each night, they soon got well, but there was a pain under the ribs of the right side—something appeared to be gathering there, it got bigger and heavier, till it appeared to be as big as a pint bason. I decreased the doses to 18, it got worse; I increased the noses to 20, my whole back seemed inflamed, in three hours after, I took 10 more, something gave a sudden snap, I was sick for the first time since the commencement, upwards and downwards came from me several pints of slime, blood, and corruption, &c.—the pills had done their work, and I was healed; since that time I have had a few flying pains. I have gradually decreased the doses down to the present time. I am restored to health and strength. I feel 10 years younger, and I thank the Almighty God in putting within my reach your most valuable medicines; since I began to take your pills, I have been exposed to all weathers, working in a market garden, and I have been laid up for illness but one day through the whole time.

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I remain yours most gratefully,

14, Devons-road, Bromley, Middlesex.

Geo. Holden, aged 45.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given, that no Chemist or Druggist is authorized to sell Morison's Medicines. They are only to be had of the appointed Agents, (who are all practical Hygeists) one of whom may be found in every principal town in the United Kingdom, and in almost every part of the world. See that the words "MORISON'S UNIVERSAL MEDICINES" are engraved in the Government Stamp, in white letters upon a red ground, without which none can be genuine.

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JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE SIXPENCE,

p. 80

**THE  
TOURIST'S GUIDE  
TO DUBLIN:**

DESCRIBING THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS OF INTEREST,

WHICH MAY

BE VISITED BY THE TOURIST

IN THE SPACE OF A SHORT TIME,

AND AT A VERY REASONABLE OUTLAY,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

**REMARKS ON THE OCEAN, &c.**

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By THOMAS JACKSON, R.M.

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SOLD AT THE RAILWAY STATIONS, AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS  
IN HOLYHEAD, BANGOR, AND CARNARVON.

**FOOTNOTES.**

[33] It is a most melancholy coincidence that the very night, and about the same hour, these lines were penned (Dec. 24th, 1852), a vessel, name unknown, was wrecked, not far from my dwelling—the whole crew lost! Contracted must be the mind, and cold the heart, that can find nothing in these sad catastrophes to awaken its feelings. How many brave crews leave their respective ports, never to return! And, alas! how many of these, departing from under our eye, to appear at the bar of God, cast back upon us, from the shores of that untried world, upbraiding looks, because we cared not for their souls.

[51] On Saturday, Feb. 26, 1853, this locality was visited with a most terrific gale of wind from the North West, which, during the time it lasted, was the most violent that has been in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The sea raged with immense fury, and carried away many hundred feet of the staging, both at the Soldier's Point and Salt Island, strewing immense balks

of timber along the shore, all round the bay in every direction. But amid all this destruction, occasioned by “elemental strife,” the RENDALL BREAKWATER, that is, the deposited stones, defied the mountain wave, and became the more solidified by the mighty seas which swept over it.

[59] The crew of the first vessel consisted of people of various nations; and some of them continued a considerable time at Penrhos.

[71] The erratum has been applied in this eBook.—DP.

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE VISITOR'S HAND-BOOK FOR HOLYHEAD  
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