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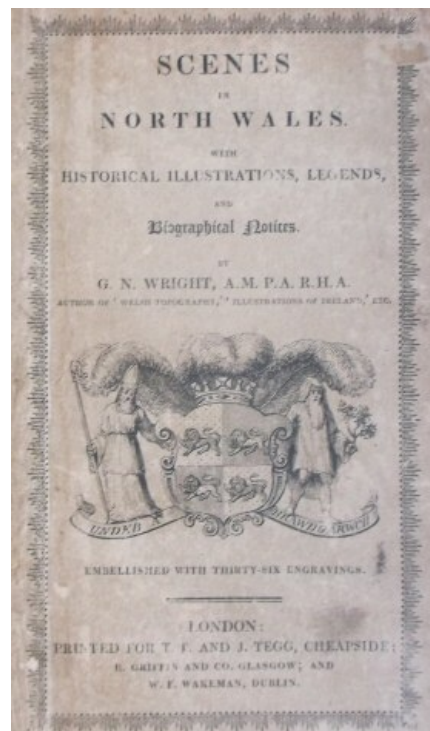
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MENAI BRIDGE.



BEAUMARIS CASTLE.



HOLYHEAD CHURCH.

SCENES IN NORTH WALES.

WITH
HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, LEGENDS,
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

BY
G. N. WRIGHT, A. M. P. A. R. H. A.
AUTHOR OF "WELSH TOPOGRAPHY," "ILLUSTRATIONS OF IRELAND," ETC.



Embellished with Thirty-six Engravings.

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THERE IS a local interest attached to mountain scenery, arising not only from a natural concentration of grand and majestic objects, but also from a spirit of independence and ardent love of liberty with which the mountaineer, invariably, seems to be inspired.

The great deeds of Leonidas were done amidst the rocks and glens;—Switzerland displays her hatred of tyranny in an undying affection for the memory of Tell;—while from the chivalrous exploits of Glandwr, brandishing high the torch of liberty, a stream of light has issued, that seems to have poured its rays into the deepest recesses of his native glens.

The demi-anarchy of the feudal system occasioned the erection, in Gwynedd, of many stately castles, whose lonely ruins now adorn the petty kingdoms they once overawed. And in the violent struggles of the ancient Briton to preserve his wild home from Saxon intrusion, originated those yet more splendid palaces, that illustrate like monuments, or like medals, the history of those periods in which they were erected.

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Notwithstanding the great power by which the Cambrians were overthrown, and the healing measures subsequently pursued to obtain a willing submission to their conquerors, the draught appears to have been imbittered by the introduction of some ingredient not easily detected by historical analysis; for, as a people, the ancient Britons are still totally distinct from the parent state in customs, manners, dress, in feelings, and in language. The tenacity with which they adhere to their primitive tongue, tends to a dissociation from the greater part of the empire, and contributes to the preservation, by intermarriages amongst themselves and otherwise, of a state of society peculiar and extraordinary as existing in the very bosom of the British isles.

The Isaurians were a small nation in the heart of the Roman empire; they dwelt among mountains; they saw civilization on every side, yet they rejected it with scorn, and, on occasion, found employment for the legions through several ages.

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The Cambrians have not despised civilization, but have rather so engrafted it upon the ancient stem, that the variation in the tree is scarce perceptible. The fruit however proves fair and wholesome. A nation is produced, of such proverbial gentleness, that although the envious attribute it to the obscurity of their abode, the legislature must appreciate the moral value of subjects who are honest from a love of justice, and governed without expense.

To illustrate the scenery of a country possessing so large a portion of natural beauty, abounding in so many records of eminent persons and remarkable events, and occupied by a peasantry peaceful, innocent, and happy, presents a favourable opportunity for the production of a work both of amusement and interest. If these ends shall not have been happily attained, there is still one more valuable recommendation in reserve, that is, the moral tendency of the whole.

The inhabitants of North and South Wales are to be considered as quite distinct. They speak different dialects of the ancient language, are sprung from a different ancestral stock, and, in the Southern half of the principality, the arts and manufactures of England are introduced and cultivated with the most entire success.

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The selection and arrangement of the graphic illustrations, which precede each historic sketch, are influenced by two circumstances. First, a desire to include scenes intimately connected with the most interesting periods of local history, and, secondly, a wish to introduce a number of picturesque views sufficient to convey a distinct idea of the peculiar features of a country so romantic.

Notwithstanding the small cabinet size to which public convenience limits each delineation, truth and expression will uniformly be found associated, accompanied also by a clearness rarely attained in engravings executed on such a miniature scale.

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ANGLESEA.

p. 1

ANGLESEA, the Mona of the Romans and the Mon^[1] or Ultima Thule of its still more ancient occupants, is the most western county of North Wales. Its shores are washed on the north, west, and south by the waves of the Irish sea, while the Mænai strait insinuates itself between this shire and Caernarvon. Here the beautiful scenery associated with the name of Cambria is only to be enjoyed in the distant prospect, the level, unwooded surface of the island presenting nothing of pictorial or romantic interest. Only two eminences of any consequence, vary the monotony of the landscape, Holyhead Mountain and Parry's Hill, the latter containing that wonderfully productive mine of copper, whence two families, now ennobled, have drawn the chief parts of their princely fortunes.

The consecrated groves of this district, suited to the deep and wild mysteries of the arch-druid, became extinct soon after the destruction of the order itself by the Romans, under Agricola; but the celebration of the savage festivals of this mysterious people—

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“Rites of such strange potency
As done in open day, would dim the son,

Though throned in noontide brightness,"

are attested by the existence of numerous cromlechs, circles, and sacrificing stones, in every direction over the island.

The Cambrian Alps present a scene of great beauty, dignity, and sublimity, to the inhabitants of Anglesea. Emerging from the sea below Caenarvon Bay, and ascending gradually to their point of culmination in the peak of Snowdon, they descend again in shattered ridges towards the north, where the lofty Penmaen Mawr terminates the chain. No rivers of importance diversify the surface of this insulated county; but the banks of the Mænai strait are delightfully wooded and adorned with numerous seats and villas. The towns of Caenarvon and Beaumaris, as well as the city of Bangor, are agreeably seated on its opposing shores.

MÆNAI BRIDGE.

THE union of Ireland with Great Britain rendered it an object of paramount importance to facilitate and expedite communication between the capitals of both kingdoms. The shortness and security of the voyage between Holyhead and Howth at once suggested the advantage of improving the line of road through North Wales to Shrewsbury, and so on to the metropolis of the united kingdom. In the year 1810 a select committee was appointed by the House of Commons, to inquire into the best mode of accomplishing this desirable end, and, amongst the valuable improvements recommended by them, none have given so remarkable and so dignified a character to their proceedings, as the suggestion of throwing a suspension bridge across the Mænai, a deep and rapid strait, where delay always attended transmission, and danger not unfrequently. Amongst the many melancholy tales of disasters that befel passengers in crossing Porthaethwy, ^[3] two possess a lamentable notoriety, from the number of souls then hurried in an instant to a watery grave. On the 5th of August, 1820, the ferry boat was overturned, containing twenty-six passengers, of which number but one escaped with life; and thirty-seven years before an event of increased horror happened here in a similar way, when sixty-nine poor beings perished, *one* only, as before, escaping. It is a singular fact that the name of the survivor in both instances was Hugh Williams. The Mænai, or "Narrow Water," is about fifteen miles in length, its breadth varying from two miles to two hundred yards. Six ferry stations have been established on its banks since the reign of Henry the Eighth, who granted five of them to William Gifford. These stations passed subsequently into the possession of the Bulkeley family, and were afterwards dispersed amongst various owners. Porthaethwy, or Bangor Ferry, when the idea of constructing a bridge over the strait was first suggested, was found to be the property of Lady Erskine, from whom it was purchased at the expense of twenty-six thousand three hundred and ninety-four pounds, being thirty years purchase, according to an average of the annual receipts for a number of years preceding.

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Various designs were presented, by Mr. Telford, for the adoption of the committee, from amongst which a suspension bridge was selected. This species of structure is now very generally preferred chiefly where centering is attended with difficulty and expense; but it is by no means a modern invention. It has long been known to the eastern countries: a Jihoola, or suspension bridge, was found amongst the inhabitants of the Himalä vales, on the river Touse, in the East Indies, by Mr. Frazer; and an ingenious and well executed work of this description made of hide-ropes, was discovered by Captain Hall, on the river Maypo in South America. The magnitude of the Mænai Bridge, and the boldness of the design render it still the most interesting and wonderful work of the kind in existence; and, although the bridge of Avignon possesses a span of fire hundred feet, and is also a truly admirable work, yet it is still inferior in the breadth of the principal span, the height above the water-level, and is constructed in a situation where there existed little difficulty in placing each bar, pin, and bolt, in their allotted berths.

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The Mænai Bridge consists of one principal opening, the breadth of which, between the centres the supporting pyramids, is five hundred and sixty feet, in addition to which spacious waterway there are four arches of stone on the Anglesea site, and three on the Caenarvon, to complete the communication, each having a span of fifty feet, with a springing line sixty-five feet above the level of high water, spring tides. The whole breadth, of the channel, or rather length of the bridge, amounts to eight hundred and eighty feet, and the roadway is elevated one hundred feet above the surface of high water. The sea-end of each series of arches is terminated by a pyramid, rising fifty feet above the level of the roadway; over the summits of these pass sixteen supporting chains, from which a horizontal roadway is suspended by vertical iron rods, linked at their lower extremities with the sleepers of the roadway. The whole breadth of the roadway is divided into two carriage tracks, each twelve feet broad, and a footpath of four feet in breadth, in the intermediate space, each protected by guards ten inches in height and six in thickness. The carriage ways pass through arches constructed in the supporting pyramids, and, to prevent the possibility of a collision of vehicles, are continued separate to the land extremities of each series of arches.

In order to obtain a safe tenure for the main chains, the extreme links are enlarged and pierced with eyes, through which strong iron bolts are passed, constituting a species of framework, and the whole mass imbedded securely in the solid rock. The sixteen chains are formed into four lines of suspension, extending one thousand seven hundred and fourteen feet in length; five hundred and seventy-nine and a half of which form a catenary curve, between the pyramids, from which the roadway is suspended. A weight of six hundred and thirty-nine tons, nineteen hundred and nine pounds, is suspended between the pyramids, and the estimated weight of the iron work,

p. 6

from one extremity of the suspension chains to the other, amounts to two thousand one hundred and thirty tons, eighteen hundred being of wrought iron and only three hundred and thirty of cast. To give the iron work a fair bearing in their respective chambers, the following precaution was adopted: each bar and pin were wrapped in flannel, saturated with white lead and oil, and, to establish close and impenetrable joints, Borradaile's patent felt was introduced between them, eight thousand superficial feet of which were consumed in this manner. The floor is composed of three strata of planks, the first three inches in thickness, the middle and the lowest two inches each, layers of patent felt being introduced between the planking strata. Twenty-four thousand seven hundred and ninety feet of felt were consumed in the roadway alone. Screens, or trellis-work of light bars protect each side, and permit the breezes to pass freely through; and a hand-rail of African oak directs and confines the hesitating steps of the foot passenger. The floor of the suspended part frequently assumes an arched appearance, which is not its original form, but arises from a contraction in the chains on the land side of the pyramids, the effect of which, being diffused equally over the chain of the suspended part, causes a temporary elevation of the roadway. It must be remarked that the sixteen main chains recline on saddles on the summits of the pyramids, without being attached to them, whereby every contraction or expansion which may occur on one side is communicated to the other, and over the whole, without any danger of rocking or disturbing the masonry.

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In the construction of the stone arches the same care and scientific knowledge are displayed which characterize every part of this noble work. The arches on each side, adjacent to the main piers, are semicircular, the others are less segments gradually diminishing as they approach the land: the crowns continuing parallel to the roadway admit a handsome entablature and cornice. A beautiful marble, raised at Penmon in Anglesea, is employed in the mason work, and Aberdawe lime was used in bedding the blocks that were laid under water.

The first stone of this great work was laid, without ceremony, by W. A. Provis, Esq. on the 10th of August, 1820; it is a block of marble about three tons in weight, placed in the centre of the sea front of the main pier erected on Ynys-y-Moch. Messrs. Straphan and Hall contracted for the execution of the masonry.

On the 20th day of April, 1825, the first main chain was thrown across the strait, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators. At half flood, and about half past two o'clock, p.m. a raft, stationed near the Caernarvonshire coast, bearing a part of the chain intended to be raised, was freed from its moorings, and towed by four boats, down the current of the tide, to the centre of the strait between the pyramids or main piers: when the raft was placed in its proper position it was secured to buoys anchored in the channel for that purpose. This first operation occupied a space of twenty-five minutes. The end of the chain, hanging from the top of the pyramid on the Caernarvonshire side, was then bolted to one end of the chain laid upon the raft, while two powerful blocks were attached to the other end, for the purpose of raising it over the saddle of the Anglesea pier. This being completed, two capstans with twenty-four men at each, and two preventive capstans, employing an equal number of hands, were set to work. To ensure equability in the rotatory motion of the principal capstan, a fifer was at hand who continued to play a lively tune, to which the men stepped with regularity, having been previously trained to do so. At fifty minutes after four o'clock the bolt which completed the whole line of chain was fixed, so that from the first unmooring of the raft to the uniting of those portions of the chain, which have their extremities made fast in the shores of the two opposite counties, only two hours and twenty minutes were consumed. Upon the completion of this important step, upon the success of which all further advances entirely depended, the assembled crowd gave way to much enthusiastic expression of admiration: three of the workmen, in the ardour of the moment, had the great good fortune to succeed in walking across upon the upper surface of the chain, and a shoemaker from Bangor seated himself near the centre of the curve, and there drove the last sparable into one of those useful productions of his art, called clogs.

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It is a tribute justly due to the scientific projector of this stupendous work, while we admire its beauty, also to acknowledge its utility and entire success; and posterity will yet learn, with gratification, that Mr. Telford has lived to see the offspring of his great genius attain an age of maturity, without diminution of strength or incipient decay. If, when he has placed his laurel crown upon its cushion he perceives some leaves are wanting, let him not regret to hear that a few were gathered by his "fidus Achates," W. A. Provis: the winds have strewn a few more on the grave of Wilson, and Hazledine grasps the others that are missing with an iron hand.

BEAUMARIS CASTLE.

THE town of Beaumaris, now a fashionable watering place, containing a permanent population of two thousand four hundred and ninety-seven souls, appears to have originated in the circumstance of a castle having been erected here by Edward the First, in the year 1295. It subsequently became a place of commercial importance, was erected into a borough and constituted the shire-town; the first of these advantages it has been gradually stripped of by its enterprising little rivals, Bangor and Caernarvon. The situation is low, as the explanation of the name *Beau marais*, the beautiful marsh, indicates, but the coup de œil enjoyed from the marine parade, called the Green, as well as from Baron Hill, the seat of Sir R. B. Williams Bulkeley, Bart., is a composition both chaste and picturesquely beautiful:

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"Hibernia's eastern sea here Cambria laves,
And pours on either shore its restless waves,

While Mænai's currents with its waters play,
Now roll to meet or refluent fill the bay,
And circling Priestholm shows its oval steep,
Emerging boldly from the briny deep."

LLWYD'S BEAUMARIS BAY.

One broad, handsome, and spacious avenue passing up the centre of the town, is finely terminated by the castle gate, an interesting contrast to the many gay, graceful, modern erections which decorate each side of the approach.

Edward the First caused three noble fortresses to be erected in North Wales, to curb the spirit of the stubborn Welsh; and chose Conway, Caernarvon, and Beaumaris for their sites. Of these, Caernarvon Castle is by far the most majestic and spacious pile: Conway enjoys the most picturesque position; while the interior of Beaumaris Castle strikingly suggests how perilous and uncertain must the tenure of human life have been in the feudal ages. The royal founder appointed Sir William Pickmore, a Gascon, to be constable of the castle and captain of the town, situations subsequently held, probably with emolument, but without conferring any military renown upon the possessors. In the reign of Henry the Seventh the garrison, which consisted of twenty-four men, was withdrawn, during the constablership of Sir Rowland Villeville. The Earl of Dorset being constable of the castle in 1642, his deputy, Thomas Chedle, furnished it with men and ammunition; but Thomas, the first Lord Bulkeley, succeeding in 1643, his son Colonel Thomas Bulkeley, with the gentlemen of Anglesea, held it for the king until the year 1648, when it surrendered upon honourable terms to General Mytton. The property of the castle is still in the crown, but the constablership was deservedly restored to the Bulkeley family, and is now vested in Sir Robert B. Williams Bulkeley, Bart., the representative of that ancient and noble house. Edward is supposed to have imbibed that Asiatic style, which pervades the architecture of his royal castles, during his expedition to the Holy Land.

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The site of this fortress was adopted for a twofold purpose, both as being well adapted for defensive operations, and convenient for the landing of supplies, by means of a canal which communicated with the sea, a portion of which called "Llyn-y-Green" was till lately perceptible. An outer ballium of low but massive and embattled curtains is flanked by ten circular bastion towers: those which occupy the angles exceeding considerably in diameter all the intermediate ones.

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The Postern gate opened to the west or land side, and was situated between two ponderous square towers, which were again flanked by turrets of dissimilar shape and of unequal dimensions. Several portcullises appear to have been lowered within the long arched-way of this entrance. Fronting the sea there was a second entrance, protected by two vast circular bastion towers, besides the additional security of successive portcullises. A massive square building overhangs this entrance on the left, and a long embattled curtain, extending to the right, formerly sheltered those employed on the canal or fosse, in supplying the garrison with stores. This last singular and irregular work is called "the Gunner's Walk," and several large rings, still firmly fixed in the masonry, very sufficiently show that here the supply barges of the garrison were anciently moored.

The envelope is separated from the keep or citadel by a broad intermural ambulatory, extending entirely round; a second entrance of fine proportion opens a communication with the inner court, beneath a spacious castellated building, the ground plan of which may yet be distinctly traced. This is a level area one hundred and ninety feet square, from the four corners of which small triangles are cut off by the enclosing wall. On the north-west side of the court, projecting from the curtain wall, stands a stately edifice, spiritedly and gracefully designed. The front consists of two stories; the upper adorned with five pointed windows of large dimensions, furnished with architraves of cut stone, and lighting the great council hall, which measures seventy feet in length: the basement is pierced by four smaller windows and the principal entrance door, while the whole is terminated by two beautiful round towers, with tapering bases, in the style of modern architectural pavilions. A ground plan precisely corresponding with that of the council hall may be traced amidst the ruins on the opposite side of the court, but how far their decorations resembled each other must continue to be matter of conjecture. To all these ancient castles a chapel is uniformly found attached, a circumstance which some historians attribute to the superstition, others, more charitably, to the piety of our ancestors. The little ecclesiastic edifice included within the walls of this castle rather argues the possession of the latter quality, from its unostentatious style and circumscribed dimensions. The walls and roof are still entire, the former decorated with pointed recesses, and the latter groined and supported by ribs springing from pilasters; while three lancet-windows, or rather loop-holes, at the eastern end, appear to have been the only means for the admission of light, that this modest little oratory ever possessed. From the thickness of the wall surrounding the inner court a gallery is gained, by means of which communication is preserved with every part of the citadel, and several square apertures, opening into recesses in the side walls of the gallery, are conjectured, by Grose the antiquarian, to have been the mouths of so many dungeons, yawning for their prey.

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Part of the inner area is desecrated into a tennis court: desecrated, for a ruin is a sacred thing, rooted for ages in the soil, identified with it, and considered as a work of nature rather than of art. It is a deposit, of which the very proprietor is esteemed but the guardian, for the amusement, admiration, and instruction of posterity.

HOLYHEAD CHURCH.

THIS is the principal seaport in the Island of Anglesea, as well as the most important packet station for Irish communication on the western coast. The arrival of the steam packet is the chief incident of each day, and in auspicious weather a fourth part of the inhabitants are frequently assembled as spectators. The situation of the town is naturally exposed and bleak, but it has attained an appearance of respectability, cleanliness, and something of commerce, by the formation of an excellent asylum harbour, where vessels of any burden may take shelter, and by the completion of the Parliamentary road, which, commencing at Shrewsbury, passes through the Cambrian Alps, and terminates its useful object at the pier of Holyhead. The town and its local circumstances do not constitute an agreeable landscape, but there are still many objects of deep interest here, which deserve a separate and individual examination. From the summit of the mountain overhanging the town, a prospect extensive and gratifying may be enjoyed; the highest apex, just seven hundred feet above the sea, commands a view of the whole Snowdonian chain of mountains, apparently rising from the plains of Anglesea, at a distance of twenty miles; while to the west the Wicklow mountains are seen, upon a clear day, to hang over the green waters of the Irish sea. The ancient church is not without its attractions to the inquiring mind; it occupies the site of a monastery founded by Saint Cybi in the fourth century, and bore on its north wall this inscription, "Sancte Kybi ora pro nobis." Part of the churchyard wall is of Roman architecture, and was pierced with small square apertures, a practice usual with that people in all mural enclosures. The probability of the Romans having advanced so far across the island, is increased by the discovery of coins and other reliques of that warlike nation in the vicinity of Holyhead. King George the Fourth sailed for Ireland from this port in the year 1821, an event commemorated in a spirited manner by the erection of a fine open colonnade thrown across the pier, near to the spot where his Majesty embarked.

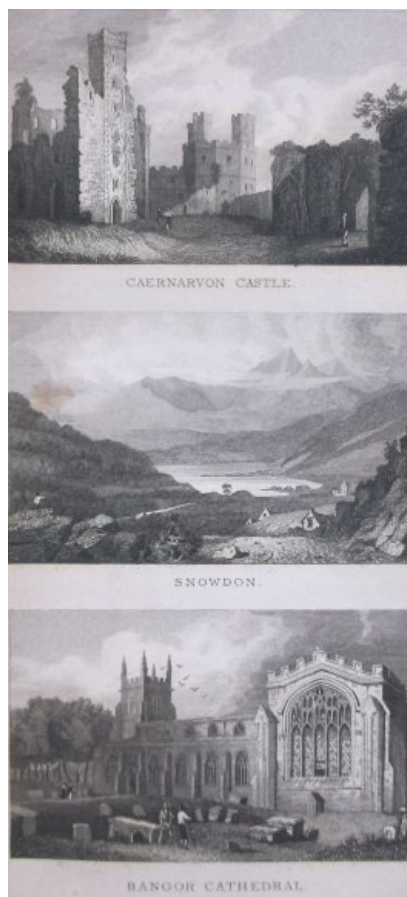
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CAERNARVONSHIRE.

THIS is not only the most mountainous and picturesque of the six northern shires of Wales, but retains more distinct characteristics of a peculiar people, and greater primitiveness of customs and manners than any of the remaining counties. Here the Cambrian Alps are seen in all the dignity and sublimity attached to space restricted only by the grand natural boundaries of mountain, lake, wood, and river. The district included between the mountains and the sea, as well as the whole promontory of Lleyn, consists of fertile land, enjoys an agreeable and cheerful aspect, and is adorned with the seats of many wealthy landed proprietors. From the highest part of this inclining plain, a surface, possessing an endless variety of form, swells with inconceivable rapidity, nor ceases until it attains the vast height of three thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine feet above the sea in its ambitious throws. This point, called "Y Wyddffa," the Conspicuous, is the summit of Snowdon, and the loftiest pinnacle in ancient Britain. Two neighbouring rivals, Carneddau David and Llewellyn, seem to dispute the lofty throne, and reach within a hundred feet of the ancient Cairn which crowns the hoary head of the great monarch of Snowdonia. The greatest length of Caernarvonshire, i.e. in a direction north and south, is forty-five miles, and its mean average breadth about twenty. It is watered by several rivers, whose rocky beds abound in noble cataracts, as well as in scenery of the most delicate and fascinating character. The Conway is probably the richest in each kind of subject; the Llugwy, Lledder, and Ogwen, preserve their bold romantic natures until their noisy spirits are "deep in the bosom of the ocean buried." Perhaps the placid lakes, notwithstanding the noiseless tenor of their lives, may find more worshippers than even the Conway's majestic tide. Llynnyau Gwynant and Crafant are the most graceful, perfect compositions; Llynnyau Ogwen and Idwel the most sublime.

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The mountainous unequal surface of this county has not militated against the introduction of new and admirable lines of road. It is probable that the facility of obtaining a very durable stone, at the cost of removal only, has encouraged the construction of the most beautiful and interesting public avenues in the kingdom. The Holyhead commissioners have carried the British Simplon through the flinty rocks of Ogwen and along the wind-swept valley of Francòn. The county engineers have diminished the terrors of Penmaen Mawr by descending from the beetling cliff to a judicious and secure path along the margin of the sea; and the new road through the pass of Llanberis has rendered these scenes of "pleasing horror" accessible to the most timid and nervous, who are frequently the best and truest appreciators of such mysterious and sublime formations.

CAERNARVON CASTLE.

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CAERNARVON is an ancient borough town, a favourite watering place, and enjoys the benefit of a considerable export trade in slates of the best quality, besides the supply of the interior with wines, coal, earthenware, &c. It is surrounded by walls, the space enclosed resembling the form of a harp, the royal castle being the head or termination of the upright arm, and a fine, broad, marine terrace outside it, now constitutes the chief promenade of inhabitants and visitors. The local position of Caernarvon is extremely beautiful,—the town walls, and long terrace are washed by the sea in front; the river Seiont flows round the castle walls, and meets the waters of the Mænai beneath its lofty turrets, while Coed-Helen Mount impends over the town on the south, Twt-Hill on the North, and Moel Eilio and the Snowdonian range cross and terminate the distant view. There is a striking similitude between the natural position of Algiers and that of the town of Caernarvon, as seen from the water. Twt Hill corresponds with the Jewish cemetery; there is a mount also hanging over Algiers on the right, and the terrace of Caernarvon is an exact miniature of the famous thousand-gun battery of the Turkish city, though happily deficient in such a supply of dread artillery.

The name Caernarvon is compounded of the British terms *Caer yn ar-ffon*, or *Mon*, the citadel in Arfon, or in the district opposite to Mon (Anglesea). It was the ancient Segontium of the Romans, and was the only post of consequence in this part of Cambria over which the imperial eagle flapped his wings. Some fragments of a Roman wall are still distinguishable near the town, and outposts, roads, and encampments yet survive in the immediate vicinity.

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Upon the final subjugation of the ancient Britons, in the year 1282, King Edward the First commenced the building of a noble castle at Caernarvon. This he designed for his royal palace; and mixing up some soothing artifices with the vigorous measures of a conquering prince, caused his faithful and much beloved queen to be brought hither, at an interesting moment of her life, where she gave birth to Edward, afterwards surnamed Caernarvon. This was the second wily stratagem practised upon the obstinate Welshmen by King Edward. His first attempt to render their fetters less galling, was made by assimilating the form of the fortifications of Conway and Caernarvon, which were actually species of state prisons, to the likeness and disposition of the arms of a harp.

Caernarvon is the largest of Edward's castles, and is probably still the most entire; the river Seiont and the Mænai strait washed the walls on two sides, and a deep fosse, originally crossed by a drawbridge, completed the watery circuit. The entrance possesses an air of much grandeur. It is a lofty pointed arch, defended by noble flanking towers, and adorned with a colossal figure of the conqueror himself, standing in a canopied niche, in the act of unsheathing his sword. The interior, which is represented in the accompanying view, is much more ruined. The apartments for the accommodation of the garrison are quite buried in rubbish. Of the entrance gates, a fine ribbed archway, with the grooves of four successive portcullises, are still distinct; the mural gallery is complete nearly round the whole circuit of the castle, and the outer walls of the royal apartments, with the enriched mullions of the windows, yet unbroken. From the walls of the great western towers, light delicate turrets, of polygonal forms, appear to spring; one of these is accessible by stone stairs to the summit, which is adorned with the figure of an eagle, said to have been brought hither from Segontium by the Saxon king, but more probably a species of ornament suggested to the founder by the proximity of the Roman citadel, and intended to be complimentary to the inhabitants. From the observatory, on the top of the eagle tower, there is an extensive prospect over the Island of Anglesea, the Bay of Caernarvon, and the low lands along the base of the mountains, but it is wholly commanded by the hills on either side of the town.

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The graceful archway, called Queen Eleanor's gate, does not appear to have been a portal of entrance. From this a platform may have been lowered, on which the queen mother appeared holding forth her royal infant towards the assembled chieftains, and, after the performance of this great mockery, restored to its secure fastenings in the wall; but no satisfactory evidence appears of any entrance doors, except the chief one mentioned previously, and the water-gate at the western end of the castle. The Newborough, Bulkeley, and Mostyn families have successively been vested with the government of the town and constableness of the castle, cares now entrusted to the Marquis of Anglesea.

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The town walls are still perfect, and interesting to the antiquary. A handsome assembly room has been fitted up within the towers of the principal gate, at the expense of Sir Watkyn W. Wynne, Bart. An elegant chapel of ease occupies the northern angle of the walls, and includes one of the large rounders; and a beautiful barbican, in advance of the water-gate, is in the most entire preservation. Caernarvon is situated in the parish of Llanbeblig, and the parish church, an ancient edifice, dedicated to Saint Publicius, stands at the distance of about one mile from the castle.

SNOWDON, FROM CAPEL CURIG.

THE Cairn, or Carnedd, on the summit of Snowdon is elevated three thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest of the north Cambrian chain, and still supposed to be the loftiest hill in Great Britain. It raises its grand pinnacle above an extensive mountain range, constituting the ancient forest of Snowdonia, which was felled by the Saxon monarchs to build their navy. And, though not a tree or stem adorns its scathed brow, yet so lately as the reign of Henry the Eighth, the civil list contained this item, "Annual Fee of the Chief Forester of Snowdon, 11*l.* 8*s.*" a sum by no means inconsiderable at the period alluded to.

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The great mountain region, of which Snowdon constitutes the leading feature, and to which it lends its Saxon epithet of Snowy, originates northward in the Penmaenmawr, and spreading over great part of Caernarvonshire, returns again and dips into the sea in the Reifels, three beautiful conical mountains overhanging the bay of Caernarvon. These hills bound a prospect from the centre of Anglesea, picturesque, sublime, and graceful, but, like many scenes in human life, upon a nearer approach, are comfortless, forlorn, and desolate. The ambition of most tourists is to attain the dizzy height of Snowdon, and, although the approaches are numerous, none are free from difficulty, and some even attended with danger. From the melancholy vale of Llanberis the height is greater in proportion as the surface of the vale is depressed. The access from Llyn Cwellyn is less difficult, but more tedious than others. The charms of Beddgelert compensate for the remoteness of the goal, while the elevation of Capel Curig is to be subtracted from the whole absolute height, leaving the inquisitive tourist a large balance of perpendicular ascent in his favour. Snowdon from Capel Curig presents a grand spectacle; the vale in the foreground watered by two fine pools, and on each side skreens are formed of huge dark mountains, enclosing a great vista, leading the eye directly up against the shattered front of Snowdon. As the point of view approaches, the aerial complexion of the great pinnacled mass is lost, and new features, new wonders, are successively displayed. Illusions here are ever varying. The transient circumstances of a thunder cloud,—the streaming of a sunbeam, casting partial gleams upon the precipices,—the dark shadows that follow and figure out unforeseen inequalities,—then sweeping over the mountain's brow, involving all in momentary obscurity,—and, lastly, resigning all to the full possession of the solar beams, all contribute in a most happy manner to augment the astonishment and gratification of the spectator.

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The view from the summit is inexpressibly grand, although much impeded by the elevation and proximity of other mountains, Carneddau David and Llewellyn particularly,—the former being three thousand four hundred and twenty-seven feet above the sea, the latter three thousand four hundred and sixty-nine. It however commands an extensive prospect towards South Wales and the sea, and displays a wonderful chart of all North Wales to the spectator. The view at first is incomplete and scarce intelligible, but gradually distinct and separate hills unfold themselves; the broken, abrupt, and intersecting outlines seem now and then to retire, as if by some supreme

and invisible working, and permit an oblique glimpse into a deep vale below. Frequently a gigantic mass just shows itself by a distant partial gleam, and after awakening the highest expectation, leaves the fancy "to paint the forms of things unseen." The shape or form of Snowdon is uncommon and picturesque. Its ground plan or base, if such terms be applicable or just, is cruciformed, each arm supporting a great mural precipice, along the ridges of which lie the perilous pathways to the highest point, and in the intervening angles sleep dark, cold pools. The summit ridge, when seen from a distance, appears of a triple-headed form, like the impression of a vast festoon of clouds just dropped upon it. The points or ridges are usually called Wyddffa, Crib y-Distyll and Crib-Coch, or the red ridge. The passage of the last is hazardous, from the shortness and slippery quality of the grass at those seasons of the year when the mountain may be approached. It is from this causeway that two stones thrown from the same spot, one to either side, and with a moderate force, will reach, it is said, an interval of three thousand feet asunder at the period of their rest from falling.

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BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

THE city of Bangor is one of the most prosperous and improving seaports on the Welsh coast. Its position, at the embouchure of the Cegin river and entrance of the Mænai strait, has given it a natural commercial superiority, an advantage spiritedly and wisely improved by the principal proprietor in the vicinity. The city occupies a narrow piece of ground, bounded on the east by a precipitous hill, and on the west by the bishop's lands and the Mænai strait. Extension is inconvenient, from the necessity of lengthening the main avenue, already one mile long, whenever additional houses in a proper thoroughfare are required. Handsome assembly-rooms are constructed over the market hall: convenient lodging houses are erected in the lower part of the city, and many elegant villas in the immediate neighbourhood; besides which, the numerous visitors who frequent this agreeable spot, either for the benefit of sea bathing, the bracing influence of a mountain breeze, or the gratification of examining the noble design of the Mænai Bridge, have further accommodation afforded them at the spacious and elegant inns provided for their reception. H. D. Pennant, Esq. the heir and representative of the noble house of Penrhyn, is the chief proprietor and munificent patron of this place. To him, and to his amiable predecessor, Lady Penrhyn, this neighbourhood is indebted for the stability of its trade, as well as for the rapidity of its growth. The slate quarries of Dolawen, whence the Bangor slates, as they are generally called, are brought, are about seven miles distant from the sea-side. Here from fifteen hundred to two thousand hands are constantly engaged in quarrying metal, and fashioning it into slates. In the process of manufacturing the aid of machinery is embraced, and the powerful press of Bramah is used for crushing and splitting the metal. When formed into the classes or sizes designated by the fanciful distinctions of Queens, Duchesses, Countesses, and Ladies, they are transported by a rail-road of seven miles in length, (one of the earliest introduced into Wales,) to the quay of Port Penrhyn, the termination and consummation of the great and enterprising scheme, accomplished at individual risk and expense, to promote the conveyance of the Bangor slates to all the markets of Europe and America. Whatever modern importance Bangor possesses is attributable to the successful conduct of these quarries, and its commercial value will always be found to rise and fall with the prosperity of this trade alone.

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Immediately adjoining the north-eastern extremity of the principal street, the noble demesne of Mr. Pennant originates, and spreads over a wooded surface of considerable area. His castle occupies the site of a palace, erected in the year 720, by Roderic Moelwynog, the last British Prince of Wales, who flourished in the eighth century. The ancient palace was destroyed by Meredydd ap Owain in the year 728, and not rebuilt until some time in the reign of Henry the Sixth, when Gwillim ap Gryffydd raised a stately castle here. This last building endured for many years, and was ultimately subjected to renovation by the hand of a Wyatt; but even this judicious restoration was unable to render it suitable to the rapidly accumulating wealth which the hills of Dolawen poured out upon the board of their fortunate possessor. From a noble design of Mr. Hopper, in a bold and pure Saxon style, a castle has been erected on the ancient site. The style is uncommon, rarely introduced in domestic architecture, and applicable only where the scale is great and the means ample. In this instance the materials, a beautiful dark marble, contribute much to increase the dignity and grandeur of the design, upon which probably one hundred thousand pounds have already been expended. A fine specimen of the Hirlâs, or ancient British drinking horn, bearing the initials of Piers Gryffydd, graven upon the silver mounting, is preserved in the castle of Penrhyn. The castle of Bangor is not to be confounded with that of Penrhyn just described. It was founded some time in the reign of William Rufus, by Hugh, Earl of Chester, but, little of its history survives, and even the ground plan now is with difficulty traced.

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The process of quarrying, dressing, and preparing slates for public market, and the fanciful titles by which the various sizes are now uniformly designated, are very happily, playfully, and truly described in the following irregular verses. They are the production of the late Mr. Leycester, who was for many years a judge on the North Wales circuit, while the old system of judicature was tolerated.

It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt made peers by the score;
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
There's a man who makes peeresses here by the hundred;
He regards neither Grenville, nor Portland, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ.

By the stroke of the hammer, without the king's aid,
 A Lady, or Countess, or Duchess is made.
 Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
 And all their great titles are got by descent;
 And when they are seen in a palace or shop,
 Their rank they preserve, and are still at the top.
 Yet no merit they claim from their birth or connexion,
 But derive their chief worth from their native complexion.
 And all the best judges prefer, it is said,
 A Countess in blue to a Duchess in red.
 This Countess or Lady, though crowds may be present,
 Submits to be dress'd by the hands of a peasant;
 And you'll see, when her Grace is but once in his clutches,
 With how little respect he will handle a Duchess.
 Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried them,
 Soon discover how easy it is to divide them.
 No spirit have they, they are thin as a lath,
 The Countess wants life and the Duchess is flat.
 No passion or warmth to the Countess is known,
 And her Grace is as cold and as hard as a stone;
 And I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,
 That the Countess is frail, and the Duchess is brittle;
 Too high for a trade, without any joke,
 Though they never are bankrupts, they often are broke.
 And though not a soul either pilfers or cozens,
 They are daily shipped off and transported by dozens.

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In France, jacobinical France, we have seen
 How thousands have bled by the fierce guillotine;
 But what's the French engine of death to compare
 To the engine which Greenfield and Bramah prepare,
 That democrat engine, by which we all know
 Ten thousand great Duchesses fall at a blow.

And long may that engine its wonders display,
 Long level with ease all the rocks in its way,
 Till the vale of Nant Francon of slates is bereft,
 Nor a Lady, nor Countess, nor Duchess be left.

The see of Bangor extends over all Anglesea, and parts of Caernarvonshire, Denbigh, and Montgomery. It was most probably founded, or at all events a monastic establishment was formed here, in the year 525, by St. Deiniol, who was at first abbot, and afterwards bishop. The name Bangor may signify "the White Choir," or the "High Choir," and is found applied to an ecclesiastic institution in Flintshire, as well as to a famous religious house in the County of Down, in the North of Ireland. The subject of this description was distinguished by the prefix "Fawr," or great, to mark its superiority. The original church existed to the time of the Saxon intrusion, when it was wholly demolished by that fierce and relentless people. In the year 1212 it was restored in a style of much magnificence by John, King of England, but it was again much injured in 1247, during the contentions between Henry the Third of England and the Welsh nobles. The demon of destruction once more visited this sacred edifice in the year 1402, when it was wholly reduced to ashes by a violent conflagration. This occurred in the civil wars, kindled by the brave and artful chieftain, Owain Glandwr. For ninety years there was no resuscitation of the embers; no pious prelate wore the wealthy mitre of this see, who preferred the honour of the church to all earthly considerations, until the reign of Henry the Seventh, when the learned and amiable Bishop Deane commenced the reedification of the cathedral, by erecting the present beautiful choir at his own expense. From an inscription over the western entrance, it appears that the tower and nave were added by Bishop Skiffington, in 1532, whose heart was deposited in Bangor Cathedral, but his body removed to the Cistercian monastery of Beaulieu in Hampshire, of which he had previously been abbot. The conduct of Bishop Bulkeley has afforded matter of much disputation amongst ecclesiastical writers: it is asserted, on one side, that this prelate dishonoured the mitre, which should have graced his brow, by spoliating the see of its estates, and the cathedral of its plate and bells; others assure us, with great earnestness, that Bulkeley did not alienate or abstract the property of the see, but that, on the contrary, he was a benefactor of the church and diocese, and that this was a calumny raised against the church by Godwin, who thought proper to direct his venomous shaft against the establishment through the character of this respectable prelate.

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Dr. Warren re-edified and improved the whole structure; and during the long incumbency of Dr. Majendie, still farther decorations were accomplished. The choir is handsome, though wanting height, and is lighted by a noble pointed window with stone mullions. The eastern transept serves as a parish church, in which Welsh service is performed; and the nave has lately been converted into a place of worship, for the celebration of the service in English, the choir being found inconveniently small during the summer season. Though several prelates were interred here, no monumental honours have been paid them. Morgan requires neither brass or marble to make his fame endure; he has erected a more eternal monument, and established a more immortal name by his learned and laborious translation of the Bible into his native tongue. An

effigiated tomb, occupying an intermural canopy in the south transept, is, by some unaccountable tradition, said to belong to Owain Glandwr: if so, it can only be a cenotaph, as that chieftain was entombed at Monington, in Herefordshire, where he expired. The most likely appropriation of this ancient monument is to Owain Gwynedd, who was interred here with his brother Cadwalader, in the year 1169. The investigation of this little historic fact exposes to the light the unrelenting spirit of fanaticism and bigotry. Owain Gwynedd had displeased the hierarchy by marrying his own cousin-german, for which offence his very bones were pursued with the maledictions and hatred of Thomas à Becket, who ordered his remains to be disinterred and removed from the chancel into the cemetery of the cathedral. His servants appear to have possessed a more tender and christian feeling than the great pontiff himself, and in the execution of their pitiful task caused a subterranean passage to be made from the vault into the earth without, thereby evading in some degree the sacrilegious charge of exhumation. In the year 1831 a white marble tablet, bearing a latin inscription, written with much spirit and feeling, was erected here to the memory of Goronwy Owen, a Welsh bard, who flourished in the last century. He was born in the county of Anglesea in the year 1722, and the little story of his life is beautifully and briefly told in the concluding words of his epitaph.

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“Nullus eum patronus exciperet, id quod sui negârunt,
Apud exteros quærens perfugium in Transatlanticis terris,
Obscurus vixit, ignotus obiit.”

Which may be translated,

At home he felt no patronising hand,
Then sought its warmth in Transatlantic land,
Where bowed with poverty, by years o’ergrown,
He sunk neglected, as he lived unknown.

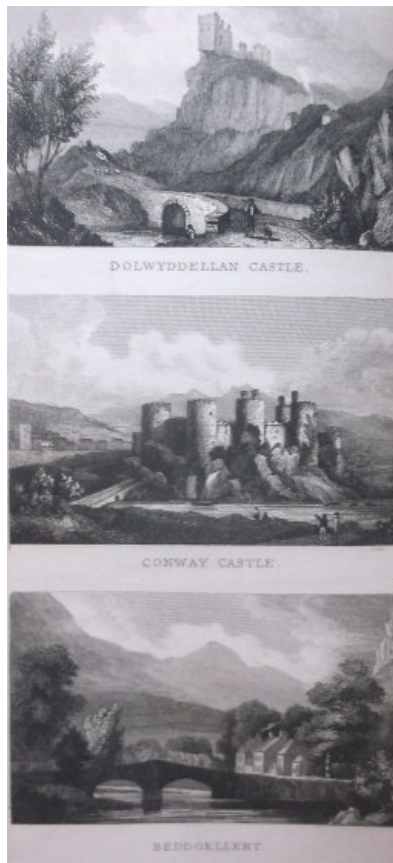
DOLWYDELLAN CASTLE.

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FEW parts of ancient Britain, so consecrated by historic recollections, and endowed with so many natural graces, appear to be less known than the vale and castle of Dolwydellan. The former is nearly a Welsh *cwm*, or hollow, but more expansive than that term in general implies, bounded on all sides by hills of fanciful and picturesque forms, and sheltered on the west by the beautiful leaning pyramid of Moel Siabod, at whose base the little village reposes in tranquillity. Little rocky eminences, covered with copse-wood or stunted oak, decorate the enclosure of the vale, while a scene of simple greatness envelopes the whole.

In the centre of the valley, and on the summit of an isolated rock, on one side precipitous and inaccessible, and on the other easily defensible, stand the remains of the ancient British castle of Dolwydellan. It was a royal residence, and a place of defence, though now “its walls are desolate; the gray moss whitens the stones; the fox looks out from the window; and rank grass waves round its head.” The castle consisted of two square towers, each containing three stories, connected by a centre, and enveloped by a curtain wall, enclosing the whole superior surface of the rock. The style of building resembles that discoverable in Dolbadarn and the other British castles, the counter-arches being pointed, and of flat shingle. The verdant area encompassing the ruins is usually browsed by a few head of cattle, forming a happy combination, and resembling the compositions of Bergham and other great masters of like style, in whose pictures cattle and ruins are made to lend their graces to each other.

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Jorwerth Drwyndwn, or Edward, surnamed "Broken Nose," son of Owen Gwynedd, by the Lady Gwladys, was lord of Dolwyddellan Castle about the year 1169, and here Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, better known to the historian as Llewellyn the Great, was born. His father's claims to the throne of Wales were disallowed in consequence of the deformity of his countenance, but the martial daring of the son obtained for him the possession of that diadem which the barbarity and folly of the times had withheld from the father. Llewellyn was acknowledged sovereign prince of Wales A.D. 1184; and after a brilliant, glorious, and eventful reign of fifty-six years, embittered only by domestic calamities, was released from the cares of this world, and interred with great ceremony in the abbey of Conway in the year 1240. Amongst the grants made during the usurpation of the Duke of Glo'ster, is found one of Dolwyddellan Castle to Sir Ralph Berkinnet, of the county of Chester, knight, chamberlain of North Wales. In the third year of King Henry the Seventh, an act of resumption was passed, whereby all the grants of Richard the Third were recalled, except the lease of the (ffrydd) fryth of Dolwyddellan. At this time lived Meredydd ap Jevan ap Robert, who had been enriched by a bequest of Crug in Caernarvonshire, from his foster father, and who had farther augmented his treasures by a marriage with the daughter of William Gryffydd ap Robin. This child of fortune, after a short residence on his newly acquired estate of Crug, removed into his native country of Cessailgyfarch, and there purchased the lease of the castle and frydd^[34] of Dolwyddellan from the executors of Sir Ralph Berkinnett, part of the castle being then in a habitable condition. After many years residence in the old castle, Meredydd erected a small, but exceedingly substantial house, in the close valley or *cwm* of Penanmen, the walls, staircase, and roof of which are at this day in good preservation, and afford a comfortable dwelling to the tenantry of his descendants.

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The state of this country at his first entering upon possession was so lawless, that Meredydd, although guarded by "twenty tall archers," dared not make known when he went to church or elsewhere, or go or return by the same way through the woods and defiles, lest he should be waylaid. To protect and strengthen himself he filled his tenements with "tall and able" men, and fixed others of similar prowess in arms on the king's lands adjoining; one of these, William ap Robert, was placed at Pencraig Inco, for which he paid a relief to the king of ten shillings and fourpence, and his posterity, the Davises of Cyffdû, are still in possession of this ancient estate.

As a further security against interruption in attendance upon divine worship, he threw down the old church, then standing upon a little eminence called Bryn-y-beddau, about three hundred yards from the present church, and erected a new one in its stead. This site was chosen in order that the house of Penanmen and the church of Dolwyddellan might both be brought within the ken of a sentinel, to be placed upon a rock called Craig y Big, overhanging the narrow entrance of Penanmen Cwm, who was to give the alarm, if either church or house should be assailed.

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In this manner he continued to defend himself and organize the less powerful gentry and freeholders, until at last he counted around his banner seven score tall bowmen, accoutred with an armolette, a good steel cap, a short sword and dirk, together with their bows and arrows. Most of them also were furnished with horses and hunting spears, and were sufficiently matched against the robbers and outlaws of the district, who exceeded one hundred in number, all too well mounted and arrayed.

Besides the "good work," as it was called, of extirpating banditti, Meredydd also served his royal

master abroad, and was an officer of rank at the siege of Tournay. On his return to his native land, he purchased the seat of Gwydyr from Dafydd ap Howell Coytmor, and erected what is called the Lower House, but more properly that portion of it called the "Hall of Meredydd." Placing a tenant in his strong house of Penanmen, and abandoning the old castle to the owls and wolves, he settled in his new house at Gwydyr, where he departed this life, in peace and honour, on the eighteenth day of March, 1525, aged fifty-five: his remains were deposited in the church of Dolwydellan, which he had caused to be erected at his own expense, and where a modest tablet of three lines epitomizes his history, in the pious form of inscriptions of that day.

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The church built by Meredydd is of such substantial workmanship, that it will probably prove the most lasting, as well as pious, monument of his deeds. A little chapel or transept was subsequently added on the south side by Robert Wynne, uncle of Sir John, the author of the Memoirs.

The village consists of a few cottages, unconnected and poor looking: riches or civilization would not harmonize with the scenery of Dolwydellan, which is as though it existed in an age when the use of money and the various arts of life were still unknown or undiscovered.

CONWAY CASTLE.

CONWAY is an ancient fortified town, seated on the western bank of the noble river from which it takes its name, and formerly called Aber-Conway, i.e. the mouth or embouchure of the chief river. The position is happily chosen, both as a strong post of defence and a key to those parts of Denbigh and Caernarvon which lie remote from the sea. In the arrangement and decorations of the interior the town of Conway has little to attract a mere spectator, the streets being few, narrow, and irregular: but the historian and the antiquary will view with much interest the old Plas Mawr, erected in the year 1585, by Robert Wynne, of Gwydyr, Esq., uncle of Sir John Wynne the historian. Over the principal entrance, in Greek characters, are inscribed the words ἀνεχθ ἀνεχθ, i.e. bear and forbear; and above may be observed, in Roman capitals, J. H. S. X. P. S. supposed to be the initials of the words "Jesus Hominum Salvator et populi salus;" the interpretation of the three first letters is probably correct, but of the latter three extremely questionable. The old college, which stands in Castle Street, is adorned with armorial bearings of the Stanleys, and was possibly an alms-house or charitable institution of some sort, founded or endowed by that noble family. Of the old Cistercian Abbey, founded by Llewellyn ap Jorwerth in the year 1185, no traces are now visible; Edward the First transformed the building into a parish church, removed the monks to Maenan Abbey, on the Denbighshire side of the river, three miles distant from Llanrwst, and obliterated all traces of the monkish establishment as far as it was practicable.

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The church is a low unarchitectural structure, built and repaired from time to time from the mouldering walls of the ancient abbey, without having borrowed one happy thought from the symmetry of its proportions. Here is a fine baptismal font, supported by a clustered pillar of gothic design; and a tablet to the memory of Nicholas Hookes, of Conway, Gent., who was the forty-first child of William and Alice Hookes, and himself the father of twenty-seven. He died on the 20th of March, 1637.

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The town was incorporated and made a free borough by Edward the First, the charter constituting the mayor to be governor of the castle also. This politic prince erected the castles of Caernarvon, Beaumaris, and Conway, to awe the turbulent spirit of his dearly acquired subjects; and whatever merit may be due to the policy of the plan, sufficient admiration can hardly be awarded to the choice of position and beauty of design. If he had not been the prince who commanded those walls to be erected, he might well have wished to have been their architect. The picturesque features of these fine ruins are quite distinct; Caernarvon boasts magnitude, Conway a most romantic position, and the great hall of Beaumaris brings back the spectator immediately into the society of other days.

The embattled walls which surround the town are coeval with the castle, and drawn in the form of a British harp, like those encompassing Caernarvon. The design and style of the castle however are wholly different, and most happily suited to its bold position. The ground plan is nearly in form a parallelogram. Two sides of the castle rise from a steep rock, washed by the tide water of a little creek that runs up along the town walls, and by the flood of the Conway river. The exterior presents to view eight noble circular towers, from the walls of which issue slender machiolated turrets, giving a singular lightness to the whole design, and connected by massive embattled curtains. A long wall formerly extended from the southern angle of the castle into the river, terminated by a little water tower, used to obstruct the passage of enemies, and facilitate the landing of their friends. The principal entrance, which is tolerably perfect, was by a drawbridge thrown across a deep fosse, concealed within a barbican. The interior is divided into two distinct parts, an outer and an inner court, the entrance to the latter impassable by more than one person at a time, and that by the permission of those within. Around the outer courtyard were the apartments of the garrison, the chapel, great hall, &c.: the inner area was encompassed by the apartments of the royal founder and his household. The walls of a small chamber, still entire, with an open ornamented casement, bear the name of the Queen's Oriel, and appear, from a poem of the age in which it was erected, to have been the ladies' dressing-room. At the south-western extremity, beyond the royal apartments, a broad terrace is raised above the river upon a ledge of solid rock; from this, as from the oriel, a view of the adjacent country is enjoyed, intersected by cultivated hills, between which and the castle the Conway is

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seen to roll his flood, passing beneath the broad waterway afforded by a beautiful suspension bridge, which, from the appropriateness of style, seems an appendage of the ancient pile. A curious proof is here afforded of the excellence of masonry in the early ages. Although the castle appears identified with the rock from which it springs, a separation has taken place in one instance; neither has this occurred from the disintegration of the walls, which hang out beyond the base of the broken tower, it is the rock itself that has crumbled away.

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There are many historic events of deep interest connected with the story of this warrior pile. Like the artist of the brazen bull, Edward was the first who was necessitated to make trial of the sufficiency of his new state prison. Here he was besieged and nearly reduced by famine, and only rescued from such a critical situation by the providential arrival of a fleet with supplies. This was also the appointed rendezvous of forty thousand loyalists who attached themselves to the fortunes of King Richard the Second, and were destined to check the career of Bolingbroke. Here Percy and King Richard held an interview, from which it would appear that the unhappy prince mistrusted his faithful friends; for, secretly withdrawing from Conway, he put himself into the hands of Northumberland, at Flint, by whom he was betrayed into the power of his rival. Amongst its different vicissitudes Conway Castle was once converted into a public treasury, and discharged its trust with honour and good fortune. In the civil wars of King Charles's time, being held by Dr. Williams, archbishop of York, for the king, the country gentlemen entrusted to his Grace's keeping their title deeds, plate, and most valuable moveables. This trust he cheerfully undertook and made himself entirely responsible for their value by giving to each depositor a personal receipt. In the May of 1645, Prince Rupert was appointed governor of the castle, and by his order Sir John Owen was substituted for the archbishop in the guardianship of the valuables lodged within. Sir John constantly evading the archbishop's applications on the subject of the deposit, the prelate, to avoid his own ruin, and seeing no prospect of a return to regal government, joined the Parliamentarians, assisted Mytton in the reduction of the castle, and having again got into possession of those treasures for which he had pledged himself, restored them uninjured to the respective owners. For these services parliament granted him a free pardon and a release from all his sequestrations. The singular beauty of this fortress appears to have obtained for it not only the admiration but the respect of the ruin-making conquerors of the seventeenth century; but being at last granted by Charles the Second to Lord Conway, while it was still roofed and perfect, that gothic personage dismantled the entire structure, and sold the lead, iron, timber, and all other disposable materials which could be easily separated.

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The suspension bridge at Conway is thrown from the foot of the southern tower to a small island in the river, the suspension piers corresponding in design with the rounders of the castle occasion little interruption to the harmony of the whole, and reduce it to a mere question of taste, whether the bridge be not an appropriate accession to the scene, and the very drawbridge of the castle.

BEDDGELERT.

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THE village of Beddgelert, the Goodesberg of Cambria, is situated on a little plain reposing amidst wild and awful mountains, and adorned by the conflux of two bright streams, the Glaslyn and the Colwyn. The agreeable and fascinating character of the scene is more immediately and vividly impressed upon the traveller who approaches it from the Caernarvon hills. After traversing a wild heathy district, and coasting along the banks of many gloomy lakes, the little village of Beddgelert, in the centre of a verdant mead, with its cheerful accompaniments of inhabitation, breaks suddenly on the view amidst all the horrors of untamed nature. No situation could be more happily chosen for the inspiration of religious meditation, or more wisely selected for the maintenance of an institution of human beings, in a region so savage and unproductive as this must have been when the vale was occupied by a college of monks. The village consists of a few huts coarsely and substantially built, deriving all their charms from the beauty of their position, a handsome inn, embosomed high in tufted trees, and the old parish church. Moel Hebog, or the hill of the falcon, known in the world of elegant literature as "Lord Lyttleton's Hill," hangs over the valley on the opposite side to the village, and at its base was discovered, in the year 1784, a Roman shield of a circular shape, and formed of thin brass.

The church, which is dedicated to St. Mary, was anciently conventual, and belonged to a priory of Augustines, conjectured to be also of the class called Gilbertines. The regulations of this last order permitted the residence of men and women beneath the same roof, their convents being separated by a wall; and this opinion receives some support from the circumstances of a tract of land adjoining the church being known to this day by the appellation of "The Nun's Meadow," in Welsh Dol y Lleian. Beddgelert is the oldest monastic establishment in North Wales, Bardsey excepted. Llewellyn the Great, who commenced his reign in 1184, appears to have bestowed upon it certain grants of land, and David ap Llewellyn granted others which were afterwards resumed, an investigation establishing the property of them to have been originally in Tudor ap Madoc, and not in the reigning prince. Besides many granges in Caernarvon and Anglesea, an allowance of fifty cows and twenty-two sheep, the Prior had a certain tithe or proportion of bees, or rather of their honey and wax. It is extremely probable that all the preceding were not intended for the sustenance of the few religious of this house, but for the maintenance and extension of a liberal hospitality to all persons travelling this way from North to South Wales, and England to Ireland. Mead was the favourite drink of those times, the nectar of that age, whence the veneration in which bees were held of so vain a character, that the priests fabled them to have been blessed by the Almighty at their departure from Paradise, and that therefore no mass

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ought to be celebrated but by the light of wax. This conceit is mentioned in the laws of Howel Dda. A farther and rather substantial testimony of the hospitality practised here in by-gone days, was afforded in the existence of a pewter drinking mug, capable of containing about two quarts, which remained until within a very few years in an old tenement called the Prior's House. Any traveller who could grasp the Beddgelert pint with one hand, when filled with good ale (*cwrw dda*) and quaff it at a single draught, was entitled to the liquor *gratis*. The tenant was to charge the value to the lord of the manor, who deducted the amount from the ensuing rent. It was also for the further continuance of such an useful hospitality that Edward the First munificently repaired the damages which the convent had sustained by an accidental fire in 1283; and Bishop Anian granted indulgences to other benefactors. At the dissolution of monasteries the revenues of Beddgelert were estimated at seventy pounds, Edward Conway was its last Prior, and its lands in Caernarvonshire were granted to the Bodvells.

Here are interred two eminent bards, Rhys Gôch Eryri, who flourished about the year 1420, and Dafydd Nanmor, whose death is placed in 1460. The poet attributes the foundation of Beddgelert church to a later date, and to a different prince, and rests his proof upon the following tradition. Llewellyn the Great came to reside here, during the hunting season, accompanied by his princess and their children; and one day while the family were abroad a fierce wolf was seen to approach the palace. The prince, upon his return from the chase, was met at his entrance by his faithful dog Gelert all smeared with blood, though still using his accustomed indications of happiness upon seeing his master. Llewellyn alarmed ran with haste into the nursery, and there finding the cradle overturned and the floor stained with blood, concluded that Gelert had been the destroyer of his child, and drawing his sword instantly plunged it into the heart of his favourite dog. But upon restoring the cradle to its proper position the infant was discovered wrapped confusedly in the clothing, and a monstrous wolf lying dead by its side. Llewellyn, says tradition, immediately erected a church upon the spot, in thankfulness to God, and placed a tomb over the remains of poor Gelert, who lies buried in the centre of the valley, called from that day Beddgelert, or Gelert's Grave. This interesting tale forms the subject of the following pleasing ballad, by the Hon. W. R. Spencer—

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The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer,
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?"

"Oh where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race:
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John; ^[46]
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When near the royal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The bound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

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Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied:
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But no where found the child!

"Hell-hound, by thee my child's devour'd,"
The frantic father cried:
And to the hilt the vengeful sword,
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant cry?

Conceal'd between a mingled heap
His hurried search had miss'd:
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

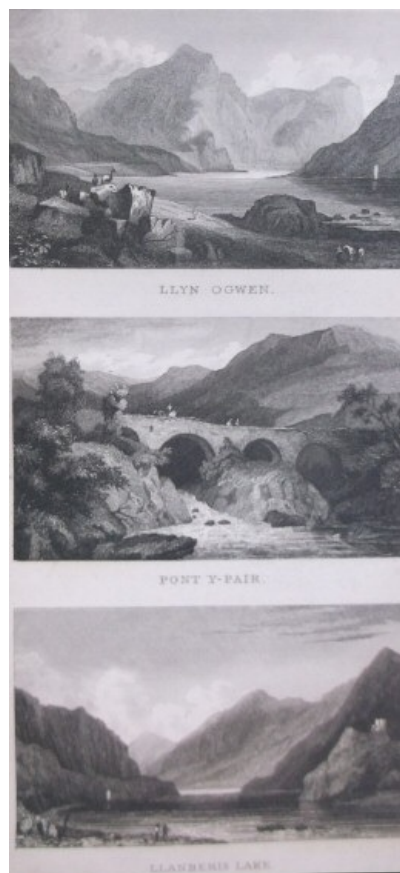
Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe,
Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue.

And now a gallant tomb they raise
With costly sculpture deck'd,
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved,
Here oft the tear besprinkled grass,
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave.



LLYN OGWEN.

OGWEN Lake is contained within a circumference of about three miles, presenting itself in rather an oval form. It is encircled by mountains, except at the eastern extremity, which fall abruptly into the water, and afford scenery in the highest degree romantic. On the left the broken shattered crags of Trifaen ^[48] hang over the margin of the lake, and throw the surface into an everlasting shadow. The distant forms of Francôn mountains are, if possible, still more grand and picturesque; but the side skreen of Braich-ddû slopes down more smoothly and gradually to the water's surface. Perhaps there are too many broken summits hovering over Ogwen; probably the mind of true taste may think the simplicity and grandeur of the scene interrupted by their repetition, but this is too refined a criticism. Ogwen is generally acknowledged to present the finest lake scene in Caernarvonshire, the very Derwent of North Wales, and, like it, well described as "Beauty sleeping in the lap of Horror." The waters of Llyn Ogwen abound in a species of red trout, easily taken with the fly, and not inferior in flavour to salmon. The surplus waters discharge themselves at the western end of the pool through a chasm in the rocks, and tumbling in three noble cataracts down a height of about one hundred feet, are concentrated into a bed in the green meadows of Nant Francon; flowing by Dolawen and Penrhyn Castle, they are lost at length in the Mænai straits.

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The noble line of road constructed through the Welsh mountains, under the surveillance of parliamentary commissioners, is carried along the very margin of Llyn Ogwen, amidst the great debris that continue annually falling from the rocky sides of Trifaen. In the winter of 1831 upwards of one thousand tons of rock fell from the dizzy heights of Benclog, a little below the Ogwen cataracts; part rolling straight across the road fell into the valley and river in the bottom, while another part having acquired a less momentum rested on the ledge the road supplied them. The intercourse of travellers was for some days impeded, although one hundred miners were engaged in clearing and restoring the surface of the road. A gentleman from the vale of Llanrwst had just passed along in his phaeton, on his way to Bangor, when the terrific sound of the dissolving mountain fell upon his astonished ear.

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About one mile from Llyn Ogwen, in a deep hollow of the Glyder mountains, lies the dark pool, called Llyn Idwal. The gloomy horrors of the surrounding scene exceed even those of Ogwen; the encircling cliffs are overhanging, broken, and dark; in one part the whole mountain is rent asunder, and the chasm of "Twll ddû," or the "black cleft," gapes between the terrific masses. The solitude of Cwm Idwal proved favourable to the perpetration of a deed of blood, and it was here that young Idwal, the infant heir of Prince Owen Gwynedd, was treacherously assassinated by order of his foster-father Nefydd, to whose care his father had consigned him:—

And thou, O Idwal, of immortal fame,
Dying, to the vale hath left thy name.

PONT-Y-PAIR ^[50a].

THIS curious and picturesque bridge is thrown over the rapid river Llugwy, ^[50b] at the village of

Bettws-y-Coed, ^[50c] in the county of Caernarvon. Though flung high above the surface of the water it consists of but little masonry, the natural rock supplying piers the most solid and enduring. One of the arches affords an open transit for the waters which flow from the noble fall and salmon leap above the bridge, and produce by their impetuous rotatory motion a deep reservoir or caldron below it, whence this graceful structure derives its appropriate name. Four of the arches are dry except in rainy seasons, when the torrent rises with such rapidity as would endanger a less substantial work, at which period these openings are found perfectly necessary.

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The history of the origin of Pont-y-Pair possesses a singular though simple interest. Howel, a mason, from Penllyn, having occasion to attend the assizes then, A.D. 1468, held at Conway, found his passage over the Lleder, which flows through Dolwydellan, obstructed by the violence and greatness of the flood. This suggested to him the idea of removing to the spot and of erecting a bridge there, at his own expense, trusting to the generosity of travellers for compensation. The success of one project engendered a second, and Howel next resolved upon the erection of the beautiful bridge at Bettws-y Coed, called now the Pont-y-Pair; but he did not live to see its final completion.

To the right of the Pont-y-Pair is the "Carreg y gwalch," or rock of the Falcon, a beautiful hill of singular and broken forms, clothed with wood for the most part, a few fine bold rocks occasionally elevating their fronts above the foliage, and producing a noble and great effect. In this rock is a deep recess, called Ogo ap Shenkin, or the Cave of Jenkin, in which that famous outlaw took shelter during the Lancastrian wars. A large rock now blocks up the entrance, like the grotto of Polyphemus, and there is a tradition that this was once rolled away by some inquisitive persons, who, advancing a few yards, discovered a huge oak chest clasped with iron, on the top of which stood a monstrous goat bowing his aged head, and following with his horns the direction of those who had the courage to approach. The chest of course continues in this dreary treasury, and the character of its guardian is hinted at by the discoverers, but never openly declared.

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Dafydd ap Shenkin held the fastnesses of Nant-conway for fifteen years, during which period he was unrelentingly pursued by the captains of Edward the Fourth. From their persecution, when he could no longer keep the open country, he sought refuge in his mountain cave. Howel ap Jevan ap Rhys Gethyn, a contemporary of Jenkin, and the Robin Hood of those times and this country, was also Shenkin's or Jenkin's mortal foe. Being expelled from the castle of Dolwydellan, and from his strong hold at Penanmen, he was compelled to flee into Ireland, where he continued for a year or more, and then returning appeared with his followers all clad in green, spent the residue of his life as an outlaw, seeking a fortuitous existence amongst the mountains and forests of his native land. There is a township in the parish of Bettws-y-Coed still bearing the name of Hendre-Rhys-Gethyn; it is the estate of Dafydd D. Price, Esq., and was once probably part of the possessions of the brave but unfortunate Howel, the consistency of whose politics constituted his greatest offence.

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The village of Bettws, an attractive and fascinating spot, is situated near the meeting of the Llugwy and Conway rivers. The few cottages composing it, though poor in detail, are rich in composition, no village in the principality presenting a more beautiful landscape than Bettws, viewed from the road to Coed Cynheliar. The village church stands in a little cemetery in the centre of the vale, resembling in some degree the church of Beddgelert. It is enclosed by a few stately forest trees, and forms a venerable and interesting object. Within is shown a fine effigiated tomb of Gryffydd ap Dafydd Goch, son of Dafydd Goch, who was a natural son of Dafydd, brother to the last reigning Prince of Wales. The figure is recumbent, clad in armour, and the outside border of the torus is inscribed with these words,

Hic jacet Grufud ap Davyd Coch, Agnus Dei misère mei.

Above the village, on the stream of the Llugwy, is the famous waterfall called Rhaidar y Wennol, or the cataract of the swallow. It consists of three noble falls, differing in character, though all conspicuous in picturesque interest; the highest consists of innumerable frothy streams, gliding with great velocity down a sloping rock but little broken; the second is a concentrated volume, rushing with impetuosity into a foaming caldron; and in the third the whole is dashed away in spray. A huge perpendicular rock rises abruptly from one side to a height of five hundred feet and upwards, while the opposite side is formed of broken banks and rocky patches, clothed with noble aged oaks. In the solemn depths of the lowest fall the spirit of the turbulent Sir John Wynne, of Gwydyr, which had haunted the glen for many years, is supposed to be laid at rest beneath the waters.

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LLANBERIS LAKE.

THESE lakes, though not remarkable for extent of surface, are distinguished by the solemn grandeur of their rocks and mountains, that rise in very bold and awful characters. On the northern shore the mountain rises to a towering height, and with great abruptness. The hills on the opposite side are more rugged and sterile, but recede more gradually, while they aspire to an equal elevation. Between the lakes a bold promontory issues from the mountain and shoots into the water, adorned by the majesty of Dolbadarn's ruined castle, whose ivy-mantled walls seem part of the very rock on which they stand. Beyond this a second expanse of waters is disclosed, enveloped in scenery yet more terrific and sublime than the former, the perspective being terminated by the dark blue heads of innumerable mountains, projections merely of great

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Snowdon and the Glydyr, where the mountains appear to meet and shut in the scene. Amidst scattered rocks, at the entrance of Bwlch y Gwyddol, and where fragments from the heights almost choke up the pass, stands the little church of Llanberis. If solitude and simplicity be inseparable characters of a religious edifice, then is Llanberis Church most entirely suited to its pious destination. Saint Peris, to whom the church is dedicated, lived in the thirteenth century, and this is supposed to have been his retreat. Here he founded a church, blessed a well, which now bears his name, and to which miraculous qualities were ascribed. The most singular circumstance however, connected with the later history of this holy well is, that here a monstrous trout has continued for upwards of twenty years, and become so familiar, that it will take a worm from the hand of a poor person, who appears to have adopted that privilege as her own. Peris was a legate from the church of Rome, and accompanied in his mission by Saint Padarn. Our saint chose the little meadows on the upper lake, in Nant y Monach, or the Monk's Vale; and Padarn, his friend, settled on the lower lake, which is still called after his name.

Dolbadarn Castle consists at this day of a single round tower or keep; but traces of a greater occupation are sufficiently distinct around. Time has rolled its dark waves over the date of foundation and name of founder, and, one incident excepted, nothing but conjecture remains as to its history. Padarn Beisrydd, the son of Idwal, was the supposed builder of this fortress, the obvious utility of which was to guard the mountain pass behind it. The date of its erection, in that case, would be some time previous to the eleventh century; a conjecture supported by the style of architecture, which is clearly Welsh. Owen Goch was imprisoned here by his brother Llewellyn ap Gryffydd, last Prince of Wales, of the British line, for the term of twenty years, and his merits are celebrated in an ode composed by Howel-Voel, bewailing the captivity of the unhappy prince.

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The following translation of the opening stanzas embraces the meaning, but does not pretend to imitate the bold spirit of Howel's lamentation.

Ye powers, that rule both earth and sea,
Release from dark captivity,
Snatch from an inglorious grave
The lion-hearted, mild yet brave,
Owen,—a prince of matchless strength,
Whose bright lance dripped, for all its length,
With the best blood of the bravest men
That dared to foray his mountain glen.
'Twas his to succour,—relieve distress,
The proud to humble, the foe to oppress.
His charity measureless, his bounty great,
His gifts well suited such wide estate.
But now these vales seem dark and dreary,
No hall to shelter the weak, the weary,
Since Owen has changed his lordly bower
For the darksome dungeon of Padarn's tower:
Its dark gray walls their prince now sever
From those who have lost their glory for ever.
Their pride, their honour, their fame is fled,
Their light is extinguished, their hopes are dead.
Oh! Owen, dauntless, valiant and bright,
Chieftain of Cambria,—warrior knight, &c. &c.

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The seclusion of Llanberis has been broken by the formation of a new line of road along Llyn Padarn to the town of Caernarvon, and the charms of its solitude dissipated by the erection of two spacious inns in the immediate vicinity of the ancient castle.

To scenes like these, a tale of wonder is a welcome introduction; it awakes the mind, and adds new interest to every rock and precipice. The melancholy fate of little John Closs, who was overtaken by a mist, and perished in the snows upon Moel Eilio, calls forth a tear, but excites no wonder. The *feats* of Margaret uch Evan, though very singular, are as certainly well attested: she dwelt near the margin of the lower lake, and was the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the ancient Briton. Her biographer asserts that "she was the greatest hunter, fisher, shooter of her time: she kept a dozen of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kind. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts did in ten: rowed stoutly, and was queen of the lakes: fiddled excellently, and was acquainted with all the old British music: was also a good joiner: and at the age of seventy years, was so expert a wrestler, that few young men dared try a fall with her. She was a blacksmith, shoemaker, and manufacturer of harps. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and built her own boats while under contract to convey the copper ore down the lakes. Contemporary bards celebrated her praises in strains purely British. She gave her hand, at length, to the most effeminate of her suitors, as if determined to exert that physical superiority which nature had bestowed on her even in the married state. Foulk Jones, of Ty Dû, was also a person of singular powers; the tales related of his prowess recall the poet's character of Entellus.

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—"he then confronts the bull,
And on his ample forehead, aiming fall,
The deadly stroke descending, pierced the skull."

The pass of Nant Peris is entered by a gap called Bwlch y Gwyddol; ^[58a] tremendous rocks impend on either side in masses of gray crag, the long shattered ridge of Snowdon on the one hand, and the broken forms of Glydyr fawr on the other. These rocks are overlooked again by still more awful mountains, that fall in abrupt lines and close up the vista, except where they are commanded by some peak of Snowdon or its opposing rival. Images of desolation and of stupendous greatness compose the scene. A solitary cottage disturbs the retirement; and sometimes the shepherd's shrill call, in "the office of his mountain watch," is heard repeated among the rocks of the "Blue Vale." ^[58b] Some distance up the pass a huge stone, which does not appear to have been an appendage of the mountain, but rather an independent erection, lies across the centre of the defile. A hollow beneath it was once converted by a poor woman into a summer habitation, for the convenience of tending her little flock. It exceeds the dimensions of the Boother stone ^[59] in Westmoreland; and the spot on which it rests is called, from the story of the poor herdsman, "Ynys Hettys," or Betty's Island. The scenery decreases in magnificence as the highest point or resting-place (Gorphwysffa) is attained, where new and different beauties burst upon the sight, in the view down the Bwlch Eisteddfau into the enchanting vale of Gwynant.

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Accomplishing the passage of the "Blue Vale" was amongst the great boasts of Cambrian tourists: if the reward was great, so were the difficulties of the task.

"If the path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone,"

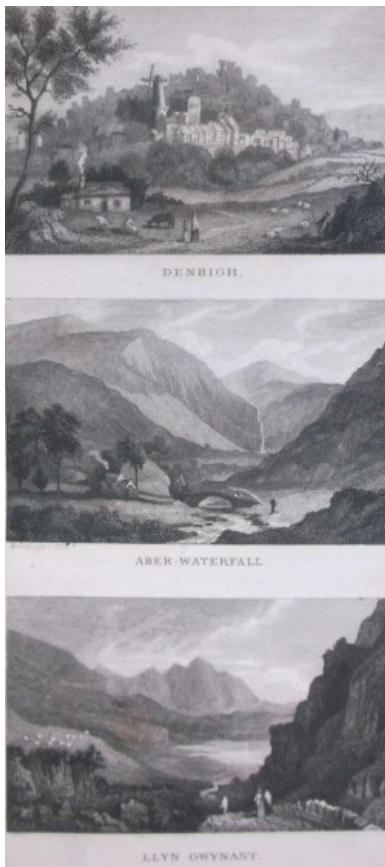
might then have been the adopted motto of the inquisitive tourist, but now the wheels of a stage-coach, in mimicry of the revolutions of time and of events, roll rapidly over the Gorphwysffa itself, that spot where the way-worn traveller paused to take a congratulating retrospect of the difficulties he had passed.

DENBIGHSHIRE.

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THE largest, most wealthy, and populous shire in North Wales. Its form is irregular; the greatest length from north to south extends forty miles, and the mean breadth is calculated at twenty-three. The area occupies a surface exceeding four hundred thousand acres. It presents a front of a few miles length to the Irish sea. Parts of Flint, Cheshire, and Shropshire form the eastern boundary; Merioneth and Montgomeryshires the south; and it is joined on the west by the county of Caernarvon. The surface presents an endless variety, and may be illustrated by the idea of an island whose shores are peopled and cultivated, while the interior is comparatively in a state of natural wildness. The vales of Llanrwst, the Abergelle line of coast, the fertile vale of Clwyd, represent the fringe of cultivation which surrounds an elevated though improvable district of many thousand acres. With the exception of the Dee and Conway, which form natural county bounds on the east and west, the rivers of Denbigh are inconsiderable. The mean elevation of the interior district, extending from Bettws-Abergele to Derwen, and from Denbigh to the Gwytherin hills; is about eight hundred feet above sea level. Several small pools are found amongst the hills, possessing neither great extent nor much natural beauty; and, being collected in the highest regions, they are devoid of those accompaniments which give such picturesque effects to those lakes that are deposited in deep and hollow valleys. Cairn y Brain, between Llangollen and Llandegle, is the highest point in Denbighshire, reaching one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight feet above the sea; and Llyn Conway is the largest assemblage of waters. The county of Denbigh, under the late Reform Bill, sends two members to parliament; the united boroughs of Denbigh, Rhuthyn, Holt, and Wrexham return one.

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DENBIGH TOWN.

THE borough town of Denbigh occupies the sides of a steep hill, rising abruptly from the level of the beautiful vale of Clwyd, and bearing on its towering crest the venerable ruins of an ancient castle, a proud memorial of the bravery of the inhabitants in those days, when love of anarchy was mistaken for independence, and loyalty and fidelity were terms of reproach. The principal street approaches the market-place from the foot of the hill, and contains several very elegant and handsome private residences. The Town Hall possesses no architectural beauties, its sole merit is utility. Many excellent private houses are scattered through the town, which terminates at the other side of the hill in a miserable approach called Henllan Street. Denbigh, in conjunction with Rhuthyn and Holt, has for many years returned a member to parliament, but Wrexham has been admitted to a participation in the privilege, by a clause in the new Reform Bill. The corporation derived its last charter from King Charles the Second, and consists of two aldermen, a recorder, two bailiffs, and two coroners. Whitchurch, where the old parish church of St. Marcellus is situated, lies in the open valley one mile from the town. It is no longer used as a place of worship, but resembles a chapel or oratory, in which the remains of chiefs and men of learning are deposited. Their blazoned arms and sumptuous tombs are rapidly yielding to the decay incident on damp and negligence. In the porch is a brass plate, engraven with figures of Richard Myddleton, governor of Denbigh Castle in the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary and Elizabeth, with the Lady Jane, his wife. Behind him are represented his nine sons and seven daughters in the attitude of prayer. Many of his sons rendered themselves conspicuous in public life, and even "did the state some service." William Myddleton, his third son, was a post captain in the British navy, and behaved with great coolness and wisdom when sent to reconnoitre the Spanish fleet off the Azores in 1591. He was one of the first persons who smoked tobacco publicly in England, and was a poet of eminence in his day. Thomas, the fourth son, was Lord Mayor of London, and founder of the Chirk Castle family in this county. And, Sir Hugh Myddleton, the sixth son, was a person whose useful life would impart a lustre to the greatest family. This was the enterprising individual who "smote the rock" and brought the waters of the New River into London.

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A mural monument vainly attempts to perpetuate the fame of Humphrey Llwyd, the scholar and antiquary. This remarkable person is celebrated as a master of eloquence, an excellent rhetorician, and a sound philosopher. In the art of medicine and study of antiquities his knowledge appears to have been unconfined. Camden eulogises his memory. His friend, Ortelius, owes to him his map of England; and some of the most rare and valuable works in the British Museum were collected by Llwyd for his brother-in-law, Lord Lumley. He was born in the town of Denbigh in the year 1527, and died at the early age of forty-one. The altar tomb of Sir John Salisbury is a rich specimen of monumental architecture. In the cemetery surrounding the church is a slab to the memory of Twm y Nant, the Cambrian Shakspeare, who died in the year 1810, at the age of seventy-one years. (See account of Denbigh Castle, p. 72.)

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ABER WATERFALL.

THE little village of Aber is situated on the coast of Caernarvonshire, at the foot of a steep green

hill, against which the tower of the little church appears relieved, and forms a useful landmark to travellers who venture to cross the Lavan sands and ferry from Beaumaris. In foggy weather they are directed in their dangerous journey by the tolling of the church bell. The church and inn constitute nearly the whole of the buildings, public and private, in this sequestered spot. At a little distance from the village, and in the bwlch or entrance of a grand defile, stands an artificial mount, anciently the site of a palace belonging to Llewellyn ap Gryffydd. William de Breos, a powerful lord in the reign of Henry the Third, happening to fall into the hands of Llewellyn, at the siege of Montgomery, was conducted by him to his castle at Aber, and detained there a state prisoner for a considerable time. After his liberation suspicions of jealousy began to haunt the prince's mind, and with a baseness which nothing but that hateful passion could create, invited De Breos to return to Aber as a guest; and, under the guise of friendship, violated all laws of princely honour and hospitality by hanging up his guest at the palace gate. While the luckless lord was suspended from the tree, Llewellyn is said to have asked his princess, in a taunting manner, what would she give to see her lover; and leading her to the window, pointed out to her the lifeless body of De Breos. Tradition preserves this tale in a few bardic lines, thus translated:

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Lovely princess, said Llewellyn,
What will you give to see your Gwillim?
Wales and England and Llewellyn
I'd freely give to see my Gwillim, &c.

In a field now called *Caer y Gwillim Ddû*, or the field of Black William, a cave is shown in which De Breos is believed to have been interred. The life of the Princess Joan, both before and after this cruel tragedy, contradicts the unworthy suspicions of her lord.

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Aber was also the favourite residence of Dafydd ap Llewellyn, who, sinking beneath a weight of afflictions, expired here in the year 1246, and was interred in the abbey of Conway. The royal palace occupied the site of an ancient fort, auxiliary to the castle of *Caer-Hun*, in protecting the pass of *Bwlch y ddau ffaen*.

A noble glen at right angles, nearly with the line of coast, opens towards the *Rhaidar mawr*, or Great Cataract of Aber. Precipitous hills close in on either side, and all egress seems denied in the remote distance. Down the front of *Maes y Gaer*, a height of one hundred feet and upwards, the waters are thrown with vast impetuosity, and dashed from the lower part of the fall with a wonderful horizontal projection. The suddenness of the break, over which the cascade tumbles, leads many an innocent victim to a painful termination of its existence, and the gloomy character of the picture is generally increased by the shattered remains of some poor animal numbered amongst the rocks at the foot of the great fall.

—“the roused up river pours along,
Resistless, roaring dreadful, down it comes
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far.”

THOMSON.

LLYN GWYNANT.

p. 66

THIS is one of two fine lakes occupying the beautiful vale between *Beddgelert* and *Dyffryn Mymbre*, or *Capel Curig*. It washes the lowest visible part of *Snowdon's* base, and is supplied by a noble cataract issuing from *Ffynnon Ias*, ^[66] one of the pools in the dark recesses of the great mountain. The hills around it, though picturesque and lofty, are not sufficiently broken for sublimity. On the southern extremity of the lake some fragments of a building are still discernible, confidently believed to be the ruins of a chapel erected by *Madoc*, the son of *Owen Gwynedd*, who dwelt here previous to his emigration to South America. The vale here contracts, and the grand mountain masses rapidly close in, forming the hollow of “*Cwn Llan*,” where *Snowdon* is observed to tower with greater majesty than in any other position. Beneath his darkening front, and encompassed by a noble amphitheatre of mountains, is *Plas Gwynant*, the truly romantic seat of *Mr. Vaudrey*. At this precise spot the beauty of the scenery increases wonderfully, and the spectator is lost in an endless variety of rock, and wood, and flood, and mountain. *Llanberis Vale* may be more sublime, no valley in Wales is equally beautiful. Nor is the accompaniment of lake wanting here. *Lyn Dinas* now opens to the view, with its dark brown surface and verdant banks. At its extremity rises a remarkable hill commanding the whole vale, whose rough, bold sides are in unison with the surrounding objects. Here are the ramparts of a fortress, which frowned, from its precipices, over the dark waters of the lake, and commanded the narrow avenues of the valley. This is the *Dinas Emrys*, where

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Prophetic *Merlyn* sat, when to the British king
The changes long to come auspiciously he told.

Here *Vortigern* retired, disgusted with the treachery of his Saxon allies; and being frustrated in his first essays to raise a fortress, by some invisible hand, consulted all the wise men of the age, who assured him, that his palace would always want stability until sprinkled with the blood of one “without a father born.” In the town of *Caermarthen* the child *Merlin* was found, the circumstances of whose life corresponded with the advice of the elders. The harmless boy was ordered to be sacrificed, but his questions so confounded the base advisers of his death, that he

obtained both life and liberty. The legend is thus embodied in poetic translation by Drayton:

“To that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong walled tower to rear, those earthly spirits that shook
The great foundation still, in dragon’s horrid shape,
That dreaming wizard told, making the mountain gape
With his most powerful charms, to view those caverns deep.
And from the top of Bridd, so high and wondrous steep,
Where Dinas Emrys stood, shew’d where the serpents fought,
The *white* that tore the *red*; from whence the prophet wrought
The Briton’s sad decay, then shortly to ensue.”

LLANGOLLEN. [68]

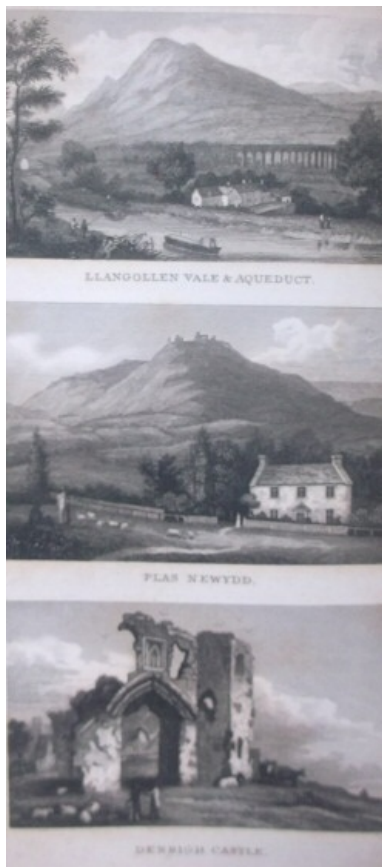
p. 68

THE character of Llangollen Vale is peculiar. The hills on either side are steep and lofty, and descend abruptly, though in verdant lawns, to the channel of the Dee. Although it may be considered to extend a length of ten or twelve miles, yet such is the extraordinary sinuosity of its form, that it hardly admits a prospect of half that extent or distance. The village has partaken largely of the benefits resulting from good public roads, and has progressed with much rapidity. It is more visited by tourists than any other part of the principality. The church, a handsome structure, is dedicated to Saint Collen, and from the cemetery is seen the much admired view of the old bridge across the Dee, with rich accompaniments of wood and rock, and the fine background of Dinas Bran. About four miles from the village the vale expands, and discloses a scene of inexpressible beauty. Here the noble aqueduct of Pont-y-Cysyllte, on a scale so vast as to approach the character of a natural creation, is thrown from mountain to mountain. It extends a length of nine hundred and eighty feet, and is sustained by twenty piers one hundred and sixteen feet in height from the bed of the river Dee, the span of the intervening arches being forty-five feet. At each end are spacious embankments, now clothed with the richest foliage; and the old bridge across the river has not only lent its name to the great work, but has made a sacrifice of its beauty and publicity, being concealed and quite eclipsed by the towering structure above it. The object of its construction, as well as the meritorious exertions of its originators, are fully set forth in the following inscription graven on the central pier:

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The Nobility and Gentry of the adjacent counties
having united their efforts with the great commercial
interests of this country, in creating an intercourse and
union between England and Wales, by a navigable
communication of the three rivers, Severn, Dee, and Mersey,
for the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade, caused
the first stone of this Aqueduct of Pont-y-cysyllty to
be laid on the 25th day of July, 1795; when Richard Myddleton,
of Chirk, Esq. M.P. one of the original patrons of the Ellesmere Canal,
was Lord of the Manor, and in the reign of our sovereign George III.
When the equity of the laws and security of property promoted the
general welfare of the nation; while the arts and sciences flourished
by his patronage, and the conduct of civil life was improved by his
example.

This inscription is doubtless true, and conveys a rational moral; but the writer forgot that artists and men of science deserve, as a reward for their great services, at least, the introduction of their names upon such commemorative tables. Mr. Telford furnished the design, and the contract for its erection was fulfilled by Wilson.



PLAS-NEWYDD, LLANGOLLEN.

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THE history of the late occupants of this beautiful little cottage is at variance with the censure of the poet's Angelina on the quality of friendship. Lady Eleanor Butler, daughter of the Earl of Ormond, was born in Dublin, and almost from her cradle had been an orphan. Wealthy, beautiful, and nobly sprung, her hand was sought by persons of rank and fortune equal to her own; but to all addresses of that description she expressed at once her disinclination. Although she openly avowed this taste for independence, no woman was ever more distinguished for mildness, modesty, and all those feminine graces which adorn and give interest to the sex. Miss Ponsonby, a member of the noble family of Besborough, had been an early associate of Lady Eleanor; and, possibly, it may have contributed in some degree to cement their growing friendship, the incidental circumstance of both having been born in the same city, upon the same day and year, and being both bereaved of their parents at precisely the same period. Minds of so much sensibility soon mistook their fancies for realities, and rapidly concluding that they were destined for a life of independence, at the early age of seventeen vowed eternal friendship and devotion to each other for the residue of their lives. At the age of twenty-one, when the arm of the law rescued them from the friendly detention of their relatives, they withdrew to the solitary little cottage of Plas-Newydd, never to return again to the gay, glittering world of fashion, or the country which gave them birth. Having enlarged and decorated their rural dwelling, laid out and planted their grounds, the selection of a library became an early care. Here much time was spent; and the glowing language of Miss Seward, a friend and frequent guest at Plas-Newydd, bears a high testimony to the philosophic quality of their minds. "All that is grateful, all that is attached, will be ever warm from my heart towards each honoured and accomplished friend, whose virtues and talents diffuse intellectual sunshine that adorns and cheers the loveliest of the Cambrian vales."—Letter 38.

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The habits and manners of the "Llangollen ladies" were frank and open, and their hospitality of the most liberal kind. They visited and received the neighbouring gentry until the "weight of years pressed heavy on them." Madame de Genlis and the Mademoiselle D'Orleans, are to be numbered amongst their visitors; and it was here that intellectual being first heard the wild notes of our Æolian harp, of which she remarks, "it is natural for such an instrument to have originated in a country of storms and tempests, of which it softens the manners."

Upwards of half a century these amiable companions graced the valley of Llangollen, extending a cheerful hospitality to their numerous guests, and exercising a benevolence the most unlimited towards the most friendless of their neighbours. At length they were called before the throne of brightness and purity, at the advanced ages of seventy-two and seventy-seven. Their remains are deposited in a vault in Llangollen cemetery, where the body of Mrs. Mary Carroll, their faithful servant, had been laid at rest before them.

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DENBIGH CASTLE.

THE castle of Denbigh (*Dinbach*, the little fort) occupies the crown of a rocky eminence on the south side of the noble vale of Clwyd, and commanding an extensive prospect over that rich and

beautiful vein of country. This impregnable fortress, with one thousand pounds in lands, was granted by Edward the First to Davydd, the brother of Llewellyn, as a marriage portion with the Earl of Derby's widow, whom he espoused at the king's request. Davydd forfeited these grants by his rebellion, which enabled Edward to reward one of his English followers with this noble estate. The fortunate grantee was Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and of Denbigh, who had married the daughter and sole heiress of Long-sword, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had two sons, Edmund and John, who both died young, one of them by a fall into a very deep well within the castle of Denbigh; and a daughter named Alicia, espoused by Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, who, in right of this lady, became Earl of Lincoln and of Sarum, Lord of Denbigh, Halton, Pomfret, and constable of Chester Castle. The melancholy death of his son Edmund so afflicted the earl, that Leland assures us it caused him to desert his proud castle without completing its great design. Upon the attainder of Thomas of Lancaster, son-in-law of Lacy, the lordship of Denbigh was conferred upon Hugh D'Espencer, a favourite of Edward the Second; but this unpopular person being also cut off by violence, Roger Mortimer obtained a grant of his estates, in fulfilment of a promise made to his mother by Edward the Third, before he ascended the throne, "that he would bestow one thousand pounds upon her son if ever he should succeed to the crown of England." The proprietorship of this impregnable rock seems to have inspired its lords with ideas of independence, uniformly growing up into rebellion. Mortimer was infected with the same anti-monarchical notions, and met with a similar fate. The succession of tragedies was at length arrested by a Sir William Montacute, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who continued a grateful and zealous adherent of the crown. Salisbury dying without issue, and the attainder of Mortimer being reversed, Denbigh was restored, by marriage, to the house of York, and, consequently, to the crown once more.

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Queen Elizabeth bestowed the lordship of Denbigh upon her favourite Leicester, who did not conciliate the affections of the Welsh people with the same zeal he did those of his royal mistress, and an insurrection of the tenantry was the consequence of his tyrannical government. In the year 1696 a similar unpopular grant was made of the lordships of Denbigh, Bromfield, and Yale to the Earl of Portland; but the resistance given to the investment of the grantee by the Welsh gentry was so decided, that parliament petitioned the crown to reverse the grant.

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Edward the Fourth, while Duke of York, sustained a siege here from the army of Henry the Sixth, and ultimately effected his escape. Charles the First lodged in the castle for a short period after his retreat from Chester; and the Siambry Brennin, or king's apartments, though totally ruined, are still pointed out. The Welsh, however, have greater cause of self-gratulation, and may point to this monument of departed power with more pride, from the gallant defence which they made from its walls, under the conduct of the brave William Salisbury, against the parliamentary forces, than from any adventitious circumstance involved in its sad and eventful history.

The ruins are of great extent, and the grand portal is nearly entire; but from the mode of its erection, as well as the means of its destruction, they afford but little that is picturesque in their appearance. The ground plan was at first surrounded by double walls, parallel to each other, and distant only by six or eight feet, the intermural space was then filled up with rubble stone and hot mortar, which on cooling became a solid conglomerate. Upon the barbarous dismantling of the castle, after the Restoration, which was done by springing a mine of gunpowder beneath it, the walls separated and fell from the grouting, exposing a mass of shattered fragments, without the advantage of a single tree or any impending object to throw a relieving shadow over the melancholy heap.

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Near to the grand entrance of the castle stand the side walls of an unfinished church, one hundred and seventy feet in length, and pierced by many spacious windows. These were raised by the Earl of Leicester, and destined for the celebration of the reformed service; but he did not like, or, as others say, did not live to visit his oppressed Welsh tenantry, and left this pious work unfinished. A subscription was some years afterwards set on foot, and ample funds obtained for roofing over the walls, but the Earl of Essex, on his way to Ireland, procured a loan of the sum collected, and no effort was ever after made to save the whole from falling to decay.

An interesting and national spectacle was exhibited on the bowling-green under the castle walls of Denbigh, in the autumn of 1828; it is called in Welsh an Eistedfodd, and means a meeting of the bards. This is an institution of ancient origin, and was formerly held under a precept or commission from the crown, directed to the principal inhabitants in the district where the meeting was intended to be held. The latest royal mandate for the holding of an Eistedfodd was issued by Queen Elizabeth, and directed to the ancestors of some of the most respectable families now resident in Flint and Denbigh shires. The bardic assemblage of 1828 was accompanied by circumstances of a very peculiar and gratifying character, and the remembrance of it will long be cherished by all Cambrians who witnessed it, with feelings of the deepest and warmest enthusiasm. The verdant platform of the bowling-green commands one of the richest and happiest prospects in nature; the eye sweeps down the green hills on the south, and passing over the noble and broad valley of the Clwyd, climbs rapidly the Clwydian hills, where it finds an index to a brighter prospect in the national monument on Moel Ffammau. Here a handsome obelisk on the highest of the hills commemorates the fiftieth year of the eventful reign of King George the Third. This accidental circumstance gave an additional interest to this bardic meeting, for, by a singular coincidence, Sir E. Mostyn, a descendant of Sir Piers, one of the persons named in the precept of Elizabeth, was president of the Eistedfodd. A noble individual, the representative of the brave William Salisbury, the defender of the castle, graced the assemblage by his presence. A dignitary of the church, who embodied those gallant actions in a valuable history, judged some

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of the bardic effusions, and a royal prince looked gratefully over the heads of an innocent and happy people towards the monument which their loyalty and affection had raised to his venerable father.



VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

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THE Vale of Crucis opens into the beautiful scenery of Llangollen, about two miles from the little village. Fancy cannot paint a scene more suited to the indulgence of solemn thought. It is the spot which a recluse, enamoured of the great scenes of nature, where the eye is continually presented with sublime ideas, where every object contributes to soothe, but not transport the mind, would select as an habitation of cheerful solitude. In the days of its greatness it must have been a place consecrated to retirement, but now how much is the solitude of the scene heightened by the accompaniment of a ruined abbey shrouded in forest trees that wave over its mouldering towers,—

Say, ivy'd Valle Crucis; time decay'd
 Dim on the brink of Deva's wandering floods,
 Your ivy'd arch glittering through the tangled shade,
 Your gray hills towering o'er your night of woods;
 Deep in the vale recesses as you stand,
 And, desolately great, the rising sigh command:
 Say, lonely ruin'd pile, when former years
 Saw your pale train at midnight altars bow,
 Saw superstition frown upon the tears
 That mourn'd the rash, irrevocable vow,
 Were one young lip gay Eleanora's ^[77] smile?
 Did "Zara's look serene one tedious hour beguile?"

The foundation of the Cistercian Abbey of Valle Crucis is attributed to Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor, Lord of Bromfield and Yale, about the year 1200; considerable parts of both church and abbey still remain. The former was cruciformed, and exhibits several styles of architecture. The eastern end is the most ancient; it is adorned by three lancet slips, forming one grand window. The entrance was in the west beneath a broad and beautifully ornamented window, above which is a smaller one of a marigold form, decorated with tracery and fret work, and under it may be discovered the following inscription:

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A.D.A.M. D.N.S.—fecit hoc opus, pace beatâ quiescat. Amen.

The abbey and cloisters are more imperfect, the latter evidently built in a rich and ornamental style of architecture, well calculated to shed a "dim religious light," but now desecrated into a farm house and offices.

RHUTHIN CASTLE.

RHUTHYN, or (Rhudd-Din, the red fort), is placed upon a gentle eminence on the south side of the vale of Clwyd, backed by wooded hills, and is one of the best and most agreeable towns in North Wales. It has undergone much modern improvement, and is possessed of several ancient endowments and privileges. The great sessions for the county are held here in a very elegant modern hall, faced with cut stone, and accurately finished in the interior. The church is spacious and architectural, designed and finished in an excellent style. A range of alms houses surround the churchyard, and represent the ancient hospital; and adjacent to the mansion of the warden is the free school, richly endowed by Gabriel Goodman, D.D. whose monument is set up against the north wall of the church.

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Some doubt appears to exist as to the foundation of a castle here anciently, the Welsh name "Castell gôch yn gwernfor," indicating a fortress of earlier date than any erected by the Saxons. The general belief, however, is, that Reginald de Grey, second son of Lord Grey de Wilton, had a grant of the lordship of Rhuthyn, then embracing nearly the whole vale of Clwyd, as a reward for his services in reducing the ancient Britons. This great captain built the noble castle and enclosed the town, and, to secure the quiet enjoyment of his grant, did homage to Edward the Second at Chester in the year 1301. A drawing preserved amongst the manuscripts in the British Museum exhibits the magnitude and stateliness of De Grey's castle, and fully justifies the wordy description of the honest Churchyard:

"This castle stands on rocke much like red bricke,
The dykes are cut with toole through stonie cragge,
The towers are hie, the walles are large and thicke,
The worke itself would shake a subject's bagge."

Both castle and lordship continued in the posterity of De Grey until the reign of Henry the Seventh, when, by a special compact, George Grey, Earl of Kent, and Lord of Rhuthyn, assigned them to the crown. From this period until the reign of Elizabeth this stately fabric was suffered to decay, but was then new roofed and entirely restored by Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, on whom the queen bestowed it. From the Warwick family it passed to the Myddletons of Chirk Castle, by the marriage of Charlotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddleton, who had for her first husband an Earl of Warwick. The lordship has since continued in this family, and the rights are exercised by one of the coheireses of the late Richard Myddleton, Esq.

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A modern castle has arisen from the ruins, the ancient ground plan being pursued with the assistance of the drawing before alluded to. The restoration does not extend over the entire area, yet forms a truly lordly residence. A reference to the original plan indicated the existence of a well in the centre of the rocky citadel, where, after a careful examination, it was at length discovered, built around with stone, and having a depth of nearly one hundred feet.

WYNNSTAY.

THE noble demesne of Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkyn Williams Wynne, Bart. is situated at the eastern extremity of the vale of Llangollen, in an open and level, though elevated district. The grounds owe much to the taste and magnificent ideas of its successive proprietors, and the embellishments, that have been added year after year present now a wonderful and beautiful association, their grandeur being accompanied, as the scenery of all private parks usually is, with an air of melancholy. The Hall is a spacious but not a regular building. It consists of an ancient mansion, to which a part only of a new and extensive design has been attached. The old house stands upon the site of a British palace, once the residence of Gryffydd ap Madoc Maelor, Lord of Bromfield and Yale, and founder of the abbey of Valle Crucis. The new house, part of a greater design, by Cockenell, was built by the first Sir Watkyn; it is a simple regular elevation, possessing the great merit of capaciousness, a quality indispensably requisite in the Hall of a family conspicuous through generations for the exercise of a liberal hospitality. The principal apartment or state drawing-room is seventy feet in length by thirty in breadth, lighted by six spacious windows, the piers being occupied by richly ornamented cabinets filled with curiosities of various descriptions. The ceiling, which is separated into sunk panels and beautifully finished with stucco and gilding, is sustained by pillars of porphyry corresponding with the elegant pilasters which adorn the side walls. In this splendid apartment are a few portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Dahl, with a bust of the *Great* Sir Watkyn, as he is sometimes styled, by Rysbach; and two admirable busts by Nollekens, one of the present baronet, the other of Lord Grenville. A few good landscapes are hung in the different apartments, a portrait of Wilson by himself is a masterly performance, and an original three-quarter portrait of Flora Macdonald is both interesting and clever. The library contains the remains of a choice collection of manuscripts, the rest having unhappily been destroyed by an accidental fire; those that were preserved are chiefly biographical. In the dining-room stands a large silver font about three feet in length, supported by a pillar of the same height. This tribute of public merit was presented to the present Sir Watkyn by the gentry of his native county, Denbigh.

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The extent, elegance, and beauty of the demesne are more than proportionate to the arrangements of the mansion. A spacious park well stocked with red and fallow deer surrounds the house, it is adorned with noble forest trees, and varied by well disposed artificial pieces of water. The quarter of the demesne, called the "Bath Grounds," is a most gratifying specimen of landscape gardening. These delightful pleasure grounds, laid out by Mr. Evans, consist of shrubberies, walks, and bowers, disposed with admirable taste. A noble sheet of water occupies

the centre of the wood; it is formed by the expansion of a little brook, artfully conducted over a rocky precipice at the extremity, where it is thrown into a pleasing and picturesque cascade. The Bath, which lends a distinguishing name to this part of the demesne, is a limpid fountain confined by an enclosure of cut stone. A beautiful Grecian temple, adorned with a portico of four columns, supporting an entablature and pediment, stands close by it, and is beautifully reflected in its smooth waters at the approach of evening. Near the entrance to the Bath Grounds a fluted column of one hundred feet in height, surmounted by a funeral urn, presents an interesting memorial of maternal affection, and a beautiful specimen of columnar architecture: it was designed by Mr. Wyatt. The entablature is surrounded by a gallery approached by steps concealed within the shaft, and the plinth is adorned with wreaths of oak leaves descending from the beaks of eagles. On the cenotaph is graven this brief but feeling epitaph—

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Filio optimo, Mater, eheu! superstes.

In a demesne of such extent, the creation and combination of so many persons, years, events, &c. many beautiful and romantic rides may naturally be supposed to have been formed. The new approach, opened by the present Sir Watkyn, and commencing at the iron bridge, leads to the Hall by an avenue of three miles in length, through an amazing variety of sylvan scenery. But this is not the great boast of Wynnstay; the consummation of all its wonders and its beauties is reserved for the vale of Nant y Belan.^[83] Here nature has profusely displayed her charms. Two steep banks, richly clothed with woods that dip into the torrent's bed and wave upon either side, form a long vista of inexpressible grandeur. The winding Dee here pours her rapid flood along with awful murmurings and at a fearful depth, then throwing herself headlong into a deep dark pool, seems to rest, as if exhausted with the violence of the efforts by which it was attained. This grand picture forms but the foreground of an extensive landscape, wherein the middle distance is occupied by the happy scenery of Llangollen, and the remotest filled by the British Alps. Upon the rock from whence this panorama is beheld, Sir Watkyn has erected a circular temple, to the memory of his brave associates, his army of ancient Britons, who fell in the unhappy Irish rebellion of 1798.

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The whole of this spacious demesne is enclosed by a stone wall nine miles in extent, and the principal entrance is through a straight avenue, one mile in length, overshadowed by aged oaks. Wattstay was the original name of this estate, so called from its situation upon Watt's Dyke, but exchanged for Wynnstay by Sir John, when it became his property by marriage with Jane, daughter and heiress of Eyton Evans of Wattstay, Esq.



Sir Watkyn is of the ancient Gwydyr stock, and traces his descent to Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales. The Wynnstay branch has been united with some of the noblest families of England; the present baronet is married to the Lady Harriet, daughter of the Earl of Powis, and sister of the Duchess of Northumberland.

The manufacturing village of Ruabon, or Rhiwabon, lies immediately outside the demesne wall, and is inhabited by persons connected with the iron foundries and coal pits of this mineral district. On a conspicuous height above it, commanding a view of the vale of Llangollen, stands a handsome square embattled tower of two stories, erected by the present owner of Wynnstay to commemorate the event of the field of Waterloo.

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The posthumous honours paid to this ancient family have employed the chisels of the ablest sculptors, and adorn a temple which their munificence has erected. The first Sir John of Wynnstay, who was the grandson of Sir John of Gwydyr, is interred in Rhiwabon church, beneath, as Mr. York calls it, perhaps for the exercise of a pleasant alliteration, "a mass and massacre of marble." The monument of Lady Harriet Somerset, first wife of Sir Watkyn, who died in 1769, is one of *Nollekens'* happiest designs; and on one side of the altar is a noble monument, by Rysbach, of the first Sir Watkyn, who was killed by a fall from his horse, on the 26th of September, 1749. The image of this eminent person's mind has been as feelingly pourtrayed by the classic Dr. King, as the graces of his person are truly expressed by the chisel of the artist.

An elegant baptismal font, of white marble, and resting on a tripod of distinguished grace, was presented to the church and parish, along with the excellent organ in the gallery, by the second Sir Watkyn, in the year 1772.

CHIRK CASTLE,

THE seat of Mrs. Myddleton Biddulph, stands in a spacious and noble demesne, spreading over the sides and summit of a finely situated and isolated hill. It is an ancient building, uniting the castle with the mansion, in which strength and solidity have been consulted to the neglect or prejudice of grace and beauty. Its form is quadrangular, strengthened by a massive flanking tower at each corner, and a fifth projects from the principal front, through which a lofty archway passes, giving admission to a court within. The dimensions of the court yard are one hundred and sixty-five feet in length by one hundred in breadth, surrounded on all sides by various apartments, the windows of which, for the most part, open towards the enclosed area. A handsome arcade, which formerly occupied the basement on the east side, has been closed up and converted into habitable rooms. The dungeon said to be as deep towards Tartarus as the castle walls were reared towards Heaven, is still entire, still furnished with its dread machinery, and its floor is reached by a descent of two-and-forty steps. The great entrance of the castle was originally protected by handsome and lofty iron palisades, having statues of Hercules and Mars on either side; but the former have been removed, and set up at the western entrance to the park, and the statues are probably committed to the dungeon.

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The principal apartments are both comfortable and elegant. The picture gallery, one hundred feet in length by twenty-two in breadth, is adorned with portraits of illustrious persons, and of different members of the Myddleton family; amongst them are those of the great Duke of Ormond and of his son the Earl of Ossory. This was the virtuous stoic who censured the corrupt age and court in which he moved by exclaiming on the early decease of his favourite son, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living one in Europe." Besides portraits of Sir Thomas Myddleton, and his daughter the Countess of Warwick, there are some rare landscapes in the state rooms, painted by Wilson, and coloured on the spot from nature. They are chiefly views in Chirk-Castle Park, and are very reflections of the grayish tone of colouring so peculiar to Wales. Here is also a view of Pystil Rhaidar, in which the cataract appears falling into the *sea*, while a few *ships* are seen sailing past it. The cause of this singular misrepresentation is explained in this way: a foreign artist, not very familiar with the English language, was engaged to execute a painting of this noble waterfall; but, when his work was completed, one of the first persons to whom he exhibited it observed, that a few *sheep* at the foot of the fall would give animation to the whole. Willing to accept the advice, but mistaking the adviser, the artist immediately introduced a few *ships* (sheeps) with the natural and necessary accompaniment of the *sea*.

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Castel Crogen, the original name of Chirk, was an ancient British fortress, and fell into the hands of Roger Mortimer, Justice of North Wales, in the following manner. John Earl of Warren and Roger Mortimer Earl of Wigmore, being appointed guardians over the sons of Gryffydd ap Madoc, a partisan of Henry the Third and Edward the First, put their wards to death and seized upon their estates, Mortimer taking Nanheuddwy and Chirk, the portion of the younger child, and Warren possessing himself of Bromfield, Yale, and Dinas Bran. A property held by so base a title required to be protected by powerful measures, and Mortimer thought it expedient to erect a strong castle at Chirk, on the site of the British fortress. The building was commenced in the year 1011, and completed in 1013. The crimes of Mortimer were punished by an ignominious death in the Tower of London, but Chirkland continuing in his family, was sold by his grandson, John, to Richard Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, whose son was appointed governor of the castle with a continuation of the grant, whereby Chirkland was again annexed to Bromfield and Yale. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, having espoused a sister of Lord Arundel, the estate passed over to him, but was transferred to the Earl of Abergavenny, who had married another of the sisters of Lord Arundel, upon the Duke of Norfolk's disgrace and banishment in 1397. By the marriage of Edward Nevil with the granddaughter of the last proprietor it passed into his family, in the reign of Henry the Sixth. Sir William Stanley appears to have been the next proprietor, upon whose untimely death it escheated to the crown. Elizabeth bestowed it upon the Earl of Leicester, at whose death it passed into the possession of Lord Bletso, from whose son it was purchased by Sir Thomas Myddleton, Knt. in 1595, and is now possessed by his descendant, Mrs. Myddleton Biddulph.

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Previous to the year 1506 the castle was regularly garrisoned: during the usurpation it was besieged, and three of the towers battered down by Cromwell's artillery. Sir Thomas Myddleton, the owner, defended himself gallantly, and was reimbursed by Charles the Second for his losses, amounting to thirty thousand pounds, accompanied by an offer of elevation to a peerage, which honour he very modestly declined.

The view from the high grounds of the park is amazingly extensive, commanding a prospect over seventeen different counties. A part of the grounds, distinguished by the name of the "Black Park," derives its epithet from the death of a keeper, who, coming to the assistance of a young woman who was attacked by a stag, was himself gored to death by the ferocious animal. The village of Chirk lies at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands. It consists of a few cottages built from agreeable rustic designs, and presents a neat and cheerful appearance. The church is handsome, spacious, and adorned with a noble tower. The interior is ornamented with monuments of the Chirk-Castle family; the best and most interesting of which is erected to the memory of the famous Sir Thomas Myddleton.

The little river Ceiriog, which separates England from Wales, flows through the valley of Chirk, and is crossed by a handsome aqueduct conveying the waters of the Ellesmere canal. This extremity of the aqueduct is met by a tunnel passing under the hill, and carrying the line of navigation towards the aqueduct at Llangollen. A singular mound may be observed on the brow of the hill hanging over the Ceiriog, and at a little distance from the church, it is obviously artificial, and is doubtless a sepulchral barrow, such as are frequently found in other parts of the principality.

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LLANRWST CHURCH.

THE town of Llanrwst is situated on the eastern bank of the river Conway, in the beautiful and luxuriant vale to which it lends its name. The river is broad, smooth, and shallow, except when swollen by the mountain floods, which rise and fall with wonderful rapidity. One of the most celebrated objects here is the famous shaking bridge, built from a design of Inigo Jones. It consists of three arches, the centre sixty feet span, and, if the crowns of the arches were not too high, would be a light, beautiful, and ingenious work. The ceremony of shaking is performed by two persons upon the crown of the centre arch, first rocking themselves sufficiently to acquire a gentle momentum, and then falling back against the great centre stone of the battlements; a person leaning against the opposite battlement will feel the tremulous motion communicated through the whole masonry of the bridge. The view of Llanrwst vale from the bridge, and from the road leading to it on the Denbighshire side of the river is of unexampled beauty. The Gwydyr woods clothe a precipitous mountain on the west, for a length of five miles, through which a bold crag here and there is seen protruding with a fine effect. The opposite side is also finely wooded, and variegated with mansions, parks, meadow, corn-land, and all that enriches a landscape. This perspective of the vale presents a composition embracing grandeur and magnificence in a high degree, combined with scenes of great pastoral beauty.

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The town possesses no architectural or other peculiar attractions, and from the lowness of its situation does not participate in the exquisite scenery with which it is surrounded. Its recommendations are of a less romantic though not less useful character, consisting in the excellence of its fairs and markets, and its convenient position for the conduct of a profitable inland trade. The town and market-hall, the free school, and the almshouses^[91] are its most ancient institutions of a public class. The church is picturesquely placed on the bank of the river; and the view of the valley, with the famous bridge in the foreground, enjoyed from the churchyard, is eminently beautiful. The church is dedicated to Saint Rystyd or Rwsst, archbishop of London in the year 361, and one of those who were present at the council of Arles. The ground on which it is built was given by Rhun ap Nefydd, in expiation of the foul murder of Prince Idwal, who was slain in Cwm Idwal, by order of his foster-father Nefydd Haradd. The chief object of interest here is the Gwydyr chapel, adjoining the church, of which Inigo Jones was the architect, A.D. 1663, the expense being defrayed by Sir Richard Wynne. The design is much admired, and its restitution by Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, representative of the ancient house of Gwydyr, is characteristic of a happy exertion of munificence and taste. The carved roof is not part of Jones's design, it was brought hither from the dissolved abbey of Maenan, three miles from Llanrwst. In this mausoleum of the Wynnes are some curious monuments, illustrative of history, and no mean specimens of the progress of the arts at the period of their execution. A white marble tablet contains a pedigree of the family from the time of Edward the First down to the year in which the chapel was erected. Underneath this pedigree is an exquisite portrait, engraved on brass, of Dame Sarah Wynne, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddleton, of Chirk Castle, executed in a masterly style by William Vaughan in the year 1671. On the south side are two pyramidal columns of variegated marble adorned with military insignia, one to the memory of Meredyth; the other of Sir John Wynne, and his consort the Lady Sidney, daughter of Sir William Gerard, chancellor of Ireland; and between the columnar monuments is a simple tablet to John ap Meredydd who died in 1559.

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A fine effigiated tomb, sunk in the floor, represents Howel Coetmore ap Gryffydd Vychan ap Dafydd Gam, in complete armour, his feet resting on a lion couchant. He was grandson of Gryffydd,^[93] who lies interred in the church of Bettws-y-coed, and proprietor of the Gwydyr estates, which were purchased from one of his descendants by the Wynnes.

Here also is preserved the stone coffin in which the remains of Llewellyn the Great were deposited in the abbey of Conway; upon the dissolution of religious houses in Wales it was removed here. A singular Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation, appears on a monument in the pew belonging to the Davises of Cyffddû; it is dedicated to the memory of Gryffydd Lloyd of Bryniog, and is supposed to have been written by himself,

"Once the undeserving schoolmaster,

Then the more undeserving lecturer,
And last of all the most undeserving rector of this parish.
Do not think, speak, or write any thing evil of the dead."

FLINTSHIRE,

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THE smallest of the six shires included within North Wales. It occupies an area of one hundred and ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and sixty acres, and extends thirty-three miles in length and ten at its mean or average breadth. The estuary of the river Dee and the waves of the Irish sea lave its shores on the east and north. Denbighshire joins it on the west and south, and Cheshire on the east. A range of hills, the loftiest of which, Moel y Gaer, attains a height of one thousand and twenty feet above the sea-level, extends from Prestatyn to Hawarden, and bisects the surface of the county longitudinally. The section on the sea side is the richest mineralogical district in the principality, and that on the land side yields an abundant agricultural return. The coal field occupies the parishes of Whitford, Holywell, Flint, Northop, and part of Hawarden; and considerable quantities are exported from Mostyn quay for the consumption of the principality. Pure limestone exists along the sea coast, and constitutes a valuable export. Lead ore, lapis calaminaris, zinc, pseudo-galena, petro-silex, and other valuable minerals are found in the Holywell and Mold districts. Many of these are wrought at the towns along the coast, the supply of fuel being abundant, from which circumstance this small county has acquired considerable wealth. The Marquis of Westminster, Lord Mostyn, Lord Dinorben, and Sir Edward Mostyn are amongst the wealthy mineral proprietors. The scenery here is less interesting than in the adjoining shires; it possesses less variety of surface, less plantation, fewer rivers, and there is a partial denudation of the surface from the mine waste, which completely poisons vegetation. The termination of the beautiful vale of Clwyd, and the embouchure of its meandering river, lie within the county boundaries, and the Allen makes a circuitous, but not picturesque, course through the south-eastern hundreds. Flintshire includes the respectable manufacturing towns of Holywell, Mold, and Hawarden, and returns one member to the imperial parliament. The boroughs of Flint, Caergwrle, St. Asaph, and Holywell, enjoy the privilege of electing a second; the two last mentioned places deriving that advantage from a clause in the Reform Bill of 1832.

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FLINT CASTLE.

FLINT, an ancient borough town and the capital of the shire, is situated upon the banks of the navigable estuary of the river Dee, and was anciently an important military position and valuable maritime situation. It was probably a Roman citadel or encampment, afterwards adopted by the ancient British as being happily circumstanced both for commerce and secure habitation; and, lastly, selected by the conqueror of Wales, Edward the First, as an appropriate site for the erection and establishment of a vast military depôt. The borough was erected in the year 1283, and is contributory with Holywell, Rhuddlan, Caerwys, Caergwrle, and St. Asaph in returning one member to parliament. The decay of trade here, and the vast increase of commercial prosperity in the vicinity of Mold, in addition to its more central position, have occasioned the transfer of the great sessions from Flint to that town. Here, however, all prisoners are confined, and the county jail, an admired and clever design by Turner, stands in a healthy elevated position within the courtyard, of the ancient castle. Provision has been made in the interior for the infliction of that most cruel of all species of earthly punishments, solitary confinement; but the habitual morality of the Cambrians has superseded the necessity of its operation, and the constitution of Britain, which disclaims all species of torture, must assuredly shrink from this, the most merciless of all. The following inscription, which is engraven on a tablet above the principal gate, was written by the learned and accomplished Mr. Pennant:—

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"In the twenty-fifth year of his Majesty, George the Third, in the Sheriffalty of Thomas Hanmer, Bart. this prison was erected, instead of the ancient loathsome place of confinement, in pity to the misery of even the most guilty, to alleviate the sufferings of lesser offenders, or of the innocent themselves, whom the chances of human life may bring within these walls. Done at the expense of the country: aided by the subscriptions of several of the gentry, who, in the midst of most distressful days, voluntarily took upon themselves part of the burden, in compassion to such of their countrymen on whom fortune had been less bounteous of her favours."

The castle, build by Edward the First, and the outer walls of which are still entire, is placed upon a freestone rock jutting into the river Dee, in a north-east direction from the town, with which it was originally connected by a drawbridge falling against the barbican, a fine remain of the Norman style, but now nearly demolished. The first design consisted of a square building, flanked at three corners by massive towers, with a keep or citadel, called the double tower, removed a little distance from the remaining angle of the square. This must have been an inaccessible prison before the invention of gunpowder; it was approached from the castle court by a drawbridge, and was formed by concentric walls six feet in thickness, the intermural gallery being eight feet wide, and encircling a central apartment of about twenty feet in diameter.

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The foundation of Flint Castle is attributed by all chroniclers to Edward the First, and dated in

1275. About six years after its completion it was surprised, and nearly wrested from Edward, in a sudden insurrection of the Welsh, and was only relieved by the greatest activity and courage on the part of the English king. The reception of Piers Gaveston, in the year 1302, was the next historic event of consequence that occurred here, this was followed by the appointment of the Black Prince as governor, A.D. 1335. In the year 1385 Flint Castle, with some lands of the Lord Audley, were granted, by Richard the Second, to De Vere, Earl of Oxford, whom he farther honoured by creating Earl of Dublin and Lord Chief Justice of Chester. On the attainder of De Vere, Percy, Earl of Northumberland, extorted a grant of this castle from his unsuspecting monarch, where he afterwards basely betrayed him into the hands of his rival Bolingbroke.

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Richard was in Ireland when he received an invitation from the treacherous Percy to meet his rival, who professed his only objects to be the restoration of his property, inquiry into the death of his uncle, and that the kingdom should be allowed a parliament. To all which reasonable requests the king consented; and passing over to Conway, and thence, at the pressing solicitation of the false Northumberland who accompanied him, advancing towards Flint, he met, in the recesses of the hills at Penmaen Rhôs, a party of soldiers assembled. At length, perceiving that treachery was meant, he attempted to turn his horse round, but Percy springing forward, grasped the bridle, and in this forcible manner conducted him to Rhuddlan Castle, where they dined, and thence to Flint. Stowe details the interview at Flint between Richard and Lancaster in the following circumstantial manner: "The Duke of Lancaster entered the castle all armed, his helmet excepted; King Richard came down to meet him, and the Duke, as soon as he saw the king, fell on his knees, and coming nearer unto him, he kneeled a second time, with his hat in his hand; and the king then put off his hoode, and spoke first. 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right wellcome.' The duke, bowing low to the ground, answered, 'My lord, I am come before you sent for me, the reason why I will shewe you. The common fame among your people is such, that ye have for the space of twenty, or two and twenty, years ruled them very rigorously: but, if it please our lord, I will helpe you to govern better.' The king answered, 'Fair cousin of Lancaster, sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well!' The duke then, with a high sharp voyce, bad bring forth the king's horses, and two little naggs, not worth fourtie franks, were brought forthe; the king was set on the one, and the Earl of Salisbury on the other; and thus the duke brought them from Flint to Chester; from whence, after one night's rest, they were conveyed to London."

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In the civil wars of Charles the First's reign this fortress was garrisoned for the king, having been repaired at the expense of Sir Roger Mostyn, the governor. It was closely invested in 1643, by Colonel Brereton and Sir Thomas Myddleton, and held out until compelled to surrender from want of food and ammunition, having obtained from the enemy the most honourable conditions. The royalists a second time crept into possession, and defended themselves for a while, but yielded at last to the disciplined forces of General Mytton. In the month of December, 1646, the castles of Flint, Hawarden, and several others in the principality, were dismantled by the orders of parliament.

RHUDDLAN CASTLE.

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THE time-decayed honours of Rhuddlan frown over the fragments of monastic greatness, and throw the little dwellings of the village into an insignificant obscurity by the effect of contrast. The lofty and substantial towers of this military relic are rendered more conspicuous by the remarkable flatness of the circumjacent district, and as its accompaniments are devoid of any picturesque attractions, it relies wholly on historic and classic recollections for the interest it uniformly excites. The little place itself, though an ancient contributory borough, retains nothing of wealth or comfort in its exterior. It boasts but one tolerable street, a range of warehouses for the storage of goods landed at the quays, and a handsome bridge of one large arch, and one auxiliary, erected in 1598. The Clwyd, which flows below the castle walls, and passes by the town, is navigable by vessels of small burden up to the wharfs of Rhuddlan, to which fortunate circumstance the continuance of a modern settlement here is probably to be attributed.

Near the centre of the town, and on the north side of the high street, are situated the scanty remains of the hall in which King Edward once convoked a parliament. They are now incorporated with the gabel of a cottage; one small doorway and the architrave of a pointed window forming all the witnesses that can be produced to identify the court in which the never to be forgotten statute of Rhuddlan was enacted. The late Dean of St. Asaph caused a tablet to be inserted in the only remaining wall of the Rhuddlan Council Hall bearing this inscription: "This fragment is the remains of the building where King Edward the First held his parliament, in 1283, ^[101] in which was passed the statute of Rhuddlan, securing to the principality of Wales its judicial rights and independence."

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The abbey belonged to a monastery of black friars, and was founded about the year 1268, it stood a little to the south-east of the castle, and its remains form part of the enclosure of a farmyard. Two pointed arches are still entire, and an effigy in alto relievo, but much effaced, occupies a niche in one of the walls. An eminence, called Twt Hill, rises between the castle and the site of the old abbey. It appears to have been originally fortified and surrounded by a deep fosse, which embraced the abbey in its circuit. There is a tradition that it was from this mount the castle was battered.



RHUDDLAN CASTLE.



MOSTYN.



ST WINIFREDS WELL.

The castle of Rhuddlan, its sole surviving monument of grandeur, stands on a rock overhanging the river Clwyd, and within a short distance of an ancient British fortress, built by Llewellyn ap Sitsylt, who chose this as his chief place of residence, at the commencement of the eleventh century. In the year 1063, when Gryffydd ap Llewellyn was Prince of North Wales, this fortress was attacked and burned by Harold (afterwards King of England), son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, in retaliation for injuries committed by the Welsh upon some of the Saxon borderers. The Britons soon repaired a hold of so much consequence; it was their asylum whenever they desired to avoid a conflict with the Saxons, and the depository of spoils probably courageously, but not honourably, carried off from the borders. Robert, surnamed De Rhuddlan from the event, the nephew and lieutenant of Hugh, Earl of Chester, unable to endure any longer the incursions of the Rhuddlan men, took a signal vengeance upon them, and even wrested the fortress out of their hands. He enlarged, strengthened, and garrisoned the old castle; and having made this his principal quarters, here received the solicitations and importunities of Gryffydd ap Cynan for aid against some of his own countrymen. Robert granted Gryffydd's request, but learned too late that the interference of the stranger in allaying domestic quarrels is not only thankless, but often even multiplies the number of our enemies. The Welsh, who had just before been at variance with each other, combining all their efforts, directed their united power against Robert, burned his castle to the ground, slew numbers of his men, and compelled him to consult his safety by flight.

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The great fortress of Rhuddlan, which still exhibits the powerful resources of the founder, was erected by Henry the Second, from the very foundation, and is completely Norman in its character. It is built of red stone, in a quadrangular form: the curtain walls are flanked by six enormous rounders, the walls of which are nine feet in thickness, having but few loops or arrow slits. One of these, distinguished by the name of the king's tower, is still entire, as well as three of the others. In fact, such is the amazing strength and thickness of the walls, the tenacity of the mortar with which they are cemented so great, the freedom from doors, windows, or any weakening aperture so complete, that the ruins will not probably present a farther appearance of decay for centuries to come. It is even a matter of uncertainty where the principal entrance was situated, the aperture between the two north-western turrets resembling, at this day, an accidental breach of small extent, more than the entrance of so vast a pile. Security alone appears to have been consulted by the founder; a sortie from the castle was impracticable; the intromission of light was even jealously permitted, and the design seems to express a great prison erected to immure some royal captive for the residue of his life.

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Hugh Beauchamp was either grantee or governor, in the year 1169, when Owen Gwynedd and his brother Cadwalader, assisted by Rhys ap Gryffydd, sat down before the walls, and after a close blockade of two months continuance, compelled the famished garrison to surrender. It reverted again in some peaceful moment to the English; but the Welsh having driven King John almost wholly from the principality, compelled this, his last fortress in their country, to give way to the vigorous assaults of Llewellyn ap Iorwerth in the year 1214.

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From the expulsion of King John the Welsh continued in quiet possession of this border castle, until Llewellyn ap Gryffydd, declining to do homage to Edward the First at Chester, called down the vengeance of that great king upon his fellow countrymen. Edward, at the head of a powerful

army immediately directed a march into Wales, when he laid the country waste, and seizing Rhuddlan, amongst other places of strength, placed a strong garrison within it. Here Edward resided for some time, and during his sojourn taught the too credulous Welsh that candour is not always a quality inseparable from the character of princes. He here again performed the conjurer who was to call up a prince of British birth, their fellow countryman, to preside over the Welsh. Here he enacted his politic statute, and here his queen gave birth to a princess, the second of the royal race then born in Wales. ^[104] The possession of Rhuddlan was included in the grant extorted from Richard the Second by the faithless Percy, who detained the injured monarch here to dine, while he was conveying him to Flint to deliver to his rival.

In the civil wars Rhuddlan held out for the king with that zeal which characterized the loyalty of the ancient Britons, through all that unnatural and bloody conflict. And the Cromwelians, as a further security to their usurpation, dismantled every castle that had rendered itself conspicuous in the royal cause. In this general devastation the castle of Rhuddlan shared, being dismantled in the month of December, 1646.

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Morfa Rhuddlan, or Rhuddlan Marsh, is an extensive tract lying between the town and the sea, and possessing a melancholy notoriety in the history of Wales. Here a most desperate and bloody battle was fought between the ancient Britons, headed by Caradoc, and the Saxons under Offa, King of Mercia, in which the former were defeated with frightful loss, and their king and general slain upon the field. The Saxons gave no quarter to those that fell into their hands after the battle, and even carried their barbarous revenge still farther, by the cowardly assassination of all the children of their enemies who were so unfortunate as to become their captives. There is a pathetic air, preserved in the relics of Welsh poetry, which was composed by the bards upon the death of the brave Caradoc. It possesses a remarkable solemnity, simplicity, and plaintive harmony. The custom of celebrating the fame of heroes, who fell in defence of their country, is of very ancient date in other nations as well as in Cambria. "Celtæ Hymnorum suorum argumentum faciunt, viros qui in præliis fortiter pugnantes occubuerunt." Ælian.

MOSTYN HALL, FLINTSHIRE,

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A VERY ancient seat belonging to the Honourable Edward Mostyn Lloyd Mostyn, eldest son of the Right Honourable the Lord Mostyn, of Pengwern. It is situated near the sea-shore, in the parish of Whiteford and county of Flint. How long the Mostyn (formerly written Moston) family have been seated here is uncertain, and the date of the first ancestral chivalry at this place is involved in equal doubt. To the exertions of the accomplished and ingenious Thomas Pennant, of Downing, the nearest neighbour of Mostyn, the public are indebted for the interesting little history of this curious mansion, which is every year removing farther from its primitive character by repairs or annexations. The principal approach to Mostyn is from the hamlet of Rhewl, through a long vista of venerable forest trees. A sudden right-angled turn, into a shorter avenue, discloses a view of the oldest part of the hall. The grounds around the house undulate gracefully, and are beautifully broken. Noble oaks are scattered every where; magnificent beeches, clothed to the ground, adorn the verdant slopes, that fall gently towards the sea in a north-easterly direction. It is somewhat singular that in such an aspect vegetation should be found so luxuriant; yet here, close to the water's edge, trees of various sorts possess an appearance of the greatest vigour.

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The front,

"If front it might be call'd, that shape has none
Distinguishable,"

consists of the most ancient part of the hall. A lesser building is attached, designed as a symposium for the servants and retainers; and on the outside, again, is annexed, in an irregular manner, the ancient chapel, now desecrated into sleeping apartments. The porch appears to have been rebuilt in 1623, and is ornamented with the arms of four great alliances of the family, rudely cut in stone, and copied from the heraldic designs over the chimney-piece in the great hall. The most ancient part of the house is certainly earlier than Henry the Sixth's reign, for Bolton Hall, in Yorkshire (the most antique seat we know of), is a mansion on a less scale, but exactly similar to this, and in that house, it is well known, the unfortunate prince concealed himself for a length of time.

The great banqueting hall of the interior is a solemn gloomy apartment, furnished with a dais or elevated stage at the upper end, with its long table for the lord and his jovial company, and another on one side, where the more humble participators of the good cheer were seated. The upper servants took their dinner on the dais, but the inferior at the side-table. The roof is lofty, and crossed by long beams. The *nen bren*, or top beam, was a frequent toast when the master's health was intended to be given, and "*Jached y nen bren y Ty*" ^[108] was the cordial phrase. The spacious chimney-piece is adorned with the arms of the family and its alliances, properly emblazoned. The first coat belongs to Jeuan Vychan, of Llys Pengwern, in Llangollen, who espoused Angharad, daughter and sole heiress of Howel ap Tudor, of Mostyn, in the reign of Richard the Second. It appears that Jeuan had farmed the estate of Mostyn, and wisely determined to turn his lease into a perpetuity, by gaining the affections of the heiress.

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Connubio junxit stabili, propriamque dicavit.

The arms of the Lady Angharad, who was directly descended from the Lords of Tegengle, occupy the next shield. The third is filled with the arms of Gloddaeth, adopted on the marriage of Howel ap Evan Vychan with the daughter of Gryffydd, of Cryddyn. Gryffydd Lloyd's arms are emblazoned on a fourth. The walls are decorated in a style suitable to the manners and customs of the age. Guns, swords, pikes, helmets, and breastplates are disposed in the military quarter; spoils of the chase and funeral achievements in their allotted places. Against the wall at the upper end is nailed a falcon, having two bells, a greater and a less, suspended from its feet. On two of the silver rings are inscribed the name of the owner, Mc. Kinloch, of Kulrie, in the county of Angus, in Scotland. With these incumbrances it flew from home on the morning of the 21st of September, 1772, and was killed at Mostyn on the morning of the 26th. As the precise time when it reached Wales is unknown, the exact velocity of its flight cannot be ascertained. Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Miscellaneous Tracts*, mentions two instances, of a somewhat dubious kind, of a hawk that flew thirty miles an hour in pursuit of a woodcock, and a second that passed from Westphalia into Prussia in one day.

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The magnitude and proportions of the kitchen are in every way correspondent to the hospitality that reigns in the hall. A gallery, crossing the side wall, leads to the apartments of the lady of the house, and affords an opportunity of overlooking the culinary arrangements whenever she passes to her dressing-room or chamber.

At one end of the gallery is an apartment in which the Earl of Richmond was concealed, when engaged in planning with his Welsh friends the overthrow of the house of York. While he lodged at Mostyn, a party attached to the usurper arrived there to apprehend him. He was just sitting down to dinner when the alarm was given, and had barely time to leap through a back window, to this day called King Henry's, and make his escape.

The library contains a valuable collection; the most rare works are those comprehending the Medallion History. Amongst the antiques and curiosities are a torques, found at Harlech, in Merionethshire, and a silver harp, which has been for time immemorial in the possession of this ancient family. This badge of honour is five inches in length, and furnished with strings equal in number to the Muses. The Mostyn family have for ages exercised the privilege of presenting this harp to the most skilful bard at the *Eisteddfodau*, formerly held by a royal commission in North Wales. (See Denbigh Castle.)

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Richard ap Howel, then Lord of Mostyn, joined Henry in Bosworth field, and after the battle was presented, by the grateful monarch, with the belt and sword he wore that day. To King Henry's invitation to follow him to court, the Welshman modestly replied, "Sire, I dwell among mine own people."

The square tower is part of the most ancient hall; it is still in preservation, but its battlements are concealed beneath an unsightly, awkward dome. From a little summer-house in the garden there is a most satisfactory view of the original plan, as well as of the additions subsequently made from the necessities of an increased establishment. In 1631 Sir Roger annexed a handsome addition, containing, besides many chambers, a withdrawing and a dining-room. In the latter apartment are the arms of the Wynnes and D'Arcies emblazoned on glass. Sir Roger married Mary, daughter of the famous Sir John Wynne, of Gwydyr, and the D'Arcie arms came from D'Arcie Savage, of Leighton, in Cheshire.

ST. WINIFRED'S WELL, HOLYWELL.

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HOLYWELL, the largest and most prosperous town in Flintshire, occupies the brow and summit of an eminence near the coast of the Chester channel, or estuary of the Dee. It is a respectable, busy place, possessing some commercial importance, and has been made contributory with Flint, and the other ancient boroughs, in returning one member to the imperial parliament. Its manufactures consist in the smelting and forging of ores and metals raised in the mineral districts of the county; and very extensive works are conducted here of copper, lead, brass, and calamine,—to which have lately been annexed factories of cotton and silk. The parish church is situated at the foot of the steep hill on which the principal streets are erected, and so overhung, that the toll of a bell, if suspended in the tower, would be inaudible in the town. This singular and accidental inconvenience is remedied in the following manner:—A person employed for the purpose carries a good heavy bell, suspended by a strap passing across his shoulders, and falling against a cushion that covers over one of his knees. At every advance of the cushioned knee the bell tolls, and in this way the parishioners are noticed, the length of the bell-toller's tour being equal to the usual time allowed for summoning a congregation in the accustomed manner.

The English name Holywell, and the Welsh "Tre-ffynnon," are derived from the celebrated well of Winifred, a saint and martyr, who flourished some time in the seventh century. The fabulous biography of this religious person is extremely singular, and entirely identified with the history of the well. Like the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, or the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome, the story of St. Winifred undoubtedly possesses some more rational interpretation; but it is a labyrinth from which a clue is yet wanting to enable those involved to effect their escape.

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The legendary history assures us that Winifred was the daughter of Thewith, a powerful lord of this country in the seventh century, and niece to the pious St. Beuno. Her uncle having obtained permission from her father to build a church here, took Winifred, who is represented as "devout, young, and beautiful," under his protection, to assist him in his religious exercises. In this district there lived at the same period Cradocus, the son of King Alen, who, becoming enamoured

of the charms of this beautiful young lady, determined to obtain her hand in marriage. It was on a Sunday morning that the young prince first declared the ardour of his affection to Winifred, while her father and his retinue were attending church; but the lady, making a modest excuse for her abrupt retirement, escaped from his presence and ran towards the church. Cradocus, enraged at the rejection of his suit, pursued her to the brow of the hill, and there, drawing his sword, severed her head from her body. The head immediately rolled down the hill, and up to the altar in the church around which her father and her relatives were assembled; and from the spot where it rested a clear and rapid fountain instantly gushed up. St. Beuno hastily caught up the bleeding head, and placing it upon the body they forthwith reunited, no trace of separation remaining but a little white line encircling the neck. As for the assassin, he instantly dropped down dead upon the spot; but the legend does not decide whether the earth swallowed him up, or his Satanic majesty bore his impious corpse away. The waters of the spring, notwithstanding the reunion of the head and trunk, continued to issue with unabated rapidity; the sides of the well became clothed with a delicious scented moss, and the pebbles at the bottom were tintured with a few drops of the martyr's blood. Winifred survived her decapitation fifteen years, and retiring to the monastery of Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, there accepted the veil from the hands of St. Elerius, and died abbess of that religious house. Ecclesiastic historians acknowledge that she was interred there; and four upright stones, forming a continued right line, on one of which the name Winifred is graven in ancient characters, are still shown in the churchyard at Gwytherin as the grave of this celebrated virgin martyr. According to Dugdale, a sober author, the bones of St. Winifred were exhumed and translated from Gwytherin to the abbey of Shrewsbury in 1136, by Robertus Salopiensis, who was abbot there, and who wrote an account of her life and miracles. p. 113

The well, as it now appears, is enclosed in a polygonal basin. It is covered by a temple, built by Margaret, the mother of Henry the Seventh, in that profuse style of ornament which prevailed amongst the ecclesiastic edifices of that age. The roof is of stone, richly carved and groined, the legend of the saint being represented in the different compartments between the ribs. From the angles of the curb-stone, enclosing the water, light clustered columns rise, supporting a beautiful canopy adorned with tracery, suspended exactly over the well. The arms of the Stanleys, and of other noble families allied to them, were inserted in different panels, but all these devices are now indistinct, though the little temple itself is in excellent preservation. An image of the Virgin Mary occupied a niche opposite the side entrance, but this has long since disappeared. The water appears to gush up with all the rapidity the legend would insinuate, and to possess all the transparency there implied. The sweet scented moss is called by botanists *jungermania asplenoides*, and the drops of blood upon the pebbles below are also a vegetable production, called *byssus jolithus*. To every visiter who enters, the water certainly presents an appearance of great freshness, as if the fountain had only just gushed forth that moment; and the rapidity of its ebullition must necessarily be extraordinary, one hundred tons of water being ejected every minute. The overflow passes through an arch, beneath the front wall of the temple, into an oblong bath, surrounded by an ambulatory, and protected by an iron balustrade. Here pilgrims were formerly suffered to immerse themselves, in expectation of miraculous results; and, that credulity has some sincere votaries, is testified by the barrows of the impotent and the crutches of the lame, which hang as votive offerings from the temple's roof. In a second story is a small chapel, now desecrated into a poor school. This part of the building has been decided, by a decree in chancery, to be private property, but the well and its interesting enclosures are free to the public. p. 114

The benefits derived by the infirm pilgrims, who formerly visited this holy well, may be problematical; but the commercial advantages conferred upon the town and neighbourhood by their proximity to the fountain are certain and distinct. The quantity of water which issues at the moment of its escape from the enclosure, is found sufficient to set in motion the wheel of a corn mill: immediately after, four cotton factories are erected on its stream, followed in quick succession by a copper smelting house and brass foundry, coppersmithy, wire mill, a calamine calcinary, and other factories: all established on the current of this useful river, whose course does not exceed a mile in length from the fountain to the sea, and whose only supply is the holy well of St. Winifred. p. 115

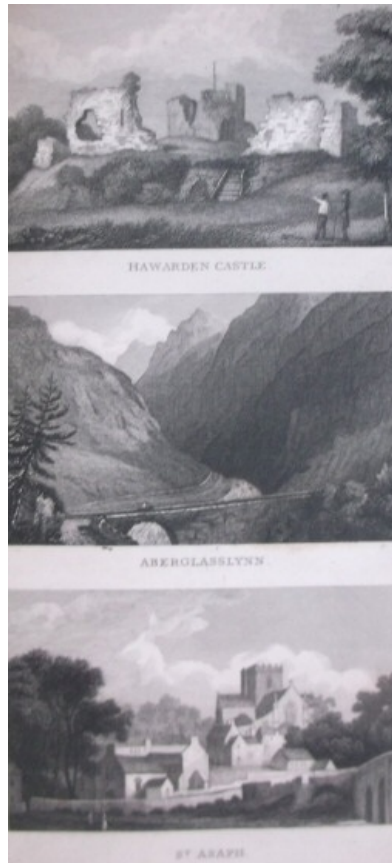
HAWARDEN CASTLE, FLINTSHIRE.

HAWARDEN, commonly pronounced Harden, is a small manufacturing town, seated near the estuary of the river Dee, and on the mail coach road from Chester to Holyhead. Tiles and coarse earthen wares are made here, and manufactories are established of Glauber's salts, sal ammoniac, and ivory black, besides which it possesses an extensive iron foundry. A rail road extending to the water's edge enables the manufacturer to export his goods with facility. In the legendary history of this place its inhabitants are styled "Harden Jews," the origin of which epithet is explained by the following curious tale. In the year 946, Cynan ap Ellis ap Anarawd, being king of Gwynedd or North Wales, there stood a christian temple here, to which a rood-loft was attached, containing an image of the Virgin bearing a large cross in the hands and called the Holy Rood. The summer of this year proving unaccountably hot and dry, the Hardeners prayed to the Holy Rood for rain, and Lady Trawst, the wife of Sytsylt, governor of the castle, was one of the most constant in her supplications to the image. One day, when this devout lady was on her knees before the figure, the large cross fell down, and killed her on the spot. The Hardeners, previously chagrined at the indifference of the Holy Rood to their fervent entreaties, the weather continuing as warm as before, determined to bring the image to trial for the murder of the unfortunate Lady Trawst. This ceremony was solemnly performed, and the criminal being brought in guilty, was, by the p. 117

majority, sentenced to be *hanged*. Spar of Mancot, one of the jurymen, thought *drowning* would be the most suitable mode of destruction, as their prayers were offered on a watery subject. Another, Corbin, suggested that it would be sufficient to lay the image down upon the beach and leave the rest to fate. The latter suggestion was embraced, and the Holy Rood being placed upon the sands was carried, by the flow of the tide, gently up to the walls of Chester, as the legend has it, *drowned* and dead. The citizens of Chester immediately took it up, interred it on the spot, and set up a monument with this inscription:

The Jews their God did crucify,
 The Hardeners theirs did drown,
 Because their wants she'd not supply,
 And lies under this cold stone.

A farther honour was paid to the insulted image by the inhabitants of Chester, whose river, formerly called the Usk, was henceforward denominated Rood Die, or Dee.



Harden Castle was occupied by Fitzvarlin, a Norman adventurer, soon after the conquest; it was next the seat of the Barons Mont-Alt, stewards of the palatinate of Chester; and, upon the extinction of that title in 1237, was resumed by the crown. In the year 1267 it was restored to the Mont-Alt family by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, with an injunction restraining them from erecting a fortress here for the space of thirty years. David, the brother of Llewellyn, violating that allegiance which he had so often sworn, surprised and took the castle, upon Palm Sunday, in the year 1281, and cruelly butchered the brave little garrison. From the death of David the Mont-Alt family retained the possession for upwards of fifty years, when Robert, the last baron, conveyed it to Isabella, the queen of Edward the Second, and upon her disgrace it again became crown property.

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In 1336 it was granted, by Edward the Third to Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, in which noble house it continued till 1400, when John, making an insurrectionary movement in favour of his deposed master Richard the Second, was beheaded by the townspeople of Leicester. The crown once more resumed possession of this fortress upon John of Salisbury's attainder.

Thomas, Duke of Clarence, who fell at the battle of Baugy in 1420, had a grant of Harden Castle, and was succeeded in the tenure by Sir Thomas Stanley, who held it until the year 1420, when it was again resumed by the crown, and granted to Edward, Prince of Wales.

About this time also an inquisition was held, when it was found that John, Earl of Salisbury, having alienated this estate previous to his attainder, his surviving feoffee was legally entitled to enter, and repossess the same. A few years after the Stanley family appear to have been the proprietors, and it was also at one time the property of Margaret, mother of Henry the Seventh. Upon the execution of the Earl of Derby in 1601, this, together with his other possessions were sequestrated, and sold by the agents of the sequestration to Mr. Serjeant Glynn, in whose family it still continues. The ruins of the castle are inconsiderable, it was dismantled in the general destruction of fortresses by the Parliamentarians, and was further dilapidated by one of its proprietors. The present owner allows it the enjoyment of that respect which is generally felt towards a venerable ruin, and is himself a constant resident in a stately family mansion erected

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at a little distance from the remnants of the ancient castle. The family of Maude take the title of viscounts from this parish.

ABERGLASLYN, CAERNARVONSHIRE.

THE pass of Aberglaslyn ^[119] is one of the most romantic mountain scenes in Wales. It is a subject of inexpressible grandeur, and quite unique in character. Those who have crossed the mountains of St. Gothard may form an idea of its sublime character by calling to mind the passage of the *Pont du Diable*. The mountains embracing the little valley of Beddgelert, approaching still nearer to each other at the south of the vale, contract the space below so much, as to afford room for nothing more than the river and a narrow road, while the rocks on each side rise with such perpendicularity, that the interval between their summits scarce exceeds the distance of their bases. Here the traveller finds himself immured within a chasm of rifted rocks for a length of about a mile, the waters of the Glaslyn tumbling and foaming over ledges of broken rock, and forming a succession of cascades which make a final plunge beneath the Devil's Bridge, and swell the waters of the great dark pool beyond it. This is just a landscape suited to the pencil of Salvator, it is incomplete without a group of banditti, and the imagination of the spectator can scarce avoid conjuring up, in the mind's eye, a band of robbers lurking under shelter of some projecting rock, or concealed in one of the dark caverns that yawn over the roadway. It is a scene adapted to the perpetration of some great or desperate deed, just such a pass as our Wellington would choose to display his Spartan bravery. Here the few could obstruct the many; here, in the language of the Wellington, of ancient Rome, "Mons altissimus impendebat, ut facile perpauci transitum prohibere possent." Pont Aberglaslyn has been confounded with another Devil's Bridge in Cardiganshire. This connects the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, and is thrown from rock to rock, over a narrow passage of the river, and from its battlements enjoys a majestic view of the dark and broken cliffs that tower over the pass, as well as of the waters falling in numerous cataracts, the nearest to the bridge being of such a height as to cause a temporary obstruction to the passage of the salmon. There was anciently a royal wear, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, erected here by Robert ap Meredydd. Near the Bridge is shown a stone, called "the chair of Rhys gôch o Eryri," a celebrated bard, in which he is believed to have sat while composing some of his national poems.

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ST. ASAPH.

The city of St. Asaph stands on the declivity of a hill on the western bank of the river Elwy, whence its ancient name "Llan Elwy," and one mile above the confluence of that river with the Clwyd. It consists of one cheerful looking avenue climbing the brow of the hill, and is perhaps the smallest city in Great Britain. The landscape of which it forms a part, though not exactly suited to the pencil, is gratifying and beautiful. Embowered in woods of luxuriant growth, adorning a pastoral scene of exquisite beauty, the city peeps forth beneath the massive tower of its sacred temple. At the foot of the little eminence the Elwy rolls its crystal waters over a broad and pebbly bed, and passing beneath a bridge of five elliptic arches, hastens to its union with the Clwyd and the sea. The background is composed of lofty, undulating hills, broken by wooded glens, and forming a beautiful termination to this happy, healthy, arcadian prospect.

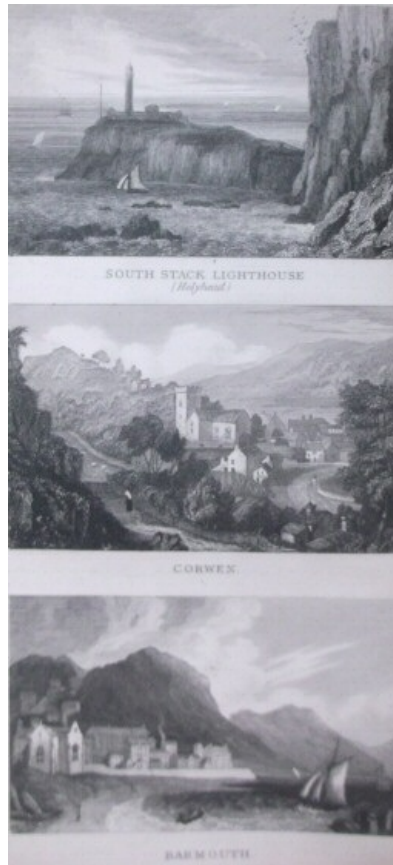
Centigern, Bishop of Glasgow and Primate of Scotland, being driven from his home by persecution, fled into Wales, and obtained the protection of Prince Cadwallon, who assigned Llan Elwy to him as a place of residence. Here he built a monastery, and established an episcopal seat, which he was the first to occupy, about the year 560. Soon after, being recalled to Scotland, he appointed Asaph, or Asa, to succeed him, from whom the church and city have derived their present names. Asaph was eminent for his piety and learning, nine hundred monks were at one period congregated in his college here, and his reputation for sanctity led to the invention of those fabulous tales of miracles and cures, said to have been performed by him.

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Until within very few years a black stone was shown in the pavement of the street, bearing the impression of a horse's shoe. The indenture was gravely said to have been caused by the hoof of St. Asaph's horse when he leaped, with his pious master on his back, from Onen-Assa ^[122] to this spot, the moderate distance of two miles. In the year 1247 the Bishop of St. Asaph was driven from his see, and supported by benevolent contributions. The cathedral was consumed by fire after this period, and, being rebuilt, was again destroyed in 1404, by Owain Glandwr. For seventy years it continued a heap of ruins until restored by the zeal and activity of Bishop Redman. During the protectorate the puritans dispossessed the bishop, and the post-office was kept in the episcopal palace, while the baptismal font in the cathedral was desecrated into a watering trough, and calves were fed in the pulpit by the *sacrilegious* postmaster. The cathedral consists of a choir, two lateral aisles, and a transept. The great eastern window possesses much architectural beauty, and the design of it was borrowed from the great window of Tintern Abbey. It is now adorned with stained glass, executed by Eggington, the expense of which was defrayed by Bishop Bagot and several gentlemen of the principality, whose arms are emblazoned thereon. The same amiable prelate re-edified the palace, and rendered it suitable to the opulence of this antient see. In the cemetery, adjacent to the west door, is a marble monument to the memory of Bishop Isaac Barrow, who died in 1680. Few prelates have been more eminent for piety or conspicuous by good works. When bishop of the Isle of Man he bought up all the impropriations, and bestowed them on the church. He expended large sums in educating the youth of that island, and founded three scholarships for them in the university of Dublin. When translated to St. Asaph's he repaired the cathedral and the mill, founded almshouses for eight poor widows,

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and performed many other works of benevolence and liberality. Perhaps it was neither his least public service or least fortunate exertion, to have been the instructor of Dr. Isaac Barrow, a man who had he lived in any other age but that of Newton, his own pupil, would have been honoured as the most solid mathematician, sound divine, and profound general scholar, that had ever adorned the literature of his country, and now decidedly occupies the next pedestal to his immortal scholar, in all the great galleries of intellectual men throughout the civilized world. Dr. William Beveridge, a learned and amiable prelate, was consecrated to this see in the year 1704.



SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE.

HOLYHEAD has been rendered a tolerably safe asylum for shipping at a vast expenditure of money and great exertion of scientific men. It possesses few natural advantages for a packet station or floating dock, the convenience of its position with regard to Dublin excepted; and for this pure reason it must continue an important position, until some other on the Welsh coast, possessing superior claims, be discovered and adopted by the legislature. Amongst the auxiliaries which art has contributed to give interest to Holyhead, the most picturesque and not the least important is the lighthouse, erected upon the South Stack. This singular Pharos stands upon a rocky island, the surface of which is elevated one hundred and twenty feet above the sea. It is separated from the mainland by a deep chasm, across which a chain suspension foot-bridge is thrown, from the mural cliff on the land side to the island. The descent from the top of the cliff to the bridge is effected by many flights of steps, cut in the front of the rock. The transit of the bridge is rather a nervous ceremony, and the fine craggs of serpentine rock, which overhang the gulf, are unequalled in the mineral kingdom, for variety of pattern and brilliancy of colouring. Beneath the island is a dark cave, excavated by the waves which dash into the narrow chasm with the utmost violence, and used in the milder seasons as a boat-house. On the highest point of the islet stands the lighthouse, a lofty hollow shaft surmounted by a lantern placed at a height of about two hundred feet above the sea, and exhibiting a bright revolving light, which bears upon the Skerries light south-west, half west nearly, eight miles. The light is produced by Argand lamps placed in the foci of metallic reflectors ground to the parabolic form. The sea cliffs of Holyhead mountain, presented to the South Stack Island, are beautifully bold, precipitous, and finely tinted with a variety of colours. Here innumerable sea birds, trusting to the dizzy and dangerous position of their dwellings for protection against human invasion, build their nests. But the ingenuity of man is only to be equalled by his courage, an assertion very fully substantiated by the trade of nest hunting pursued along these dangerous cliffs.

Two hardy and adventurous persons set out together on this perilous occupation. One remains on the top to provide for the secure tenure of a strong stake driven deep into the ground at a little distance from the edge of the precipice; the other, fastening round his waist a rope, which has previously been wound round the stake, with the remainder of the coil upon his arm, literally throws himself over the edge of the cliff, setting his feet against its front, to preserve and regulate a free descent, and lowers himself until he arrives at the habitations of the objects of his pursuit. In this manner he spoliates all the nests within his range, carrying the eggs in a basket suspended from his shoulders. The havoc being completed, he raises himself, by the same system of machinery, to the verge of the precipice, when his partner, laying himself flat upon the

ground, assists him to double over the edge of the cliff, the most perilous part of this desperate undertaking, and one which could not be effected, without aid. The species of birds that build their aeries in these steep rocks are various,—wild pigeons, gulls, razor-bills, guillemots, cormorants, and herons. The pregrine falcon was formerly found lurking here, and the estimation in which its eggs were held, encouraged the prosecution of this adventurous trade.

MERIONETHSHIRE,

A MARITIME county of North Wales, extending thirty-five miles in length by thirty-four in breadth, and spreading over an area of four hundred and thirty thousand acres. This was the Roman Mervinia, and derives its name from Merion, a British prince and distinguished general, who expelled the Irish from this district, some time in the fifth century. A Roman occupancy of Merioneth, and one of some duration, is abundantly evident from the encampments and roads still remaining, as well as from the coins and medals frequently dug up here. The surface of the country is a continuation of the mountain chain which rises on the coast of Caernarvonshire, and traversing the principality dips into the Bristol Channel. The loftiest of the Merioneth hills “Cader Idris,” or the Chair of Idris, is elevated two thousand nine hundred and fourteen feet above the sea, a height inferior to that of Snowdon; but its position as a natural observatory, a purpose to which tradition states it was applied by Idris the astronomer, is infinitely superior to that of the monarch of the Caernarvon hills. The beauty of the scenery of mountain, valley, lake, and river, is not exceeded by those of similar and rival character in the adjoining counties, and its seclusion and primitiveness are less interrupted and more complete. In cataracts and delicious passages of river scenery it is superior to any other shire in Wales. To the want of roads may be traced the retirement in which the inhabitants live, to many possibly this may be a subject of envy rather than regret. The population are engaged chiefly in agriculture, that is in the rearing of sheep, black cattle, and the care of wool; the slate quarries also contributing a large revenue towards their more easy and comfortable subsistence. Bark and oak timber, next to the trade in slates, constitute their most important articles of commerce.

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CORWEN.

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THIS picturesque village is situated upon the great road from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, and about a quarter of a mile from the banks of the river Dee, in the county of Merioneth. It is seated at the base of a bold rock, a projection of the Berwyn mountains, against which the white tower of its church is well relieved, and forms an imposing feature in the beautiful landscape which the valley of the Dee presents at this place. It is an inland town, possessing the advantages of a market and good inn, but without any trade or manufacture; it has grown up into its present neat and cheerful aspect since the construction of the noble road which passes through it, and the traveller has here the gratification of observing, that whatever portion of his viaticum is expended at Corwen, is carefully husbanded and judiciously employed by its inhabitants. The church, a conspicuous feature in the distant view, is on a large scale in proportion to the extent of the town. In the cemetery surrounding it is the shaft of an ancient cross of excellent workmanship; and at the farther side stands a range of buildings two stories in height, called the College of Corwen. The following inscription, graven on a tablet placed over the entrance, explains its benevolent object:

“Corwen College for Six Widows of Clergymen of the Church of England, who died possessed of cure of souls, in the county of Merioneth, A.D. M.D.CCL. By the legacy of William Eyton, Esq. of Plas Warren.”

Corwen is the country of Owen Glandwr. The head inn is adorned by his gigantic portrait: in the church wall is shown the private doorway, through which he entered his pew whenever he attended worship, and in the rock impending over the church yard is a recess, called “his chair.” From this rude seat Glandwr is said to have thrown a dagger with such strength that it left an impression of its form in a hard stone below, full half an inch in depth, which stone now forms the lintel of the doorway leading to his pew within the church.

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On the sloping brow of a lofty hill, having a western aspect, is a circular enclosure, formed by loose stones but arranged in a systematic way, and measuring rather more than half a mile in circumference. Some scattered heaps within it are supposed to have been habitations, but nothing now appears to justify the notion. This curious circus is called Caer Drewyn, and Owen Gwynedd is said to have been encamped within it while the army of Henry the Second lay on the opposite side of the vale. A situation so commanding could not have escaped the notice of the prudent Glandwr, who frequently took shelter within this rude fortress, from which he had a free and uninterrupted view of his native vale of Glan-Dwr-dwy. About one mile from Corwen is Rûg, the beautiful seat of Colonel Vaughan.

BARMOUTH.

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A SEAPORT town in the county of Merioneth, is situated at the embouchure of the river Maw or Mawddach, which is obstructed at its entrance by a bar, and hence the origin of the Welsh name

Abermaw, and the English Barmouth. The old town almost hangs over the sands, being built in parallel rows along the front of a steep rock, and upon so inconvenient a plan that the windows of all the houses, except those in the lowest street, are annoyed by the smoke ascending from the chimneys of those below. This formal arrangement has occasioned its comparison by tourists to the rock of Gibraltar, and seen from the sea it certainly does present a warlike front. The new town stands upon the sands at the base of the rock, and though free from the smoky imputation which blackens the character of its elder brother, is scarcely safe from the attacks of Neptune, who is only kept at a respectful distance by the intervention of a few mounts of sand shifting with every storm. The beach is level, hard, and smooth; a great convenience to those whose health requires the stimulus of cold immersion, and an agreeable ride for the fashionable visitors who come hither in the summer season for sociability and recreation. The panorama around the estuary is inconceivably grand; the river, expanding into a bay, is embraced by mountains assuming all forms as they aspire above each other, shooting into denuded cliffs that hang over the water, or clothed with forests retiring into deep glens, whither fancy alone can pursue them.

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Barmouth has become now a very popular place, arising from various causes, its established character for courtesy and hospitality to strangers, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the excellence of the avenues communicating with the most fascinating landscapes in the principality. All the various modes of amusement and recreation provided at fashionable watering places are supplied here. The morning may be passed in riding over the sands, or exploring the wonders of the mountains and the beauty of the vales. Dancing, cards, billiards, and social meetings, occupy the evenings, at which the lyre of old Cambria is often heard pouring forth its plaintive melody. There are no public buildings of any architectural claims here. Baths, lodging-houses, spacious inns, and assembly rooms, are well adapted to their various ends, but present nothing interesting in the exterior. The new church, erected close to the water's edge, is a very agreeable object, happily designed and creditably executed.

The Friar's Island stands precisely in the mouth of the river, and ferries are established at the channels on each side; these once passed, a ride of one mile over the firm sands reaches the road to Towyn, which is carried along the front of a bold headland hanging over the sea, less beautiful, but equally bold as the old road round the brow of Penmaen Mawr.

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There was a military station on the summit of Dinas Gortin, and close to the town stood a tower, in which the Earl of Richmond used to conceal himself, upon his visits to his confederates in this part of Wales. Its strength is celebrated in a poem, written at that period, in which it is also compared with Reinault's tower near Mold.

TRE-MADOC.

A VILLAGE on the western side of the estuary called the Traeth Mawr, in the promontory of Llyn and county of Caernarvon. It stands on a surface three feet lower than the level of the sea, from the invasion of which it is protected by a substantial embankment. A handsome church ornamented with a tower and spire, and approached through an arched way of exquisite workmanship; a spacious market-house, with assembly rooms in the upper story; a large inn and several good houses, all placed in well chosen and regular positions, indicate the taste of the

founder, and excite a feeling of regret that his well directed exertions in excluding the sea were not ultimately better rewarded. The place derives its name from the late W. A. Madocks, Esq., a man of the most courtly, popular manners, and possessed of a penetrating and clear discernment. His first design of enclosing the ground on which the town is built proving successful, led him on to the greater but less happy attempt, that of embanking some thousand acres of the Traeth Mawr, by a sea wall from Caernarvon to Merionethshire. To secure, and place the validity of his title beyond future question, he obtained a grant from the crown in 1807 of all the sands from Pont Aberglaslyn to the point of Gêst. Across the sea-end of this space, and where the breadth was about one mile, he carried an embankment, in deep water, having a breadth of one hundred feet at the base and of thirty at the top. The material of which it is formed is rubble stone, formerly imbedded in loose earth, which was readily detached by the water and entirely carried away, leaving innumerable apertures for the ebb and flow of the tide. This unfortunate error might have been corrected by puddling or some other means; but the breadth of the embankment is still too trifling for the depth and force of the sea. The tide pours in rapidly through every part of this expensive work, presenting a calamitous picture of the projector's losses, while the dam that secures the town will probably see generations rise and fall on one side, like the fluctuation of the waters from which it protects them on the other.

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The idea of rescuing the Traeth Mawr from the sea is as old as the days of Sir John Wynne, of Gwydyr, A.D. 1625. This busy, pompous, but clever man, perceived the practicability of reclaiming both traeths, and solicited the assistance of his ingenious countryman, Sir Hugh Myddleton, but this eminent person declined the invitation, being then engaged in the vast scheme of leading the New River to London. What events are concealed in the arcana of fate! Sir Hugh died nearly broken-hearted, at the apparent failure of a scheme which subsequently proved eminently successful. Mr. Madocks' life was embittered by the termination of a speculation which was at first apparently successful, then suddenly fell to hopelessness.

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HARLECH CASTLE.

HARLECH, now a poor village, deriving its only tenure in the memory of travellers from a noble castle, was formerly the capital of the county, and erected into a free borough by King Edward the First. But the great sessions have been removed to Dolgelly and Bala, and the privilege of sending a burgess to parliament was forfeited by neglect. The corporation consisted of a mayor, recorder, bailiffs, and burgesses, and their register is now in possession of a blacksmith in the village. The charter was stolen by the captain of a merchant vessel, who desired to see the authority upon which he was required to pay toll at Gêst Point; when the ancient deed was put into his hand, he dishonestly and villanously refused to return it, and put out to sea. Ormsby Gore, of Porkington, Esq. the representative of the house of Cleneny, has restored the little county hall, in which the member for Merionethshire continues to be elected, and at other times it is appropriated to the charitable purpose of a poor school. A few years back even tourists were content with the history of Harlech, particularly if it happened to be accompanied by an illustration of the fine castle. The singular ruggedness of the way, and the wretchedness of the lodgings, threw a damp on the ardour of even the most inquisitive. These objections are happily no longer applicable, a new road is formed between Maes y Neuadd and Glyn, and Sir Robert Vaughan has erected a spacious and handsome inn at Harlech, where admirable accommodations are afforded upon singularly moderate terms.

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The great attraction of Harlech is the magnificent castle,—formerly remarkable for its strength, now only celebrated for its beauty,—once the terror, but now the pride of the scene. It stands on the summit of a bold perpendicular rock, projecting from a range of hills which stretches along the coast, and frowning over an extensive marsh, which is scarcely higher than the level of the sea that skirts it. On the side next the sea it must originally have been utterly inaccessible, the castle walls being scarce distinguishable from the rock on which they rest, but rather resembling a continued surface of dark gray masonry. The other sides were protected by a fosse of great breadth and depth, cut in the solid rock. The only entrance was beneath a barbican, within which a drawbridge fell across the fosse, and opened within a ballium which enveloped the citadel. The plan resembles a square, each angle of which is strengthened by a large circular tower, the entrance being also protected by two noble flankers. On the entrance side of the inner court are the chief apartments; and a beautiful elevation, of three stories in height, with cut stone architraves to each window, the whole terminated by graceful circular pavilions, rising far above the ballium, and commanding one of the grandest imaginable prospects, is still entire. It resembles in style and position the council hall in the castle of Beaumaris. The banqueting hall is on the opposite side, and its windows look, from a dizzy height, down upon the green waters of the sea. On the right of the court may be traced the ruins of a small chapel, the pointed window of which is still entire.

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No more the banners o'er the ramparts wave,
Or lead their chieftains onward to the fight,
Where die the vanquish'd, or exult the brave,
For victory, basking in its worship'd light.
The Cambrian chiefs of Rheinog Fawr
Are mingled in the dust with common clay.

No view, in the northern shires, is superior in grandeur to the prospect from the light turrets of Harlech Castle. The Marsh and Traeth are seen spread out at a frightful depth, and from the

margin of their wide level stupendous rocks and cliffs suddenly start up, tufted and embossed with wood. A great mass of air seems to float in the void behind this scene, separating a world of mountains, the grandeur of whose features the pencil only can express. A stupendous vista of broken bills forms a noble perspective, crossed by ranges that open to farther glimpses—summit succeeds to summit in endless train, leading the fancy into regions of solitary obscurity.

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Bronwen, the fair necked, sister to Bren ap Lyr, Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards King of England, had a castle on this rock called "Twr y Bronwen." She flourished in the third century, and was married to Matholwch, an Irish chieftain. The highest turret of the present fortress is still called, by the Welsh, after the name of the fair-bosomed princess, who once kept her court at Harlech. Colwyn ap Tango, Lord of Effionydd and Ardudwy, repaired and fortified the castle of Bronwen, and changed its name to Caer Collwyn. Upon the ruins of the British castle King Edward the First raised the beautiful and impregnable fortress of Harlech (the fair rock), and the union of the old and new masonry is still distinguishable in the walls. Owen Glandwr seized this fortress in the year 1404, but resigned it shortly after upon the approach of Henry's army. Here the wretched Margaret of Anjou took refuge after the defeat of her friends at Northampton, but being pursued and discovered, she fled from Harlech also, leaving her jewels and baggage behind, which were afterwards seized by the Lord Stanley. Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion, an adherent of the house of Lancaster held out, in Harlech Castle, for nine years after the accession of Edward the Fourth to the throne of England. His determined obstinacy, a quality for which his countrymen have always been remarkable in war, compelled the king to send a powerful army to dislodge him, under the leadership of William, Earl of Pembroke. After a march, both tedious and difficult, across an Alpine country, Pembroke sat down before the castle walls, and summoned the brave Welshman to surrender, but only received from him this singular answer: "Some years ago I held a castle in France against its besiegers so long, that all the old women in Wales talked of me; tell your commander that I intend to defend this Welsh castle now, until all the old women in France shall hear of it." Sir Richard Herbert, who had the immediate conduct of the siege, finding the impregnable nature of the castle, and stubborn quality of its governor, accepted the surrender upon conditions honourable to Dafydd, guaranteeing to him and to his followers, fifty in number, their lives and estates. Being all persons of consideration, they were at first committed to the Tower, the king designing to put them all to death, notwithstanding the conditions of the surrender. Against Edward's cruel and dishonourable conduct Sir Richard remonstrated, urging, that the Welsh hero might have held the castle longer for any thing the king's army could have done to expel him; but the king still continuing in his base resolve, "then, sire," said Sir Richard, "you may take my life, if you please, instead of that of the Welsh captain; for, if you do not, I shall most assuredly replace him in his castle, and your highness may send whom you please to take him out." The king was too sensible of Sir Richard's utility to persevere in his iniquitous determination, so yielded to expediency, and pardoned the captives; but he never became sensible of the value of honour, and dismissed his own brave general without farther reward.

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In the civil wars of Charles the First's time this was the last fortress in Wales held for the king. William Owen, the governor, with about twenty followers, surrendered to General Mytton on the 9th of March, 1647.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

THIS is an extensive, fertile, and manufacturing county. It partakes both of Welsh and English in its soil and inhabitants; presenting the most sublime and sequestered scenes, as well as the most primitive and distinct race of people, in the recesses of the mountains; while rich pastoral landscapes, adorned with waving woods, shelter the assembled dwellings of a manufacturing population that occupy the campaign country. The great Plinlimmon, fruitful in springs, the parent of the Severn, the Wye, and the Rheidol, hangs over the southern boundary, and aspires to the height of two thousand four hundred and sixty-three feet. The Berwyn hills rise between this county and Merioneth, and the central district is varied and adorned with the pleasing forms of the Breddyn hills. Montgomeryshire extends about thirty miles in length, by the same in breadth, and occupies a surface of four hundred and ninety-one thousand acres. The counties of Denbigh and Merioneth form a northern boundary; Shropshire joins it on the east; Radnor and Cardiganshires bound it on the south; and it touches both Cardigan and Merionethshires on the west. In this county the manufacture of Welsh flannel is established on a permanent basis and extensive scale. Valuable minerals abound in the interior regions; and traffic in these, as well as in agricultural produce, is greatly promoted by a line of inland navigation, which carried through the country.

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Montgomery, the capital and assizes town, is by no means the largest or most prosperous. It is a place of no trade, possess no advantages from position, and is totally eclipsed by Newtown, the Leeds of Wales, and by Welsh Pool, a large, flourishing, and handsome town.

CASTELL GÔCH (WELSH POOL).

THE town of Welsh Pool, the ancient Trelwng, is situated in a rich, open country, near to a small black pool, from whence it is supposed to derive its name. This "Llyn-dû" is included within the

spacious demesne of Lord Powys, and is of such a contemptible area, that it seems a dissatisfactory origin of the name of the adjacent town. There is an old prophecy that it will at some period overflow and inundate the settlement; but for this no reason is assigned, and its distance, as well as the great elevation of some of the streets above its surface, render the prediction stupid and uninteresting. The town consists of a spacious avenue, commencing at the bridge which spans the canal, and ascending to the crown of a gentle eminence nearly one mile removed. The county court, market house, and flannel hall stand in the main street, and the church, a handsome gothic structure, is in one of the bystreets, at the foot of a steep bank, which nearly obscures the light on that side, and forms a most inconvenient place of burial. There is a chalice of pure gold, preserved in the plate chest of this parish, capable of holding one quart, and valued at one hundred and seventy pounds. It was presented to the church by Thomas Davies, governor of our African colonies, in grateful thankfulness to the Almighty for his safe return from that early grave of Europeans. The inscription sets forth the name and object of the donor, adding, that the gold was brought from Guinea. The houses are mostly built of brick, and the streets present a neat and respectable appearance. The long established trade in flannels has given this place the means of making an opulent display, which does not frequently fall to the lot of the inland towns of Wales. This was an ancient borough, contributory with Montgomery in choosing a representative, but was deprived of its franchise in the year 1728. The government is committed to two bailiffs, a recorder, and town clerk. The first are magistrates, whose jurisdiction extends over parts of several adjacent parishes.

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Powys Castle, or the Castle of Powisland, was first chosen as a military position, and an appropriate site for the palace of a chieftain, by Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, a prince of British extraction, who signalled himself in the reign of Henry the First. He commenced his castle here about the year 1110, but being assassinated by his own kinsman, left his design unfinished. It is rather probable that the assassin took possession of the place, and completed the building of the castle; for in the year 1191, various depredations being committed in the marshes, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the absence of Richard the First, who was engaged in the Crusades, marched into Wales at the head of a powerful force, and laid siege to the castle, which was then in a state of defence and occupied by the Welsh. It was now fortified anew, and a garrison placed in it, which was very soon after dispossessed by Gwenwynwyn, whose name the fortress then bore. Llewellyn ap Jorwerth next reduced this apparently untenable position, in the year 1223, when it received the newer title of Castell Gôch, or Red Castle, from the colour of the stone in the outer walls. The grandson of Gwenwynwyn continued in possession, and left it to his only daughter, Hawys Gadarn, or Hawys the Hardy. Her uncles being disposed to question the legality of her father's will, she wisely attached herself to Edward the Second, who bestowed her in marriage on John de Charlton, of Wellington, in Shropshire, in 1268. By the marriage of Sir John Grey, of Northumberland, with Jane, eldest daughter of Lord Powys, the barony and castle passed into that family, and continued with the Greys until the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the title became extinct. Sir William Herbert, second son of the Earl of Pembroke, appears the next occupant, his title being derived by a purchase, effected some time in the reign of Queen Elisabeth. This person was ancestor to the Marquises of Powys. In the year 1644 the castle was taken by Sir Thomas Myddleton, who suffered it to be plundered, and compelled Lord Powys to compound with parliament for his estates. The title became extinct, by failure of issue, in the year 1800, and was revived in the person of Edward, Lord Clive, now Earl of Powys, brother-in-law to the last earl of the former line.

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The approach to the castle is through a barbican, advanced some distance from the citadel, but connected with it by long curtain walls. There is less of the castle than the palace in the character of the defensive works. On the left of the great court is a detached building, of later date than the castle, containing a picture gallery one hundred and seventeen feet in length, hung with choice paintings by the ancient masters, a painting in fresco, found in the ruins of Pompeii, and a portrait of Lord Clive, Governor General of India, executed by Dance. In an adjoining apartment there is a model of an elephant, wearing a coat of mail, and supporting two Indians on its back. This curious piece of workmanship was brought from the East Indies by Lord Clive. The principal apartments are entered by a doorway, communicating with an inner court. The grand staircase is adorned with allegorical paintings, complimentary to Queen Anne, by Lanscroom. The rooms in general possess an air of gloom and heaviness, which is increased by the great thickness of the masonry, by the painted railings; and the tapestried walls. A gallery of statuary and antiques runs through the second story, and is furnished also with some family portraits. The state bedroom is only remarkable for the royal fashion here illustrated of enclosing the bedstead by a railing, which could be opened at pleasure, and admit the courtiers to a conversation. It was considered a mark of great respect paid by Louis the Fourteenth to the Earl of Portland, our ambassador, that he was admitted to an audience not only in the king's chamber, but within the railing.

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Amongst the portraits of remarkable persons suspended here, is one of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemain, who obtained his peerage in Charles the Second's reign, through the influence of his wife, the notorious Duchess of Cleveland. This extraordinary person was sent to Rome, by King James the Second, to procure a pardon for heresy, and a reconciliation between the dissevered churches. But his holiness, knowing the futility of such an attempt, whenever the ambassador approached was always seized with a violent fit of coughing. Palmer at length grew weary of delay, and threatening to take his departure, his holiness observed, "that, since he had come to the resolution of travelling, he would recommend him to set out early in the morning, lest, by over fatigue and the effects of heat, he might endanger his health." In an allegorical painting on one of the ceilings the daughters of William, second Marquis of Powys, are represented, one as

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Truth, a second as Virtue, and the third as Wisdom. This picture would not be worth selection from amongst so many works of conspicuous merit, if it were not for the portrait of Lady Mary, who appears as Minerva, or the Goddess of Wisdom. Few females have acted more singular parts on the great arena of life, for some centuries, than this noble lady. At first she engaged deeply in the Mississippi speculation: a marriage with the Pretender was next the object of her ambition: and lastly, she passed into Asturias in search of gold, accompanied by another nobly born adventurer.

The gardens consist of parallel terraces, ranged one below the other for a considerable depth, connected by broad flights of steps, and protected by balustrades decorated with vases and statues. The water-works and some other antiquated embellishments, copied from St. Germain en Large, have been totally obliterated. The library and the terraces of the hanging gardens command an extensive and delightful prospect,—the valley of Pool, a rich country watered by the Severn, is spread out in front, stretching away to the beautiful chain of the Breiddyn hills, where the last remnant of British liberty was rent asunder by the surrender of the brave Caractacus.

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The summit of the same hill is now adorned by an obelisk, commemorative of the glorious victory of Admiral Rodney over the French fleet in the West Indies, on the 12th day of April, 1782.

Since the visit of Mr. Pennant to the demesne of Welsh Pool, the castle has not only been put into a habitable condition, but even revived with all that reverence for antiquity which the amiable nationality of that elegant scholar and antiquary could desire. The park, now furnished with many and full grown forest trees, sweeps down the verdant brow of the fine hill below the castle, to the very suburbs of the town; and from the highest apex of the hill, at a spot marked out by an index, that is screened by embowering woods in the approach, a scene commensurate to the greatness of the whole is unfolded to the eye, comprehending distant views of Snowdon, Cader-Idris, and the huge Plinlimmon.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE WELSH.

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ANCIENT manners are less obliterated by time and the varying modes of life in North Wales, than in most of the other provinces of Britain. In this age of communication and intelligence, few will be credulously eager to imagine that the inhabitants of any one part of our island are materially distinguished in their characters from those of another: yet none can immerse themselves in this romantic country, without being struck by the superior modesty and simplicity of its inhabitants. Removed from active scenes of commercial life, and from corrupting examples of selfish splendour, their minds seem sufficiently occupied in the limited transactions of their own little world, without experiencing interruption from any envious feeling at the triumphs of the greater or more wealthy. It is from the peasantry, the national character of an agricultural district is naturally to be deduced; and those of Cambria undoubtedly present an illustration of the happiest description. The poverty of the soil, scantiness of population, and great distance from populous towns, render Wales a residence unsuited to the agricultural capitalist. The land is subdivided into small portions, and amongst a considerable number of yeomen. Hence it arises, that the children of poverty are not frowned on by contempt, and the humbler classes do not acquire those envious and disreputable habits, by which, in other countries, they are too often tempted to resist the ostentations of the rich. Their manners are obliging without servility, and plain without rusticity; their familiarity springs from kindness, not from disrespect; and they exhibit an independence the more to be admired in proportion to its obviously natural growth.

Our earliest annals inform us that the Cambrians “were a people light and active, and more fierce than strong:” all classes, from the prince to the peasant, were devoted to arms, and prepared to give a ready service at the first summons of the trumpet. Their military spirit was unconfined, and love of their country boundless. The profession of arms was held in so much estimation, that to die in one’s bed was deemed disgraceful, and the field of battle held to be the only honourable grave.

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“Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And asks no omen but his country’s cause.”

ILIAD xii.

Their armour consisted of a short coat of mail, a light shield, and iron greaves: sometimes only of those desiring to be free from all unnecessary incumbrances in accomplishing forced marches through trackless deserts. Their only defensive weapons were the sword, the spear, and the arrow. Their bows were sometimes formed of interwoven twigs, and though of slight materials, and rude workmanship, when bent by a sinewy arm dealt a deadly wound. The men of North Wales were more dexterous in the management of the spear, with which they pierced the closest iron mail: their brethren of South Wales more conspicuous for their great skill in archery.

The dress in time of peace was simple and uncostly. The men wore a woollen garment or *cota*

around the body, kept their hair cut short over the ears and eyes, and rounded every where so as not to obstruct their agile movements in the woods and thickets. It is not improbable that they retained a thick covering of hair on the top of the head, like the glibe of the ancient Irish, as a protection against weather. The beard was shaven off, a mustachio on the upper lip only being preserved. The women wore a turban folded round the head, and rising in a coronul or tuft. Both sexes paid little respect to the protection of the feet, being seldom supplied with slippers or buskins, the men only in the field of battle. The shoes, worn on these occasions were made of the dried skins of animals of the chase, with the hair turned inward, and subsequently of half-tanned leather, attached to the foot by a thong or latchet of the same material, after the manner of a sandal. Both sexes are represented as paying a singular regard to the beauty and whiteness of their teeth, which they cleaned by the application of the leaves and bark of the hazel, and afterwards rubbed with a woollen cloth.

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Many of these customs belong to the military character of the ancient inhabitants, and disappeared with the extinction of the feudal system; white others may still be distinctly traced in the existing state of society. The flannel cota (*crys gwlanen*) is worn by miners during working hours, and by the peasantry of the high districts in the rainy seasons. The females retain the ancient cap, which they now surmount with a hat, in a manner both pleasing and peculiar. Their principal garment consists of a short bed-gown, fastened round the waist with a girdle, in a smart and rather graceful style; and their stockings are after the olden fashion, that is, without feet, and held down by a loop that passes round one of the toes; these however are only worn on working days; entire hose of excellent manufacture succeed them upon holidays and occasions of dress. The *tout ensemble* of a Welsh peasant girl, while it conveys an idea of primitiveness, and appears wisely calculated to resist a cold and fickle climate, is neat, pleasing, and picturesque, resembling much the costume of the female peasants of the Tyrol.

Hospitality has always been classed amongst the characteristics of an ancient Briton, and its genius is acknowledged to hold uninterrupted possession to the present day. Here young Fleance found a secure asylum from the murderous designs of the usurper Macbeth, and here his son, born of a Cambrian princess, dwelt, until a desire to visit the land of his fathers led him to the Scottish court, where he attained the highest rank, and became the ancestor of the royal line of Stuart.

The Earl of Richmond (afterwards Henry the Seventh) found a chair at every festive board, and a couch in every hall in Wales, while he was a wanderer, and a fugitive; nor did these kindnesses originate in any inordinate prospect of honour or of gain, most of the gentlemen from Wales, who subsequently fought under his banner, having declined the grateful monarch's offers of reward. This domestic virtue is still fondly cherished here, and practised with all its pristine beauty. There is less peculiarity in the mode of living than in other circumstances connected with the national character. The peasant seldom partakes of animal food, cattle being reared for the landlord's benefit exclusively. Oaten bread, milk, cheese, cords, and butter constitute the principal diet of the working classes.

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The ancient Welsh castles have been spoken of elsewhere, and a few mansions of the days gone by described; it remains still to say something of the cottages of the humble. Less architectural externally than those in England, but superior to the hut of the Irish labourer, the cottages of the poor are inferior to none in internal neatness and comfort. They are supplied with a variety of furniture, amongst which a clock, oak dresser, and *settle* (settee), or pannelled sofa, are always to be found. The spinning wheel has disappeared since the introduction of machinery into the little woollen factories erected on the rills amidst the mountains; and the brass pan for brewing "cwrw ddâ," presents its broad bright disk beneath the dresser of every respectable farm-house.

The Welsh are remarkable for an extreme sagacity, shrewdness, and cunning in their little commercial transactions. They actually estimate genius by the number of successful efforts to overreach, and esteem the individual who exhibits the greatest dexterity in this way, to be what the world usually term "a man of ability." This property does not extend to the middle or higher classes, who are no longer distinguished from the inhabitants of the adjacent counties by any peculiarity, but is a quality usually belonging to the peasantry of all remote and separated societies. In the early ages of Welsh history many singular instances occurred of the quick and acute repartee of chieftains, and distinguished men, both in the camp and at the court.

At the battle of Agincourt Dafydd Gam, the brother-in-law of Owen Glandwr, was despatched by King Henry to reconnoitre and ascertain the probable number of the enemy previous to the action. Upon his return, the king inquired whether these were not so many? "Sire," replied Gam, "there are enough to kill, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." The graceful rejection of a peerage (an honour recently conferred upon his descendants), by the loyal ancestor of the house of Mostyn, the reader will find introduced in the description of the venerable hall of that ancient family. There is yet another brave Cambrian, whose humour and intrepidity in the eleventh hour, saved his life. Sir John Owen, of Cleneny, together with the Lords Goring, Loughborough, Capel, and Holland, being condemned to exile by the parliament, were shut up at first in Windsor Castle; but, after the execution of their royal master, sanguinary measures were resolved upon. Holland, Capel, Goring, and Sir John being again put upon their trial, the brave loyalist evinced a courage worthy of his country. He told his judges "that he was a plain gentleman of Wales, who had been always taught to obey the king; that he had served him honestly during the war, and finding many honest men endeavour to raise forces, whereby they might get him out of prison, he did the like;" and concluded by signifying "that he did not care much what they resolved concerning him." Ultimately he was condemned to lose his head: for

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which, with much humour and singular boldness, he made the court a low reverence, and gave it his humble thanks. Being asked the meaning of such acknowledgement, he replied, in a loud voice, "that he considered it a great honour to a poor gentleman in Wales to *loss his head* in company with such noble lords; for," said he, with an oath, "I was afraid they would have *hanged* me." This extraordinary and dauntless reply procured for the brave loyalist the continuance of his head in its original position, until it reclined on its last pillow in an honourable old age; for, Ireton forthwith became his advocate with the parliament, saying, "that there was one person for whom no one spoke a word; and therefore requested that he might be saved by the sole motive and goodness of the house." Mercy was, in consequence, extended to him, and after a few months imprisonment, he was restored to that liberty of which he had proved himself so deserving.

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Cambrensis represents his countrymen as persons of acute and subtle genius. In every species of litigation they exerted all their powers of rhetoric, and in these their talents for invention were conspicuously displayed. This spirit is still too widely diffused through the principality, it unhappily calls the worst feelings into operation, and opens a door to vice, at which some are found unblushingly to enter. But the Roman character is not to be impeached because the nation produced a Catiline, his fellows are to be found in every clime. The same historian, who regrets the consequences of a litigious disposition, adds, that "as there were not any baser than the worst of his countrymen, so neither were there any better than the best."

The genius of the Welsh was at an early period directed into a rational channel. The most eminent for natural ability were induced to adopt the profession of bard or poetic historian, and this order of men exercised an influence over the destinies of the nation for many ages. Their talents were employed in preserving the genealogies of illustrious families, celebrating the praises of heroes, and recording remarkable and glorious events.

The institution of bardism is coeval with the origin of poetry. The Greek, Roman, and Celtic nations had their poets and troubadours, and the Scandinavians imported into Europe a species of bard called Scalds, or polishers of language. These were held in the highest estimation in all countries: they received liberal rewards for their poetic compositions, attended the festivals of heroic chieftains, accompanied them to the field of battle, and sang their victorious praises, or mourned over their untimely fall. The British bards were originally a constitutional appendage of the Druidical hierarchy, and upon the extinction of that detestable worship, were preserved, in a new and civil form, from the love of poetry and music then prevailing; predilections increased, probably, by an intercourse with the Scandinavian scalds.

Welsh poetry abounds in alliteration, which is also a characteristic of Icelandic song, and obviously insinuates a northern origin. The person of a bard was held sacred, and the laws of Howel Dda enacted, "that whoever even slightly injured a bard was to pay an eric or fine of six cows, and one hundred and twenty pence. The murderer of a bard was to pay one hundred and twenty-six cows." These bardic laws resembled those relating to a similar class of persons in Ireland, where it was deemed an act of sacrilege to seize on the estate of a bard, even for the public service, and in times of national distress. The officers of the royal household, both in Wales and Ireland, at this period, consisted of a *bard*, musician, smith, physician, and huntsman. To an intercourse with the Irish nation is traceable the introduction of the harp into Cambria. The Welsh, so late as in the eleventh century, were accustomed to pass over into that kingdom, and there receive instruction in the bardic profession. Gryffydd ap Cynan, king of Wales, in 1078, "brought over from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, from whom is derived in a manner all the instrumental music that is now there used; as appeareth as well by the bookes written of the same, as also by the names of the tunes and measures used among them to this daie."

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An election of bards took place annually, at an assembly of the princes and chieftains of the nation. Precedence, emolument, and honours, suitable to their respective merits were then assigned to each. The most meritorious was solemnly crowned on the Bardic throne, and presented, as a token of his preeminent genius, with a silver chair. This congress was usually held at one of the three royal residences of the princes of Wales, the sovereign himself presiding on the occasion.

Upon the introduction of the harp, Gryffydd determined to restrain the inordinate vanity of the bards, and to remodel the order. He enacted laws for their future government, the severity of which is a sufficient indication of the necessity of their institution. Amongst the penalties was one of much apparent hardship,—"If a minstrel offended in any of the recited instances, '*every man*' was appointed an officer of justice, in such case, with liberty to arrest and inflict discretional punishment, and authority to seize upon whatever property the offender had about his person." Under these regulations, and the auspices of an enlightened prince, respect for the order was reestablished, and eminent minstrels again flourished both in North and South Wales.

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In the year 1176 the merits and genius of the bards of North and South Wales were displayed in the Hall of Rhys ap Gryffydd, a prince of South Wales, at the castle of Aberteivi. This hospitable lord held a Christmas revel here in this year, to which he invited some hundred persons, including the Norman and Saxon nobility. These he entertained with much honour and courtesy, and amused by feats of arms, field sports, and other diversions suited to the magnificence of the occasion. To these was added a contest between the bards from all parts of ancient Britain. The guests being assembled in the great Hall, and the bards being introduced, the prince directed them to give proof of their skill by answering each other in extemporaneous rhythmic effusions,

proposing rich rewards to such as should be adjudged deserving of them by the noble assemblage of judges. In this contest the bards of North Wales obtained the victory, with the applause of all: and amongst the harpers or musicians, between whom a similar contention took place, the prince's own retainers were acknowledged the most skilful.

The fascinating occupations of bard and minstrel continued in the highest admiration with their countrymen, soothing their wild spirit in days of peace, and awaking their ardour in moments of danger. One of the wisest of the ancient Greeks thought that poetry effeminated the state, and advised the expulsion of its votaries; King Edward on the other hand believed that it aroused and inspired a love of liberty, and adopted, in consequence, the cruel policy of cutting off its professors. The tradition current in Wales is that he ordered every bard who fell into his power to be immediately assassinated, an event, whether true or false, now immortalized in the exquisite ode by Gray commencing with these bold Pindaric lines:

“Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait.”

Whether the bards were actually assassinated in this cold blooded manner, or only suppressed with circumstances of aggravated cruelty, the order appears to have been totally dissolved, and the muse of Cambria to have taken shelter in the mountain caves for ages subsequent. During the successful insurrection of Glandwr poetry once more descended from the hills and basked in the few sunny rays that for a short while beamed upon freedom. Amongst the minstrels who sang in the halls of Glandurdwy was Iolo Gôch, who celebrated in lofty strains the prudence and patriotism of his master. The storm that excited a martial spirit in the followers of the houses of York and Lancaster, laid the genius of Cambrian poetry. If at any time its voice was heard, it was either in sorrow at the miseries of the present, or in obscure prophecy of what was yet to come.

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The reign of Henry the Seventh, as might naturally have been expected, was one of brighter hopes and more unrestricted freedom, than any Wales had witnessed since the extinction of her native princes. A new description of bard now arose, less venerated, less connected with that mysterious origin to which their predecessors were referred, and undistinguished, except by their effusions, from other classes of society. Of this new class of minstrels, the days of chivalry over, the chief duties were to celebrate the hospitality and private virtues of their patrons, in whose halls they were maintained, and upon whose decease it became their melancholy task to compose a funeral song, to be recited in the presence of the surviving relatives by a *Datceiniad*.

Regular bardic assemblies, convened by royal authority, were discontinued after the reign of Elizabeth. This illustrious queen issued a precept for holding a royal Eisteddfod on the 26th May, 1568. The document is still preserved in the family of Mostyn, whose ancestors are named therein, with other gentlemen of rank and property in the principality. The objects of such meetings, as well as the distinctive character attached to the bardic order, may be easily collected from the following passage extracted from the royal commission.

“Whereas it is come to the knowledge of the Lorde president and other our counsell in the Marches of Wales, that vagrant and idle persons naming themselves minstrels, rithmirs, and barthes, are lately grown to such an intolerable multitude within the Principality of North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others, by their shameless disorders, are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also the expert minstrels and musicians in town and country thereby much discouraged to travail in the exercise and practise of their knowledge; and also not a little hindered in their living and preferments,” &c. At the assemblage called by direction of this precept seventeen poetical bards were present and thirty-eight of their musical brethren; William Llyn was admitted to the degree of Pencerdd or doctor, and three others to the rank of masters of the art of poetry. The prize was awarded to Sion ap William ap Sion. Caerwys, in Flintshire, was the place chosen for the celebration of Eisteddfodau in later years, having once been the royal residence of Llewellyn, but the more ancient bardic assemblies were convened at Aberffraw, in the palace of the princes of Gwynedd; Dinefawr, the noble castle of the lords of South Wales; and Mathrafel, the royal palace of the chiefs of Powisland.

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There is reason to believe, that an Eisteddfod was also held between the years 1569 and 1580, but the place of assemblage and other circumstances respecting it are unknown. In South Wales, however, meetings of this description continued to be called under the auspices of the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Richard Neville, to which must be added the most memorable of all at Bewpyr Castle, A.D. 1681, under the patronage of Sir Richard Bassett.

From these last mentioned dates poetry, music, and every species of Cambrian literature hastened rapidly to decay, nor were any efforts made to arrest their decline, and re-string the lyre, until the year 1771. At this period societies were formed in London for the restoration of the Welsh language to its former purity, and the encouragement of Welsh literature generally. The Gwyneddigion society extend their patronage to the inhabitants of North Wales. The Cymrodorion to Powys, and those of Dyffed and Gwent to South Wales. Under this national patronage Eisteddfodau were again restored on the 18th of July, 1819, at Caermarthen, when the Bishop of St. David's presided. In the following year a meeting was held at Wrexham under the presidency of Sir W. W. Wynne, and bardic festivals and literary contests were held at the respective places of assemblage of the other societies. These meetings, however, are inferior in splendour of attractions and public interest to the triennial assemblies now permanently established in the principality. The first of these was held at Brecon in 1826, Lord Rodney president; the second at Denbigh in the year 1828, where Sir B. Mostyn, Bart. presided, and the

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third at Beaumaris in 1832, under the auspices of Sir R. B. W. Bulkley, Bart.

The religion of North Wales is that of the established church, but the inhabitants manifest a remarkable independence in this respect as well as in many other, and pursue those views of religious subjects which each one's conscience dictates. The parish church is not deserted, but a chapel, built by contributors of the humblest class, is found in every hamlet, and the quick succession of itinerant preachers appears to attract a more lively attention to the solemn warnings of the pulpit, than the instruction of any one pastor urged with ever so much ability and zeal. The dissenters are divided into many classes, Methodists and Calvinists are the most numerous; amongst the others the sect called "Jumpers," whose peculiar tenets had once too strong a hold on the feelings of the people, have decreased in numbers, and abandoned those wild speculations which the rational portion of society are still incredulous as to their ever having practised. Laying aside the consideration of sects, all classes of the Welsh are deeply imbued with a religious feeling. Churches and meeting-houses are well attended; every adult can read his bible in the native tongue, and when a public place of worship is either wholly wanting, or too remote, prayer meetings are held with regularity in each other's cottages, where, after the solemn reading of the liturgy, the little congregation conclude their act of adoration with a sacred hymn to God, in which all present, both old and young, unite their voices.

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It is a matter of some surprise that a people of so much sincerity in religion should still be slaves to superstition. But probably the solitude and silence of the glens they dwell in contribute to increase a feeling which is uniformly found diffused through all remote and mountainous countries. Amongst the most interesting of these relics of ancient times, connected with religion is the remarkable care and attention paid to the grave-stones and funeral honours of their deceased connexions. The cemetery is the public walk of every hamlet, and the affection borne to a brother when living seems to render even a bright verdure on his grave a grateful prospect. In the custom of strewing the graves of departed friends with flowers and evergreens these is something which touches the feeling heart. It is a tribute of affection, a posthumous recollection of a most impressive character. To live in the remembrance of those we loved "when we go hence, and are no more seen," is a natural wish; a wish implanted in our souls by that Being, who willed that we should be social creatures, and gave us all the kind affections of our nature. This custom boasts a high antiquity, it is found among the superstitions of pagan Rome, where, during the month of February; the *feralia* or honours paid to the manes of departed souls were performed. Scattering of flowers and odoriferous plants constituted a chief part of the ceremony. The custom is now confined to a few parts of Europe, Ireland, Wales, and the Catholic cantons of Switzerland. In the last of these an iron cross is placed upright, from which a bowl, containing holy water, is suspended, with which the passers-by sprinkle the graves of the deceased on their way to church.

A belief in the existence and mischievous propensities of the fairy tribe was formerly amongst the chief superstitions. These troublesome elves were supposed to milk the cows at night, to check them from yielding milk at morn, and prevent the butter from forming in the churn. They changed the infant left in the cradle, during the sleep or absence of its nurse, and performed many other acts peevish, envious, and wicked. But the exploits of this pigmy race are not peculiar to Wales, nor was their existence as confidently believed here at any period as it still is in other countries. One species peculiarly Welsh, are called *knockers*, from their continued knocking or hammering under ground. This noise is often heard by miners, and is invariably said to discover to the miner a rich *load* of ore. There is also a deep roaring of the sea, which is believed to be a forewarning of some dire calamity. The inhabitants of Llandudno heard this strange noise immediately previous to the melancholy wreck of the Hornby Castle, and many other instances of remoter dates could be adduced in support of this superstitious notion. Sometimes also a *warning* light is seen to shine out before a traveller, and conduct him in the precise direction of his journey, distinguished from jack-o'-the-lantern in this respect, that the latter cruelly "lures us to our doom."

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However vain and obsolete most of these phantoms may now be considered, some curious fancies are still entertained by the simpler part of the population. A story is often propagated through the parish of a funeral procession having passed along in a particular direction, without the aid of horses or bearers. Carriages, without horses, are said to have been seen and heard rolling along the road or round the village cross, the coachman, passengers, and all other circumstances being disposed as usual; and, many similar tales, obtain a ready credence amongst the peasantry in several parts of North Wales even at the present period.

In the festivities of the wedding-day much gaiety and mirth prevail. The bridegroom having the bridesmaid on his arm, and the bride leaning upon the bridesman, followed by a number of bidden guests, present themselves at the church door, where the order of the procession is reversed before proceeding to the altar. After the ceremony the whole party, in rank and file, and headed by the happy pair, *walk*, as it is called, in procession through the village, until the hour of dinner. This entertainment is usually provided at the home of the bride's family, and if the parties be sufficiently wealthy, is supplied at their expense, but, if otherwise, each guest contributes a subscription proportionate to his means. A fortnight afterwards an evening party assembles at the house of some friend of the husband; amongst the poorer peasantry, it is usual for every neighbour to attend, and upon entering lay down his contribution on the tea-table. The night is then prolonged in mirth and good humour, the merry dance being generally kept up till daylight to the soft and gentle measures of the national lyre.

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Fairs, which are very numerous, are attended by both sexes. Cattle are bought and sold in the

early part of the day, pedlery, hardware, &c. continue to be exhibited during the remainder, and in the afternoon every cottage for miles around sends forth some happy, well dressed votary of mirth to participate in the festivities of the evening. The partiality for attending fairs is very remarkable, even the necessitous postpone the reception of little sums, to which by labour they have become entitled, to the succeeding fair-day, contemplating the pleasure of meeting their friends, from whom they were separated by occupation or inconvenience of distance. The frequency of these fairs, so many scenes of cheerful association—the number of annual, quarterly, and even weekly meetings amongst the religious of different sects—the amusements enjoyed at allotted festivals common to other countries—afford such frequent opportunities of an intercourse tending to alleviate anxiety and care, as, coupled with the agricultural distribution already adverted to, will sustain the justice of the conclusion, that the Welsh peasantry may be esteemed the most comfortable, happy, and independent in the British islands.

THE END.

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FOOTNOTES.

[1] *Sir Ffon*, is the name still applied to this county by the Welsh, as well in their conversational as in their written communications.

[3] *Porth-aeth-hwy*, means the passage which had been crossed before.

[34] Frydd, pronounced frith, means an enclosure gained from a common.

[46] Llewellyn was married to the Princess Joan, daughter of King John.

[48] Trifaen signifies the three summits. Benclog, the head of the rock,—Braich-ddu, the black arm,—Nant Francôn, the valley of beavers.

[50a] The bridge of the caldron.

[50b] The swift river.

[50c] The station in the wood.

[58a] The gap of the Irishman.

[58b] This part of the defile is called "Cwm Glâs," i.e. the Blue Vale.

[59] Tent stone.

[66] The blue well.

[68] Pronounced Thlangothlan, the church of Saint Collen.

[77] Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.

[83] The glen of the Marten.

[91] In the introduction, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, to the memoirs of the Gwydyr family, is the following passage relating to this foundation:—"In 1610, Sir John Wynne erected at Llanrwst some almshouses (to which he gave the name of Jesus Hospital) for the reception of twelve poor men, and drew up regulations for the management of his benefaction. He also endowed this charity very liberally with the rectorial tithes of Eglwys Fach, which are now valued at two hundred pounds per annum."

[93] See Pont-y-Pair.

[101] 1281 this should have been.

[104] See Caernarvon Castle.

[108] A health to the top beam of the house.

[119] Aber glâs lyn, the mouth or embouchure of the blue lake.

[122] The ash of St. Asaph.

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