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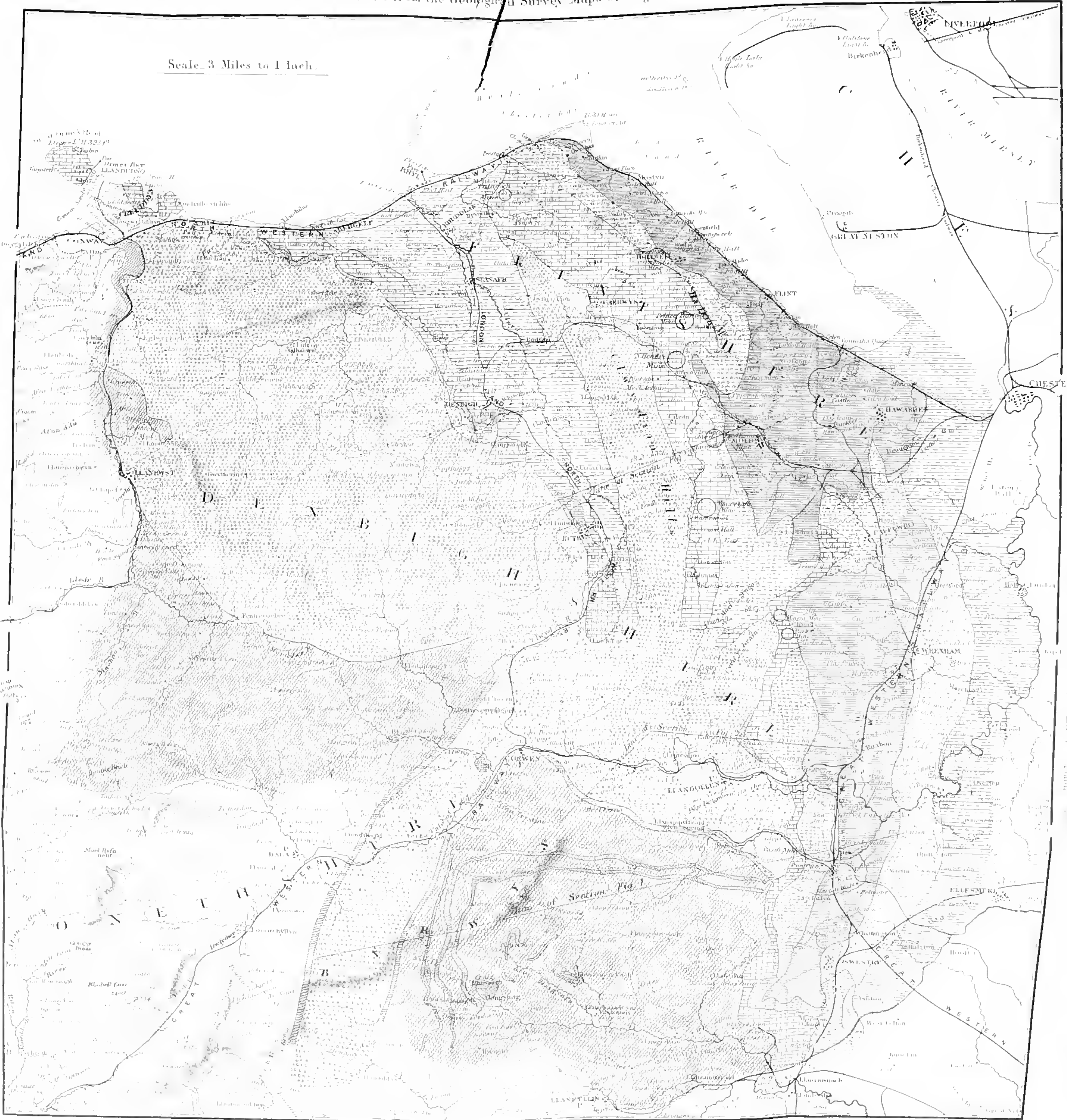
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GEOLOGICAL MAP OF THE COUNTIES OF DENBIGH & FLINT.

Reduced from the Geological Survey Maps of England & Wales.

Scale 3 Miles to 1 Inch.



- [Symbol] M. A. G. S. 1862
- [Symbol] PERMIAN
- [Symbol] COAL MEASURE
- [Symbol] M. L. STONE
- [Symbol] CARBONIFEROUS WESTERN
- [Symbol] OLD RED SANDSTONE
- [Symbol] W. L. STONE
- [Symbol] ST. ASAPH SHALE
- [Symbol] W. L. STONE
- [Symbol] W. L. STONE
- [Symbol] GREEN TONE



# D Cymrodor.

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JANUARY, 1883.

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THE  
METALLIFEROUS DEPOSITS OF FLINT-  
SHIRE AND DENBIGHSHIRE.

BY D. C. DAVIES, F.G.S., Author of *Metalliferous Minerals and Mining; Slate and Slate Quarrying, etc.*

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CHAPTER I.—*Introductory Remarks and General Description of the Geological Structure of the two Counties.*

THE counties of Flint and Denbigh form the north-eastern portion of the Principality of Wales. For their size, they are mineralogically rich. Especially are they largely productive of the metallic minerals, lead and zinc, in the mining and smelting of which a considerable proportion of the working population is employed.

The mining industry of the two counties is of great antiquity, and it is at the present time of great commercial importance; so much so, that no apology need be given for the attempt to be made in these pages to collect and record such observed particulars relative to the stratigraphical position of their ore deposits, the various forms assumed by those deposits, the circumstances which seem to affect their productiveness, with such other phenomena, as may serve to illustrate the general laws that have helped to shape the ways in which such deposits of metallic ores have been formed.

Although this is not designed to be a geological work, yet, in order to understand the stratigraphical position occupied by the ores of lead and zinc in the two counties, it will be necessary, first of all, to describe, as briefly and clearly as I can, the general geological structure of the country over which they extend.

Fig. 1 is a diagram section from S.W. to N.E., across the southern end of the County of Denbigh. It extends from the county boundary, S.W. of the village of Llandrillo, to the village of Chirk on the N.E. (1) represents the oldest known strata of the two counties, the Lower Llandeilo or Arenig beds. These consist for the most part of a vast thickness of earthy slates, which in the upper part of the series become workable slates, and are there interstratified with greenstone and porphyritic rocks. Quarries in the slates have been opened, and to some extent are now worked at the head of the Maengwyned valley, on the east side of the Berwyn Mountains.

So far, the underlying Tremadoc slates and Lingula flags have not been recognised, although it is quite possible that in the future, with careful search, small outcrops and patches of them may be discovered.

Above this group there occurs a succession of strata (2), which, where fully developed, comprise the particular beds A, B, C, D, E. With one school of geologists, this series of strata forms the Llandeilo series proper, the massive greenstone, A, forming its base. In Denbighshire, the ashes, felspars, and porphyries—for the same beds vary in structure along their course—C and D, form thick massive beds of very variable composition. In places there is a tendency in them to split up and become interstratified with slaty and shaly beds and grits.

This feature is most marked in the eastern outcrop of these beds in the Shelve lead mining district of Shropshire, where the alternations are very numerous indeed.

The series is capped by a dark fossiliferous limestone, E, which is seen in the valley of the Deirw, in Glynceiriog, and it is possible that the limestone of Craig y Glyn, near Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant, is of the same age. This limestone is held by some to be the equivalent of the Llandeilo limestone proper of South Wales.

This series of strata, especially in its lower portion, together with the upper part of the series I, where these are hard and compact, forms the great mineral horizon of the Silurian strata of Wales and the borders. It is in these strata that the lead mines of Carnarvon, Merioneth, Montgomery, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Shropshire are worked. In Denbighshire no lead mines have as yet been successfully developed in the group; but three or four have been worked with varying degrees of success near Llangynog and Llanrhaiadr, just outside the boundary in Montgomeryshire. What the future may reveal we do not know; but there is no reason apparent why the same strata should not be productive of metallic ores northward and eastward into Denbighshire.

In the beds F, G, H, I, of group (3), we have what is known in North Wales as the "Bala", and in Shropshire as the "Caradoc" group of strata. It is a highly interesting group palaeontologically, from the abundance and variety of the organic remains it contains. Mineralogically, it is not so interesting, inasmuch as neither in the counties under notice, nor elsewhere in Wales or England, do lead mines appear to have been successfully worked in it. When, as in Shropshire, the lodes containing lead pass upwards into it, they become charged with sulphate of baryta, containing nests and strings of copper and iron pyrites, with only occasional stones of lead. The limestone, G, is quarried in Denbighshire for agricultural purposes, and it is said that if it is burnt with peat, it makes an excellent top-dressing for grass. It is

also interesting, as containing, over a large area in Montgomeryshire and a part of Denbighshire, a bed of phosphatic matter on its uppermost surface.

Above this group come the Llandovery beds, (4) of the sections, Figs. 1 and 2. This group is in Denbighshire; in the hills ranging from Llandrillo to Llansaintfraid Glyn-ceriog, exceedingly rich in organic remains. Corals occur in rich variety and profusion; and the various families of the mollusca are abundantly represented. The crustacea are also found in a good state of preservation. These very fossiliferous strata are capped by a series of pale shales and slabs, known as the Tarannon shales. They are not mineralogically or commercially important, although near Bettws Gwerfil Goch a slate quarry was some time ago worked in them.

We now ascend to the vast thickness and succession of strata, (5) of the three sections, Figs. 1, 2, 3, which in its lowest portion is known as "Wenlock Shale", and in its upper portion, and particularly where the strata are sandy, as Denbighshire Grits. In places, as on the summit of Dinas Bran, near Llangollen, the series has a capping of "Ludlow" rocks, in the uppermost part of which, in South Shropshire, it may be stated as a matter of interest, the first traces of vertebrated animals are found.

The lowest beds of this Wenlock shale series contain the highest slates, stratigraphically, that are worked in North Wales, the principal quarries being in Denbighshire, and grouped within a few miles around the town of Llangollen.

Attempts at lead-mining have at various times been made in this series of strata. Old mines are observable near Llangollen, and to the west of the Vale of Clwyd. These attempts have not been successful. As in the Bala group, the lodes, as they pass through this series of beds, are charged with sulphate of baryta, with only occasional stones

of lead. One mine, Pennant, is now being worked in these strata on the east side of the Vale of Clwyd; but thus far it has not proved an exception to the general rule.

Above this group of strata, we have a deposit (6) which in Denbighshire seems to represent some portion of the Devonian strata. At Llanymynech Hill, in the extreme south of the county, the beds, as proved by recent mining operations, consist of a succession of loose red sandstones, with pebbly layers, and reddish-brown-coloured shales, with occasional patches of carbonaceous matter. In the diagram section, Fig. 1, which we are following, the beds do not come to the surface; but further north, at the base of the Eglwyseg rocks, as shown in Fig. 2, they again make their appearance, and consist of sandstones of various textures, shales and conglomerates. This is the general character they present, as they are seen to the west of the Vale of Clwyd, Fig. 3, and westward towards Abergele and Llysfaen.

We now reach what will form, in our subsequent inquiries, the most important member of the stratigraphical series we are considering. No. 7 represents the Mountain, or carboniferous, limestone of North Wales. The great belt of this limestone commences in the extreme south of Denbighshire, in the bold promontory of Llanymynech Hill, and is continued northward by Treflach, Llawnt, Selattyn, Chirk, and Llangollen, to the mining district of Minera. Following a line of great dislocation westward, along small patches of the limestone, we regain the main body of the limestone again, near the head of the Vale of Clwyd. The great mass is continued from this point northward by Llanarnou in Yale, Mold, Halkyn, Ysceifiog, and Holywell, to Dyserth near Rhyl, and throughout its length forms the great ore-bearing district of the two counties. As seen in Fig. 3, it also flanks both sides of the Vale of Clwyd, being present in greatest force on the western side of that vale, whence it is continued

to Abergele and the Great Ormes Head. The thickness of the limestone will be ascertained by a reference to the detailed sections, Figs. 4, 5, and 16.

The limestone is covered by a series of sandstones, chert and pebble beds, thin limestones and shales, No. 8 of Figs. 1, 2, 3, which collectively are taken to represent the millstone grit. The opinions of geologists differ somewhat on this subject. By some the true millstone grit of the North of England is considered not to be represented at all. By others, including myself, that the Denbigh and Flint beds, from the summit of the limestone, E of the section, Fig. 5, are the equivalent of the millstone grit, and that the beds below, down to the summit of the limestone C, represent the Yoredale strata of the North of England.

We now reach the coal measures, No. 9, of so much importance commercially to the two counties; but which lie outside the limits of our present inquiry. The thin edge of the overlying Permian strata is also seen in the east of the section Fig. 2; and above this comes the great deposit of the new red sandstone or Triassic strata, No. 10, which on Fig. 3 is seen filling the Vale of Clwyd. It only remains to be said, that over these various groups of strata there is spread a loose covering of stones, gravel, sand, and clays of various ages and thicknesses; and our rapid survey of the geology of the two counties is complete.

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CHAPTER II.—*Particular Description of the Carboniferous Limestones and Sandstones of the Counties of Flint and Denbigh.*

The limestones (7) and the sandstones (8) of the sections, Figs. 1, 2, and 3, constitute the great depositories of ore in the two counties. I proceed, therefore, in the next place to

give a more detailed description of the beds and groups of strata of which they are composed; to define the most productive horizons of ore within them, and to describe the various kinds of depositories in which metallic ores are found.

Fig. 4 is a detailed section of the limestones just outside the county of Denbigh, near the southern termination of the belt at Llanymynech, a village in the three counties of Denbigh, Salop, and Montgomery. Fig. 5 is a detached section along the line of section III, in the northern portion of the limestone belt, near Mold.

By a reference to these two sections, it will be seen that the limestone consists of three main divisions.

The first and lowest division, A, consists of a series of white-coloured limestones, which as they pass northward into Flintshire, form thick-bedded, massive limestones. They range from 70 to 130 yards in thickness, and they contain metallic ores to the extent, and in the manner, hereafter to be described.

The second division, B, consists of a thick series of pale cream, pink, and grey-coloured limestones, which range from 100 to 170 yards thick. This series forms the most usually productive ore-bearing group of the whole limestones. As a rule, these two lower divisions thicken in their progress northward.

The third division, C, is made up of a series of grey, bluish grey, and dark limestones, interstratified with dark shales. This interstratification is better seen, perhaps, south of Minera than north of that point. The beds are seen capping the middle limestones on the Eglwyseg rocks, near Llangollen, and at Treflach, near Oswestry. In a somewhat different form also at Gwernymynydd, near Mold, and on the eastern side of Halkyn Mountain. They are exceedingly rich in the remains of former sea life, containing, as they do, some

forty species of corals, and about one hundred species of mollusca, besides fish and crustacean remains. But all along the limestone belt, save for the "flats" that are formed on their uppermost surfaces, they are barren of metallic ores.

Passing upwards to the overlying sandstones, we observe in the section Fig. 5, that the passage is marked and sudden from the dark limestone, C, to the white grit, A. It will, however, be observed that there is a general thickening of the beds downward towards the east, so that an additional series may come in, in that direction. Now, south of Minera, where the beds in their eastern extension are exposed, we find this to be the case. Above the dark fossiliferous limestones and shales, a series of calcareous sandstones in the lower part lead up through a succession of red, yellow, and white sandstone beds, to massive white grits or sandstones, twenty-five yards thick, which correspond to D of the section Fig. 5. These white sandstones, in their turn, are overlaid by a limestone bed, seven yards thick, corresponding to the limestone E in the same section. Then follows a series of cherty rocks, corresponding to F, the whole series being capped by shale and sandstone, as in the section we are considering.

The same general order is observed still further south at Sweeney, south of Oswestry—the calcareous bands still keeping the place of the limestone E of the north.

Both the limestones and the overlying sandstones are traversed along their whole course by numerous fissures or cracks. No less than one hundred and seventy of these are laid down on the maps of the Geological Survey; but this number does not, I think, nearly represent the entire quantity. About one hundred and sixty of those already observed have a general east and west direction, ranging however, from N.E. to S.W., and from N.W. to S.E.



These fissures are of two principal kinds. First, there are simple cracks of greater or less width, which seem to have been formed by the contraction of the rocks as they dried and hardened. The greater part of the fissures ranging on either side of E. and W. are of this description. Secondly, there are fissures that follow lines of displacement of the strata. These have two principal directions: first, north and south; and secondly, east and west, or rather from north-west to south-east. Those running north and south are known as the great "cross-courses"; and the strata are generally thrown up by these to the east, although there are a few exceptions to this rule. In the east and west lines of displacement the up-throw is usually to the south.

The north and south fissures travel long distances. One extends from near the great east and west Minera fault, south of Llanarmon in Yale, to the sea, a distance of fifteen miles, and is known among the miners as the "hell-gallop" cross-course. As this fissure passes along Halkyn mountain it has a width of from ten to fifteen feet.

There are one or two other roughly parallel faults, but these do not extend to so great a distance. The east and west fissures of the first class traverse short distances, but those on lines of displacement—as the great Minera fault—may be followed for many miles.

In point of age, the simple cracks or fissures seem to be the oldest, because they do not often pass upwards through the shale G of section Fig. 5. The north and south cross-courses come next. They pass up to the surface. Then come the great east and west lines of displacement, which appear to be the latest in time, inasmuch as, taking all the faults of the region into consideration, they displace whole groups of north and south faults.

From the fact, probably, that these cracks and fissures in strata generally have "led" explorers in past times to hidden

deposits of wealth, has come the name "lead" or "lode", by which they are known in mining language, and by which name we may now through the remainder of these pages call them.

The east and west lodes, comprising the whole group having this general direction, vary in width from six inches to as many feet. They are, as a rule, narrowest as they pass through the lowest compact limestones, and as they traverse similar beds in the overlying group. They open out where a bed of softer rock or a succession of thin beds comes in, especially where the calcareous matter is partly absent, and the rock is made up of sandy material. They are wide, but disordered as they pass through shaly or clayey beds. They open out into "flats", as we shall see, at the junction of sandstone with limestone beds. They are disordered, or lost downward, when the underlying old red sandstones and shales, or the Silurian strata are reached; and for the most part they are lost upward when they reach the shale, G of the section Fig. 5. They generally dip or hade towards the north, but their inclination varies as they pass through different strata, and they are sometimes deflected from a straight course as they pass through beds of shale or marl.

Branching out from the main lodes are "fliers", or subsidiary cracks. These sometimes die out and are lost as they are followed into the adjoining strata. Sometimes they meet with other cracks that start from a distant part of the lode, and sometimes, making a little bend, run roughly parallel to the main lode and in a short distance rejoin it.

The cracks that diverge at the greatest angle from a main lode are probably of the same age as the latter, while those that are more or less parallel to, or curve round to meet the main lode, are of a later date. More especially is this the case with those that occur on the upper or "hanging" side of a lode. These latter are due, probably, to the falling away of

the strata by its own weight from the superincumbent rock into part of the space formed by the main fissure.

Besides these true fissures or lodes, there are other two varieties of depositories of metallic ores which we have to consider. These are, first, "flats"; and secondly, "pockets", "vughs", or "ore chambers".

The "flats" are of two principal kinds. The first class consists of those that occur at the junction of two dissimilar beds of rock. As shown in the sections, Figs. 5 and 15, there are two distinct horizons at which "flats" of this kind occur. The lowest is found at the base of the grits, lying upon the dark uppermost beds of the main limestone c, and the uppermost in the chert, overlying the limestone band E of Figs. 5 and 15.

In both cases, between the limestone and the overlying sandstone, there is a thin parting of shale or clay, which is softer than either the limestone or the sandstone. On both sides of the more or less vertical fissures or lodes, and to a distance varying from two or three to thirty and even forty yards, the sandstone has been decomposed to a height of two or three feet. This decomposition may have taken place in the following manner.

The cracks are more restricted in passing through the limestone than they are as they traverse the sandstone. Therefore, a column of water passing through the overlying sandstone, would be partially arrested when it reached the limestone; and, assisted by pressure from above, would gradually soak along the line of soft parting, softening it and the overlying sandstone immediately adjacent; and in process of time, either washing it away or reducing it to the consistency of mud, would prepare it to receive the deposition of any heavy substances the water might bring with it.

Flats of this description resemble most nearly those occurring in the carboniferous limestone of the North of England,

with this difference—there, it is the limestones themselves that are eaten away, while in Flint and Denbigh the limestones are intact, and the overlying sandstone has been removed. Thus the three “flats” that are found in the great limestone of the North, occur in beds of limestone that are parted by thin layers of shale. This difference is accounted for by the fact that in the North the limestone is overlaid by “sill”, or hard shale, but in Wales by sandstone, more easily acted upon by water.

The “flats” of both districts have, however, this fact in common—they occur only in connection with fissures or lodes traversing the strata in which they occur, and they are not found except in this connection.

The second kind of “flat” occurring in the district we are considering, partakes more properly of the character of a flat crack, or lode. An example of this kind is seen in the North Hendre flat, Fig. 13. It would seem as if the beds below had either shrunk by contraction, or sunk through the giving way of some lower bed, thus causing a crack like that we often see in a wall built on a poor foundation. The crack has been enlarged in the course of time, and subsequently filled with its present contents. It will be seen that this flat occurs at a much lower horizon than those we have just noticed.

A third form of “flat” is conceivable where a crack coming down on a shale bed runs some distance down it, and then strikes downward at some weak point of resistance. In such a case, the shale bed is gradually removed, and the space subsequently filled with metallic and other minerals.

We now come to notice the class of ore deposits known as pockets, vugs, cavities, or ore chambers.

Any reader who is familiar with the limestone beds we are considering, as they are worked in quarries along the course of the belt, will have noticed that there are, in the middle and

lower divisions, irregularly shaped masses of rock of a different character and composition from the rest of the beds. They are marked by a comparative absence of lime and a preponderance of sand in their composition. They occur in all stages of decomposition, and are mostly of a brownish colour, from the presence of iron. In places, this loose sandstone is full of small cavities. Again, it is partly washed away, especially where cracks come down upon it and lead away from it. The result is caverns in the incipient stages of their formation.

Where water has had free ingress and egress to these deposits, the result is a cavern. Where, at some period, the egress has been closed, or partly so, the result is a pocket more or less filled with clay, carbonate of lime, and brecciated or conglomeritic fragments of limestone, in which metallic ores may also be found.

Such cavities also occur along the north and south lines of fracture, where the rock on both sides of the main crack is shattered. A succession of these is seen along the cross-course west of the Park Mines, Minera, and from Halkyn to Holywell.

It will be borne in mind, however, that in order to transform a cavity into a pocket which may contain metallic ore, the outflow of water must, if not altogether stopped, be checked and rendered very slow.

Locally, the name of "flat" is also given to these pockets when they contain lead ores, as in the case of the extensive one at the Prince Patrick Mine, Halkyn, which is described more particularly in Chapter IV.

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CHAPTER III.—*On the Contents—Earthy and Metallic—of the “Lodes,” “Flats,” and “Pockets” described in the last Chapter.*

The whole of the fissures, cracks, flats, and most of the cavities, just described, have during the course of time become filled with substances which may be broadly classed into two kinds—earthy and metallic.

Strictly, speaking scientifically, some of the earthy materials have a metallic base, and are known in mineralogy as belonging to the metallic elements; but the word earthy is used here in a practical sense, to distinguish the ordinary matrices of the metallic ores from these ores themselves.

The earthy filling of the fissures and cavities is almost, I may say exclusively, made up of the materials forming the strata the fissures pass through, or in which the cavities occur. They appear in two principal forms. First, as fragments of the adjacent rocks cemented together in a conglomeritic or brecciated form, and secondly, in an altered and re-deposited form; thus, the calcium of the limestones occurs in crystals and masses of carbonate of lime. The silica of the sandstones occurs occasionally as quartz, and commonly as re-formed masses of fine sandstone. The argillaceous matter of the shales and limestones takes the form of stiff glutinous clay, while the rarer constituents of these strata, as fluorine, baryta, give the colouring to the commoner substances, or are attached to them.

The earthy filling is also affected in character by the particular strata in which the openings occur. For example, in the chert beds F, of the section Fig. 5, both cherty fragments and re-formed chert largely prevail in the lodes. In the limestones A, B, and even in the thin limestone E, carbonate of lime abounds and often occurs in well-formed crystals. Quartzite and crystals of quartz more rarely occur; but these

are more common as they pass into the lower thick-bedded limestone. The materials have, more or less, a banded or stratified appearance, running roughly parallel to the walls of the lode. This description applies principally to the lodes having a general direction east and west. The great north and south fissures have a different filling. Thus, the "hell-gallop" vein—the long cross-course that extends from Llanarmon in Yale to Holywell—is filled chiefly with a calcareous clay, which in places becomes a true clay, and in others presents the appearance of great masses of carbonate of lime; and in these substances there are imbedded boulders and splinters of the adjacent rocks. The "pockets", or great cavities, are also similarly filled with clay and carbonate of lime. A good example of the way in which this earthy filling occurs is seen in the workings at the Prince Patrick Mine as shown in Figs. 6, 7, and 12. As a rule, the clay occupies the lower part of the cavity and the carbonate of lime the upper part, but there are also inter-stratifications and interlacings. The clay in these cases is of a bluish-brown colour, generally less brown than blue in the vicinity of lead ore, and the carbonate of lime is found, first, as pure white crystalline masses containing over 99 per cent. of carbonate of lime, and, secondly, as grey compact masses of the same, and less pure.

Throughout portions of these earthy materials are distributed the ores of several useful metals. It is with the ores of lead and zinc, and the contained silver, that we have now principally to do; and these I now proceed to describe.

The common ores of lead, as found in the carboniferous strata of the two counties, are the sulphide and carbonate; which may be described thus.

SULPHIDE OF LEAD=GALENA.—Chemical composition 86·7 lead, 13·3 sulphur, the proportions being slightly varied by the presence usually of silver, with minute quantities of copper, zinc, antimony, and selenium. Colour, lead grey, with

a darker and sometimes iridescent tarnish and greyish black streak. Hardness = 2.5, or similar to that of rock-salt. Specific gravity, 7.2 to 7.6. This is the ore locally known as "blue ore".

CARBONATE OF LEAD, CERUSSITE, WHITE LEAD ORE.—Locally known as *grey ore*. Chemical composition, 83.6 protoxide of lead, and 16.4 of carbonic acid. In colour ranging from white to black; fuses easily, and dissolves with effervescence in nitric acid.

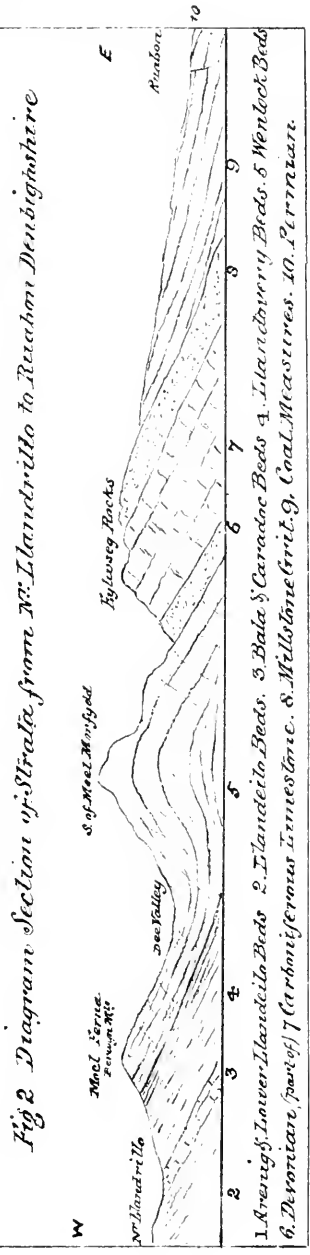
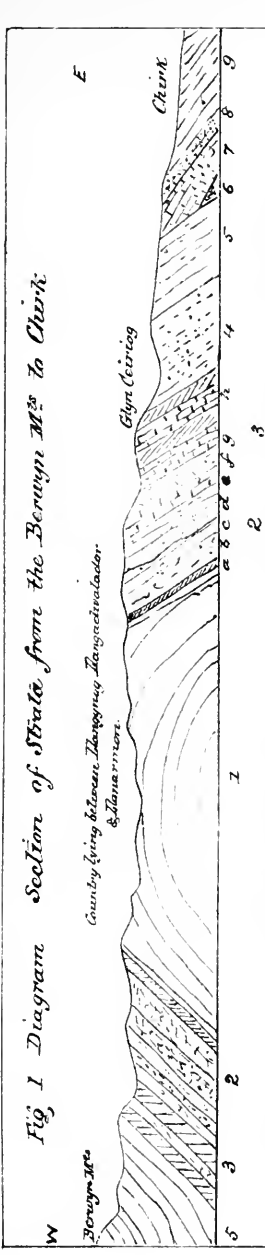
Many examples of the combination of lead with other substances also occur in the district, but more rarely, and not in quantity. These are therefore more of interest to the mineralogical student, or for museum purposes, than important commercially, or for the practical purposes of this paper. I therefore proceed to notice the conditions under which the two common ores just described occur, beginning with galena or blue ore.

The east and west lodes, including in this term the lodes ranging N.E. and S.W., and those ranging N.W., and S.E., are much more strongly charged with the ore than are the true lodes running N. and S., or nearly so.

In the neighbourhood of Holywell there would seem to be an exception to this rule, but there the N. and S. short lodes are frequently intersected by those running E. and W. Apart from this connection, and away from the points of intersection, the north and south fissures have not supported paying mines.

GALENA IN THE EAST AND WEST LODS.—The east and west lodes are more productive as they pass through some strata than they are when they enter others. Neither in the old red sandstones and shales, nor in the Silurian shales, as the case may be, that underlie the limestone, Group 7 of the Section, Fig. 5, do the lodes, even when they are continued downwards, contain appreciable quantities of ore. Then, as we ascend the section,



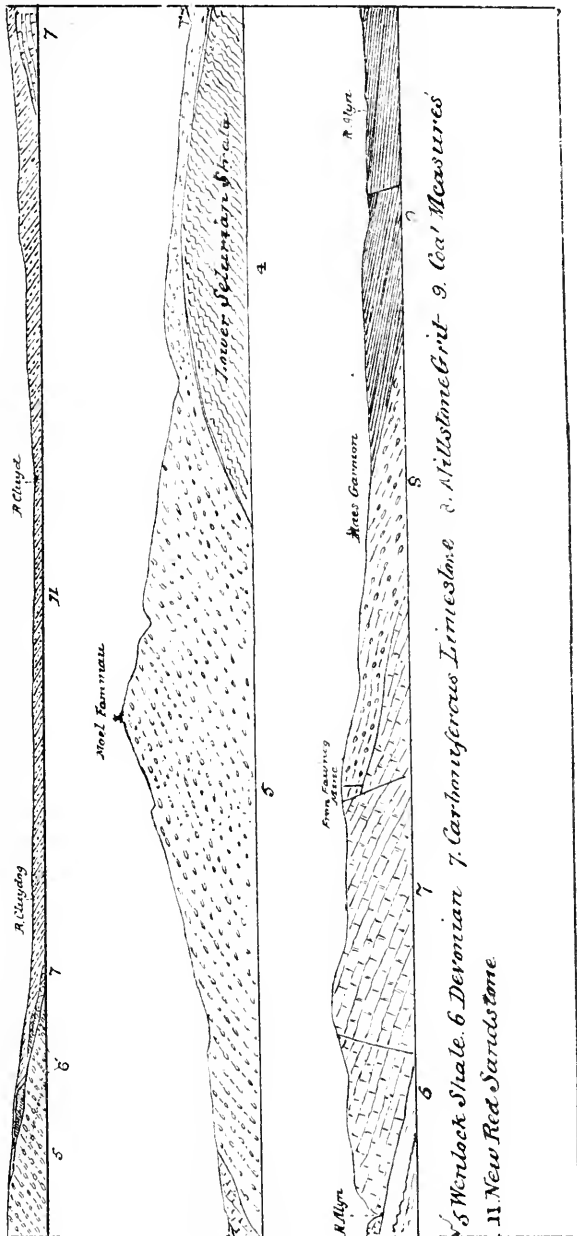


1. Arenig; 2. Lower Llandrillo Beds. 2. Llandrillo Beds. 3. Bala & Caradoc Beds. 4. Irlanbury Beds. 5. Wenlock Beds. 6. Devonian, (part of) 7. Carboniferous Limestone. 8. Millstone Grit. 9. Coal Measures. 10. Permian.

a. Massive Greenstone. b. Slate Grits & Shales. c. Porphyritic Rock. d. Porphyritic Rock or Ash Bed. e. Llandrillo Limestone. f. Bala Ash Beds. g. Bala Limestone. h. Harward Limestone.



Fig. 3. Section from the West of the Vale of Clwyd to N.F. Mold adapted from Section No. 43.  
 E 19° N →



5 Wenlock Shale. 6 Devonian. 7 Carboniferous Limestone. 8 Millstone Grit. 9 Coal Measures.  
 10 New Red Sandstone.



Fig. 4. Section of the Carboniferous Limestone at Treflach  
Near Oswestry

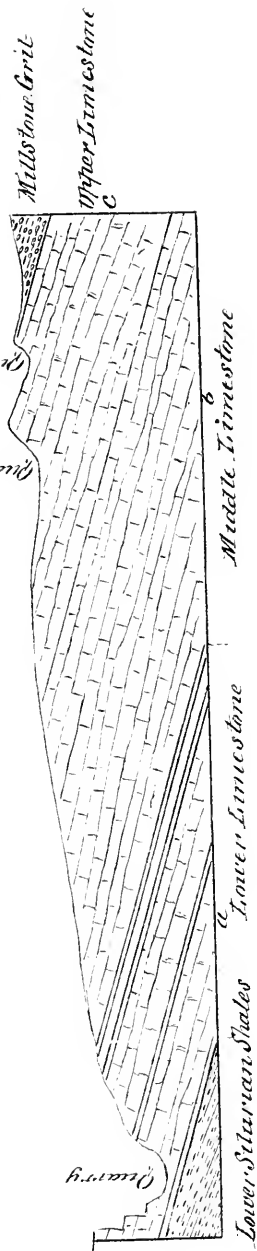
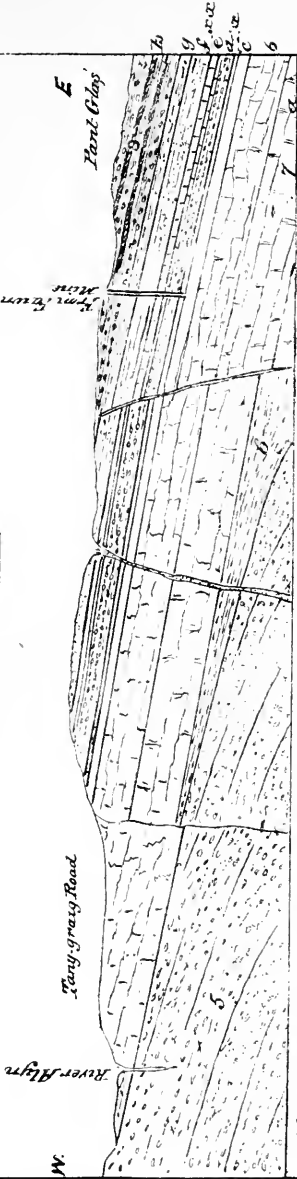




Fig. 5. Section of Strata at From Fawing and Cattholes Mines  
 Flintshire, Shewing ore bearing Beds and Position of ore Flats  
 — Scale 3" = 1 Mile —



5 Wentlock Shale. 6 Place of Devonian of Carboniferous Limestone & Millstone Grit.  
 a Lower White Massive Limestone. b Middle Limestone ore bearing. c Upper Dark Limestone  
 d. Thin Limestone. e. Chert. Beds. f. Shales. g. Sandstone. h. Base of Coal Measures  
 x. Place of Lower Slates. x. x. Place of Upper Slates.

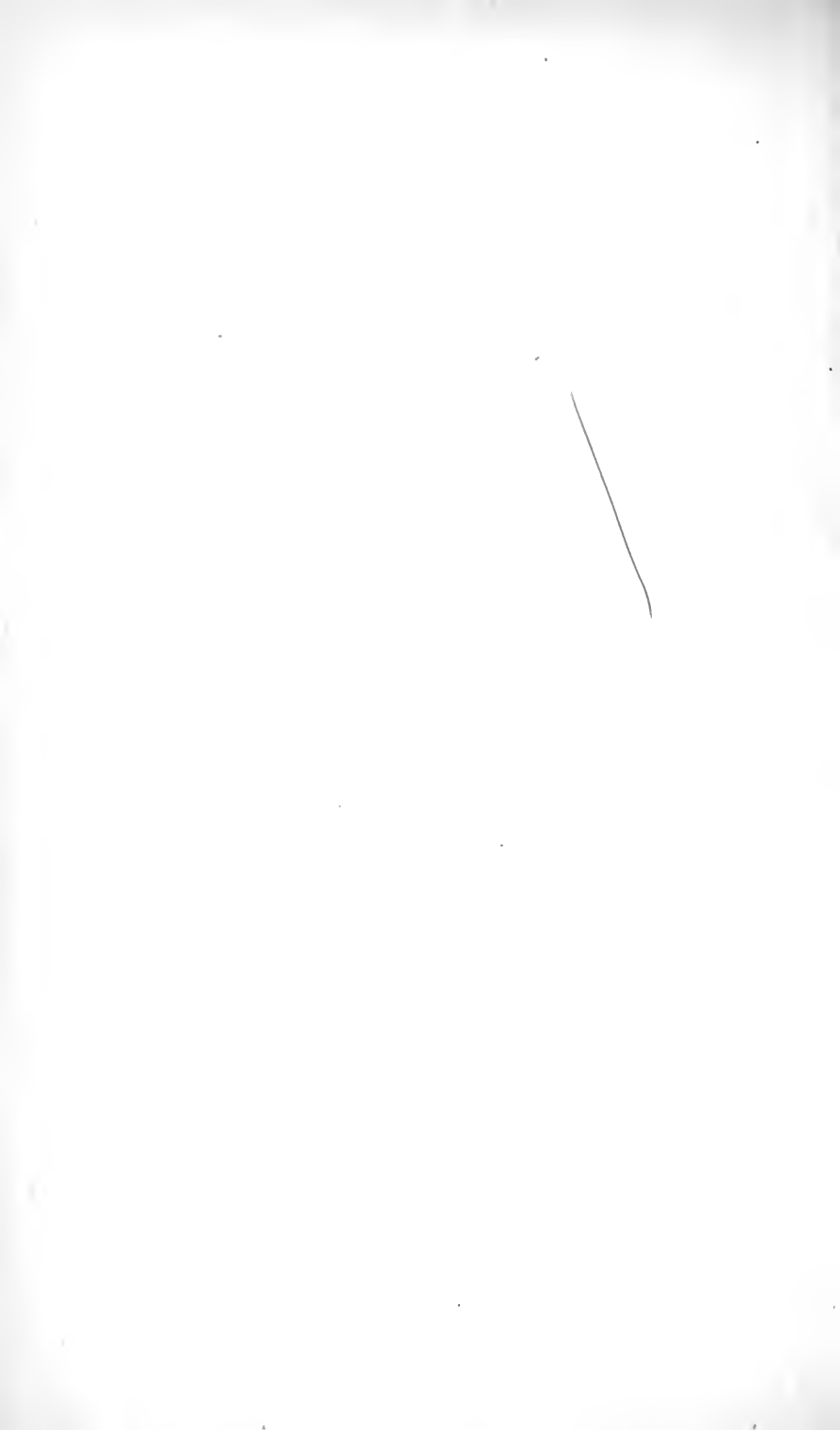
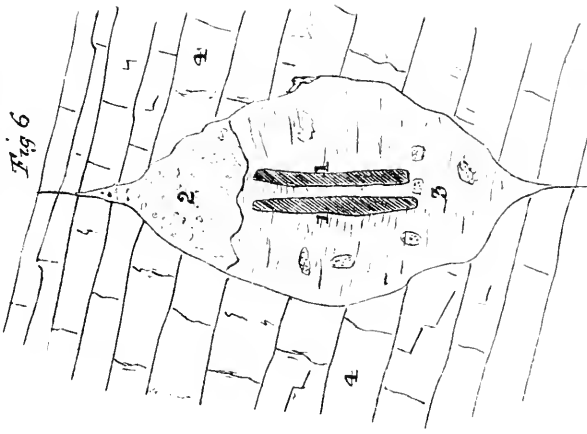
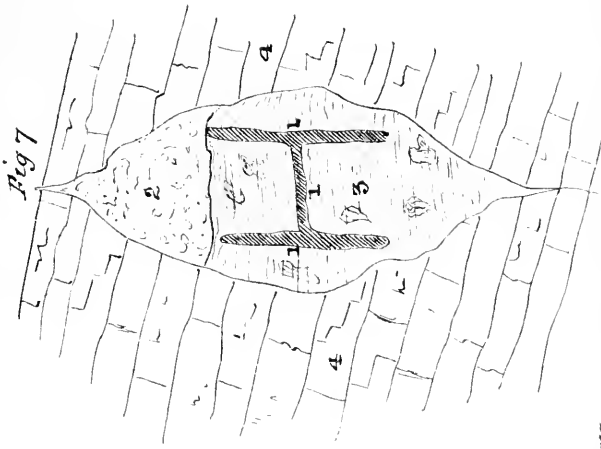




Fig 6. 7. Cross Sections of 'Swallow' or Long Flat Pant-y-Pull Durr  
 or Prince Patrick Mine near Halkirk - Scale 1" = 10<sup>feet</sup> approximate -



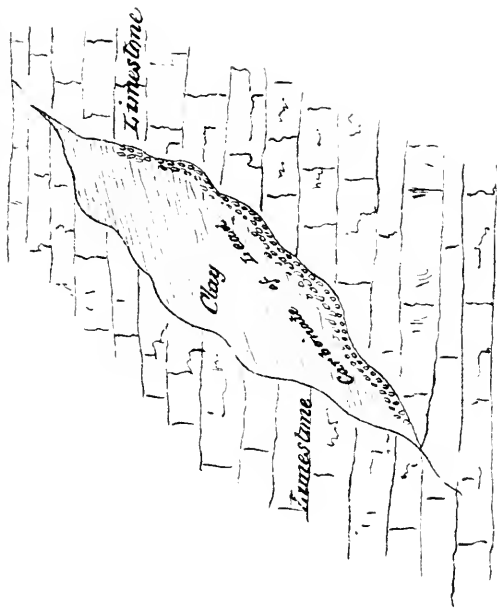
- 1. Solid masses of lead 2<sup>ft</sup> wide 15<sup>ft</sup> deep & 30 to 40<sup>feet</sup> long
- 2 Carbonate of Lime
- 3 Clay with Carbonate of Lime
- 4 Middle Limestone



- 1. Deposits of Lead Ore in long Masses
- 2 Carbonate of Lime
- 3 Clay
- 4 Middle Limestone



*Fig 8. Shering deposit of Carbonate of Lead at  
"Queen of the Mountain Mine. N. Holywell*





we find that in the group of limestones, A, at the base of the series the lodes are small and pinched, the earthy filling hard, and the ore thin and bunched, so that, although the lodes do contain ore, in this series it is not plentiful enough usually for profitable mining.

It therefore happens, as a matter of fact, that along the western side of the limestone belt, from Llanarmon to Dyserth, where these lowest massive beds rise to the surface, there have been but few mines worked to any successful extent. Where galena does occur in this group, it is in the cavities, or pockets, where there seems to have been more space for the deposition of the mineral.

The group B of the section Fig. 5 is the great metalliferous portion of the limestone strata, and as the lodes pass through these beds, they are often continuously productive for several hundred yards.

As the lodes pass upwards into the dark fossiliferous limestones, C, they are usually unproductive of lead ores, but the latter reappear in the grit beds, D; and they are often accumulated in the flats I have described as lying at their base and upon the surface of the limestone. This horizon of ore is known as the "lower flat".

The thin dark limestone, E, is also unproductive; but the altered sandstones and cherty beds, F, overlying it, are known to be good ore-bearing ground. The ore is also accumulated here in "flats" on the surface of this limestone, as already described—the horizon being known as the "upper flat". This brings us to the summit of the lead-bearing strata of the district.

An apparent exception to the arrangement just described, occurs in the case of the Minera lead mine, where ore occurs, more or less, all the way down for a depth of 300 yards or so. This lode, however, is on a line of displacement of the strata, the beds on the south being thrown up about 100

yards higher than those on the north. Thus, productive beds have been thrown up against unproductive beds, the result being that, stratigraphically, there is little ground quite unproductive of ore vertically; only, as in similar cases in Yorkshire, there are different degrees of productiveness, according to the kind of strata thus thrown opposite to each other. Then, in the vicinity of a great line of displacement like this, the strata have been much broken, the result being many side-cracks and tributary lodes.

On a lesser scale than Minera, all the great mines that have been worked on east and west lodes, have been on lines of displacement. The displacement has usually been an upthrow to the south; consequently the lodes had or incline to the north, and, on the surface, the limestone beds are seen extending further to the east, to the south of such lines, as a glance at the geological survey maps of the district will show. It is along these lines, which are usually marked on the surface by hollows or depressions in the limestone belt, that the great mines have been worked. It is seldom that a simple fracture of shrinkage has contained sufficient ore to pay for working for long together.

In these east and west lodes the ore is arranged roughly in layers, alternately with the carbonate of lime; which layers are more productive, generally speaking, as they approach the heading or lower side of the lode. The layers of ore are not always continuous, and then the ore has a bunched and nuggety appearance. Many of the minor lodes have a tendency to become pinched and poor in metallic ores as they are followed eastward—a fact that has helped to form the current idea that the further the lodes run from the great north and south cross-course, the poorer they are. The branch lodes that run down from the heading side of the lodes also die out, and become unproductive in depth, except in cases where they are continuous to a parallel lode of any

considerable size. The branch lodes or fliers that come down on the hanging side, are often productive in the usual productive beds.

GALENA IN "FLATS".—There are, as I have already intimated, accumulations of this ore in flats that have been formed at the junction of two dissimilar rocks, as at the Fron Fawnog mines, Fig. 15. But productive ore "flats" of this kind only occur where a lode, more or less productive, comes down upon the point from productive ground.

The same remark is true where cavities or pockets, locally known as flats, like those shown in Fig. 12, contain ore. Such cavities occur along the line of cracks, and one or more may generally be found leading down to them, as shown in the Figs. 6 and 7. This is a fact that is taken advantage of by the miners, who generally contrive to sink their shafts along the line of a crack, which accounts for the tortuous course of many of the shafts in Flintshire. The ore, when it occurs in these flats, is found in rounded masses, from a very small size to lumps of several hundredweights. It is generally of a darker colour, coarser grained, and more flaky than the ore obtained from the east and west lodes, and the surface of the lumps is generally a carbonate of lead for a little distance in. It occurs in "runs", or accumulations of such lumps as shown in Fig. 12, such runs being sometimes single separate courses of ore, as in Fig. 6, and sometimes connected by cross or horizontal runs, as in Fig. 7. These runs occur usually in the clay, sometimes in clay and the compact impure carbonate of lime combined, but never in the masses of pure white crystalline carbonate.

In the North Hendre flat lode, Fig. 13, such runs also are found imbedded in the clay, and separated by patches of barren ground.

CARBONATE OF LEAD.—Carbonate of lead, or grey ore, has been raised extensively in Flintshire as far back as our

records of mining extend. It is found in the clay that fills the pockets and flats, and, to a lesser extent, in true lodes with a partial clay filling. It varies in colour from white to grey and black; and it occurs in concretions and nests in the midst of the clay; for the most part in the lower part of a pocket. It follows the course of the underlying limestone, and is found accumulated in the hollows of its surface, and nestling behind great boulders of limestone.

A pocket now worked at the Queen of the Mountain Mine, Halkyn, as represented in Fig. 8, illustrates the usual mode of its occurrence.

These deposits of carbonate of lead, when followed to the solid limestone, frequently change into sulphide in the cracks and fissures leading from the pockets.

ZINC.—Closely associated with the ores of lead in various mines within the two counties are the ores of zinc. The two principal ores, and those of the most commercial importance, are the two following:—

SULPHIDE OF ZINC=BLENDE—BLACK JACK.—Chemical composition, zinc, 66.72; sulphur, 33.28; but it often contains a little sulphide of iron, when dark coloured; and there is from one to two per cent. of cadmium in the red varieties. In colour it ranges from a wax-yellow, brownish-yellow, to black, and it is sometimes green or red. It is streaked from white to reddish-brown. It is brittle; and its hardness is 3.5 to 4. Its specific gravity is 4.0 to 4.1. The ore is characterised by its waxy lustre, its perfect cleavage, and its infusibility alone.

CARBONATE OF ZINC=CALAMINE.—Chemical composition, 64.6 zinc oxide; and 35.4 carbonic acid; but with protoxide of iron, 2 to 3. Three to 7 per cent. of manganese; 1 to 2 per cent. of lime, and traces of magnesia. It is mostly colourless, but is often pale grayish yellow, with an appearance ranging from opaque to translucent, and is often pearly or vitreous.

The most plentiful of these two ores is the sulphide of



zinc. It does not occur with the lead found in the pockets and cavities charged with clay, but it has been found abundantly in lodes in the chert beds above the limestone.

Its chief home is with the lead ores in true lodes in the ore-bearing limestones, B. It is also obtained from the same lodes in the lowest limestones, A; but it is neither so plentiful nor of such richness in metallic zinc as when found in the limestones, B, above. The same remarks are true of the carbonate. This ore is, however, found abundantly in parts of the lowest limestones, A; and at the present time considerable quantities are obtained from the lodes worked in these beds at the Park Mines, south of Minera. In the lodes, the zinc ores occur usually on the upper side of the lodes, overlying the sulphide of lead, as shown in Fig. 9. The ores also occur occasionally in the midst of decomposed portions of the strata, like the deposits of the same ores at *Vieille Montagne*, in Belgium.

The proportion of zinc ores to those of lead has been very uniform over a long series of years—the quantity of zinc raised being about three-fourths that of lead. Being of less specific gravity, and not occurring in the clay pockets or flats, it will be seen that in bulk the zinc ores must more largely fill the east and west lodes than do the ores of lead.

**SILVER.**—This metal is intimately mixed with the ores of lead, more particularly the sulphide, in the two counties, the proportion in which it occurs, as spread over the whole of the lead raised, being  $4\frac{1}{4}$  oz. to the ton of ore, and 7 oz. to the ton of lead.

The bulk of the silver is, however, obtained from the ores raised from the east and west lodes. The ores found in the N. and S. cross-courses are very poor in silver; so, also, are those obtained from the flats or pockets in which the matrix is clay: the proportion in these cases seldom exceeding three ounces to the ton of ore. It is also found that lead ores, when associated with blende, are most productive of silver. For ex-

ample, during the four years ending December 1878, at the Minera mines, 8,645 tons of blende have been raised, along with 8,633 tons of metallic lead, and the proportion of silver has been  $6\frac{3}{4}$  ozs. to the ton of lead; while at Talar-goch mine, during the same period, 8,836 tons of blende have been raised, along with 3,461 tons of metallic lead, and the proportion of silver has been  $9\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. to the ton of lead. The same remarks hold good, I think, concerning the lead ore raised from the lower Silurian strata. The mines whose ores yield the largest proportion of silver are those which produce the largest quantities of blende.

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CHAPTER IV.—*Particular Description of Selected Mines, in illustration of the General Description given in the last Chapter.*

TALARGOCH MINE.—This mine, which is the most north-westerly one in the district, is situated on the east side of the entrance to the Vale of Clwyd, about three miles N.E. of the town of Rhyl. It is a mine of historical importance, and it has been one of the most permanently productive mines in Flintshire of the ores of lead and zinc, especially the latter.

The principal workings of modern times are on an east and west lode, and they extend along it, as shown in the section, Fig. 10, for about three-quarters of a mile. The lode runs from E.N.E. to W.S.W., but it is a little flexuous along its course. It has a general dip, towards the north, of about 1 in 4. It varies in width from one to thirty feet, being narrowest in the lower white limestones, where it is often pinched for long distances. On the south or heading side of the lode there are numerous fliers, branches, and roughly parallel lodes, together with an irregular network of cracks, many of which are plainly discernible on the face of the limestone cliffs.

Fig. 9 represents the usual character of the portions of the lode that are productive of metallic ores. These latter do not occur in the uppermost dark limestones and shales, but they begin to appear as soon as the middle limestones are reached.

The earthy filling of the lode is, it will be seen, made up of fragments of the enclosing rocks, embedded in carbonate of lime. The metallic ores occur in the manner shown in the figure, the bulk of the blende being always uppermost.

The middle limestones are made up of a series of thin limestone beds, with thin partings of shale between the beds, and the ore is often more plentiful near these partings. Great bodies of ore, often amounting to between 400 and 500 tons, were frequently found, up to forty years ago, at the junctions in the ramification of cracks just referred to as occurring on the south of the lode; and the face of the cliff is reticulated with clefts where the old workers followed these ramifications into the hill.

As the lode descends into the lower limestones, the blende and lead are frequently found as spots and small lumps throughout the lode. There is more lead and less blende in this portion of the lode, and the ore bodies are closer together, but the quality of both lead and blende is poorer than that of the ores in the middle limestones. The blende of the latter averages 53 to 54 per cent. of zinc, and that of the former 50 to 51. There is also more silver mixed with the ores in the middle than in the lower limestones, and the ores of the former, both lead and blende, are worth more by £1 per ton than are those of the latter.

Silver is most plentiful where siliceous and cherty matters are mixed up with the lodes, in which cases the proportion amounts to 14 oz. to the ton of lead.

The lower limestones are thick and irregularly bedded, and are full of cracks and cavities; hence this is the most watery portion of the mine. All the ore bodies dip with the beds

towards the east, and in following them in this direction the eastern end of the workings has attained the depth of 356 yards.

GREAT HOLWAY MINE.—This mine, which lies five or six miles to the east of the last, has been a mine of great importance, as its history, given in Chapter VI, will shew. It has been worked from underneath the top shales, G, of the section, Fig. 5, down to the white limestone, A. The lode runs E. and W., hading to the north. It was, and is, productive in the top chert beds, F, right up to the shales, which here contain a good deal of carbonaceous matter, and once, when struck, gave off inflammable gas, which circumstance led to the common but erroneous notion that the lodes are more productive as they approach the coal measures. The dark limestones and shales, C, are unproductive here as elsewhere, the great bulk of the ore having been obtained from the middle limestones, B, and from the chert beds, F.

The following description of part of the workings of this mine, in its prosperous days, by Warner, who visited it in 1798, is, especially as describing a "swallow" in the limestone, perhaps interesting enough to preserve. "After mounting forty or fifty yards, and scrambling through an horizontal passage, we reached another stupendous cavern lately discovered, seventeen yards long and twenty or thirty feet high. The rude sides of this hollow, embossed with spar, and its lofty fretted roof, seemed to realise the descriptions we had met with in tales that amused our early years of the palaces of Genii or the dwellings of necromancers. A short distance from hence we came to the ore, a very rich vein, nearly six feet in thickness, and dipping down, as the miners express it, in an oblique direction towards the level." At the present time, in the fifty-five yard level, which will be in the middle limestones, the lode is said to produce two tons of blende and half a ton of lead per fathom. It would seem as if to the

west of Holywell the E. and W. lodes are, in the middle limestones, richer in blende than in lead.

Efforts are now being directed towards working this mine at a greater depth than it has hitherto been worked.

PANT Y PWLL DWR, OR PRINCE PATRICK MINE.—Passing through the town of Holywell, east and south by the Milwr Mines, which fifty years ago were very rich, we reach this mine, which is a good example of a mine worked in a cavity or series of cavities, extending for a long distance north and south in the limestone, and filled with clay and carbonate of lime. The mine is situated near the northern end of Halkyn Mountain, and it is worked along the course of a swallow or series of swallows, which form what is locally known as a “flat”, that extends for nearly a mile north and south, some distance to the east of the great north and south cross-course of the district. The workings extend along the “flat” for about 900 yards, and they range, in depth from the surface, from 80 yards at the southern to 120 yards in depth at the northern end. The “lode”, if I may for convenience call it by this name, is from 10 to 15 yards wide. It is a great crack in the limestone beds, widened out by the action of water into a long cavity of irregular shape. It lies along the line of a crack, which above it is from one to four feet wide. Figs. 6 and 7 will give an idea of its shape, and Fig. 12 gives a general idea of its longitudinal appearance, and of the way in which the ore bodies are accumulated in it.

The “flat” is charged with carbonate of lime and clay, the carbonate of lime, as a rule, filling its upper portion, as shown in Fig. 12. This mineral occurs in two forms; firstly, as masses of pure white crystals, and secondly, in a compact massive form, not so pure, and coloured by the admixture of other substances. It is the first of these kinds that usually occupies the upper portion of the cavity, the second being generally interstratified with the clay. The first kind does

not contain lead ores, which, when they occur, are found in the clay and impurer carbonate of lime that fill the lower part of the pocket.

The lead ores occur in "runs", as shown in Fig. 12, which reach from 80 to 100 yards in length, two to five yards in width, and twelve yards in depth. Five of these have been worked in the mine, and they were found to be separated from each other by intervals of barren ground of about the same length. Figs. 6 and 7, Chapter III, are cross sections of the ordinary way in which these "runs" occur. The ore lies in lumps of pure galena of all sizes, from that of a nut to lumps of several hundredweights, the edges are round, and the surface is oxidised and also coated with carbonate of lead. There is no blende, and the ore contains only about 3 oz. of silver to the ton.

Along this "lode" to the east are several partly parallel, and some east and west cavities, or pockets filled with the usual clay, which contain nests and lumps of carbonate of lead, as shown in Fig. 8. No blende is usually found associated with these.

NORTH HENDRE LEAD MINE.—Passing along the limestone belt southwards, we pass on our right hand the Grosvenor and Westminster mines, where, formerly, galena and carbonate of lead were obtained in great quantities from depositories like those just described; and, at the southern termination of Halkyn Mountain, we reach the North Hendre Lead Mine.

This mine is now worked successfully in a "flat lode" in the middle limestones, B. Fig. 13 is a section of the strata passed through in the engine shaft, and is a general representation of the appearance of the lode.

The original workings of the mine were on the great north and south lode to the west, and it was at a point of junction between this and the flat lode, that the discovery of ore was

found that led to the exploration of the flat lode, which has resulted so beneficially to the present proprietors.

The limestone beds dip to the S. of east, and the flat lode forms an irregular anticlinal arch, dipping both to the north and south. The engine shaft enters it at or near the centre of the curve, and so far the principal workings have been on the south dip.

The lode is from a few inches to three feet wide, the limestones above and below nearly touching in places. It is filled for the most part with clay, in which the lead ore is imbedded in rounded lumps of various sizes, which are oxidised and carbonised on the outside. These lumps are closely packed together in the productive portions of the lode, which occur in "runs" or irregular "pipes" down the south dip. The runs are from two to eight yards wide, separated by intervals of barren ground. The ore contains from two to three ounces of silver. There is no blende except where in the solid limestone the cracks partake of the nature of a regular lode, containing carbonate of lime.

From the character of the lode, the workings cannot be pursued on any regular system, the miners following the softer and more open portions of the crack. Fig. 14 will illustrate the character of workings necessarily followed under such conditions.

FRON FAWNOG LEAD MINE.—This mine lies about four miles south of North Hendre. It is situated on Mold Mountain, about two miles west of the town of Mold. It has been worked on three contiguous east and west lodes, and also upon the flats into which these open out. Fig. 15 is a representation of the strata, the three lodes, and the way in which these open out into flats at two horizons.

The lodes die out in the uppermost shales. The principal shaft is sunk to the top of the limestone, *c*, and the lodes pass through two series of flats. The figure shows the way

in which the flats open out on the surface of the limestones. They extend to a distance of from ten to twenty yards on each side of the lode, while along the course of the lode they extend in length for thirty or forty yards. The flats vary from a few inches to two or three feet in thickness, and usually contain a layer of ore (galena) on the limestone, and sometimes two others above this one. These layers are often attached to layers of cherty and calcareous matter; but there are also irregular deposits of clay intervening, in which not only lumps of galena are found similar to those of North Hendre and Prince Patrick, but also nests and bunches of the carbonate of lead. In the lodes the ore lies in layers, and bunches between the layers of cherty, gritty, and calcareous matter with which the lodes are filled.

THE MINERA MINE.—A reference to the section, Fig. 11, will show that this mine is worked on the course of a great fault in the limestone and millstone grit strata. This fault also enters the coal measures, thus showing that the filling of the crack, with its metalliferous contents of lead and zinc ores, took place at a period subsequent to the deposition of the coal strata. The amount of the displacement, about 300 feet, has had the effect of bringing non-productive beds opposite the beds usually productive of ores, and hence the lode is productive throughout the greater part of its depth, being most productive where favourable strata are just opposite each other. This great dislocation has also had the effect of breaking the strata in its vicinity. Hence there are several subsidiary cracks, which, perpendicularly, run both roughly parallel to, and slightly divergent from, the main fissure. Longitudinally, these cracks start from the main lode, and at some distance come into it again, the ore being usually most plentiful near the junctions, and in those parts of their course where the cracks are widest. Sometimes these cracks die out as they enter the limestone, and in this



case the ore dies out also, as it recedes further from the main lode.

The workings extend along the lode in its course from S.W. to N.E.—at right angles to the section—for nearly a mile in length, the greatest gap occurring where the non-productive beds of the section 5 come to the surface. The lode has now been worked to a depth of 290 yards. Besides the workings on the lode proper, a great deal of lead ore was formerly obtained in and near the limestone beds in the millstone grit, x, x, of the section Fig. 11, as they occur in the high ground near the left hand of the section. The lead contains at present an average of twelve ounces of silver to the ton, which is higher than the average of a few years ago, as referred to on a former page.

PARK MINES, MINERA.—These mines lie a little way to the south of the Minera Mines, and they are the most southerly on which any extensive explorations have been made. They are worked on two east and west lodes, the Park lode, and one to the south of this, known as the New South lode. Fig. 16 gives a section of the carboniferous strata at this point, which will be interesting for comparison with the other sections given. Both lodes are along lines of slight displacement of the strata, which are lifted up to the south, the lodes consequently underlying to the north. Unfortunately, the lodes have not been followed in the upper cherts and limestones lying above the main limestones and shales of Sections 5 and 15. This ground which has proved so rich in the adjoining Minera Mines, is worth a good trial here. The Park lode has been productive in the middle limestones, and the upper part of the lower limestones to the west, from which point a good deal of carbonate of zinc is being raised with the lead ore. This lode is from two to ten feet wide. It is filled chiefly with carbonate of lime in irregular layers, with similar layers of galena, calamine and

blende, which occur, as far as at present proved, most plentifully in the western part of the workings. There is not much silver in the galena from this lode—from 3 to 4 oz. per ton.

The New South lode is from two to seven feet wide. It is filled with carbonate of lime in layers, with galena and blende pretty continuously on the heading side. The ores thicken in places, and in the eastern end of the workings upon this lode, towards the base of the middle limestones, a bunch of lead ore, of the value of £2,000, was met with in a small place. The bulk of the driving on the lode, so far, is in the lower white limestone, so that its value in the ore-bearing ground of the middle limestones westward has yet to be proved. Judging from the bunch just referred to, the results should be good.

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CHAPTER V.—*Practical Deductions and Theoretical Considerations.*

In endeavouring to sum up the teachings of the foregoing chapters, we may, I think, safely infer:—

1. That the limestones, grits, and cherts, or the calcareous strata generally, of the two counties have, up to the present time, been more productive of the ores of lead and zinc, with their associated silver, north of the Great Yale fault and the group of mines connected with it, than they have been south of this point.

2. That, so far, the lodes have not, to the south of this point, been explored in the cherts, grits, and limestones lying above the main limestones, and that, possibly in the future, the lodes in these beds, as they lie over the limestones seen in the great escarpment of the Eglwyseg rocks, may prove productive of ores, as they have northwards.

3. That the metalliferous deposits are confined to certain zones, or groups, or clusters of strata as defined in the foregoing pages.

4. That the productive parts of the lodes follow these strata down the course of their dip to the south-east, and that in this direction they may be followed and worked so far as draining and pumping facilities will allow.

5. That the last inference is especially applicable to the lodes that are on lines of great displacement of strata, the minor lodes dying out in this direction.

6. That the most permanently productive mines have been worked along east and west lines of displacement of the strata.

7. The fact that lodes are productive in certain groups of strata must be borne in mind in following and exploring a lode from a known productive point along its course. For example, referring to Fig. 17, which may represent a longitudinal section of the side of a lode, because a lode is productive at A, where it passes through the middle limestones, it must not be expected to be productive at the same depth at B, because there it will have entered into the unproductive higher limestones, B; nor productive to the same extent at C, because there it will have entered into the massive lower limestones. Of course, it will not be productive at all when it enters the underlying sandstones, shales, and D.

The exceptions to this rule are (1) where a lode like the Minera is on a line of great displacement, and productive beds on one side of it are brought opposite to unproductive beds on the other, when the result will probably be productiveness in a less degree. Or, if the lower limestones, C, are brought against the middle limestones, B, the result will probably be only a very slight diminution of productiveness. (2) When the beds are brought up to the surface on an east and west line by faults, as shown in Fig. 18. In this case the

lode may be expected to be productive at both the points A, A, and at the same depths, because the productive beds have been thrown up by the fault G.

8. That the great north and south faults are not productive of ore in commercially profitable quantities, except when numerous east and west lodes intersect them, and that, as a rule, the lead ore from these lodes is not of so good a quality as that from the east and west lodes.

9. Nevertheless, it would seem that these north and south lodes have in some way contributed to the productiveness of the east and west lodes, inasmuch as these last are richer in their vicinity. Probably they have facilitated the passage of water charged with metallic ores into the east and west lodes, which has deposited its burden before it has penetrated very far into the latter.

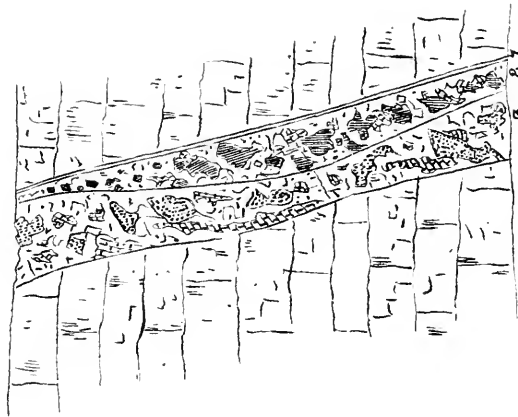
10. That in "flats," or "flat lodes" charged with clay, silver is not so abundant in the lead ore, and zinc is nearly altogether absent.

11. That the formation of "swallows" and such like cavities in the limestone beds as are now charged with clay and lead ore, is of a subsequent date to the formation and filling of the east and west lodes containing the ores of lead and zinc, as proved by the fact that the swallows and pocket cut through the limestone with their lodes, which are now seen standing on either side of such cavities.

12. Therefore, the lead ore contained in the flats is of a newer origin than the lead ore in the north and south lodes, as is evident from the last inference, and also from the fact that the filling of the cracks and cavities with both earthy and metallic matters must have taken place after the cracks and cavities themselves had been formed.

13. The date of the filling of the east and west cracks of displacement is subsequent to the deposition of the coal measures, and probably before the deposition of the triassic

Fig 9. Showing usual Section of the Yulegoch Trade.



1. Thin Shale about 1" thick. 2. Blende from 3" to 4 feet wide with carbonate of Lime Chert & Spots of Lead. 3. Fragments of Lime & Chert set in Carbonate of Lime with boulders of Lead ore



*Fig. 10. Section of Workings on the Talargoch Lode - Talargoch Lead & Zinc Mine*

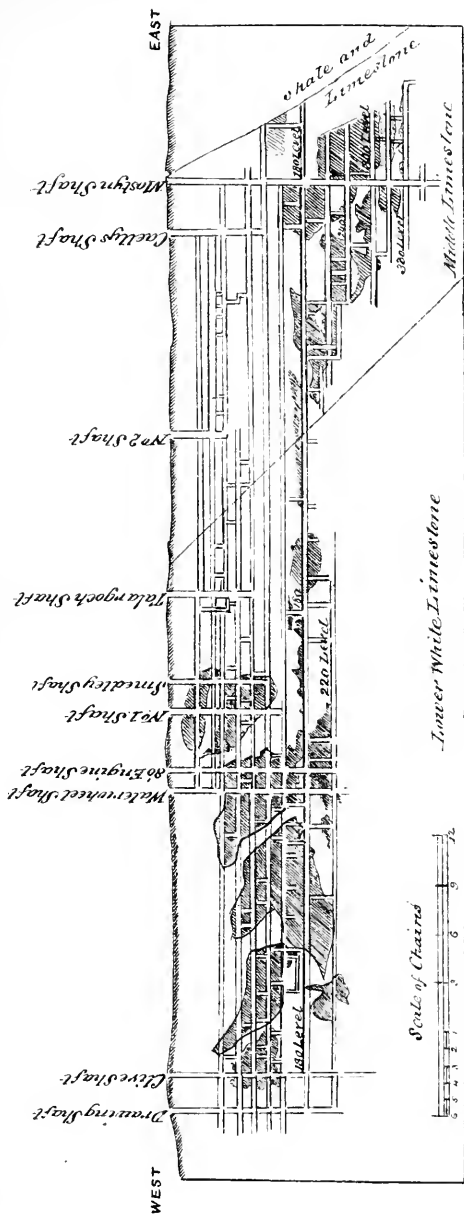
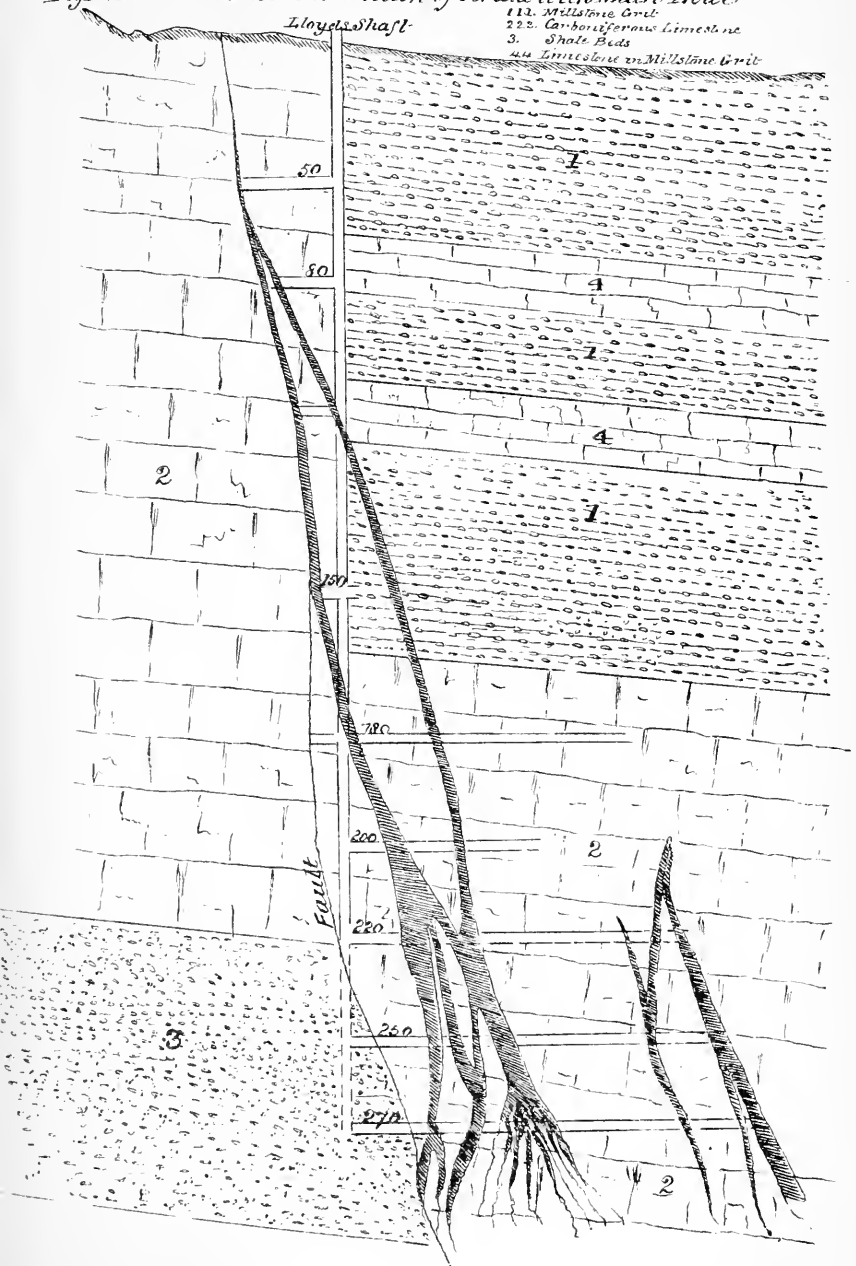






Fig. 11. Minera Lead Mine - Section of Strata with Main Lode.



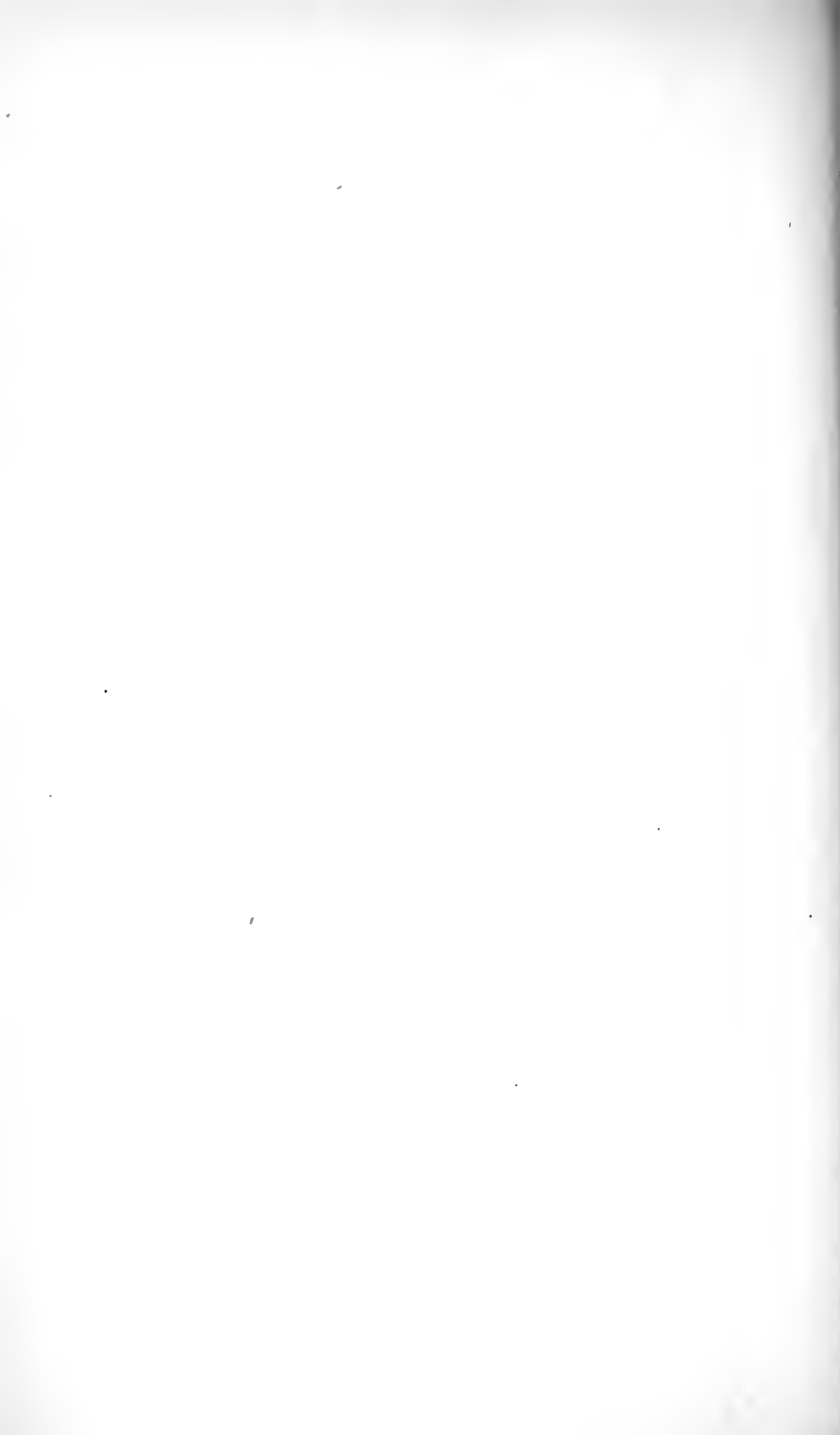
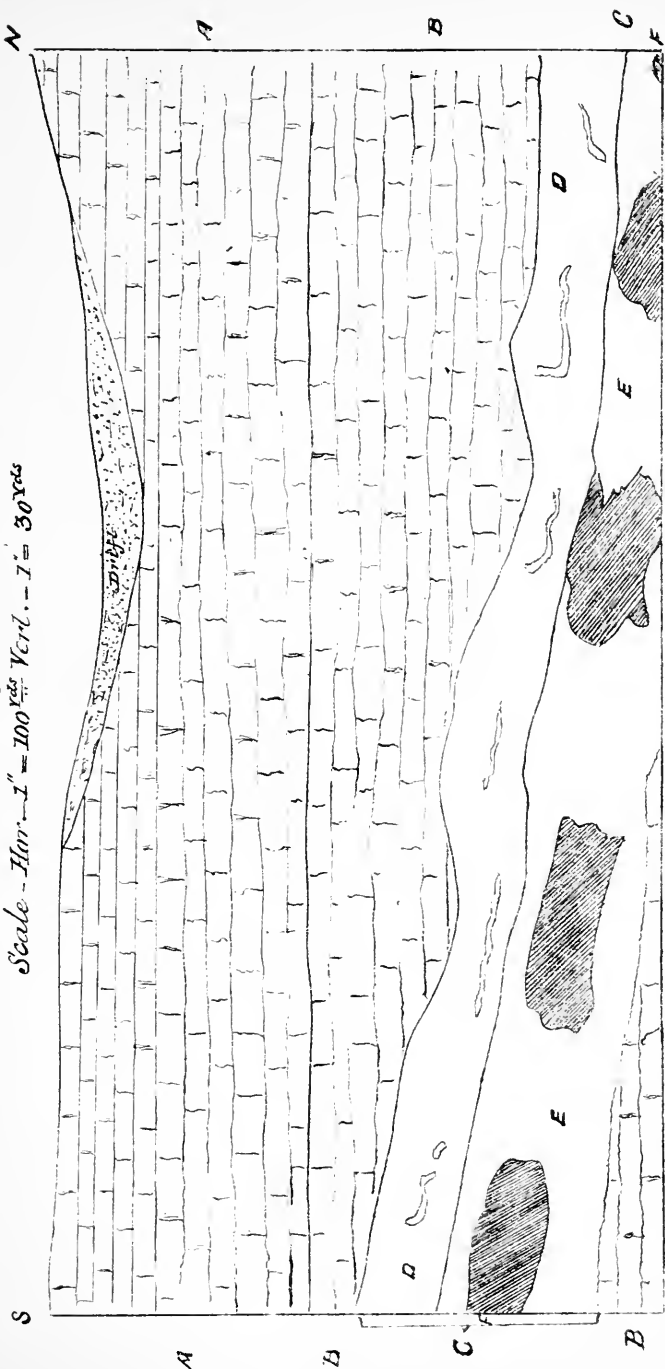


Fig. 12. Longitudinal Section of Swallow or Long Flat at Pant-y-Pell Dwr or Prince Patrick Mine N<sup>o</sup> 1 at Halkin - Showing runs of Galena

Scale - Hor. - 1" = 100 Yds. Vert. - 1" = 30 Yds.



A. Upper Limestone B. Middle Limestone C. Sandstone or Long Flat filled with D. Carbonate of Lime with Beds & Pockets of Clay E. Clay with patches of Carbonate of Lime F. Runs of Lead ore.



Fig. 13. Section of Flat Lode at North Hendre Mine

Flintshire

Scale 1" = 50 Yds



1. Drift 2. White Limestone 3. Bluish Black Limestone & Shale 4. Black Limestone  
 5. 6. 7. Head Bearing Limestones 8. Flat Lode



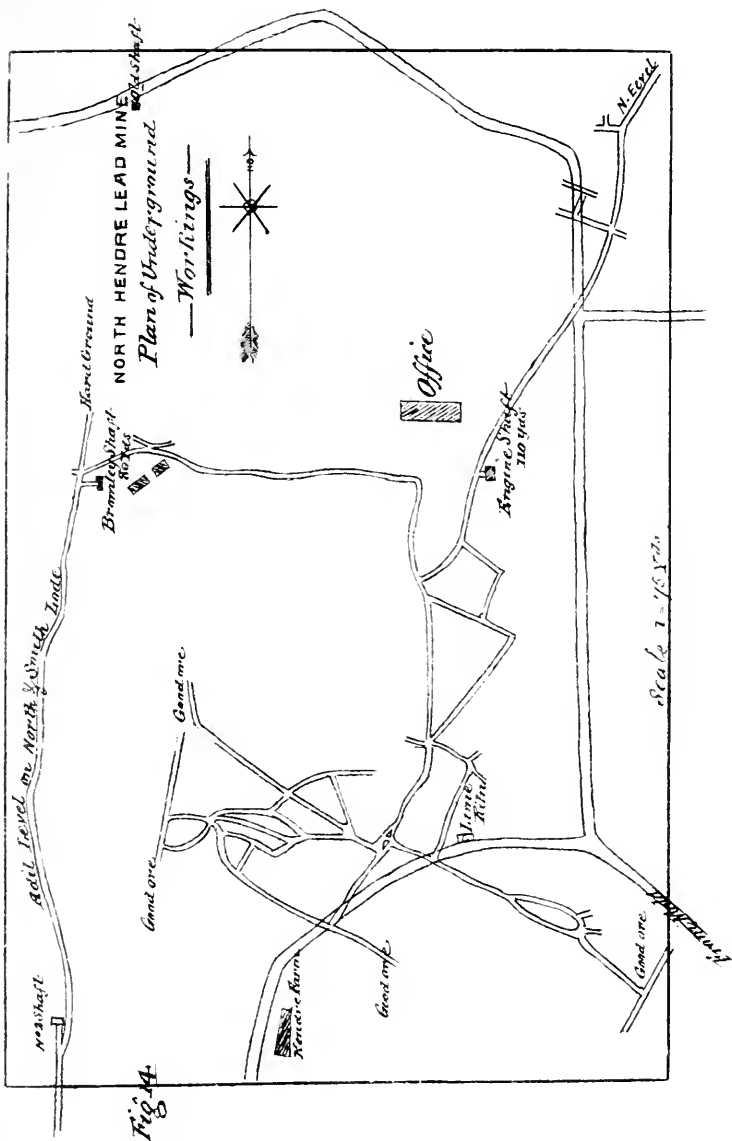


Fig. 11

Scale 1/4" = 10 yds

NORTH HENDRE LEAD MINE  
Plan of Under-ground

—Workings—





or new red sandstone beds, because the cracks run through and displace the coal measures, but are covered over with the red sandstones of the Cheshire plain. The absence of fragments of the coal measures in the cracks, and the subsequently formed cavities, seems to point to an extensive denudation of the upper portion of the carboniferous strata from off the lower before the cracks and cavities became charged with their metallic and other contents.

14. The cavities themselves seem to point to the ridges and beds of limestone lying for a long time within tidal and flood action. The original cracks were widened, and caverns scooped out, by the long continued action of water. This condition of things was followed by the depression of the limestone beds into deeper water, in which gradually they became filled with the materials they now hold, such materials being subjected to chemical and mechanical agencies, by which they were dissolved out of the original rock, carried to their destination, and there sorted and deposited according to their specific gravity and chemical affinity.

THEORETICAL CONSIDERATIONS. —But these two last paragraphs have carried us into the domain of the theoretical and speculative, and they have led us to forestall somewhat the answers that should be given to the questions—Whence were the ores of lead and zinc originally derived? From whence did they come into the fissures in the limestones? How did they come there? During what period or periods did they become fixed in their present position? And what were the principal agents to which their deposition in their present form is due?

On all these questions there may exist in the present state of our knowledge considerable difference of opinion, and I would be understood, in the following endeavour to answer such inquiries, to speak tentatively and suggestively rather than positively.

1. I think we may safely start with the assumption that the

rocks of the earth's crust—using this word to denote the part of the earth with which we are more or less familiar, and without reference to the precise condition of things in its interior—are, with all their enclosed substances, portions of the original substance of the globe.

2. Advancing a step further, we know that, while the strata of the earth's surface have been formed and re-formed, again and again, by the wearing down of previously formed, collected, and deposited matter, such depositions have, from time to time, been aided and affected by emissions and ejections of matter from the interior of the earth, in the various conditions of gases, vapours, liquids, and solids, even as such emissions and ejections are taking place now in volcanoes, geysers, and springs of water charged with calcareous and other substances, both terrestrial and sub-marine.

3. We infer that in the seas in which our limestone beds were deposited, such emissions of calcareous matter were very abundant, that the origin of the great bulk of the calcareous matter of the strata is to be sought for in this source; the shale beds, the earthy matter of the impurer limestones and the silica, and other substances of the sandstone and cherty beds, being derived from the wearing down of older rocks together with some portion, doubtless, of the calcareous matter.

4. That with the calcareous matter rising from the interior of the earth there came up also the metals we are considering, together with the substances with which as "ores" they are now associated.

5. Confining my observations now, for a time, to lead; this metal may have come from the earth's interior in two forms—first, in a pure and gaseous form, to be mixed with and held in solution by the waters of the sea for a time; or as mixed with carbonic acid—as carbonate of lead. Judging from the abundance of carbonic acid present in these early waters, I incline to think that this last was the prevailing form. In-

deed, it is difficult to conceive of the mineral remaining for any length of time in a pure state, surrounded as it would be, from the beginning, with other substances with which it would readily combine. With the lime also so largely present, it would be deposited upon the sea bottom, and thus form an integral part of the subsequent rock. But, just as in the clay pockets the carbonate of lead lies, as we have seen, in the lowest place, it would, from its specific gravity, sink as low down in the calcareous ooze or mud of the sea as it could; and as now and again the continuous deposition of the calcareous matter was checked by the inflow of earthy matter from the land, as now marked by the shale or marl beds, the base of each bed or layer of calcareous ooze would be most strongly charged with the metallic substance. It would thus be in a favourable position to be taken up and carried off by the agent to be presently referred to.

6. After the whole series of the calcareous beds with their interstratified shales, grits, and sandstones were deposited, came the elevation of the whole out of the water, with the consequent drying and contraction, causing cracks, great and small, in every direction; followed by movements in the earth's crust, causing dislocations, shattering of strata, and innumerable cracks, besides the great movements to the south and east. These would, added to the original inequalities of the surface as the beds were lifted out of the sea, and consequent, in a great measure, upon them, be hollows filled with water and fed by rains; old channels and furrows to be widened and deepened by atmospheric and aqueous denudation; rain falling and water flowing and percolating through every crack and crevice. There would be long periods also when, now partly and now totally, the strata would be submerged in the sea, its water filling every chink and pore in the beds.

7. We are now prepared to consider what was the agent, or what were the agents, by means of which the ores became fixed finally in the depositories where we now find them.

Negatively, we must, I think, dismiss from our minds the agency of heat to any great extent in the operation. It has been suggested occasionally, that the presence of rocks of a supposed igneous or metamorphic origin near the region of mineralized limestones, has had much to do with the deposition of the metallic ores. It does not seem, however, as far as the strata of the district we are considering is concerned, to have been the case.

That the principal agent was water must have become apparent to those who have read the preceding pages carefully. It is along water courses that the ore is deposited. It is in cavities and recesses, where the flow of water has been temporarily checked, that the ore has accumulated. The quantity of the ore lessens usually in proportion to the distance reached from the great watercourses. The earthy fillings of the lodes and flats are aqueous deposits, and the ores of lead and zinc are interstratified with these. The accretions of ore in the flats are rounded by the action of water.

It is water, therefore, that, filtering and percolating through the cracks and interstices of the strata, has taken up and carried off, along with other materials of the bed, the metallic ores, until reaching points where the flow was less rapid, where natural intercepting tanks and slime pits, so to speak, existed, the metallic burden of the water held in solution or suspension would be deposited.

In water so strongly impregnated with various mineral matters it is also probable that chemical action would be facilitated in places, and precipitation effected. The chemical action, taking place both when the minerals were first dissolved out of their parent beds, and when taken forward by the water, might be assisted by the temperature of the water, and it is possible that movements in the strata themselves, and those adjacent, with the intrusion near them of igneous rocks, might both generate heat, and also cause the emanation of

gases that would assist both in the dissolving and taking up of the minerals, and also in their subsequent deposition.

Then the different beds themselves would have different temperatures. They would also possess different degrees of magnetic or electric power. For, although we do not as yet know much of the way in which magnetic currents have affected the deposition of metallic ores, we do know that these currents have done much in giving these ores an east and west direction, and in determining the points at which they should be precipitated from their watery solution.

8. Mechanically speaking, the crack, limited in size, in the lower limestones may have been partly filled with earthy minerals before the great flow of mineralized water commenced. In the upper limestones the abundance of shaly matter would soon fill up the cracks, and the intervening shale beds would effectually close them to the flow of water; so that the absence of metallic ores from these beds is partly accounted for in this way.

9. Still the shale beds and the fossiliferous limestones have had much to do with the change, almost universal, which has taken place in the lead ore from its early condition as carbonate of lead, and its other early combinations and forms, to sulphide.

These beds consist largely of organic matter, so strongly charged with sulphur that the fossils have in many cases lost their original material, and become lumps and masses of pyrites. Water flowing over and through these beds becomes charged with sulphuretted hydrogen. A sulphurous bed of fossils at Dyserth is a good example of this. Chemists know that when manipulating with this gas the surface of the lead-fittings in their laboratories becomes altered into a sulphide, Here then we have the agent, or at least one chief agent, by which the carbonate, nitrate, silicate, or other early conditions of the mineral have become converted into sulphide as we now find it. We remember, also, how largely present sulphur is throughout the whole of the limestones, and still more so in

the overlying coal measures. The powerful decomposing effect of water containing carbonic acid, such as in places the waters of the carboniferous seas would be, upon the silicates of minerals is also well known; and here we have indicated an agent whose influence would be active on the mineral contents of the beds of sandstones at the summit of the group.

10. We cannot limit this operation to any one time. It is a process that might have gone on as the materials were being deposited. Subsequently, for long periods, the water flowing through and by the fossiliferous limestones, shales, and coal beds, would carry on the process. In water, also, previously charged with plumbiferous matter flowing over these beds, the change to sulphides would take place.

11. It will be seen that zinc was present in large quantities as well as lead, in those early waters, and to a considerable extent, the remarks just made apply to its deposition also, as well as to the changes it has undergone. The ores became deposited together, occupying to a large extent the position their different specific gravities would assign them.

12. During the later period, when the galena of the flats and pockets was deposited, zinc appears not to have been present in the waters of the sea. That the galena was derived from the material existing in the water, and not from the wearing away of the older ore-deposits in the limestone or in the older silurian rocks, is proved, I think, by the fact that zinc, which is so largely associated with lead in the lodes of these strata, is altogether absent. The separate origin is also proved by the greater absence of silver from the lead ore of these newer deposits.

Various modifications and additions to the processes whose outline I have thus sketched will very likely occur to my readers. All I attempt is a sketch-in outline. They will fill in the details, and perhaps erase a line here and there, or add one themselves.

CHAPTER VI.—*Historical Notes.*

From relics that have been discovered, we infer that the ancient Britons were acquainted, to some extent, with the mineral resources of their country, and that they worked mines to a shallow depth. Thus, in the district we are considering, ancient British smelting hearths have been discovered at Pant y Mwyn, and from the slag left there many tons of lead have been obtained. A wedge was also discovered in one of the deep fissures at Talargoch, that seems to point to the same early date.

The Romans, while not such original discoverers as they have been supposed, were very quick in taking advantage of the riches already discovered; and it was the Britons, accustomed to mining before they came, that they compelled, in the early days of their occupation, to work as slaves in the mines.

Thus Galgacus encouraged his soldiers to conquer or die by laying before them the dreadful consequences of defeat—"tribute and mines, and all the penalties of slavery." Agricola, too, calls our mines the reward of victory. These, he said, were to be worked, not by the conquerors, but by slaves and Britons newly subjugated.

Gradually, as the country got settled, the compulsion of slavery disappeared, and the miners became again, as they had been before the arrival of the Romans, voluntary labourers.

Pigs of lead, bearing various Roman imprints, have been discovered at Halton, in Cheshire, which were probably of Flintshire origin, just as in the Shropshire mining district similar pigs of lead, with the like imprints, have also been discovered.

The Saxons followed, and as we find that they worked

mines in the North of England, it is probable that they did not neglect the mines of Wales.

We find that Edward I directed a tenth of the profit of the neighbouring mines to be given to the parochial churches of Wales; the usual proportion of profit paid to the Exchequer at that time being a ninth. Thus the Abbey of Basingwerk had a revenue arising from this source.

James I granted a lease of mineral rights in Flintshire to Richard Gwyne, on payment of an annual charge of £3 6s. 8d.

In the year 1629, a lease was given of certain mineral properties in Flint and Denbigh, to Richard Grosvenor, Esq., and his son, Roger Grosvenor, for their joint lives, under warrant from the Lord Treasurer Weston, they paying the annual rent and a fine of ten pounds.

In 1634, Charles I granted to Sir Richard Grosvenor, knight, all the mines of lead, and rakes of lead, in the hundreds of Coleshill and Rhuddlan. These, or some of them, had, as we have seen, been let on lease before this time, and this seems to have been the first alienation in the district of the mineral rights of the Crown. It was thus that the extensive mineral rights, stretching from Minera to Holywell, came into the possession of the present House of Westminster.

About the year 1700, William III sought to alienate these mineral grants in favour of the Earl of Portland and his heirs for ever. But on a vigorous representation of the illegality of the proceeding, which was especially set forth in a noble speech by Robert Price, afterwards Baron of the Exchequer, his Majesty desisted from the attempt.

In the year 1763, we find the limits of the Grosvenor mineral rights, near the boundaries of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, between the village of Llanferres and the town of Mold, the subject of a lawsuit between the Gros-



venor family and the lords of Mold. The Grosvenors claimed a portion of land as being in their mineral grant of Yale, in the county of Denbigh, and the lords claimed it as being in the parish of Mold and county of Flint.

The decision was in favour of the lords of Mold, as it is recorded on a stone called Carreg Carn March Arthur, between Llanferres and Mold, which now marks the county boundary.

Up to the year 1720, the people of Flintshire were ignorant of the uses of the ores of zinc, calamine, and blende, and the roads were mended with the ores. About this date, John Barrow, a native of Somersetshire, pointed out to the Flintshire people their use. In 1778, when Pennant wrote, about 1,000 tons of these ores combined were raised in Flintshire. Subsequently, for many years, the ores were neglected, owing to large importations from Germany. About the year 1840 the trade revived, and in 1847 large quantities were raised, especially on the eastern side of the mining district.

About the year 1728, a rich lode was discovered, as it was said, by a labourer while cutting a ditch in a field west of the Pant y Pwll-dwr, or Prince Patrick Mine, on the ground now occupied by the Grosvenor Mine. It was variously known as "Rowley's Rake" and "Long Rake". It passed through a small enclosure belonging to Sir George Wynne of Leeswood, and he is said to have derived £300,000 from this lode in his property. In less than thirty years it yielded to different proprietors above a million sterling.

In the year 1750, a vein of green lead ore was discovered in the "silver rake" on Halkyn Mountain. Only a small quantity of ore was found, which yielded  $13\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of lead to the ton of ore. It was of very stubborn quality, and resisted the greatest powers of the blast furnace.

In 1773, a company of gentlemen started the deep level that emerges near the point where the railway bridge now

crosses the road to the town of Holywell, so as to intersect the mines now known as the Great Holway Mines, in depth, these mines having been worked at a shallow depth before that time. After driving a distance of 600 yards, a lode was met with that yielded 80 tons of lead. Besides this discovery, nothing was met with to reward their trouble and expense until 1798, when a lode of great thickness was struck, which was worked profitably for many years. The level was extended into the hill a distance of 1,800 yards, and the lode was then followed westerly for a distance of about 1,800 yards more. At the extremity of this driving the natural cavern described in Chapter IV was met with.

For many years this level formed a sort of canal, along which the ore and other traffic was carried by means of boats. In the year 1830 a railroad was laid down in it. From 1800 to 1825 the aggregate profits of this mine were £131,850, or nearly £5,000 a year. From 1825 to 1848 they were £1,000 a year.

The ore of this mine is said to be rich in silver, and to be worth £1 per ton more than the ordinary ores of the district.

The mine has been re-started recently. The main shaft is now down 40 yards below the adit level just referred to, and a powerful engine with an 80-inch cylinder has been erected to cope with the water. It remains to be seen what will be the result of the deeper workings, which will probably be in the thick white lower limestones.

In the year 1778, when Pennant took his first walk through Wales, he made the following references to the mines of the district.

Of those between Rhyd y Mwyn and Holywell, he wrote:—"Several veins have been pursued for a hundred years past. The ores of lead have been followed to a depth of 130 to 140 yards. The upper part of a vein produces most silver. The quantity of silver got in the north and

south lodes scarcely pays the refiner for labour. Our refiners will assay any lead that will yield 10 oz. of silver to the ton of lead and upwards. 16 oz. have been gotten but rarely."

Then turning southward we read:—"The ores of Mold and Minera yield scarcely any silver." Of course Pennant judged by the minimum assay just given, 10 oz. to the ton. Llanferres is described by him as being rich in mineral, as was also Tre yr Yrys in Llanarmon in Yale.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact quantities of lead ore raised annually during the latter half of the last century, owing to the fact that ores were brought from other mining districts to be smelted at the Flintshire smelting houses, of which, about the middle of the century, there were five; but the following particulars will be of interest.

In 1771, there were exported from the port of Chester, which included the whole estuary of the Dee, 1,000 tons of lead and 300 tons of lead ore to foreign countries; and 3,470 tons of lead and 431 tons of lead ore were sent coastwise.

In 1776, 1,184 tons of lead and 168 tons of lead ore were sent abroad, and 2,813 tons of lead and 431 tons of lead ore were sent coastwise. The total quantity entered in the Chester Custom House and sent abroad from 1758 to 1777 was:—

Lead.	Lead ore.
79,533 tons, 11 cwt., 2 qrs., 16 lbs.	12,840 tons, 6 cwt.

or over 4,000 tons a year, besides that retained for local use.

Of the ore refined in Flintshire, the following quantities of silver were obtained by one of the five smelting houses:—

1754	...	1216 oz.		1774	...	5693 oz.
1755	...	1276 „		1775	...	6704 „
1756	...	7341 „		1776	...	4347 „

In giving the following brief notes concerning the history of the Minera Mines, we must go back again to the beginning. The earliest workings seem to have been along the outcrop of the lode to the west, in the ore-bearing beds of the limestone; and numerous shallow pits and trenches mark these apparently ancient workings.

Following the lode eastward, a second series of similar ancient works mark the outcrop of the upper series of the metal-bearing rocks in the chert beds and limestones above the great mass of the upper unproductive limestones. To this day, the space between these points occupied by the limestones just named is marked by the absence of works.

Large quantities of ore are said to have been raised from the western end of the lode in the days of Charles II.

In the year 1744, a lease was taken of the portion of the land traversed by the lode, which had been left for charitable purposes to the citizens of Chester. This comprises the outcrop of the chert beds, and it contains also in depth the ore-bearing limestone beds. The lease was taken by Mr. Richardson, silversmith, and mayor of Chester, for thirty-one years. Up to the year 1761, but little seems to have been got from the mine; but from that year to 1781, a royalty of 25s. per ton, amounting to £12,533, was paid on 10,365 tons of ore.

Between this date and 1799, the mine was let to John Wilkinson, the great ironfounder, whose works were at Bersham, near Wrexham. In 1784, the first steam engine, made of Boulton and Watts' construction, and made by Wilkinson, was erected on the western end of the mine. The old engine-house is still standing. Mr. Wilkinson entered into partnership with Mr. Kirk, and between 1800 and 1816, 50,000 tons of ore were sold from the middle part of the mine. Messrs. Hunt and Noble next took the mine, but they seem to have failed very soon. In 1821, Messrs. Kirk and Burton took the mine on lease for twenty-one years, but in a year or two the

mine was drowned out, and it stood idle until the year 1850, when it was taken by the present company. In 1853, a good discovery of lead ore was made, and from that date to the present time, the mine has been successfully worked. It is stated that during this period 100,000 tons of lead ore and 50,000 tons of blende, of the total value of £1,600,000, have been sold, of which sum, £600,000 has been divided as profit, the original capital of the company being £45,000.

In the year 1798, we find the same John Wilkinson the owner of the Llyn y Pandy lead mine near Mold, of which we are told by Mr. Warner that the works included the Cefn Kilken vein, along which Mr. Wilkinson's lease stretched for a third of a mile. This vein is described as containing a head or heading of a level in which was solid ore 6 feet wide, and another 4 feet wide. A level also had 2 feet of solid ore along its floor. The ore was of two kinds, the blue (galena), which yielded 16 cwt. of lead to the ton, and the other, white (carbonate), which gave 13 cwt. Both were gotten in the same vein, the white lying on the south and the blue on the north side. Many thousands of tons of ore were then lying on the floors waiting for a market, the war having almost suspended the demand for lead and lessened the price to nearly one half what it formerly sold for.

The mine had been troubled with water, so that Mr. Wilkinson had erected four "vast engines" of Messrs. Boulton and Watts' construction. One had a cylinder 48 inches in diameter, with 8-foot stroke and 21-inch pump, down to a depth of 44 yards. A second, a 52-inch cylinder, 8-foot stroke, and pump 21 inches in diameter to a depth of 60 yards. A third, a 27-inch cylinder, 6-foot stroke, and 12-inch pump, to a depth of 70 yards, and the fourth, a 38-inch cylinder 8-foot stroke, and 12-inch pump, to a depth of 60 yards.

A little nearer Mold, at the same time, was the Pen y Fron Mine of Mr. Ingleby. Here there was a water-wheel and a

steam-engine of the old construction, with a cylinder  $60\frac{1}{2}$  ins. in diameter, which worked one 16-inch and two 14-inch pumps, to a depth of 44 yards, while the water-wheel worked two 12-inch pumps to the same depth. All these pumps were fixed in the same shaft, and all combined could not keep the water down, so that Mr. Ingleby could hardly ever get to the bottom of his works. If he were able to do this, we are told, his profits would be immense, since the mine was incalculably rich, there being one vein of solid ore two yards and a half wide, besides several smaller seams.

In the few instances when Mr. Ingleby *did* get to the bottom, no less than 70 tons of ore were raised per week. The blue ore of this mine is described as not so good as that of Llyn y Pandy, owing to its containing a small portion of Black Jack. The mine did not contain much white ore.

A profitable mine in Flintshire, for a time, was the Milwr, near the east side of the town of Holywell. It was first wrought in the year 1822. In the years 1829-30 it yielded the proprietors a clear profit of £17,000 a year. In 1830 it yielded 3,000 tons of ore. It was then drained by a 70-inch cylinder engine; at the present time these works are in ruins. Lately, a renewed attempt at mining has been made a little to the north of the old workings.

Remains of former extensive mines are scattered over the limestone ridges N.E. of the village of Llanarmon in Denbighshire. The difficulty experienced here, as at the mines in Flintshire to the north, was the influx of water. In 1828, a very powerful engine was erected at the Nant and Pant Gwlanod Mines for the purpose of pumping, but the low price of lead ore at that time materially lessened the extent of mining operations.

In 1847, a company was formed to work the Nant y Palm and Castell Mines, where three hundred men were said to have been employed formerly.

The Bog, or Westminster Mines, east of Llanarmon, were once very important mines, and presented, some thirty years ago, a scene of great activity. Later, about ten years ago, the Maes y Safn Mine, near the village of Llanferres, and the Jamaica Mine on the millstone grit to the east, were productive, but at the present time there is but little profitable mining between the village of Llanarmon and the town of Mold.

Explorations are, however, going on, which, I hope, will result successfully, and there are some hopeful mines between Llanarmon and Minera.

The old difficulty of water will be obviated along the course and to the depth of the level which, begun many years ago near the town of Flint, is now being pushed southward by a company of which Messrs. John Taylor and Son are the engineers. Already the Deep Level Mine, and the Rhos Esmor Mine on the east side of Halkyn Mountains, are recommencing operations.

Of the extent to which the two counties have been mineralized we may form some idea in the following manner. The limestones of Flint and Denbigh now cover an area of 85 square miles. If we put the whole production of the area at 6,000 tons of lead ore a year for two hundred years, the result will be 28,235 tons per square mile. Really, the productive portion of the limestones occupy a much smaller area.

The production of the two counties for the year 1881, with the names and situation of the mines, is given in the annexed table, the particulars of which are taken from Mr. Robert Hunt's very useful and accurate mineral statistics for that year.

Of other mines worked in the two counties, the Cobalt Mine of Foel Hiraeddog, near Rhuddlan, Flintshire, is very interesting as being at the present time the only cobalt mine in the British Islands. The ore occurs in a

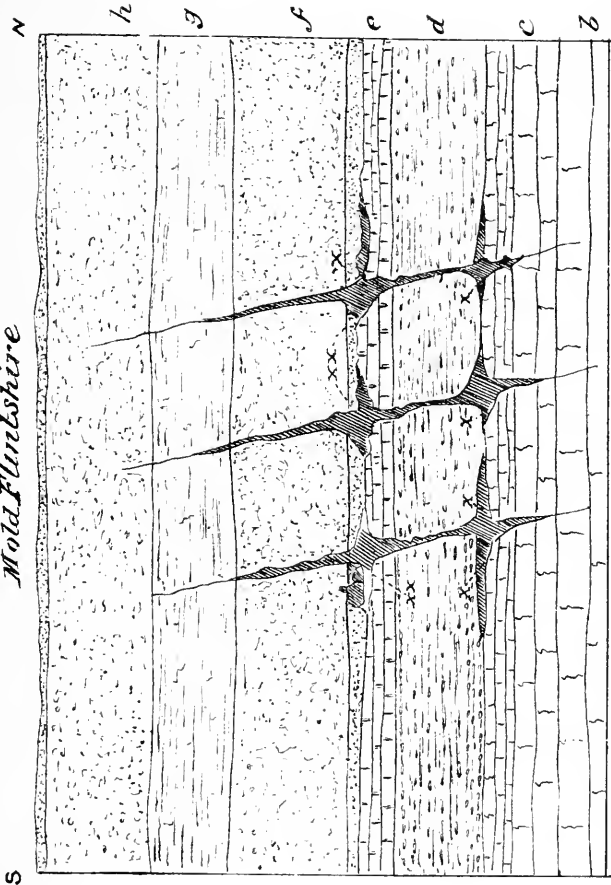
great fissure, or "swallow", in the lower massive beds of the carboniferous limestone. This is, in the present instance, a great irregular cavity, or crack, widening downwards to a depth of about 250 ft., as far as it has been followed. It has, horizontally, a N.N.E. and S.S.W. direction, and it has been worked to an extent of 30 yards or so. Generally it is perpendicular in depth, but it inclines now to one side and then to another. It is filled with red clay, in which are lumps of hematite and lumps and grains of "wad", or earthy manganese; and scattered throughout it is "asbolane", or earthy cobalt ore. The deposit has been followed downwards by a series of small shafts, and the only preparation of the ore at the surface is the picking out of it the lumps of iron ore and fragments of the limestone. Three samples of the ore have given the following results:—

SAMPLES.	1.	2.	3.
Cobalt—Sesquioxide .....	37.40	20.63	26.20
Nickel—Sesquioxide .....	8.58	6.85	10.35
Manganese—Binoxide .....	23.12	39.50	25.58
Iron—Sesquioxide .....	13.85	15.10	21.10
Copper—Oxide.....	traces	traces	0.25
Silica .....	0.45	2.00	0.60
Alumina .....	0.10	0.50	0.18
Water .....	16.00	15.00	15.00
	99.50	99.58	99.26

During the years 1878-81, 328 tons, 6 cwt. of this ore have been sold, realising £2,056 18s. 5d., or an average value of about £6 5s. per ton. The whole of the minerals in the pocket seem to have been derived from the limestone strata; and the success which has rewarded the mineral knowledge and the exertions of Mr. Gage, the proprietor of this mine, should lead to an examination of the contents of all the pockets—marl and clay beds of the limestone strata. Cobalt is largely used to produce a rich blue colour in pottery and glass; and, lately, it has been used with great suc-



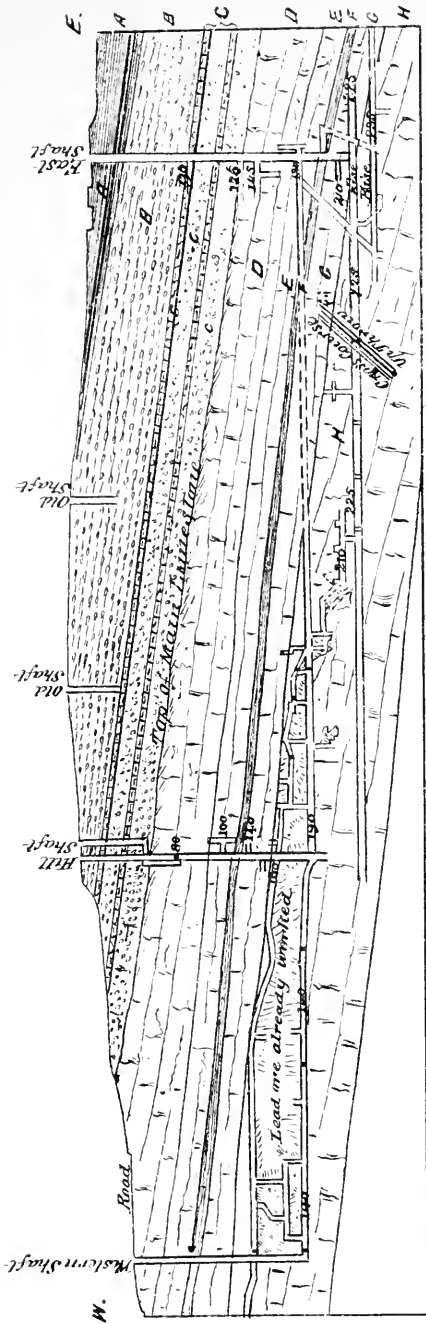
Fig 15. Section of Lodes (and Flats) at From Fawnog Mine  
 Mold Flintshire



b Middle Limestone, Ore bearing. Upper part. Limestone d. Grit Beds  
 e Thin Limestone f. Chert. Beds g Shales & Sandstones h. Base of  
 Coal Measures xx. Upper Flat x Lower Flat



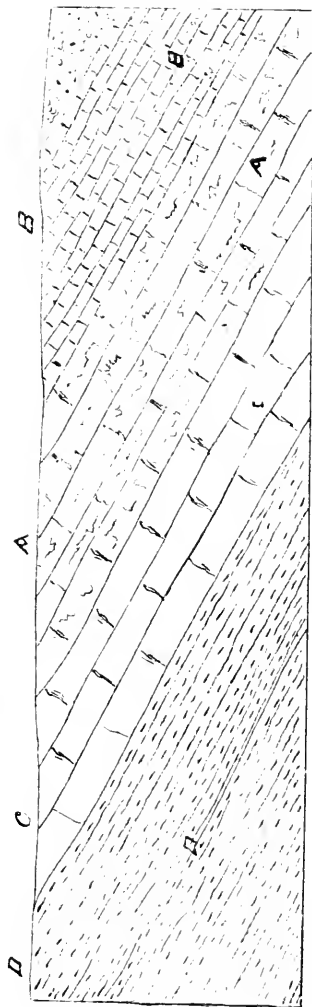
Fig 16. Section of Strata and Workings on Lode at the Park Mines - Scale 1" = 160 Yds.

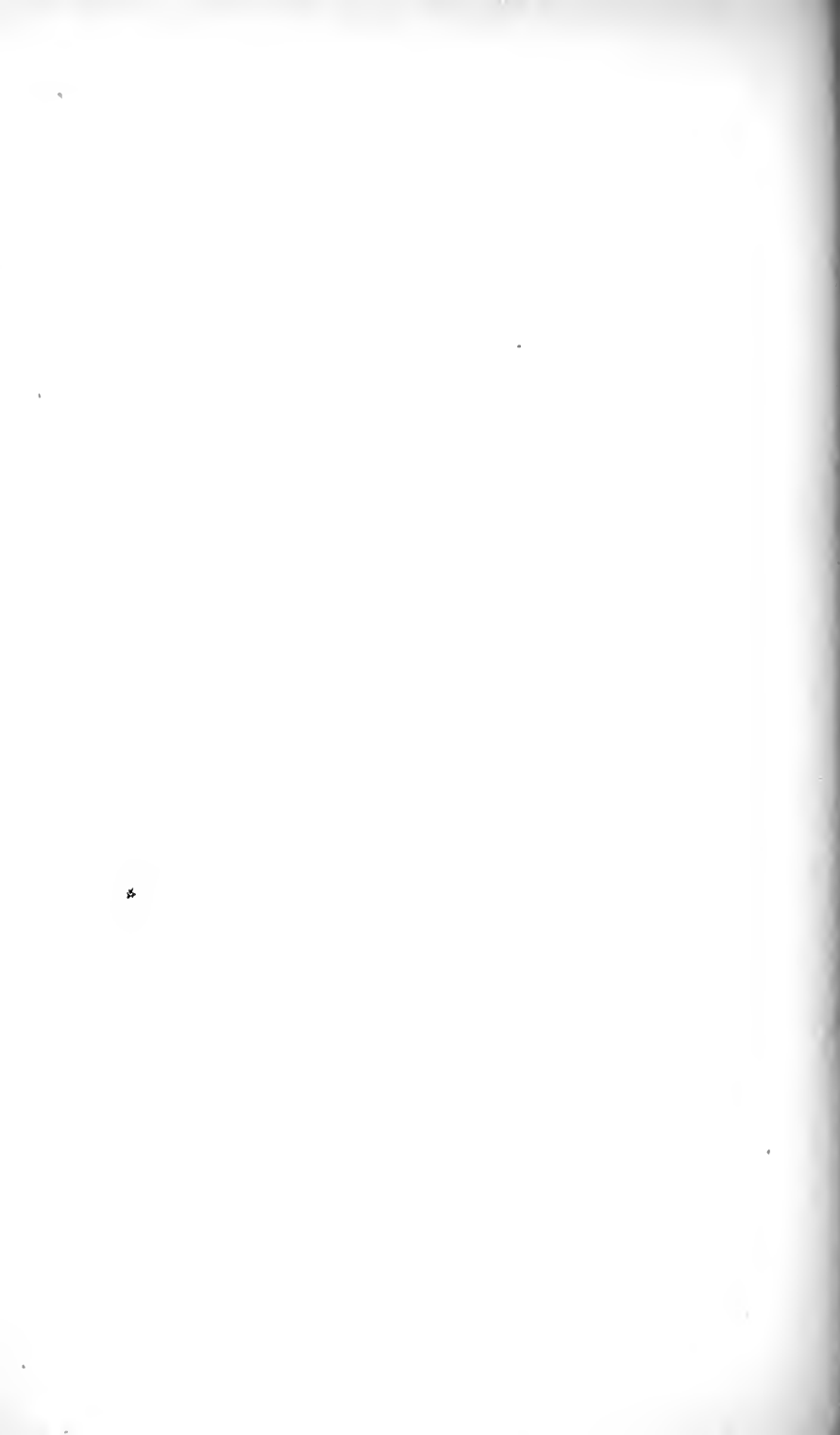


A. Gd Measures with thin beds of coal. B Millstone Grit - upper one ground in Mirra. Shale C. Chert Beds with occasional Limestone  
 D. Dark Limestone. Zimstones & Shale E. Ore bearing limestone F. Black Shale E. Ore bearing limestone G. A Measure  
 White Limestone

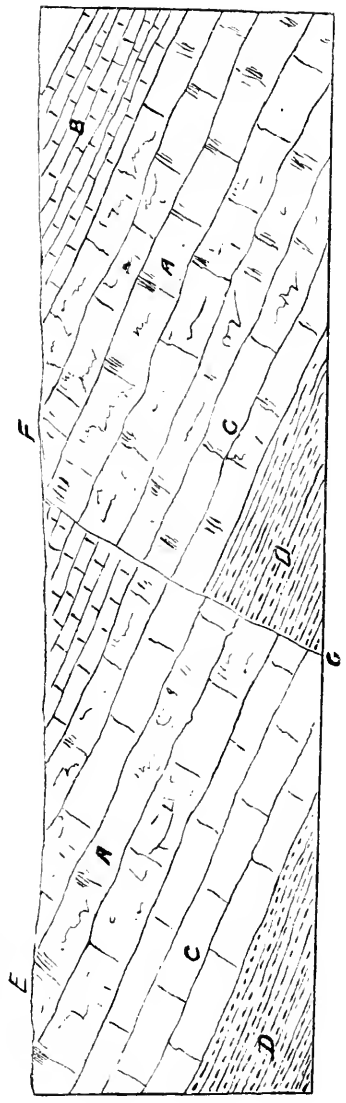


*Fig. 17 Ideal Section along the course of a Lode showing the Transition of the productive portion.*





*Fig. 18. Ideal Section along the course of a Lode Showing the Repetition  
of the productive portion.*



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cess in the plating of other metals, either alone or in conjunction with nickel. It gives a surface equal, if not superior, to the best nickel plating.

Another interesting mine, and one that seems to point to a new industry in Denbighshire, is the Nant Uchaf Manganese and Hematite Mine, near Bettws, Abergele. This mine is worked in the Devonian beds lying at the base of the carboniferous limestone (Figs. 3 and 4). These beds consist of dark sandstones, conglomerates of pebbles, derived from the older rocks, hard shales, and impure limestones, the whole series of which rests upon water-worn surfaces of the shaly and slaty Wenlock beds of the Upper Silurian strata. Deposits of hematite have been occasionally, and are still, worked in these beds. Within the last few years a rather extensive deposit of manganese ore, associated with hematite ore, has been discovered on the Nant Uchaf property. From this deposit there were sold, in 1881, 305 tons of manganese at the average value of £1 per ton.

The hematite and manganese ores occur in irregular masses in the impure limestone beds, and these masses extend over large areas. They owe their origin either to an original deposition contemporaneous with that of the limestone beds themselves, or to the subsequent infiltration of mineral matter into cavities made in the limestones. From their position and extent, as well as from the light thrown upon them by newer deposits of the same mineral in Nassau (North Germany) and elsewhere, which I have had an opportunity of examining, I incline, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, to the first supposition. This discovery should lead to the search for similar deposits in the same strata, wherever they occur, at the base of the limestone between this point and the Eglwyseg rocks, near Llangollen.

## LIST OF MINES IN FLINTSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1881.

No.	Name of Mine.	Near where situated.	Lead Ore.		Silver.	Zinc Ore.		Cobalt Ore.		Iron Ore.
			Tons. Cwts. Qrs.	Qrs.	Ounces.	Tons. Cwts. Qrs.	Qrs.	Tons. Cwts. Qrs.	Qrs.	
1.	Beuno Consols .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
2.	Bodfari .....	Bodfari .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	1700 0 0 (Hematite)
3.	Bryn Coch and East Pant y Mwn .....	Mold .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
4.	Bryn Main .....	Ffagnalt .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
5.	Bryn Parade .....	Halkin .....	1 9 2	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
6.	Butlersfield .....	Brynford .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
7.	Celyn Bog .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
8.	Coetia Mawr .....	Mold .....	22 16 0	.....	103	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
9.	Clwt y Militia .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	2½	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
10.	Cwm .....	Rhyl .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
11.	Deep Level .....	Halkin .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
12.	Fagnalt .....	Halkin .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
13.	Flintshire Great Consols .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
14.	Fron Hall United .....	Mold .....	25 0 0	.....	100	.....	.....	63 14 1	.....	.....
15.	Foel Hiraeddog .....	Cwm, near Rhyl ..	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
16.	Fod y Crio .....	Halkin .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
17.	Gorsedd and Merlyn .....	Holywell .....	119 0 0	.....	1547	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
18.	Great Holway .....	Holywell .....	551 0 0	.....	7714	425 0 10	.....	.....	.....	.....
19.	Grosvenor .....	Halkin .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
20.	Gwern y Mynydd .....	Mold .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
21.	Hazel Grove .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
22.	Holway West .....	Holywell .....	109 0 0	.....	981	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
23.	Holywell or Pant y Pydew .....	Holywell .....	40 0 0	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
24.	Llwyn y Cosyn .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
25.	Long Rake, East .....	Halkin .....	20 0 0	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
26.	Maes y Safor .....	Mold .....	8 17 0	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
27.	Mostyn Consols .....	Mostyn .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

28.	New Pantyne .....		1	5	0	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
29.	North Henblas .....		.....	0	0	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
30.	North Hendre .....		1152	0	0	4608	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
31.	Pant y Mwn .....		65	6	0	200	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
32.	Pant Du, East .....		20	10	0	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
33.	Pant y Buarth .....		3	10	0	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
34.	Parry's Mine.....		.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
35.	Patrik, North .....		.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
36.	Pen yr Orsedd .....		4	15	3	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
37.	Pennant.....		.....	.....	.....	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
			321 13 3				.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
			(Pyrites)				.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
38.	Picton.....	Holywell .....	1	0	0	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
39.	Plas Du and Park .....	Mold .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
40.	Prince Patrik .....	Halkin .....	23	15	0	90	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
41.	Pwllgwen-llan .....	Halkin .....	27	19	2	...	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
42.	Queen of the Mountain .....	Halkin .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
43.	Rhosomor.....	Halkin .....	500	0	0	3755	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
44.	Rhydalon .....	Mold .....	195	0	0	980	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
45.	Sir Edward .....	Holywell .....	7	0	0	20	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
46.	South Pant-y-ne .....	Holywell .....	40	0	0	160	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
47.	Silver Lead .....	Holywell .....	17	0	0	50	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
48.	Speedwell and Grange .....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
49.	St. Patrik .....	Halkin .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
50.	Talacre and Gronant .....	Holywell .....	6	6	0	42	.....	772 10 0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
51.	Talargoch .....	Dyserth, near Rhyl .....	1250	0	0	8120	.....	3031 0 0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
52.	Trelogan.....	Holywell .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
53.	True Blue .....	Holywell .....	69	19	1	210	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
54.	Truro .....	Nerquis .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
55.	United or Fron Fawnog.....	Mold .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
56.	Victor .....	Mold .....	6	18	0	22	.....	4 18 0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
57.	Wagstaff .....	Halkin .....	69	5	0	275	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
58.	Wynn .....	Llanarmon .....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
59.	Ucha United.....	.....	26	6	0	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	
		Total	4392	18	0	12901	4333	8 0	63	14	1	2021	13 3	

## LIST OF MINES IN DENBIGHSHIRE IN THE YEAR 1881.

No.	Name of Mine.	Near where situate.	Lead Ore.		Silver.	Zinc Ore.		Manganese Ore.		Iron Ore.	
			Tons.	Cwts. Qrs.		Tons.	Cwts. Qrs.	Tons.	Cwts. Qrs.	Tons.	Cwts. Qrs.
1.	Bodlris .....	Llanarmon in Yale	31	8 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
2.	Bryn Derwyn .....	.....	10	4 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
3.	Celyn y Gist .....	Raabon .....	6	10 0	..	3	5 0	.....	.....	.....	.....
4.	Denbighshire Consols .....	Mold .....	100	12 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
5.	Dyffryn, Mid .....	Llanarmon .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
6.	Lady Ann .....	Llanarmon .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
7.	Lead Era .....	Llanarmon .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
8.	Llandegla .....	Llanarmon .....	1394	0 0	6970	5468	0 0	.....	.....	.....	.....
9.	Minera .....	Wrexham .....	7	1 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
10.	Minera Consols .....	Wrexham .....	0	10 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
11.	Minera, West .....	Wrexham .....	.....	.....	..	16	0 0	.....	.....	.....	.....
12.	Minera Mountain .....	Wrexham .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	304	19 2	.....	.....
13.	Nant Uchaf .....	Abergele .....	6	0 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	358	18 0
14.	Pant Du and Wernlas .....	Mold .....	18	10 0	85	100	0 0	.....	.....	(Hematite)	.....
15.	Park .....	Minera .....	.....	.....	..	15	0 0	.....	.....	.....	.....
16.	Pool Park .....	Wrexham .....	12	10 0	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
17.	Union and Boundary .....	Wrexham .....	.....	.....	..	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
			1587	5 0	7055	5602	5 0	304	19 2	358	18 0

Besides the minerals enumerated in the foregoing lists, Flintshire produced 66 tons, and Denbighshire 21,562 tons of iron ores from the coal measures.

## WELSH HYMNOLOGY.

BY THE REV. W. GLANFFRWD THOMAS, Vicar of St. Asaph.

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IT is supposed that the Druids composed and sang their hymns, or sacred songs, on their albanau and high feasts. But the Druid hymns, like the Druid system, are lost; and not a vestige is found on the face of a legend or tradition. In like manner the old Christian hymns are lost—the hymns, whether original, translations or adaptations, peculiar to the first period of Christianity in this country. Probably they were never written, but handed down like the Druid lore, orally, from one generation to another. No reasonable doubt can exist as to hymns being sung in the early British Church. People whose muse always sang the praises of men, whether kings, warriors, or patriots, would scarcely fail to pour forth their feelings of devotion, and to give the highest scope possible to their muse, in the form of hymns or sacred lyrics. In the works of Taliesin, who is supposed to be a bard of the sixth century, reference is made to the hymnology of that period—“Nid cerddor Celfydd, ni molwy Ddofydd, nid cywir ceiniad, ni molwy y Tad;” that is, “No musician is skilful unless he extols the Lord, and no singer is correct unless he praises the Father.”

In Llawdden's works, a bard who took a prominent part in the reformation of Welsh poetry in the year 1451, some reference is also made to the hymnology of the mediæval period:—

“Mi a luniaf fuu lanwaith  
 Gywyddau a Salmau saith  
 A naw emyn o newydd  
 A phawb Gair i Fair fydd.”

Tndor Aled says that in heaven it will be part of the saints' supremest joy to sing the Virgin's praises :

“ Cawn Wynfyd, cawn y Wenfair,  
Cawn y Nef oll canwn i Fair.”

In the year 1340, Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug, Vicar of Tre-meirchion and Canon of St. Asaph, composed some hymns; perhaps the first Welsh hymns since the early Church hymns were lost. Davydd Ddu also translated the *Te Deum* in the Welsh metre known as *Hupynt* or *Vaulted Strain*.<sup>1</sup> Several of Davydd Ddu o Hiraddug's hymns may be seen in the *Myfyrian Archaeology of Wales*.

“The earlier opponents of Romanism, between the 13th and 15th centuries, the Waldenses, Lollards, and Bohemian Brethren, sang hymns. The hymn-book of the Picards and Bohemian Brethren, printed with musical notes at Ulm, in 1538, shows that the melodies used by these sects originated from the chants to which the ancient Latin hymns were sung.”<sup>2</sup> It is not impossible that these were the old Celtic melodies which had been sung in the Gaulish Church, and had lingered for ages around that part, when only a Welsh monk, now and then passing through the country, would have known that once they were the hymn tunes of his ancestors.

If Wolf's explanation of the word *lays* is correct, we may connect Welsh hymnology with the Continent, and show that the influence came not from the Continent here, but that, on the contrary, Welsh hymns and Welsh music influenced the Continent. In the mediæval period, church *lays* were held in great esteem, and Wolf asserts that the word *lay* is the same as the Welsh word *llais*, meaning a tune or a song; *luoidh* is the Gaelic for hymn or stanza.

At the time of the Protestant Reformation the Welsh ap-

<sup>1</sup> See *Gwyddionadur Cymreig*, p. 570.

<sup>2</sup> *Proctor on the Book of Common Prayer*, p. 175.

peared to have lost the spirit of sacred song. On the Continent the Reformation was the signal for an outburst of vernacular hymnology. Luther's hymns and psalms fired the hearts of his followers, so that his opponents feared his hymns more than his sermons; and England and Wales caught the fire.

In the year 1549 Sterndale and Hopkins gave to the English people the metrical Psalms; but Wales had to wait another seventy-two years for the appearance of a poet, whose name now is familiar to all Welshmen, as well as the task he so admirably performed—*Salmau Edmund Prys*.

How the Welsh people managed to sing, in their old parish churches, and what besides chanting the Psalms they did, we are not in a position to say. To us who know the present generation of Welsh bards it is hard to conceive of any number of Welsh people coming together without attempting to compose something in the shape of a *pennill o fawl*.

Archdeacon Prys is the connecting link between our hymnology and that of the Reformation period. It was in the year 1621 that he turned the Psalms into a metrical shape, in order, as he quaintly puts it, "that the Welsh people might be enabled to praise God from their hearts". It was a glorious task. His version of the Psalms is still used. Some have thought it dry and stiff, but on the whole the task was admirably performed. His name, or his Psalms, will not be forgotten. Though his grave at Maentwrog Church is lost, the monument erected by himself time will not efface; and the name *Edmund Prys* is as fresh now, and more familiar to all Welshmen, than when he was Precentor of St. Asaph Cathedral.

Next to the archdeacon comes the name of Rowland Vaughan, a gentleman, a scholar, and a very excellent poet, although his chief mark was made as a translator of hymns.

His translation of that beautiful hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus", is well known. The Welsh translation is far better than the English one; which, according to the *Book of Praise*, published by Sir Roundell Palmer, now Lord Selborne, was first introduced into the Office for the Ordination of Priests upon the revision of the Liturgy of the Church of England in 1662. Whether Rowland Vaughan translated the original Latin, or the English, we are not able to decide. If the translation appeared with some of his other works in the year 1658, then would it seem probable that he translated the original Latin hymn, for it would have been four years before the English version was introduced into the English Prayer Book; and, further, the English and Welsh metres differ, the Welsh being a little shorter than the English; but in sweetness, vividness, and strength the Welsh far surpasses the English translation. We give both, that they may be more easily compared.

1. "Tyr'd Ysbryd Glan i'n c'lonau ni,  
A dod dy oleuni nefol;  
Tydi wyt Ysbryd Crist, dy ddawn,  
Sydd fawr iawn a rhagorol.
2. "Llawenydd, bywyd, cariad pur,  
Ydynt dy eglur ddoniau;  
Dod eli'n llygaid, fel i'th saint,  
Ac enaint i'n hwynebaw.
3. "Gwasgara di'n gelynion trwch,  
A heddwch dyro ini;  
Os t'wysog ini fydd Duw Ner,  
Pob peth fydd er daioni.
4. "Dysg i'n adnabod y Duw Tad,  
Y gwir Fab rhad a Thithau;  
Yn un trag'wyddol Dduw i fod,  
Yr hynod dri phersonau.
5. "Fel y molianer yn mhob oes,  
Y Duw a roes drugaredd;  
Y Tad, y Mab, a'r Ysbryd Glan,  
Da dadgan ei arhdedd."



- “ Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire ;  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost thy seven-fold gifts impart.
- “ Thy blessed unction from above,  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;  
 Enable with perpetual light,  
 The dulness of our blinded sight.
- “ Anoint and cheer our soiled face,  
 With the abundance of thy grace :  
 Keep far our foes ; give peace at home,  
 Where thou art guide no ill can come.
- “ Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee, of both, to be but One ;  
 That, through the ages all along,  
 This may be our endless song.”

This hymn<sup>1</sup> is supposed to have been introduced into the Western Church in the eleventh century. Its composition has been attributed to St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, who lived in the latter half of the fourth century ; and to Rhabanus Maurus of the ninth century. It will be seen that the Welsh, on the whole, is a good and faithful translation :—

- “ Veni, Creator, Spiritus.  
 Mentis tuorum visita :  
 Imple superna gratia,  
 Quae tu creasti pectora.
- “ Qui Paraclitus diceris,  
 Donum Dei altissimi,  
 Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
 Et spiritalis unctio.
- “ Tu septiformis munere,  
 Dextrae Dei tu digitus :  
 Tu rite promissum Patris,  
 Sermone ditans guttura.

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<sup>1</sup> Proctor's *History of the Common Prayer*, p. 444.

- “ Accende lumen sensibus,  
 Infunde amorem cordibus :  
 Infirma nostri corporis,  
 Virtute firmans perpeti.
- “ Hostem repellas longius,  
 Pacemque dones protinus :  
 Ductore sic te praevio,  
 Vitemus omne noxium.
- “ Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,  
 Noscamus atque Filium :  
 Teque utriusque Spiritum,  
 Credamus omni tempore.
- “ Sit laus Patri cum Filio,  
 Sancto simul Paraclito :  
 Nobisque mittat Filius,  
 Charisma Sancti Spiritus.”

Rowland Vaughan's "Veni Creator" and "Galarnad Pechadur" ought to be read and remembered, for we have nothing more beautiful in the whole range of our hymnology.

Elis Wyn o Lasynys (or "Bardd Cwsg"), should be mentioned in connection with this period. One of our best hymns was composed by him, and was as much admired then as it is now. It is a funeral hymn, or as the Welsh people call it, "Eryn Cynhebrwng neu Wynnos".

- “ Myfi yw'r adgyfodiad mawr,  
 Myfi yw gwawr y Bywyd ;  
 Caiff pawb a'm cred Medd f' Arglwydd Dduw,  
 Er trengu fyw mewn cilfyd.
- “ Ar sawl sy'n byw mewn ufudd gred,  
 I mi, caiff drwydded nefol ;  
 Na allo'r angau, brenin braw,  
 Ddrwg iddaw yn dragywyddol.
- “ Yn wir, yn wir, medd Gwir ei hun,  
 Pob cyfryw ddyd sy'n gwrando ;  
 Fy ngair gan gredu'r Tad a'm rhoes,  
 Mae didranc einioes ganddo.

“ A wnel ei oreu 'n ufuddhau,  
 Trwy ffydd i'm geiriau hyfryd ;  
 Ni ddaw i farn, ond trwodd aeth,  
 O angeu caeth i fywyd.”

Elis Wyn was Rector of Llanfair, and other parishes near Harlech. He died in 1734, and was buried under the altar of his own parish church. His name will remain bright in his funeral hymn, when the stained window, put up in memory of the poet, will have been darkened by the dust of many ages.

Vicar Prichard was a hymnologist. It appears that his book called the *Welshman's Candle* was at one time much used, and some of its quaint verses sung as hymns, probably for the want of something better, for in his days the voice of sacred song and praise was scarcely heard in Wales.

We find that with great difficulty was sacred music introduced into Nonconformist churches, both in England and Wales ; and strange, yet equally true it is, that Welsh hymnology really dates from the rise of Methodism in Wales.

In the Puritan period, psalmody and hymnology were not flourishing, and sacred music was nearly stifled.<sup>1</sup> But we have it on good authority that the Puritans attempted to introduce hymns, instead of the canticles sung or read in the service. The authority for singing hymns dates from the time of Elizabeth, both in England and Wales.

In the Prayer Book of Henry the Eighth were seen seven hymns. Only one of them was retained in the Reformed Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, “Come Holy Ghost, Eternal God.” One curious difference between the German and English reformers was, that the former used the old hymns ; while the latter, either from ignorance or negligence, lost the hymns which had been sung for many centuries. The fact that the English reformers omitted to print their

<sup>1</sup> Proctor's *History of the Prayer Book*, p. 176.

ancient hymns in their new Church Services must have affected Wales also.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century a complete change came over the country. The cold, negligent spirit which had characterised the first half disappeared; the people were shaken from a long deep sleep; and with the revival came a love for hymns and spiritual songs. "The winter was past, the time of the singing of birds was come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land."<sup>1</sup> It is of the very nature of religion that it should express itself in song; for religion lays hold of the deepest emotions of the human soul, and causes the heart-strings to vibrate with the most varied and most powerful feelings of which man is capable, which can only find expression through the voice and pen, and in those forms of human language, that alone by their varied movements can express these varied emotions.

From the middle of the eighteenth century we find a development in this direction in the hymnology of Wales. The Methodist revival is the starting point from which has been unfolded a rich and pure literature, that will bear comparison with anything of the same nature produced by the most cultivated nations.

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## II.

It is interesting to find out the names and character, and the poetical abilities which were the distinctive inheritance of the Welsh hymnologists of the last two centuries. We go back again to begin with the Ven. Archdeacon Prys, a man of deep learning and piety, who was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. He assisted Dr. Morgan in the translation of the Welsh Bible; and from his

<sup>1</sup> *Hebrew Poetry.* Dr. Briggs.

Metrical Psalms, and other productions, *Englynion* and *Cywyddau*, composed by him, we have abundant evidence that he was a man of culture, taste, and capacity; and that he possessed the religious spirit that could enter into sympathetic relations with the Divine authors of the Psalms, and interpret them from his inmost soul. In some cases, indeed, his rendering of the Psalms, and his recasting them as it were in his own mould, sheds a flood of light on their meaning. His version of the latter part of the 110th Psalm has been pointed out as an illustration of this,—“He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.”

“O wir frys i'r gyflafan hon,  
 Fe yf o'r afon nesa;  
 A gaffo ar ei ffordd yn rhwydd,  
 Yr Arglwydd a'i dyrchafa.”

That of itself is a sufficient commentary on the psalm. It has been said that his translation of the Psalms is dry and rugged, and that in several places he is guilty of breaking the fixed rules of poetry, and of frequently ignoring the principle of metres so thoroughly developed in Welsh poetry. This I believe to be a mistake. The critics have in this case spoken without the book. The old poet, if fairly dealt with, shows that he understood and recognised the principles of rhyme and metre, and the various ways of measuring and adorning Welsh poetry, and their development into a system and rules of art. I do not say that his Metrical Psalms are faultless, but I hold that he is not so guilty of the fault called *camaccniad*, as some have accused him of being. I believe he has respected the rules of rhyme and rhythm, and where he is thought to be guilty of trampling on those of metre, he is really skilfully avoiding doing so by changing the metrical feet and autometres (*cyhydeddau a'r corfanau*). The 92nd Psalm, in which occurs the famous hymn—

“Y rhai a blawyd yn nhy Dduw,” etc.<sup>1</sup>

is an excellent translation. Mr. Morris Davies called attention to the archdeacon's Psalms years ago, and as he felt and expressed himself then, so do we now—it is a pity they are not in more general use. Prys's version was published thirty years before the appearance of the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms. The attempts to remedy the ruggedness of metre in the Scottish version have proved more successful than the attempts of Peter Williams and others to improve the archdeacon's version, for nearly in every case the attempt to change has done more harm than good.

In the year 1703, about fourteen years before Williams of Pantycelyn was born, and about eighty-two years after the appearance of the “Psalms by Archdeacon Prys”, Thomas Baddy<sup>2</sup> published an edition of hymns under the title of *Sacramental Hymns*, and also a translation of Thomas Doolittle's *Christian's Passover*, to which were added six hymns to be sung after receiving Holy Communion. Baddy was a man of some standing and influence, and is supposed to have studied under Samuel Jones, Brynllwarch. The Independent Church at Denbigh was under his care. He died in the year 1729.

Seven years after Baddy's hymns were published, Bardd Cwsg published his famous funeral hymn. In the year 1714 appeared his *Heavenly Songs* and *Some Spiritual Hymns* by David Lewis. Nothing is known of this David Lewis beyond the fact that he was a minister of the Gospel.

What became of the metrical translation of the Psalms which Bardd Cwsg advertised in one of his books, is not known ; probably he received no encouragement to justify its appearance in print.

The next edition of hymns brings us into connection with

<sup>1</sup> “Tegai” condemned this hymn, forgetting that it was one of the Psalms, and that the author was not responsible for the imagery.

<sup>2</sup> *Beirniad*, No. 81, p. 203.

Howell Harris and his time. In the year 1741, Morgan Jones and Edmund Williams of Pontypool, Monmouthshire, brought out *Hymnau Duwiol*. Both Morgan Jones and Edmund Williams were followers of Howell Harris, although Williams called himself a churchman. He was a communicant of the Church of England, and attended the services of Trevethin of Pontypool. Morgan Jones was appointed by Howell Harris to superintend the religious associations in the county of Monmouth. Daniel Rowland, Morgan Jones, and Herbert Jenkins published a book of hymns in the year 1742, under the title of *Hymnau Duwiol*. Herbert Lewis died at Maidstone, where a marble tablet was set up in memory of him by the Independent congregation for which he had laboured as a minister for twenty-four years. He lived thirty years after the appearance of the joint edition of hymns called *Hymnau Duwiol*.

In the year 1743, when Williams of Pantycelyn was twenty-six years of age, the great evangelist of Llangeitho published six hymns in connection with an essay on a theological question.

The following year, that is in 1744, the "Alleluia" came out. This was the first appearance of the Rev. William Williams of Pantycelyn, the chief singer—the Pencerdd—of the Church in Wales. Four other parts followed from the same fruitful source; so that by 1758 the whole, containing upwards of 800 hymns, was published in one volume. Williams's "Gloria in Excelsis" and his "Hosannah to the Son of David",<sup>1</sup> were English hymns, published under the patronage

<sup>1</sup> About ten editions of hymns appeared before any of Pantycelyn's hymns were ever printed. From the time Williams's *Alleluia* appeared to the year 1799, about forty-five different editions of hymns were published and distributed in North and South Wales. Altogether from fifty-four to sixty different editions of hymns were published in the last century. And from *Udgoru Arian* of David Davies *Mynyddbach*, to Tanymarian's *Collection*, I have traced the history of about forty different collections.

and at the request of the Countess of Huntingdon. In the same year Jenkins and Cennick's hymns were published. Herbert and Jenkins were brothers, and Cennick was a minister in Lady Huntingdon's connection. He was the author of several English hymns, some of which are still in use.

The next edition of hymns that was published in Wales brings before us a very famous character—the Rev. Griffith Jones of Llanddowror. I have not been able to find any hymns composed by this celebrated clergyman. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, and as such published a collection of hymns, being selections from the works of different authors. The Rev. Griffith Jones has been called the “morning star” of the Reformation in Wales. His voice had been heard speaking against corruption and sins rampant in Wales for more than twenty years before Rowlands and Harris began to rouse the country. Williams of Pantycelyn refers to this in his elegy on Griffith Jones.

“Dyma'r gwr a dorodd allan,  
 Ronyn bach cyn tori'r wawr;  
 Hâd fe hauodd, fe eginodd,  
 Fe ddaeth yn Gynhauaf mawr.”

He was born in 1684, and after a long and hard, but successful period of work, was called to his rest in the year 1761, aged seventy-seven. Williams of Pantycelyn was then in the prime and vigour of life, about forty-four years of age.

Undoubtedly, Morgan Rhys of Llanfynydd was one of the chief hymnologists of the last century. There are about two hundred hymns composed by him, some of them equal in every way to the best hymns of Williams of Pantycelyn. His heart probably was touched by the Rev. Griffith Jones, and at that altar was the fire of his muse first kindled, for we find him serving as schoolmaster in the circulating



schools of Madam Bevan, which were established by the Rev. Griffith Jones, of immortal fame. Morgan Rhys published his hymns in three books, which he called *Golwg o ben Nebo ar wlad yr Adlewid* (*A View of the Land of Promise from the top of Mount Nebo*), and *Y Ffrwydr Ysbrydol*, and *Gruddfanau'r Credadyn*. He died in 1776. I do not know whether there is a stone to mark his resting-place at Llanfynydd; but his hymn, "O agor fy llygaid i weled", is a far better monument, and will preserve his name better than a brass tablet or marble cross at Llanfynydd Church.

David Williams, or Dafydd William, published several editions of hymns about the year 1762; and during the twenty-six years following, he sent out for the benefit of his countrymen, six or seven collections of hymns under quaint titles.

The latter part of the life of this old hymnologist was spent in the Vale of Glamorgan. Like many of the old poets, he was unfortunate in the choice of his partner for life. His wife was a perfect Xantippe in temper; and perhaps, like most Welsh poets, he had not much patience to spare; and therefore he and his good wife were frequently on bad terms. She made him so restless, that he left not only his county, but the denomination in which he had spent most of the early years of his life,—the Methodists, as they were then called,—and joined the Baptists in Glamorganshire. It was all on account of his wife. But perhaps he was much to blame after all. Who knows but that he, like Dryden, preferred his books to his wife's society, and that their quarrels originated much in the same way. When Dryden's wife told him she wished she had been a book, then she would get more of his company, the cruel old poet replied, "Then be an almanack, my dear, and I can change you once a year."

There is a tradition that David Williams composed the

well-known hymn, "Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau", under rather strange circumstances. He lived then at Gopa, Glamorganshire. On a very stormy night, coming home from the country, where he had been preaching, he found the door of his house locked, and his wife in bed. She refused to get up to let him in. He took shelter in a shed, from which he could see the storm lashing the Llychwr into fury, and the raging billows breaking not far from his feet. His mind ran on a mightier storm, and a darker night, and a deeper river through which he should have to pass, when all the world, like his unfaithful wife on this occasion, would leave him to perish—and perish "in the deep and mighty waters", unless the Saviour, the Great High Priest, would carry him through the swelling Jordan of Death. Then he, in his little shed on the shore of the Llychwr, forgot the storm, forgot death, and in spite of rain, wind, and waves, sang eight lines that have since carried many a soul over the dark and rough passage of death.

" Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau,  
 Nid oes neb a ddeil fy mhen ;  
 Ond fy anwyl Briod Iesu,  
 'R hwn fu farw ar y Pren ;  
 Cyfaill yw yn afon angeu,  
 Ddeil fy mhen i uwchlaw'r don ;  
 Golwg arno wna i mi ganu,  
 Yn yr Afon ddof'n hon."

" In the waters, deep and mighty,  
 None will hold my drooping head  
 But my faithful, loving Jesus,  
 Who bore the Cross and all its dread.  
 He, the Faithful, will uphold me,  
 In the raging storm of death ;  
 When His presence will re-kindle  
 Praises on my bating breath !

John Thomas, or Ioan Thomas Bach, of Rhaiadr, is another hymnologist who appears to have lighted his torch at the

Llanddowror fire. He was once in the service of Griffith Jones, and from him went to Trefecca, where he worked hard. He also kept a school at Groeswen, Glamorganshire, where several Welsh celebrities have since resided, and have been buried too—as Emrys says in his elegy to Ieuan Gwynedd,—

“Marwolion anfarwol sy'n Monwent Groeswen.”

John Thomas was a prolific writer. In the year 1788 he published *Cuniadau Sion*. As a Welsh writer, he excels all the hymnologists. As a poet, he is tamer than Morgan Rhys and David Williams, yet sometimes in sweetness and pathetic description he is not far behind the best of them. Some of his hymns are well known, such as

“'Dyw hi eto ond dechreu gwawrio,  
Cwyd yr haul yn uwch i'r lan”,

and

“Am fod fy Iesu 'n fyw  
Byw hefyd fydd ei saint;” etc.

“Mae Iesu Grist yn Galw” is a beautiful hymn. I should like to see it better known, and more used by our congregations.

David Jones of Caio is known as the translator of Dr. Watts's Hymns and Psalms. His translation of Watts's *Psalms* was published in 1753, and soon afterwards Watts's *Divine Songs* appeared in Welsh. Seldom do we hear of a cattle-dealer who is a good poet, or of a poet who is a good “porthmon”. But Dafydd Jones of Caio was a successful dealer and a fair poet. He acquired a sufficient knowledge of the English language to enable him to translate Dr. Watts's works by doing business as cattle-dealer at Barnet and Maidstone. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, it is wonderful that the work was so well done.

We must not forget to give a very high place to the Rev. D. Charles of Carmarthen, the immortal Charles of Bala's

youngest brother. He was the author of some beautiful hymns. It is a strange fact that with all his abilities and undoubted fitness for the work he never published a collection of hymns, but printed his compositions now and again in connection with some of his sermons. This has occasioned some confusion, for several of Morgan Rhys of Llanfynydd's hymns are attributed to Mr. Charles. The best of his hymns, and one of the best in the language, is the one beginning, "Mae ffrydiau 'ngorfoledd", and ending "O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled."

"Y Gaersalem Newydd." This beautiful production may be traced to St. Augustine. His *Meditations* are the source from which the hymn in its varied forms has been derived.

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?"

The original copy of it may be seen in the British Museum, under the title of "A Song, by F. B. P., to the tune 'Diana'." Some have thought that the letters "F. B. P." stand for "Friar Baker, Priest," others have thought they are the initials of F. Barthpere, who was imprisoned in the Tower, and probably executed there in the year 1616, in the reign of James I.

It is quite clear that the hymn is based on the beautiful thoughts of St. Augustine, and St. Augustine's thoughts based on the description given by St. John of the New Jerusalem in the 21st chapter of the Revelation. Another version of the hymn appeared in the year 1801, by an unknown author, and was translated into Welsh by the Rev. D. Charles, Junior.

Two neighbours, very differently constituted, were Iolo Morganwg and Thomas Williams of Bethesda'r Fro. Iolo was the greater man of the two, but Thomas Williams the greater hymnologist. His hymns are simple and pathetic, and he ranks with the chief hymnologists of Wales. John

Williams of St. Athan, another poet from the Vale of Glamorgan, left a legacy which is appreciated by all Welshmen who have sung, read, or heard the hymn, “Pwy welaf o Edom yn dod.”

Edward Jones of Maesylwim, editor of the Welsh edition of Clarke's Bible, wrote several hymns. He is placed high in the second class of hymnologists. He is probably the most correct writer of all; but by straining too much for assonance and alliteration, he often lost the character of enthusiasm and inspiration, even sublime thoughts becoming cold and vapid; yet some of his hymns will live as long as the Welsh language is spoken.

Ann Griffiths died at the early age of twenty-nine. Her hymns were first published in the year 1806. Her biography was written by Caledfryn. Perhaps she is the only Welsh hymnologist who ever had a monument at the expense of the Welsh public. Some of her hymns are beautiful, full of theology and deep thoughts; so much so that the rules of rhyme and metre are often disregarded; and, rather than that an idea should in any way suffer, rhyme and metre are left to perish altogether. Still, the muse of Dolwar Fechan had the dew of Parnassus.

The Rev. Evan Evans, Glangeirionydd, is the chief hymnologist of this century. He published two books of hymns and tunes between the years 1829 and 1841. He was Vicar of Rhyl; and died in the year 1850. “Ar lan Iorddonen ddofn”, and “O Dduw rho i'm dy hedd”, are two of his hymns that have been sung with unction by many a Welsh congregation. Most of them are tender and plaintive; but, like the nightingale, he sang in the night, while the thorn was rankling in his bosom.

Peter Jones (*Pedr Fardd*) was a good writer of hymns. He was the author of “Cyssegrwn flaenffrwyth ddyddian”, etc. He died in 1845.

In 1850, the same year in which Glangeirionydd died another remarkable Welshman passed away, who had commenced his journey through life about twenty years before Glangeirionydd—Robert ap Gwilym Ddu, whose name and hymns are treasured by Welshmen of all sects and creeds ;

“ Y Gwaed a redodd ar y Groes  
Sy o oes i oes i'w gofio,”

is familiar to most Welsh people.

Islwyn is worthy of a high place in the list of the hymnologists of this century, although he composed but a very limited number of hymns.<sup>1</sup> The few he has given us are so beautiful, that we often wonder the talented author did not, during his short but brilliant career, turn his abilities in this direction, rather than to the, for him, uncongenial field of the *awdl*. He died at the early age of forty-seven.

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### III.

Ewald says that Hebrew poetry has a simplicity and transparency that can scarcely be found anywhere else, and a natural sublimity that knows but little of fixed forms of art; that even when art comes into play, it ever remains unconscious and careless of it. Compared with the poetry of other nations and ancient peoples, it appears to belong to a simple and child-like age of mankind, overflowing with an internal fulness and grace, that troubles itself but little with external ornament and nice artistic law. Much of this is applicable to Welsh religious poetry. Nothing can be more simple and natural than the poetry of our hymns. The graceful sweep of the river through one of our finest vales is

<sup>1</sup> Two hymns were published, with other poems, in a small collection called *Caniadau Islwyn*. The titles of the hymns are *Ewyn*, and *Hapus Dyrfia*.

not more natural and free than the flow of poetry, feeling, devotion, and pathos, in some of the hymns composed by five or six of our chief hymnologists. In spirit, character, figures of speech, and emotional language, our religious poetry may be aptly compared with Hebrew poetry. It has been said that Hebrew poetry is essentially subjective. The poet sings from vibrating chords of his own soul's emotions, presenting the varied phases of his own experience, in sorrow and joy, in faith and hope, in love and adoration, in agony and despair, in ecstasy and transport.<sup>1</sup> How marvellously well Williams of Pantycelyn, Morgan Rhys, Dd. Williams, Glan-geirionydd, and Islwyn turned to the world of nature, attentively regarded it and used it; entering into deep fellowship with nature in its various phases, not for itself alone, but, like the Hebrew prophet, on account of its relation to their own souls, as they were brought into contact and sympathy with it. Nature, to them, spoke the language of Heaven; all forces—animal, vegetable, and physical—attracted them to God. Williams of Pantycelyn, in some of his hymns, makes the most beautiful use of the floral world as well as of the physical. Nothing could excel the faithfulness to nature, the vividness, and the graphic power of these hymns:—

“Plana'r egwyddorion hyny,  
Yn fy nghalon bob yr un;  
Ag sydd megis peraroglau,  
Yn dy natur di dy hun;  
Blodau hyfryd,  
Fo'n aroglï dae'r a nen.”

“Rwyf yn caru'r pererinion,  
Ar y creigiau serth y sy;  
Ar eu traed ac ar eu dwylaw,  
'N ceisio dringo i fyny fry;  
Ar fy neulin,  
Minau ddof i ben y bryn.”

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<sup>1</sup> *Hebrew Poetry*, by Dr. Briggs.

This poet's true and intense admiration of the beauties of nature, and his reverence for its sublimities, may be seen in the powerful use he made of it to express his own experience, which indeed has been the experience of humanity in all ages of the world.

Next to Williams of Pantycelyn comes another Williams, almost his equal as a poet—David Williams of Llanbedr y fro. We have had occasion to mention his name before, in connection with the hymn, “Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau”. Many of his hymns are popular, some of them exceedingly beautiful. He, like all Welsh hymnologists, would not be satisfied with St. Augustine's definition of a hymn, “the praises of God in song”. I have heard some clergymen complaining of our Welsh hymns as being too gloomy, and almost entirely subjective in character. But St. Augustine's definition is of necessity an undue limitation. Is it not a fact that some of the penitential Psalms are almost entirely of a subjective cast? And were they not used in public worship? That they were hymns there is no doubt. All our chief hymnologists have taken the inspired hymns as indicative of the unbounded region over which the uninspired or semi-inspired muse of hymnologists might travel. Personal events, mercies great and small, personal religious experience, hopefulness, the love of God as shown in His dealings with fallen man, the perfection of the Divine Law—in fact, everything that can call forth religious thought, or lead to prayer and praise, should enter, and does enter, into our hymnology. In the reflections of David Williams we have several hymns expressive of personal religious experience among many others expressive of pure adoration. We have the sorrows and hopes of multitudes of pilgrims, each bearing his burden, and toiling towards the goal where they shall appear before God in Zion.



“ Wele Iesu 'r Penrhyfelwr,  
 Yn dod i'r lan o Edom wlad ;  
 Ei wisg yn goch a'i fraich yn rymus,  
 A'r ddraig yn glwyfus dan ei draed ;  
 Am yr hyfryd fuddugoliaeth,  
 Cana'm telyn fach yn awr,  
 Hyd nes delo'r hyfryd fore,  
 Y caf fi ganu'r Delyn fawr.”

That, and “ Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau”, may be taken as a specimen of his style, and of the range of subjects brought within his hymnology.

Morgan Rhys is another hymnologist standing almost abreast with those we have mentioned. Several of his hymns have a sacred interest to thousands of Welshmen. Many of them have a grand martial sound, and have often raised the feeble hosannahs of pilgrims here below to a measure of the dignity of the anthems chanted by the victorious throng on the other side of the grave. “ Cadben Mawr ein Hiachawdwriaeth” ; “ Welaf yn y frwydyr hon” ; “ Fe welir Sion fel y wawr” ; “ O gariad anfeidrol ei faint” ; “ O agor fy llygaid i weled, Dirgelwch dy arfaeth a'th air” ; “ Dyma Geidwad i'r Colledig”, etc., are known everywhere, and are good specimens of Morgan Rhys's style of composing. He is more dignified, but not so tender and humorous as David Williams. Morgan Rhys was in the habit of reading his hymns to “ Pantycelyn”, in order to obtain his opinion of their merits ; and it is recorded that once, when he had read a new hymn, full of spiritual feeling, the chief-singer of Pantycelyn remarked “ Morgan, there is in that hymn the experience of a good Christian and a half.”

Thomas Williams of Bethesda'r fro, is another who stands in the shining train of these religious poets. Now and again he sings his triumphal hymn ; often we have the utterances of penitence and prayer, the breathings of a weary pilgrim,

and the “yearning plaintive music of earth’s sadder minstrelsy”, followed by jubilant strains and peals of victory.

“ Mae pren y Bywyd wedi ’i gael,  
Yn nghanol anial dir ;  
Yn plygu ei frig, yn cynhell pawb,  
I fwyta ’i frwythau pur.”

“ O’th flaen o Dduw ’rwy’n dyfod,  
Gan sefyll o hir bell.”

“ Adenydd fel c’lomen pe cawn.”

Thus we see how all our hymnologists differ in style, but meet on the wide field of subjects suggested by the gospel. Their works are rich in narrative and scriptural allusion ; abounding in praises for Redemption, in utterance of penitence and self-abasement, and in vivid description of the Christian warfare. Williams of Pantycelyn surpasses them all in the expression of the yearnings of the heavenly home-sickness ; in the devout tenderness, often rising into rapture, wherewith his faith clasps the crucified Saviour, when wrapt in contemplation of the glory of Jesus as the head of the church militant and triumphant ; and also in the depth and maturity of his theological thoughts.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “Glan Geirionydd,” the chief Welsh hymnologist of this century, is in everything nearly the equal of “Pantycelyn”. He is a poet not of one period but of all ages, and it is a pity that on account of dialect he is not a poet of all people ; but as far as the Welsh language goes, Geirionydd’s hymns are a “possession for all time”. Even when he relates his sorrowful and troubled experience, his verses have a wonderful power of fascination. How beautifully he describes the Christian within sight of, yet far enough from, his heavenly home. Canaan rising before his eyes, balmy breezes from the “Flowery land, fair beyond words”, come to him, but across the terrible Jordan ; and tired and home-sick he exclaims—

“ Ar lan Iordonen dlofn,  
Rwy’n oedi’n nychlyd ;

IV.—HYMNOLOGY AS AN ELEMENT IN THE EDUCATION AND  
REFINEMENT OF THE WELSH PEOPLE.

Whatever tends to polish and refine the human heart and intellect is of great importance. Poetry of every description is a mighty influence. Poets and musicians have been the teachers, inspirers, and reformers of mankind. One author has said that whenever literature died in England, it rose again in poetry. Poetry has been therefore the reviver of literature and religion. We know that this is true with regard to Wales. On the decay of religion in Wales, according to one author, when the recognised teachers of the people neglected their duty, *The Welshman's Candle*, or Vicar

Mewn blys myn'd trwy,  
Ac ofn, ei dyfroedd enbyd.

“ O na bai modd i ni,  
Osgoi ei dyfroedd hi ;  
A hedfan dros y lli,  
I'r Ganaan hyfryd.”

And again, weary and worn, sorry and sad, ready to fall under a weight of misery not to be described in words, he gives vent to his feelings, not in murmur or complaint, but in a most earnest and touching appeal to God.

“ O Dduw rho im dy hedd,  
A golwg ar dy wedd ;  
A maddeu 'nawr fy meiau mawr,  
Cyn 'r elwy lawr i'r bedd ;  
Ond im gael hyn nid ofnai'r glyn,  
Na cholyn angeu mwy ;  
Dof yn dy law i'r ochor draw,  
Heb friw na braw rhyw ddydd a ddaw,  
Uwehlaw pob loes na chlwy.”

Full of thought and feeling are those words, and although he appears to be lost in the glorious subject of his poetry, he is not unmindful of the minor points of form. In this he excels Pantycelyn. Geirionydd's hymns are “real flowers of thought; they dwell on the memory like combinations of certain notes of music with circumstances of life.”

Prichard's book, appeared, and was extensively circulated. Much of it was sung, for it served as a kind of Welsh hymn-book. It was the beginning of a new era. A hundred years afterwards, Wales's great devotional bard appeared; and it is now a matter of history that his sacred songs and hymns did more than anything to arouse the people, and create a taste for reading in all parts of Wales. The extensive circulation of these hymns, and the warm and universal reception given to the several editions published from time to time, must lead us to believe that they carried a mighty influence, and were a great factor in the education of the Welsh people. They were intended to give instruction, as well as to be for use in the worship of God. People who could not read themselves soon learnt the hymns, and it is a fact that hundreds of people knew a great many of them by heart. From very early times hymns have been recognised as the most convenient method of popularising and propagating doctrines among the unlearned. The Gnostics at the end of the second century, seeing that the orthodox party disseminated truths by the aid of hymns, composed one hundred and fifty hymns, which were set to music and circulated, and, as some think, presented the "poison cup of the Gnostic heresy with seductive sweetness". St. Chrysostom, in the fourth century, composed hymns as an antidote to the canticles of Arius. And in Wales religious battles have been fought with these weapons. For some time hymnology was the chief literature of the people of Wales. The Christian poets of Wales sang hymns which distilled in music upon the people and stimulated their hopes, and they became the poetic utterances of praise, penitence, and prayer. As they were in the last century, so they are now,—the heart-breathings of a people who have had no educational advantages, yet who love, and to some extent are possessors of, light and learning. Emerson has said, that "a poet is no rattlebrain, saying what

comes uppermost, who, because he says everything, says at last something good; but a heart in unison with his time and country." Indeed, it might be said, that our chief men in every department are men who have responded to their country's cry for help in some way or another. Whether a railway or a poem was needed, it was made by a man compelled to it by force of circumstances, by the ideas and the needs of his contemporaries. Men spoke or acted for their age or their country, as the case might be. As David sang his beautiful psalms, and they embodied the ideas and experience of his people, so Williams of Pantycelyn sang his hymns; because he saw there was need of sacred songs, he composed and published them, and lo! he had sung out the ideas and feelings of half his country. So did the other chief hymnologists lie in sympathy with their fellow men, and absorb into their own torch the scattered light which radiated in their time. Their hymns are full of interest, independently of their personal associations. The Emperor Charles the Fifth said that if he talked to horses, it would be in German; to fops, it would be in French; to ladies, it would be in Italian; but he would pray in Spanish. Had he known Welsh, he might have added "and I would praise God by singing Welsh hymns."

They display the power and melody of our language, as well as the religious feelings of the nation. Indeed the Welsh people are better represented in their hymns, than in their ballads, odes, or epigrams. The reason why Welsh hymns produce such powerful effect on the feelings is, that they are the productions of men deeply moved, and anxious to communicate their emotions. *Awdlau* and *englynion* are full of art, but they lack the divine element which touches in its power the human heart.

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## V.—HYMNS UNIVERSALLY KNOWN.

Hymns, like preachers, poets, and musicians, become popular in a strange manner. A hymn becomes the favourite of a man, or a class, on account of taste, temperament, and circumstances. Perhaps they are taken to as some people take to pets, more from eccentricity than from anything in the shape of conviction of merit; just as some people love a black cat in proportion to their hatred of a white one. But there are hymns which are universal favourites. They belong to all, and speak to the heart of old and young, educated and uneducated. Most Welsh people in times of trouble and distress, when sickness has wasted the frame, or when death has breathed upon them, have expressed their sorrows, and their faith and hope, in words like those of David Williams's "Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau", which henceforth will be known as "the Miners' Hymn", on account of the use made of it by the ten entombed miners in the inundated colliery in South Wales. This hymn is a universal favourite. So is Williams's "Marchog Iesu yn llwyddianus"; which sounds like a grand marching song. It is known probably in nearly every Welsh congregation. The same might be said of "O agor fy llygaid i weled", by Morgan Rhys. And where is the Welsh heart that has not been stirred by the Rev. D. Charles's hymn "O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled"? and again, that little gem of a hymn of Williams of Pantycelyn, that runs side by side with the Bible, and is read in every language into which the Word of God is translated, "Dros y brynau tywyll niwliog"? There is also a hymn composed by Edward Jenkins of Llansamlet, near Swansea, which somehow or other has a place in the heart and memory of thousands of Welshmen. The author was not known out of his parish, but his hymn is known everywhere.

“ Duwioledeb yn ei grym,  
 Sydd werthfawrocaeth im ;  
 Nag aur Periw ;  
 Hi geidw f'enaid gwan,  
 Yn ddiogel yn mhob man,  
 O'r diwedd dwg fi'r lan  
 I gôl fy Nuw.”

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#### VI.—QUEER AND ABSURD HYMNS.

There is nothing so bad as a bad hymn, unless it is a bad tune. We have had plenty of them. I am old enough to remember tunes so bad, that now, when I look back and think of them, I wonder how any one ever thought of trying to sing them. There were hymns and tunes sung in places of worship which would have furnished the people with a good reason for staying away altogether. Dr. Rylands once preached a sermon on angels, when the choir sang so badly, that he told them in angry tones, “I wonder the angels of light do not wrench your necks off.” What if he had heard some of the old rubbish, called tunes, sung by untrained voices, and by a set of old women, repeating and repeating, until the screaming was awful to hear, and the buildings were filled with sounds that ill became a place of worship? It is said that Williams of Pantycelyn was first moved to compose hymns after hearing this specimen sung at some religious service :—

“ Pan ddaeth anghrediniaeth yn mlaen megis cawr,  
 A phastwn o lygredd fe'm t'rawodd i lawr ;  
 Ces arfau da reiol, a chleddau dan gamp,  
 Er ised y syrthiais mi godais yn glamp !”

The late Mr. Morris Davies of Bangor once heard some people singing with gusto, on their way home from a revival meeting, the following significant lines :—

“Maent yn d’wedyd hyd y fro,  
 ‘Mod i’n feddw iaewn o ngho;  
 ‘Dwy’n amheu dim nad meddwdod yw,  
 O win a sac Caersalem wiw!”

I have heard from old people in South Wales that at funerals and on other mournful occasions, the following was frequently sung:—

“Mewn coffin cul o bren caf fod,  
 Heb allu symud llaw na thro’d;  
 A’m corph yn llawn o bryfed byw,  
 A’m henaid bach lle myno Duw.”

In some parts of Glamorganshire, a member of one of the small congregations of the first Nonconformists had the misfortune to lose his wife by a sudden death. When the brethren came together to show their sympathy with him, and to hold a prayer meeting, he himself gave out a hymn that he had composed for the occasion. It was sung; and many times the same hymn was used on similar occasions, until brighter days dawned and new hymns were introduced by Williams and others. The hymn was given out by the author, and the first two lines repeated according to custom:—

“Fe ddaeth angau fel y graig,  
 I fyn’d ar gwr oddiwrth y wraig;  
 Ond yn awr fe ddaeth yn siwr,  
 I fyn’d ar wraig oddiwrth y gwr!  
 Caiff Satan ffoi a’i drin a’i droi,  
 Ei glymu a’i gloi, ei rwympo a’i roi;  
 Er maint ei ddigter ef.”

Dr. Edwards, in his excellent paper on “Hymn-changers”, mentions a conductor of singing in America, who was under a strong impression that some of the hymns used in his time showed a want of taste and refinement; therefore he took it upon himself to change some of the Welsh translations of Dr. Watts’s hymns, especially one which was to be sung to a



new tune composed by the conductor himself. He had a decided objection to the lines:—

“O boed fy nghalon i mewn hwyl,  
Fel telyn Dafydd ar yr Wyl.”

The word *telyn* was out of place, and he changed the words so that they might read fluently and sound a little more poetically:—

“O boed fy nghalon i'r pryd hyn,  
Fel Dafydd gynt a'i violin.”

But his minister, to whom the words were shown, thought the words capable of further improvement, and suggested that they should be put thus:—

“A boed fy nghalon didl didl,  
Fel Dafydd bach yn canu'r fiddle.”

Since the time when Dr. Edwards wrote the essay referred to, a change for the better has come over hymn-collectors. Instead of changing and mutilating lines, and sometimes whole verses, they have now gone back to the old editions, or as nearly as possible to the form in which the hymns first came forth from the hands of the authors. Still there is room for improvement. I have noticed lately, with regret, that in the Baptists' collection, and in the Wesleyans' collection also, hymns are changed without warrant or authority, sometimes in a way that could not have been calculated to improve either rhyme, metre, or sense. Although hymns are in one sense public property, they are not so to be mutilated and changed that their own authors could hardly know them. It must be admitted that, in a few of Williams of Pantycelyn's hymns, and in others composed by less renowned poets, figures are mixed, and sometimes a poverty of language shown, which is unpardonable. Yet, when we consider the time when they were composed, and the need of the times, and also the difference between the dialects of North and South Wales, it is simply marvellous that they are free from

provincialisms worse than those complained of by their critics. Williams's aim was to put in the hands of his countrymen hymns simple and touching, that would, in an unassuming way, bring before them the truths of the Gospel, and create in them a desire to pray to God. Perhaps some of the provincialisms and Anglicisms of many of the hymns could be removed without detriment to them; but, rather than change and mutilate, and interfere with the original sense, I would keep them,—provincialisms, Anglicisms, and all,—and let them remain in their first garb, which their authors gave them.<sup>1</sup>

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#### VII.—THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH IDEAS ON WILLIAMS OF PANTYCELYN'S MIND.

Williams of Pantycelyn translated several hymns. It is thought that most of his translations were the earliest efforts of his muse, when he first turned his attention to the works of English authors. Some of his translations are from Watts, Wesley, Godwin, Herbert, and Harvey. A very famous hymn is one by Godwin:—

“ Ai Iesu mawr ffrynd dynolryw,  
 A welaf fry a'i gnawd yn friw,  
 A'i waed yn lliwio'r lle,  
 Fel gwr dibris yn rhwym ar bren,  
 A'r gwaed yn dorthau ar ei ben?  
 Ie f'enaid dyma fe!”

The fifth line in this verse has puzzled the critics:—

“ A'r gwaed ' yn *dorthau*' ar ei ben.”

In Canon Evans's hymn-book, and Stevens and Jones's book, “torchau” is substituted for “torthau”. In other books, the editors thought “tolchau” the best word. Williams used “dorthau”. In South Wales, and in parts of North Wales, “torthau” is used in the same sense as in this verse. “Safai

<sup>1</sup> Conjectural emendations have spoiled many Welsh hymns.

y chwys yn dorthau ar ei dalcen,”—“The perspiration stood on his face in big clots.” In old almanacs, weather prognostications were frequently made in the following words: “Bydd llwyd-rew yn dorthau yn mis Ebrill.” “Hoar-frost or dew will fall in big clots in the month of April.” It seems to me that Williams used the word with a better knowledge of its meaning and symbolical significance than any of his critics.

There are hymns belonging to Williams which are not exactly translations, but were evidently composed when the author's mind was deeply impressed by reading Young's *Night Thoughts*. It has been pointed out that the beautiful hymn,—

“ Pwy ddryr i'm falm o Gilcad,  
Maddeuant pur a hedd ;  
Nes gwneud i'm henaid edrych,  
Yn eon ar y bedd.”

is to be seen in Young's lines in “Night the Fourth” :—

“ What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,  
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?”

Still, a Welshman may be pardoned for saying that Williams has improved on Young himself.

The lines,—

“ Gwell ganddo na halogi Gyfiawnder pur y Tad,  
Oedd lliwio'r Croes-bren garw fel 'scaerlad yn ei Waed,”

are found in Young's lines.

“ Thou rather than thy justice should be stained,  
Didst stain the Cross.”

And there is another well-known and beautifully worded hymn :—

“ Mi welaf yn ei fywyd y ffordd i'r nefoedd fry  
Ac yn ei angau'r taliad a roddwyd drosof fi :  
Yn ei esgywiad gwelaf drigfanau pur y Nef,  
A'r wledd drag'wyddol berffaithl gaf yno gydag ef”—

which must have been suggested by Young's lines :—

“ In His blest life  
I see the path, and in His death the price,  
And in His great ascent the proof  
Supreme of immortality.”

No one but a master-hand could have turned these lines into such beautiful use, and I am inclined to think that if Young and Williams have compared notes in heaven, Young would willingly re-echo the words of Howel Harris, “ Will bia'r Gân.”<sup>1</sup>

In his preface to one of his books, Williams acknowledges that to a certain extent he was dependent on English hymnology, not for thoughts or ideas, but for metres. He was then expecting new metres to appear from the English press. Williams introduced many new metres. Reference is made in one of his books to a tune borrowed from the Jewish Synagogue. He was so much taken with it, that he immediately composed words to suit the tune. It is interesting to know that the first Welsh hymn sung to the tune “ Palestine” is : —

<sup>1</sup> Even Shelley habitually borrowed from other poets. It has been said that phrases and images and conceptions, derived from other schools, are found scattered over his writings from the earliest to the latest. It may be what critics term a want of “ critical vigilance and reflective scrutiny” to borrow words, phrases, allusions, conceptions, and situations from other poets without acknowledgment, and evidently without any perception, at the moment, that they are not our own. It is a habit not peculiar to Shelley, but characteristic of all great writers.

If, as one critic puts it, the plagiarisms of Shelley are to be regarded rather as psychological curiosities than serious blemishes, then I see no reason to consider the plagiarisms of our hymnologists but in the same light. They had read and studied poetry, but all was to them a vital pleasure, rather than an artistic discipline. It was to them the enjoyment of a devout spirit holding communion with other great spirits, until their thoughts and images formed a part of its intellectual and devotional life; and when the time came to compose hymns, they sang out of the fulness of a heart “ overcharged with intense and poetic feeling.”

“O tyred addfwyn Oen,  
 Iachawdwr dynol-ryw ;  
 At wael bechadur sydd dan boen,  
 Ac ofnau'n byw ;  
 O helpia 'r llesg yn awr,  
 I ddringo o'r llawr yn hy' ;  
 Dros greigydd geirwon serth i'r lan  
 I'r Ganaan fry.”

Still, it is worthy of notice that the hymn composed by John Thomas of Llandrindod is better adapted to the tune, and is itself a beautiful old hymn, much in Williams's own style:—

“Am fod fy Iesu'n fyw,  
 Byw hefyd fydd ei saint.”

Much has been said of exaggerations, mixing of figures, and such-like faults and defects of Welsh hymns. I need not go over that ground now ; I would only venture to suggest, that many of the exaggerations and so-called metaphorical defects are capable of explanation ; and had the critics a truer knowledge of nature, and the spiritual aim of poetry, and the rapid transition of thought peculiar to poetical compositions of this nature, they could not have brought Williams and other hymnologists under condemnation. The colouring of expressions, so often noticed in Williams's hymns, heightens the effect, and perhaps the mixed metaphors would in many cases, if carefully studied, turn out to be nothing but rapid transitions quite in character with the subject, and with the strong emotion and flow of the poet's soul.

“Yr afon a lifodd rhwng nefoedd a llawr,  
 Yw gwraidd fy ngorfoledd a' nghysur yn awr,”

is one of those hymns pointed out as an instance of misuse of a figure. The critics ask, “How can a river be the *foundation*, or source ? But, “Gwraidd fy ngorfoledd”—*a source of my joy*—is a rapid transition of thought ; and this rapid style some-

times is full of beauty. Many instances of this quick transition of thought might be produced from Shakespeare and other classic authors.

There are false rhymes, certain ruggednesses and other defects which may be pointed out, but the hymns were not written for critics, although forms and expressions were not forgotten. Who said that "Genius is much, but genius without art will not win immortality"? The highest art in hymns is that they are brimful of truth—truth in feeling, expression, and thought. Style is the mirror of thought; it always represents the mind of the author—Carlyle's troubled and embittered mind is represented in his fantastic and oracular style. In the different compositions and styles of our chief hymnologists we see their states of mind, their opinions and ways of thinking; and in Williams of Pantycelyn especially we see what was uppermost, when he reveals his spiritual yearnings and his desire to escape from the cumbrous condition of mortality, and to throw aside "this muddy vesture of decay."

There is a classic story, often quoted, that a fire once ran over the Pyrenean Mountains, destroying all the vineyards of the inhabitants. But, as the villagers mourned for their vines, they discovered that the fire, which had destroyed their grapes, had opened, by its heat, deep fissures in the rocks, through which gleamed rich veins of silver. I believe the criticism, of which we have had so much, will not destroy our hymns, but will leave, where it sought to destroy, rich veins of silver and gold.

On the whole, our chief hymnologists were religious without being sectarian, devotional without being weak and sentimental. They are not always faultless in diction, or musical in rhythm; yet, if any one will take the works of Williams of Pantycelyn, Morgan Rhys of Llanfynydd, Dafydd William of Llanbedr, John Thomas of Rhaiadr,

Thomas Williams of Bethesda, Edward Jones of Maesyplwm, Pedr Fardd, and Glangeirionydd, and a few other lesser lights, and read and study them thoroughly, he will find everywhere the glow of poetic fire sanctified to the service of God and the benefit of man.

The merits of the hymns will not increase, but I believe their characteristic charms will increase the older they grow. To us, some of them are opening blossoms, from which the dewy light has not yet passed away. They are still, as it were, a flower-garden just opening with the sunrise, and emitting a sweet balmy odour which will never be lost, even when the Welsh language will have become a dead language, and when students will make it their happy and pleasant toil to study the poetry of a people whose language died, not from negligence or lack of genius, but because Providence ruled that it should be so. Students of that period will find, in our hymns, the Welsh nation throbbing with life and passion, and with convictions which found intense expression, because they were intensely felt. Hymns are the highest form of poetry, and, as Bailey said:—

“Poetry is itself a thing of God.  
He made the Prophets poets, and, the more  
We feel of poesy, do we become  
Like God in love and power.”

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## A CORNISH SONG.

(“KĀN KERNIW.”)

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THERE are few persons, probably, who do not remember to have learnt in their childhood, and from the lips of their nursemaids, some verses of a ditty consisting of the following lines :—

- “ ‘ Where are you going, my pretty maid ?  
 ‘ I’m going a-milking, sir,’ she said.  
 ‘ Shall I go with you, my pretty maid ?  
 ‘ Yes, an it please you, sir,’ she said.
- “ ‘ What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?  
 ‘ My face is my fortune, sir,’ she said.  
 ‘ Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid !  
 ‘ Nobody asked you, sir,’ she said.’ ”

The whole of the ditty, perhaps with recent additions, has, we have heard, been recently published with coloured illustrations as a “Children’s Book”, in which it might be desirable to learn what guarantee there may be for the substantial authenticity of the dialogue. Most of our readers will probably be surprised to hear that, so far as is known of the song, it had its origin in Cornwall. Some years ago, we discovered a portion of it, consisting of three stanzas only, in the midst of a number of Welsh fragmentary pieces, *Englynion* and *Pennillion*, in Jones’s *Musical and Poetical Relicks of the Welsh Bards*,<sup>1</sup> printed in the form of what purported

<sup>1</sup> “By Edward Jones. London, 1794.” Second volume, “*The Bardic Museum*. London, 1802.” Folio. The Cornish song is given in vol. i, p. 69.



to be the original Cornish, and accompanied with an English translation. Some of the phrases, however, as "pa le", "melyn", "têg", seem to have more of a Welsh than Cornish look about them. As that work is scarce, and the subject interesting, we feel that no apology is needed for reproducing these stanzas in the *Cymmrodor*, together with the translation of them given by Jones, with no further preface than, that so far as we have been able to learn by inquiry, the composition is not to be found in the dialects of Brittany, Wales, or Ireland. We shall afterwards proceed to show that it existed as a popular ditty in the West of England, for some time at least before the final extinction of the Cornish as a spoken language.

## 1.

"Pa le er ew why moaz moz vean whêg,  
Gen alaz thêg, hagas blèu melyn?  
Mi a moaz a ha leath ha sirra whêg,  
A delkiow sevi gura muzi têt!

## 2.

"Ka ve moaz gan a why, moz vean whêg,  
Gen alaz thêg, hagas blèu melyn?  
Gen oll an collan, sirra whêg,  
A delkiow sevi gura muzi têt!

## 3.

"Pa le 'r ew an Bew, moz vean whêg,  
Gen alaz thêg hagas blèu melyn?  
En park an mow, ha sirra whêg,  
A delkiow sevi gura muzi têt!"

## "A CORNISH SONG."

## 1.

"Where are you going, my fair little maid,  
With your rosy cheeks and your golden hair?  
'I am going a milking, Sir,' she said,  
'The Strawberry-leaves make Maidens Fair.'

## 2.

“ ‘ Shall I go with you, my Fair little Maid,  
 With your rosy cheeks and your golden hair ?’  
 ‘ With all my heart, kind Sir,’ she said,  
 ‘ The Strawberry-leaves make Maidens Fair.’ ”

## 3.

“ ‘ Where is the Cow, my pretty little Maid,  
 With your rosy cheeks and your golden hair ?’  
 ‘ In Parken-pig, kind Sir,’ she said,  
 ‘ Where Strawberry-leaves make Maidens Fair.’ ”

No attempt being made by its Welsh editor to account for the existence of the song in Wales, or to show whence it came there, the question naturally suggested itself whether it was known elsewhere, and if so, where it was to be found? For the solution of the difficulty, reference was made to Prince L. L. Bonaparte, who, with his usual kindness in making his valuable library available for the promotion of philological and archæological research, referred the writer to Pryce's *Archæologia Cornu-Britannica*, in which a version of the song is printed, but in a form varying very considerably from that published by Edward Jones. Pryce's version has six stanzas, Jones's only three.

The translation of the first two stanzas, as they appear in Pryce's work, is as follows:—

“ ‘ Whither are you going, fair maid,’ said he,  
 ‘ With your white face, and your yellow hair ?’  
 ‘ Going to the well, sweet sir,’ she said,  
 ‘ For strawberry leaves make maidens fair.’ ”

“ ‘ Shall I go with you, my pretty maid,  
 With your white face, and your yellow hair ?’  
 ‘ Do, if you will, sweet sir,’ she said,  
 ‘ For strawberry leaves make maidens fair.’ ”

The burden of the song is different, that of Pryce being in the second line,

“With your white face, and your yellow hair”;

and ending in the fourth line with

“For strawberry leaves make maidens fair”,

which appears also in Jones's copy, but formed no part of the nursery rhyme, as heard by us in childhood, from which both these verses had wholly disappeared. Some light would seem to be thrown upon the allusion to “strawberry leaves”, and the singular property ascribed to them of making maidens fair, by the custom said to exist in Wales among the women of steeping tansy in buttermilk, and washing their faces with the solution, as a cure for freckled faces.

It so happens, however, that the version in Pryce's book is not the only one in the possession of Prince L. L. Bonaparte. His Highness has become the fortunate proprietor of a very curious manuscript, written by Mr. Tonkin some fifty years before the appearance of Pryce's *Archæologia*, in which, by something more than a fortuitous coincidence, most, if not the whole, of the contents of the printed volume are contained. But, what is still more extraordinary, not a single allusion has been made by Mr. Pryce to the existence of this MS. collection, although little, if any, of the printed matter in his book is not also to be found in the manuscript. And, more wonderful still, in the middle of both the printed book and the MS. appears, identically word for word, the very same Cornish vocabulary, to which the great Welsh philologist, Edward Llyud, is believed to have been chiefly indebted for the Dictionary of that language which he intended to have published in the much desiderated second volume of his *Archæologia Britannica*, which he did not live to complete, but for which the collections made by him are said still to be extant, probably among these purchased by Sir Thomas

Sebright, and since dispersed into other libraries. For all the industry and research exercised in the compilation of this vocabulary, the whole of the credit is taken to himself by Mr. Pryce in his Preface to the printed work: an assumption which is proved to be entirely and absolutely without foundation in fact, not only by the discovery by Prince L. L. Bonaparte of the earlier manuscript by Mr. Tonkin, but also by the fact that in this very manuscript are found copies of several letters written by Mr. Tonkin to his friend Mr. Gwavas; in one of which the latter is congratulated by the former on the great industry and labour already exercised by him in travelling over the length and breadth of Cornwall for no other purpose than that of rescuing from oblivion those very remains and relics of the primitive Cornish language, the sole credit of which, with studied concealment of the names both of Tonkin and Gwavas, is ostentatiously assumed to himself by Mr. Pryce. Surely no more remarkable instance of disingenuous perversion of the fruits of other men's labours to the establishment upon them for oneself of a lasting reputation for learning and authorship, otherwise resting on no substantial basis, is scarcely, to the honour of literature be it said, to be found in the whole of its annals.<sup>1</sup>

We will now proceed to lay before our readers the version of the song (with a copy of which we have been favoured by His Highness) as it appears in Tonkin's MS., and also, with the following note appended to it, in Pryce's printed book:—"This was the first song that ever I heard in Cornwall; it was sung at Carelew, in 1698, by

<sup>1</sup> See Prince L. L. Bonaparte's note, "Cornish Literature", reprinted from the *Cambrian Journal*, 1861; and also his *Some Observations on the Rev. R. Williams's Preface to his "Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum"*, London, May 1865, in which papers the plagiarism of Pryce has been placed in evidence.

one Chygywyn, brother-in-law to Mr. John Grose of Penzance. (Tonkin.)"<sup>1</sup> This seems to show that other songs were also current in his day in the Cornish language; but I am not aware that he deemed it expedient to collect and preserve them. It bears so close a resemblance to that printed by Pryce, that it will suffice to give the variations merely of the text in the latter.

The following examination of the grammatical construction of the song, imperfect as it must necessarily be, may suffice to show how greatly it is to be lamented that Canon Williams left the completion, or if completed in MS., the publication of the *Cornish Grammar*, promised in the preface to his *Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum*, still a desideratum. With regard to the opinion expressed by him in his preface, that the Vocabulary, published by Pryce in 1790, and found to be identically the same with that of Tonkin's MS. of 1725, is "full of errors", Prince L. L. Bonaparte says: "*I admit that neither of these two Cornish gentlemen (Tonkin and Gwavas) had any pretensions to a knowledge of Welsh; but for the Cornish of the 18th century, I am satisfied that they were the very best authorities of their time, and ought not to be despised by Welsh linguists, over whom they had certainly the immense advantage of a practical knowledge of their mother-tongue, although they may have been inferior in general linguistic attainments.*"<sup>2</sup> The last observation is, perhaps, open to some qualification. In Cornwall, as we know to be the case in Wales, the upper classes probably ceased to speak Cornish long before the lower found it convenient to teach their children English in preference to the old tongue. We know the process, so graphically described in his recent paper by Mr. Ellis, whereby the offspring of the second generation of persons

<sup>1</sup> This note does not exist in Tonkin's MS. The authorship of the note is, therefore, doubtful.

<sup>2</sup> *Some Observations on the Rev. R. Williams's Preface to his "Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum"*. London, May 1865.

speaking a border-tongue as well as their own, gradually allow the latter to drop out, and be superseded by the former. Nor can it be doubted that the Cornish fell slowly into disuse by a similar process of decay, until it became finally extinct as a spoken language.

## 1.

“ Pelea era why moaz, moz fettow Teag,  
Gen Agaz peddn du, ha Agaz blew Mellen ?  
Moaz tha'n Venton Sarra weage,  
Rag Delkiow Sevi, gwra muzi Teag.

## 2.

“ Pea ve moaz gen a why, moz fettow Teag,  
Gen agaz pedden du, he agaz Blew Mellen ?  
Greuh mōna why, Sarra wheage,  
Rag, etc.

## 3.

“ Fatla gura ve aguz gorra why en doar,  
Gen aguz pedn du, etc.  
Me vedn Seval arta, Sarra wheag,  
Rag, etc.

## 4.

“ Fatla gura ve agaz dry why gen flo,  
Gen aguz, etc.  
Me vedn Ethone, Sarra wheag,  
Rag Delkiow, etc.

## 5.

“ Pew vedn a why gawas Rag Seera rag guz flo,  
Gen, etc.  
Why ra boz, E Seera, Sarra wheage,  
Gen, etc.

## 6.

“ Pen dre vedda why geil rag Lednow rag' as flo,  
Gen, etc.  
E Seera veath Trehez, Sarra wheag,  
Rag, etc.”

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## NOTES.

STANZA 1, line 1.—*Pelca*, where? in what place? *pe le*, Williams; *pa le?* W.; sic E.J.; *era*, v. s. was, 3rd pers. s. imperf. of *bôs*. It is also written *erra*. *Why*, 2nd pers. pron. you, in the *Ordinalia* written *chui*, W., *chwi*. *Moaz*—this form is not found in Williams's Lex. C.B., but *môs*, a contracted form of *moncs*, to go; Arm. *moned*; W., *myned*. Translate "Where were you going?" E. Jones has:—*Pa le er ew why moaz?* literally, "What place was is you go?" which of course is nonsense. *Ew*, he is, 3rd person s. pres. of *bôs*, to be, Williams's Lex. C.B. *Moz*, a maid, a form not recognised by Williams, who has *mos* for it. *Fettow*, v. imp. said he. A late corruption of *mêdh e*, Williams's Lex. C.B. This word, in the first stanza, seems to show that the first stanza, as we have it, must have been originally preceded by one other at least, so that the whole of the song has probably not been preserved by Tonkin. *Teag*, fair, spelt *tec* by Williams in Lex. C.B. who says that it was written also indiscriminately *têg*. L. 2, *gen*, prep. with, by. A late form of *gan*, Lex. C.B. *Agaz*, for *agas*, pron. poss. your, Lex. C.B. For which the *atas* of E. J. must be either an error or a misprint. The word for head or face is omitted in E. J.'s copy. *Pedden* (written *pedn* in the 3rd stanza, as Williams also writes it), the head. It is remarkable that for *pedn du*, black head, Pryce has substituted *bedgeth gwïn*, white face. Was this because he was struck with the incongruity of yellow hair on a black head, or because he was acquainted with another version of the song? From the fact that in the last stanza he has inadvertently printed "*pedn du*", retaining "white face" in the translation, it may be inferred that the substitution was his own. *Ha*, conj. and. E. J. has *hagaz* only, seemingly conjoining the two words. The *hagaz* of T. would seem an error of the pen. *Blew*, s. m. hair, as in Welsh. Written in Cornish Vocabulary *bleu*, as E. J. has it. *Mellen*, *mellyn*, Pryce; *melyn*, E. J., as in Welsh. So also Lex. C.B., which quotes Pryce, and gives us the meaning "of the colour of honey, yellow." Written in the Cornish Vocabulary, *milin*; Arm., *melen*; Med. Lat., *melinus*. L. 3.—*Moaz*, going. But both P. and E. J. have *mi a moaz*, as though confusing the idiom with the W. There is nothing in the Lex. C. B. to show that the v. *môs*, is otherwise than indeclinable, although *a* is, in Cornish, as in Welsh, an auxiliary particle prefixed to verbal tenses. *Tha*, to, implying a radical *ta*. This form is not found in Williams, who gives *da* (in construction *dha*) only as a later form of *de*, *dhe*. It seems to be identical with the earliest obsolete forms of W. *di* and *do*. *Venton*, a mutation of *fenton*, written also *fenteu* and *fnten*, W. *Fynnion*, *finnaum*, Arm., *feunten*, from Lat. *fontana*, Ir. *fiomns*. W., Lex. C.B. The copy of E. Jones

has a *ha leath* (qy. by error for *dha*?) to milk. But *leath* is given as a s. only, not as a v., in Williams's Lex. C.B. Does this again represent a different version of the song, which found its way into Wales? *Sarra*, sir, a father (*ut infra*). *Sira*, Lex. C.B. *W'eage*, sweet, *whcc*, and *whcg*, Lex. C.B. W., *Chwêg*, Arm., *chouec*. *Rag*, prep. for; also *râc*. Comp. W. *rhag*. *Delkior*, plur. of *dalc*, a leaf, W. *dalen*. *Sevi*, a strawberry, W., *syvi*, used in S. W. In N. W. *mevus* is used, perhaps identical with *syfi*, by transposition of letters. *Gurra*, v. will do, from *gurey*, infin., W. *gureud*. *Muzi*, late f. of *musi*, pl. of *mos*, a maid.

STANZA 2.—*Pea*, not in Lex. C.B., perhaps for *pe*, what, used here as an interrogative particle. E. J. has *ka*, which is not in the Lexicon. *Ye*, pers. pron., or possibly for *ref*, mut. of *bef*, from *bôs*, to be, "May I be going?" *Greuh mena why*, constr. "*Fac, id si placet tibi, dulcis*", ait, "*Domine*". *Greuh*, do ye? perhaps a late form of *greuch*. 2nd pers. plur. imper. of *gurey*. E. Jones has here again a different expression, *gen oll an collan*, with all my heart; *collan* improperly written for *colon*, as also in the third stanza, where the character of the song is changed altogether from that of Tonkin and Pryce, in whose version it appears merely as a very coarse drinking song.

STANZA 3, line 1.—In E. J.'s version, *beu*, a cow, is written, probably incorrectly, for *biuh*, a late form of *buch*, according to Williams. L. 3.—*En park an mow*, in the field (enclosure) of pigs. E. Jones has rendered it *parken pig* (pig-field), thus mixing up English with Welsh, or Cornish, and suggesting the inference that the version, as he has given it, was taken down from the oral recitation of some Cornishman by a Welshman, himself unacquainted with Cornish. *Mena*—Williams gives *menta*, thou wilt, as the equivalent of this form, 3rd pers. s. fut. of *menny*, to will. But, as Prince L. L. Bonaparte has observed, neither Williams nor Lhuyd, being foreigners who merely picked up their knowledge of the language from books, were likely to possess so good an acquaintance with its idioms as Tonkin and Gwavas, in whose favour, as Cornishmen, the presumption would be, that they were better able to inform themselves as to the familiar modes of expression common in the country where they lived, even if the English, and not the native Cornish, was their own mother-tongue.

Line 1.—*Fatla* (in Tonkin's version). how, a mutation of *patla*, a late form of *pattal*, compounded of *pa*, what, and *del*, manner. W., *pa dhelw*, *pa dhull*, Lex. C.B. *Gorra*, *gora*, and *gorré*, to put, to place, v.a., Williams. *En*, in, generally written *yn*, Williams. *Doar*, the earth, ground; Arm., *dôr*, Gael. *door*, Mod. *uir*, Ir. *uir*, Manx, *voir*. When preceded by the article, *an doar*, from greater ease in pronouncing, became *an noar*, and *an 'oar*; Arm., *ann nor*, or *ann ôr*. Williams. Constr. *Quid si in terrâ ego te reclinam?* L. 3.—*Me vedn*, I will, a



corrupt form of *ven*, a mutation of *men*, 3rd pers. s. fut. of *menny*, Williams. *Seval*, to stand, to rise. Williams gives *sevel* only. *Arta* (*arte*, Williams) again; constr. *surgam iterum*.

STANZA 4, line 1.—*Agaz*, or *aguz*. This appears to be here, and in the foregoing stanza, a demonstrative pronoun, “you”, but Williams gives it only in the form of *agas*, *ages*, *agis*, *agos*, *agys*, as a possessive, although, in an example from O. M., he translates it as a demonstrative. *Dry*, *drey*, contr. of *dyrey* (*dy* and *rey*, to give; W. *dyroi*.), to bring; constr. *Quid si puero gravidam te ego faciam?* L. 3.—*Ethone*, three words written, apparently, in conjunction, *e thon e*, as in W., *ei dduyn ef*. *Thon*, inflectional mut. of *ton*, of which the modern form was *don*, to bear, bring, carry. E. pers. pron. he, him, *Eum ego feram* (*pariam*).

STANZA 5, line 1.—*Pew*, who, W., *pey*, Lat. *qui*. A. The aux. particle before the v. *gawas*, is perhaps misplaced in the transcription. *Gawas*, mut. of *cawas*, a form of *cavel*, and *cafos*, Lex. C. B.; W. *caffael*, *cael*, to have, or find. *Quemnam tu tui pueri patrem vis habere?* Lit. *pro patre in puerum tuum*. L. 3.—*Why ra boz E Seera*, “*Ei tu eris pater.*” *Ra*, an abbreviated form of *ura*, a mut. of *gura*, Lex. C. B. I, thou, he or she will do. W., *gena*.

STANZA 6, line 1.—*Pendre* (corruptly perhaps) for *pandra*, what thing. *Vedda* (not in Lex. C. B.) looks like a corrupt form of *bedha*, you will be, as *geil* (W. *gael?*), also of *gavel*, unless it be a contracted form of *guerelle*, a point on which neither Llwyd nor Williams (although the latter quotes the passage from Pryce, s. v. *lednow*) offer any explanation. On *lednow* Williams quotes Pryce’s translation of the word, viz., “whittles”, used here seemingly for swaddling-clothes, or the long white dress of an infant. Johnson derives this word from the Saxon *lhtytel*, and gives as its meaning, “a white dress for a woman”. The only phrase in which the writer has met with it, is that of “A Welsh whittle”, a long mantle of woollen material, but never, as here, in the plural. The word †*lednow* appears in the Lex. C. B. s. v. “*len*, a blanket, a cloak, a whittle. Pl. *lennow*, Corn. Voc. *sagum*,” followed by a quotation from Pryce of this passage; “W. *llen*, † *lenn*. Arm. *lenn*. Ir. *leine*, † *leann*, † *lenn*. Gael. *leine*. Manx. *lhein*. Lat. *læna*.” Thus, *ledu* would appear to have been the old form of *len*, as *pedu* of *pen*. Constr. *Quidnam ad pamos pro puero tuo suscipiendos sis factura?* *Veath*, a late constructional form of *beth*, or *bêth*, W. *bydd*, he shall be. *Trehez* (in Lex. C. B. *trehes*), a cutter, a tailor. *Trehesy mein*, O. M. 2411, quoted in Lex. C. B., stonecutters. Probably connected with *torry*, W. *torri*, Arm. *terri*, to break, cut; Constr. *Sartor ei Pater erit*.

H. W. L.

## A POEM BY IOLO GOCH,

*Composed with the view of stirring up his countrymen to support the cause of*

OWAIN GLYNDWR.<sup>1</sup>

---

AGAINST the Saxon's stubborn mind—  
 A world of trouble—now to find  
 Have I desired oft-times a Lord,  
 One of ourselves, whose prescient sword  
 Is ominous of high success—  
 We all know who—no hero less  
 Than Owain of the Vale of Dee,  
 Whose arms but gleam, and foemen flee.  
 His blood-stain'd spear if Owain wield,  
 Of nine whole tribes is he the shield.  
 Their Lord's his people's trusted arm,  
 His manly might their foe's alarm;  
 Let hundreds swell their voices high,  
 In him fulfilling prophecy.  
 The Lord I freely praise is strong  
 Of Southrons to avenge the wrong.  
 The key-note of my song shall own  
 The glories of himself alone:  
 In harmony attuned shall be  
 The lustrous fame of Owain's three,  
 Long as the sky is o'er us spread,

<sup>1</sup> The title of this poem in *Gorchestion y Beirdd* is "Cywydd i Owain Glyndwr, pan oedd fwya' ei rwysg, o waith Iolo Goch." The original is not printed here, in view of the publication by the Society of the whole of the works of this bard.

So long shall be their praises read.  
 An Eastern jewel is Glendower,  
 Owain the high-born, dread in power ;  
 Owain, whose blade, a lordly sword,  
 Drives headlong forth Deira's<sup>1</sup> horde :  
 Owain, whose heart is fixt on war,  
 Whose conq'ring onsets range afar,  
 Like Nûdd, with all a lion's joy,  
 Goes forth, like Gruffydd, to destroy.  
 His wrath hits men of foreign tongue,  
 To deeds of arms his spirit's strung ;  
 His lion's heart, and hand, and arm,  
 Like Lludd's, are Brynaich's<sup>1</sup> deadly harm.  
 A lion fierce, whose roaring dread  
 Fills Lloegria's<sup>2</sup> land with corpses red.  
 God his defence—the sign is sure,  
 Rome's Lord is Owain's friend secure.  
 A leader stout, whose wolf-like frown  
 Of kingdoms three deserves the crown.  
 Lord of the Glen, his course is wise,  
 Pure is his blade, of far-emprize ;  
 A chief who burns allies to seek,  
 His keen-edged steel in blood to reek.  
 A strength is his that foes shall feel,  
 A valiant pillar, set in steel,  
 A chief by whom, on battle-plain,  
 Thousands of Horsa's line are slain.  
 Our chief's the firm roof's topmost tree,  
 A lion bold, keen, agile, he.  
 As Nûdd my Patron is, sedate ;  
 A King more strong than oaken-gate.

<sup>1</sup> Deifr and Brynaich, the regions in which were established the Saxon kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia.

<sup>2</sup> England, called Lioegr by the Welsh.

Tho' shiver'd be, in battle's shock,  
His lance, long live our nation's Rock.  
Whose dignity, save his, so great,  
Surpassing all in high estate ?  
By Peter's aid, what land soe'er  
Encompass him, his life's career  
Extended be, and so outspan  
Five times the age of mortal man !

H. W. L.

# D Cymrodor.

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OCTOBER, 1883.

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## ON THE ETHNOLOGY OF THE WELSH RACE.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE MOST HON. THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.

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I WISH, before beginning to address to you the few words with which I propose to open the Eisteddfod to-day, to offer you an explanation on the subject of language. It would have been my wish upon this occasion to have used the British tongue in speaking to you; and that not only from a sense of the propriety of doing so, and as a homage to general culture, but also as a courtesy to yourselves. I should have been personally unable to attempt an original composition of my own, and all I could have done under any circumstances would have been to read a translation by someone else of what I wish to say. Under these circumstances the words would not have been my own, but the words of the translator; and, however I might have delivered them, I could hardly have hoped to have had the same control over them as over those in which my thoughts naturally clothe themselves. Under these circumstances, after some consideration, and with considerable reluctance, I came to the conclusion that the truest respect towards yourselves, which was the only point to be considered, was to

<sup>1</sup> Presidential address at the National Eisteddfod, Aug. 6th, 1883.

offer you the best which I was able to do of my own. I have used the word "British" as that most sanctioned by external antiquity to designate the Cymric race, although no claim can, I conceive, be set up upon their behalf to represent the most ancient, and, probably, the aboriginal inhabitants of these islands. I think it is generally admitted that the earliest dwellers in these islands, as in other parts of Europe, of whom we have any knowledge, were a Finn or Eskimo race, and it has been maintained that they still remain represented by part of the existing population, among whom I am aware that an eminent living writer has numbered the Silurians. At the same time, without entering into the discussion of this interesting question, I think it may be admitted that it has become, in this country, almost entirely one of those in which the studies of the anthropologist are aided by those of the archæologist and the craniologist. And even if we were to grant that the Silurians are Esquimaux, we should have to acknowledge that they are as much embedded in, and assimilated by, the Cymri, as are the Angle colonies of Northern Bernicia in and by the Scotch. Comparative philology appears, at least at present, to throw upon it but few and fitful gleams, and the Finnish culture, which is elsewhere represented by a literature both ancient and modern, either never existed here, or has at least failed to leave a single fragment.

Neither can the British claim with any certainty the position of the earliest Celtic immigrants into these islands. It is true that the singular absence of intelligence displayed by the Romans upon matters of philology and ethnology renders the beliefs of Cæsar and other classical writers of but little importance; but I think that without troubling the waters of an historical question, whose dark depths are, perhaps, unfathomable, I may be permitted to apply the epithet of "most probable" to the theory that the

Pictish, and perhaps the Scottish, Celts were earlier occupants of what afterwards became Britain. Comparatively little, however, is known of the movements by which, even within times strictly historical, albeit remote, the Celtic races assumed the topographical distribution, with regard to one another, which they still hold. At last we have the expulsion from Wales of the Gwyddyl—whether the remains of a Scottish population earlier than the Cymri, or whether immigrants from Ireland, I do not venture to suggest. Then we have the most important of all, the incoming of the Teutons, when, to cite the language of the British population addressed to Aëtius, the savages hunted them into the sea, and the sea washed them back upon the savages. And, last of all, the English occupation and at least partial colonisation, when that *Scotia Irredenta*, the whole diocese of Carlisle, was severed from the rest of the kingdom of Strathelyde, north of the Solway. I conceive that even the victory of Carrum was of less important results ethnographically, that the Teutonic population of Bernicia was always a minority of settlers, and that the very fact of the Tyne being selected for the site of the New Castle is in itself an indication that the south of Bernicia has more in common with its own northern division than with its southern neighbour of Deira—in connection with which it is interesting to note the remark of Bede upon the mutual hostility (ended, as he thought, by Oswald) of the two provinces of Nordanhymbria. I do not here speak of Cornwall, whose isolated geographical position soon cut it off, and to a great extent, from any but a literary solidarity with the rest of the British lands (and even that has now perished), save to acknowledge it, and to point to it as a striking instance of the inherence in race of certain social, political, and religious instincts, to which I will not further allude on this occasion, for fear of giving offence to any. This solidarity was, however, for long

very great, and reached even to the Gallic shores of Armorica, while it touched with its love the Celts who are not Cymric. Thus Cunedda came from the North. Thus an eminent modern writer, who, being a Scotchman, has dedicated so much of his studies to Wales, claims for the North the honour of being the scene of the struggles of the historic Arthur. Thus Kentigern, who founded Glasgow, founded also St. Asaph, and toiled in Cumberland, and at Menevia itself was united to David in a friendship of which Jocelin has said, in a passage of touching beauty, "They stood together before the Lord, like the cherubim in the holy place; both with eyes unswerving from the mercy seat; both with wings of contemplation constantly spread heavenward; both with wings touching one the other in the offices of brotherly love; both with wings spread downward in faithful stewardship of things earthly." Thus is Constantine, when came the change in the hand of the Most High, said to have gone from Cornwall to Menevia, and from Menevia to Glasgow—"quasi in aliam longinquam patriam"—"as into another fatherland, albeit far off". Thus did Brendan of Cluainferta, as many another, come to Wales, and then go to seek the wisdom of Gildas in the Morbihan of Brittany. Thus at last we find similar in suffering the two of his victims whom Edward I is said—I would that I could hope untruly said—to have had crowned with garlands in Westminster Hall. The last evidence of the race-union was, probably, that remarkable attempt of Robert Bruce to form a Pan-Keltic anti-Teutonic league—an idea of the scientific accuracy of which he was himself, probably, but partially conscious—and which may be said to have ended when Edward Bruce died for Ireland at Dundalk.

Whether or not I had named Dewi and Kentigern, I should be wrong in speaking of the Cymric people almost in the land of Caradoc, of Gwladys, and, in a sense, of Pudens, almost under the shadow of the sanctuary of Dyfan, and possibly



within a few yards of the royal seat of the Lightbringer of Morganwg, without recalling that, whatever their comparative ethnological antiquity, the Cymri have unquestionably the glory of being the most ancient Christian people in Britain. Possibly beginning in the very days of the Apostles, and receiving, as I am willing to believe, an organised Church at Llandaff in the early part of the second century, they swelled, with the contingent of Alban, and Aaron, and Julius, and their comrades, the noble army who received life by death under Diocletian, and were, roundly speaking, a Christian people from the Forth and the Clyde to the British Channel at least some two centuries before Augustine ever dreamt of setting his foot in Kent. Do not forget that, whatever the errors, the corruptions, the backslidings against which such men as Ninian, and David, and Kentigern strove, they remained a Christian people; their strife and suffering were the strife and suffering of Christians at the hands of idolaters; and that to them the Gael, and large part of their Teutonic enemies, were indebted for the faith. That the son of Calphurn was a Cymric Celt few will probably be found to deny; and his faith and love not only overspread Ireland but flowed, in another century, by the ministry of Colum Kille, into Alban, and at last by Aidan and Finan re-kindled from Lindisfarne the light which had of old time shone from Eboracum.

The indifference, the studied neglect, and the not infrequent actual persecutions to which the idiosyncrasies of Celtic nationality have been subjected for centuries, were the outcome of hostility; and then, as seems to me, of stupidity rather than actual hostility, or rather of an hostility begotten more by stupidity than by antagonism; and, finally, of ignorance even more than of stupidity. As an Italian proverb says, *Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente*—"People

who know nothing suspect nothing." The theory seems to be—if such more or less instinctive and unconscious blundering can be credited with anything so intellectual as a theory—that all mankind are exactly the same physically, and are also exactly the same in intellectual genius; that the absolute standard, not only of right and wrong but of convenience and suitability, is Teutonism, and that any individual or population whom Teutonic systems do not suit must be morally depraved, and if recalcitrant, guilty of an outrage against the laws of nature. The progress of science in this, as in many other respects, has, I suspect, brought us within sight of daybreak—perhaps I should use a more fitting comparison if I said, shown us the light at the end of the tunnel. Indeed, I may venture to say that a recent instance of stupidity, in which a legislative enactment believed (I say not whether believed rightly or wrongly) to be applicable to the rest of Wales was believed to be inapplicable to Monmouthshire, is, as far as I know, one for which few matches could be found within the last millennium. So silly an idea may, however, I hope, be rather regarded as some old dead and washed-away tree, which withstands for a while the natural impetus of the stream. The scientific study of ethnology, especially assisted by the scientific study of history and of philology, is spreading the knowledge that nature has made race differences which are only eradicable with the races themselves; and I look forward to a time when the corollary will be more fully recognised, that conditions which may be admirably suited to the peasant of Surrey are, as applied to the British peasant, or, for the matter of that, systems well adapted for the Briton, are, when applied to the Saxon, although not fruitless in some sort of culture, fruitful in the same way as would be the culture of an oak tree with an exclusive view to make it bring forth grapes. It may be mutilated of certain sur-

roundings and externals, but its nature remains. The Cymric provinces of Scotland, and part of the Gaelic, have lost their Celtic language for centuries, but how much more have they lost of their individuality? However, I could not take a better example than Ireland. For how many centuries that country has had the advantages of English theories and practices of government you know; and how far it has entered into a solidarity with England you may see, though its language has been all but stamped out, and much else stamped out altogether. A deep scientific truth is expressed in the dictum of a modern song, whose popularity in that country is not entirely owing either to the graceful English diction of its words or the undeniable beauty of the music to which it is set, that you may prohibit by law and stamp out by force the wearing of a certain colour, but you cannot rid the mother country of the hue in which nature herself has clad and clothed it.

I speak, of course, only according to my lights when I respectfully urge you to cast yourselves rather into the stream of modern thought, illuminated by modern scientific knowledge and study, than to cling to the turbid backwaters of the last past centuries, and to seek for a healthy development, not in mimicry and unions based on mediæval phantasmagoria, only less dead than their creators, but in obedience to the genius with which nature has endowed you.

I have named, in speaking of the vicissitudes of the Celtic races, the subject of language. In this case, also, the movement of the nineteenth century is opposed to the tendency of the last few centuries. The speech of the Celtic people, after having been in many places persecuted to the death, and again made the victim of comic theories, such as that all its branches were Semitic except Pictish, which was to be Gothic, has now for years been receiving the thoughtful study of the learned, especially

in Germany. The *Grammatica Celtica* of Zeuss is, perhaps, the work which is the most remarkable monument, and, at the same time, the strongest bulwark of these studies. It is true that the Germans seem hitherto to display a tendency rather towards Gaelic than Cymric, and dig among the monuments of ancient Irish orthography to excavate the buried ruins of the neuter gender and the dual number. This selection in study is partly because they are deterred by the idea that Cymric has suffered in purity by the long dominance of the Romans in Britain and by the later use of their language for literary purposes, and partly because they are repelled by the ruthless simplicity of Welsh spelling, in which everything is sacrificed to phonetic convenience, and which is, indeed, the luxury of the learner, but, at the same time, the torture of the comparative philologist. The Welsh, however, are the only branch of the Celtic family who are able to greet this homage of the learned even with a living literature. Strathelyde, Cornwall, and Armorica are really linguistically dead; and, however reluctantly, I cannot but see that the Gaelic, including Manx, is in its last agony, unless, indeed, the patriotic and enlightened efforts of the Gaelic Union, The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, and cognate efforts should succeed by scientific methods in restoring animation to the almost breathless corpse, drowned in the nineteenth century English.

As I am set here for the moment to speak and to exhort, I take the occasion to exhort you not to let go the tongue of your fathers. It is an excellent thing to know English, French, Italian—the knowledge of languages singularly expands the field of intellectual vision. Without Latin, for instance, no one in Western Europe could be called highly educated, and without Greek no one can enter into the higher regions of Aryan thought. But I stop there. To know other languages than one's own

is an excellent thing, not only as opening the field of intellectual vision, but for the sake of practical convenience (and to most men that is the chief thing) when one is brought into contact with those who do not understand our own. I, for instance, like many other people, have succeeded in acquiring enough French for practical purposes, and I should be pleased if I could conscientiously believe I spoke or wrote it well. But I should think myself very ill-advised if I tried to substitute it for my own tongue—silly in myself, vulgar in social intercourse, irreverent in prayer.

I would urge you, then, to cling to the language of your fathers, and to seek through it the development of literary power and intellectual culture. But let me urge you to seek it in culture. For a man to speak Welsh, and willingly not to be able to read and write it, is to confess himself a boor. There is none of the excuse which the difficulties of English spelling, incomprehensible except to the philologist, offer in that case. How deplorable is the position of a man who cannot explain the reason of the initial mutation which he makes involuntarily—unless, indeed, he makes it wrongly, which is sometimes the case. The same thing is, as I am fully aware, the case with regard to English, and in both cases I am afraid newspapers cannot be acquitted of blame. Try to understand the language grammatically and to speak with the light of reason. As an excellent friend of mine, who taught me what little Welsh letters I ever learnt, used to say, “If you are a gentleman speak like a gentleman, whatever the language you employ.” I urge upon those who are connected with newspapers to use their position to encourage purity and correctness of language.

With these words I will end, and permit the course of the Eisteddfod to proceed—a festival which is in its own character almost exclusively and peculiarly Cymric; and which the idea of purely artistic and intellectual

competition, widely separated from national festivals which are either stimulants to excitement (to use the language applied by an eminent statesman to something else) "base, bloody, and brutal", childish excitement to gambling, or unseemly provocatives to lewdness; and which seems rather to lay a wreath of unavailing homage upon the grave of the Past, in which lies buried—now probably for ever—that epoch of Aryan thought and culture when the most intellectual assemblies which the earth has probably ever seen, decided, underneath the cliffs of the Acropolis, upon the respective merits of the greatest writers by whom the treasure of human poetry has, perhaps, ever been enriched.

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## THE TREATMENT OF ENGLISH BORROWED WORDS IN COLLOQUIAL WELSH.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE EDITOR.

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THE following paper is an attempt to give a general account of the use and treatment of English words in the colloquial Welsh of the present day. Most of the statements here made are applicable to the whole of Welsh-speaking Wales; but the paper treats more particularly of the dialect spoken, with slight variations, in the Counties of Brecon, Caermarthen, and the greater part of Cardigan.

The subject is thought to be one of considerable interest, both linguistically and historically. As a study of language, it is instructive to mark the laws which operate under our actual observation, in studying which we are less liable to error, than when dealing with the fossilised remains of earlier times, while it may reasonably be expected to help us in arguing from the "living present" to the "dead past". Historically, it is part of a larger subject, the question of the relation of the Celt and the Teuton in Britain. It has generally been thought that down to a comparatively recent period the two peoples maintained an attitude of almost complete isolation; and proof of this is supposed to be found, amongst others, in the slight influence which the two languages had upon each other. But I am inclined to think that fuller inquiry will show this influence on both sides to have been greater than is generally allowed.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from the *Transactions* of the Philological Society of London, by permission of the Council.

If the inquiry of the present paper were extended to the literary language, and carried out fully in historical order, it would probably be found that Welsh has borrowed from English a larger number of words, and from an earlier period, than some of our authorities have been willing to admit. In the same way, again, the influence of Welsh on English has been very much under-estimated, being generally limited to some forty or fifty words. This is because scholars have not looked to the right place, viz., the provincial dialects. When a competent scholar undertakes to sift thoroughly the Glossaries and Word Lists of the English Dialect Society, the Celtic element in English will appear much more considerable than has hitherto been recognised.

The application of the phonetic laws described hereafter (which are of course the same laws that have shaped the language throughout its history), varies in completeness and regularity, in accordance with (1) the length of time during which the borrowed words have been in use in Wales, and (2) the degree of culture or knowledge of English possessed by the particular speaker. Those words which have been longest current in the Principality, have been forced into the most complete conformity with Welsh phonetic laws. Many words borrowed at an early period have been so completely naturalised, that their foreign origin has been forgotten, and they have not seldom been brought forward by lexicographers to explain the very words of which they are themselves merely corruptions.

Again, old people and the uneducated carry out the changes described much more regularly than younger people who have attained a fuller knowledge of English.

#### TERMINATIONS OF NOUNS AND VERBS.

When English nouns and verbs are borrowed in colloquial



Welsh, certain terminations are frequently added. In the case of verbs this is always the case. Adjectives take no such addition.

NOUN ENDINGS (DIMINUTIVES AND SINGULATIVES).—Nouns often take the diminutive or singulative terminations *-an*, *-yn*, forming masculine, and *-en* forming feminine nouns. The form *-an* was formerly used, but now *-yn* and *-en* are regularly employed for the two genders respectively.

1. *-an* was occasionally used to form both masculine and feminine nouns, *e.g.*, *stacc-an*, mas. (a stook, fr. "stack"), *hŏs-an*, fem. (a stocking, fr. "hose").

2. *-yn* is now very generally employed to form diminutives or singulatives of the masculine gender, *e.g.*, *fflowr-yn* (a flower), *ffowl-yn* (a fowl), etc.

3. *-en* forms feminines of the same kind, *e.g.*, *bwlēt-en* (a bullet), *whîl-en* (a wheel), etc.

These endings are generally used to form singulatives from such English nouns as first obtained currency in their plural form. Consequently, the singulatives are most usually formed from the English plural, *e.g.* :—

(a) *-yn*, masc. *cŏls-yn* (a burnt coal, a cinder), *ffowls-yn* (a fowl, sometimes heard as well as *ffowl-yn*), *tŵls-yn* (a tool; applied also to persons, "a queer fellow"), *mŵls-yn* (a donkey, fr. "mule", with a fem. *mŵls-en*, heard as often as the literary *ŏsyn* and *ŏsen*).

(b) *-en*, fem., *bŵts-en* (a boot), *brĭcs-en* (a brick), *cwĭls-en* (a quill), *lŏts-en* (a lath), *pĭls-en* (a pill), *shŏts-en* (a shot, a pellet), *whĭls-en* (a wheel, as well as *whĭlen*), *wĭrs-en* (a wire), *teĭls-en* (a tile, a coarse slate); the plural *teĭls* is used to designate the coarser kind of slate, *tŏ teĭls* (a tile roof) being distinguished from *tŏ slŏts* (a slate roof), as well as from *tŏ gwellt* (a straw-thatched roof).

*Sŏfren* (a sovereign, a pound) is, from its form, naturally regarded as feminine, though not a singulative.

## PLURAL ENDINGS.

(a) Generally, English plural forms are kept, as in the case of the words from which the singulatives just given are formed.

(b) Sometimes a vowel change takes place in addition. So the recently borrowed word *ffore* (a fork) has a plural *ffyres*, with the same vowel change as the native word *fforch*, plural *ffyreh*. So *core* (a cork), has *cyres*.

(c) Sometimes, again, a word has a Welsh plural as well as the English one, e. g., *bāsn* (a basin), has plural *bāsnau* and *bāsniis*.

(d) In Welsh, as in English, some words are used only in the plural, e. g., *trowsys* or *trawsys* (trousers; though in this case *trowser* or *trawser* is also used), *tings* (a pair of "tongs"), in which the vowel change is apparently made under the feeling that the word is plural, *o* of the singular very often being modified into *y* in the plural) *töeyns* (copper coins, "coppers") fr. E. *tokens*.

(e) In a few words we find the plural termination curiously doubled, e. g., *lōes-is* (whiskers, fr. "locks"), *galōs-is* or *gālosis* (braces, fr. "gallows").

## VERBAL ENDINGS.

When an English verb is borrowed, a distinctive verbal ending is always affixed. The following are the most common terminations:—

(1) *-an*, or *ian*, as in *mōcian* (to mock), *pīpian* (to peep).

(2) *-ed*, as in *blong-ed* (to belong), *watshed* (to watch).

(3) *-o*, which is by far the most common ending used for this purpose, as in *treio* (to try), *tendo* (to tend), *wīrso* (to make a wire fencing), and numberless others.

(4) *-a* is used in forming verbs from nouns, as in native words, e. g., *bargeina* (to bargain), *ffowla* (to fowl, i. e., go out shooting), *samwna* (to fish for salmon).

## THE INFLUENCE OF ACCENT.

As is well known, the accent in Welsh regularly falls on

the penult, with very few exceptions. When an English word is borrowed, therefore, differently accented, an attempt is soon made to modify its form in such a way as to adapt it to the general principle of Welsh accentuation. This is done by dropping unaccented vowels in accordance with the figures called syncope, apocope, and aphæresis.

#### SYNCOPE.

Syncope takes place under the following circumstances:—

1. In trisyllabic words, accented on the first syllable, the vowel of the second syllable (that immediately following the accent), is dropped. This preserves the accent in its original position, and at the same time the word is brought under the general Welsh law of accentuation. Thus we have *edmmil* (camomile), *cópras* (copperas), *empriwr* (emperor), *intrest* (interest), *lābrer* (a labourer, a common unskilled worker, as opposed to an artisan or craftsman), *mágnel* (mangonel), *périwig* (a periwig), etc.

2. Similarly, when a verb or noun ending is added to words accented on the penult, and thus throws the accent to the ante-penult of the new Welsh word thus formed, the vowel of the syllable following the accent is dropped, and the regular accentuation thus restored. Thus we have:—

(a) Verbs, as *áltro* (for *áltero*, fr. “alter”), *blistro* (to blister), *canthro* (to canter), *entro* (enter), *hapno* (happen), *laddro* (to lather), *eyfro* (to cover), *recyfro* (recover), etc.

(b) Nouns, as *altrad* (a change, fr. “alter”), *fflówryn* (for *fflóweryn*, fr. “flower”), *sgiwren* (a skewer).

3. When a suffix is added to a word accented on the last syllable, the vowel preceding the accented syllable is sometimes dropped, as in *blongo* or *blonged* (to “belong”).

#### APOCOPE.

Apocope often takes place in English proparoxytone words, e. g., *libert* or *libart* (fr. liberty), *pendyl* (pendulum), *pliwris* (pleurisy), *fólunt* (a valentine), *whílber* (wheelbarrow,

where the *a* has been changed to *e*, apparently under the attenuating influence of the preceding *i*).

#### APHÆRESIS.

Aphæresis is effected under the following circumstances :—

1. When no termination is added, the first syllable of oxytone trisyllables is often cut off, *e.g.*, *seisis* (assizes), *piniwn* (opinion), whence is formed an adjective *piniwnus*, obstinate, opinionated, *lastie* (fr. the noun “elastic”, a very late importation), *lecshwn* (a Parliamentary election), *twrne* (attorney, perhaps fr. M. E. “attourneie”).

2. When to an English word of two syllables accented on the last, an affix is added, the first syllable is in the same way often dropped, *e.g.*, *'lowo* (to allow), *sisto* (to assist), *solfo* (to resolve), *specto* (to suspect). So *hosan-aw* (stockings), plural of *hosan* (fr. “hose”), is generally cut down in colloquial speech to *'sanaw* or *'sane*; *pytâten* (a potato), is shortened into *tâten*, and the plural *pytâtaw* is heard in the various forms, *tato*, *tatw*, *tatws*.

3. Sometimes two syllables are cut off, as in *sashiwn* (fr. “association”, a synodical meeting of the Welsh Nonconformists), *stando* (to understand).

APHÆRESIS and APOCOPE take place in the word *sciet* (a “society”, a church meeting), which has the plural *sciëti* in South Wales; but in North Wales is often *sciat*, plural *sciâde*.

The two forms assumed by the plural of this word lead us naturally to notice two points:—

1. The influence of accent on quantity. It will be observed that there is a pretty general tendency to shorten the vowel in the accented syllables, of which the following forms are examples:—*brÿtshis* (knee-breeches as opposed to trowsers), *brÿtshan* (to muddle, to thrust in a foolish or bungled statement or remark, fr. “broach”), *ffÿrso* (to force), *hÿper* (a “hooper”, or cooper, the native name being *cylchwyr*, fr. *cylch*, a hoop), *hÿtio* (to hoot), *cÿper* (a keeper), *pÿlo* (to

“peel”, though this may be fr. M. E. “pillen”), *pŷpo*, *pŷpian* (to peep), *trŷp* (a troop).

2. The relation of quantity to the character of the succeeding consonant. Short accented vowels are followed by surds, long accented vowels by sonants. This has already been illustrated by the two plurals of *seiet* or *seiat*, viz. *seiēti* and *seiāde*. So *bonnet* (a bonnet) has plural *bonnēti*, and the word “bullet” gives us a singulative *bwlēten*—in each case the short vowel being followed by a surd dental. But the regularly modified form of “bullet” is *bwled* (the literary form), which has the plurals *bwlēdi* or *bwlēdan*—a long vowel succeeded by a sonant. It is unnecessary to multiply instances, as the rule obtains generally in native as well as in borrowed words.

Occasionally a word is differently accented in colloquial and literary Welsh; thus “farewell” has in conversation the English accent, *ffŏrwél*; but in the written language, in hymns and popular poetry, it takes generally the Welsh accent and the form *ffŭrwel*, though even here it may, *metri causa*, keep the original accentuation.

#### HYBRID FORMS AND PHRASES.

Sometimes we hear an amusing combination of English and Welsh forms in the same word or phrase. The common translation of the English verb “mistake”, is *camsyniel*, and of the first part of the W. verb *cam* (lit. bent, crooked), and the last element of the English one, together with a Welsh verbal ending, a word *camstaco* (to mistake), has been formed, and is at times heard from the mouths of uneducated people in some such forms as *camstaco 'nēs i* (mistake did I), or *Mi gamstaces* (I mistook).

Again, the adjective *gwir* (true, L. *verus*), and its derived noun, *gwirionedd* (truth), are often used adverbially in such phrases as *odi wir* (literary, *gdyw yn wir*, it is truly), or *odi wirionedd* (it is in truth). For the Welsh *wir* in such cases,

the English "sure" in the form *siwr* is often used, *odi siwr* (it is surely); and from this, on the analogy of *gwirionedd* from *gwir*, has been made a hybrid substantive *siwrionedd*, which is used at times for its native prototype, *odi siwrionedd*, *do siwrionedd* (it is, yes, of a surety), etc.

Sometimes an English borrowed word is translated by a Welsh one combined with it, as in *Dîr anwl!* (Dear me!) in which *dîr* is the modification of the English "dear", and *anwl* is merely the Welsh word, *anwyl* (dear), translating and strengthening it. So the English "blue" becomes in Welsh *bliw*, and the "blue" used in the laundry is often called *bliw glûs*, *glûs* being the regular Welsh translation of "blue". These and similar forms are closely parallel to the Scriptural "Abba, Father", as doubtless the linguistic condition of Palestine in the time of Christ closely resembled that of Wales at the present day. These forms also clearly show how hybrid proper names might have arisen, and give plausibility to the derivation, for instance, of Cotswold from Welsh *coed* (wood), and its A.S. equivalent *weald*, *wald*, added for explanation.

#### THE VOWELS.

The vowel changes effected in borrowed English are much more obscure and difficult to treat in a satisfactory manner, than those which the consonants undergo. Many words were borrowed originally in provincial forms, the exact sounds of which it would probably be difficult for one much better versed in English phonology than the present writer to determine with exactness. Then it is often difficult to ascertain at what period a given word was first introduced. I shall therefore for the present aim at no more than presenting the principal facts without comment.

#### A.

1. Those forms which have in modern English long *a*, accented and followed by a single consonant and *e* mute, take

very generally in Welsh the long sound of *a* in "father", e. g., *câr* (care), *câs* (condition, case, fr. M. E. "cas"; also a covering, a case, fr. M. E. "casse, kace"), *cnâf* (a knave), *crâp* (crape), *ffâdo*, verb (to fade), *ffrâm* (frame), *gâm* (game, pluck, courage), *gât* (a gate, especially a toll-gate), *grâs* (grace), *grât* (grate), *lâs* (lace, M. E. "las, laas"), *lâdi* (lady), *pâs* (pace, M. E. "pas, paas"), *plât* (plate), *râs* (race, running), *Cwâcer* (Quaker), *cwâfer* (quaver), *stât* (state, estate), etc., etc.

2. *A*, accented and followed by more than one consonant and *e* mute, is represented by short *ă*, e. g., *hăst* (haste), *păst* (paste), *tăst* (taste), *tăsto* (to taste), *wăst* (waste, M. E. "wast"), *năshwn* (fr. "nation", used contemptuously, "a scurvy lot").

3. *A* becomes *o* very often, not only (*a*) in accented syllables, as *siom* (disappointment, fr. "sham"), *fforwel* (farewell), *hongian* (hang), *soffgart* (a riding-skirt, fr. "safe-guard"), *tösel* (tassel), *folant* (valentine), *pongeag* (pancake), *plöd* (plaid), etc.; but also

(*β*) in final unaccented syllables, as *ecceismon* (exciseman), *spectol* (spectacles), *stymog* (stomach), *rhivbob* (rhubarb), *saboth* (sabbath), etc.

Here also, probably, should be placed the words *bongc* (a bank, hillock), and *rhongc* (coarse in growth, or rancid), which, if borrowed in the M. E. forms "boneke" and "rouk", would doubtless have become \**bwngc* and \**rhwngc*, like *swul*, fr. E. E. "sond" (sand).

4. *A* is also represented by *e*—

(*α*) in monosyllables, as *prês* (brass), *het* (hat), etc.

(*β*) in final unaccented syllables, as *ffwlbert* (M. E. "fulmart"), *tangeel* (tankard), *öced* (awkward).

(*γ*) in accented syllables, if followed by *e* or *i*, as *thengei* (thank ye), *letshed* (latchet), *cweryl* (quarrel), etc. This modification of *a*, under the influence of a succeeding *i*, is exceedingly common in native words from a very early period.

5. The long diphthongal sound expressed by *a*, *ai*, *ay*, and *ei*,

becomes in Welsh *âe*, corresponding very nearly to the sound of English "aye" (yes); this *âe* becomes *ei* when an accent is made to fall on it through the addition of another syllable, e.g., *erâen* (a crane, for hanging pots and kettles on over a fire), *clâem* (a claim), whence verb *cleimo* (to claim), *complâent* (complaint), *entâel* (entail), *ffâel* (fail), whence verb *ffeilu*, *ffrâe* (fray), *mâel* (mail), *pâens*, also *pâns* (pains, care), *pâent* (paint), vb. *peinto*, *plâen* (plain), *stâen* (stain), verb *steino*. By this change of *ai* to *ei*, we have also *beili* (bailiff), *ffeirins* (fairings), *ordeino* (to ordain), *reilin* (railing), *teilwr*, (tailor), etc., etc.

So again *râen* ("rein", of a bridle), *fâel* (veil).

6. The open sound of *a* in fall, *au*, *aw*, becomes *â*; e.g., *eâlin* (calling, trade), *wâc* (a walk), *sâser* (saucer). This English sound, unknown in Welsh, is found difficult by Welshmen learning English, and in their mouths generally becomes *ô*, so that "a tall man" is metamorphosed into "a toll man". And in borrowed words it becomes *o* as often as *a*; "auction" is turned into *oeshwn* as well as *aeshwn*; *soser* coexists with *sâser*; but the forms in *a* are heard chiefly from old people.

7. Diphthongal *au* becomes in Welsh *aw*, e.g., *dawns* (a dance), fr. M. E. "dauns-en", *shawns* (chance), fr. M. E. "chaunce", *cawse* (a raised pavement), fr. M. E. "causee", *cawdel* (a caudle, a mess, a bungle), fr. M. E. "candel".

8. As in so many native words diphthong *ei* has developed into diphthong *ai* in *ffair*, fr. M. E. "feire, feyre", and perhaps in *clai* (clay), fr. M. E. "clei"; so *eonsâit* (egotism, fancy), and *resâit*, both with accent on the last syllable, from "conceit", "receipt".

## E.

1. The old English *ê*, now represented by *ea*, is kept in Welsh in loan-words, e.g., *tshêp*, (M. E. "chêp", cheap), *clên* (M. E. "clêne", clean), *mên* (M. E. "mêne", mean, sordid), *arrêrs* (arrears, fr. M. E. "arere"), *sêt* (M. E. "sete", seat), *repêt* (a



repeat in music, fr. M. E. "repete"), *séro*, *serio* (to sear, to brand, to burn, fr. M. E. "sêre, seerin"), *sél* (M. E. "seel", a seal), *sél* (zeal, fr. M. E. "zele"), *appél* (with accent on last syllable, fr. M. E. "appelen"), whence a Welsh verb *appélo* or *appelio*, *tshét* (M. E. "chete", cheat), *lés* (a lease, M. E. "lese"), *légo* (to leak, M. E. "leken"), *plé* (a plea, M. E. "plee"), *plédo* (to plead, M. E. "pleden"), *plesio* (to please, M. E. "plesen").

Sometimes the *é* is shortened, as in *hêp* (a heap, fr. M. E. "heep").

2. When occurring before *r*, *e* becomes *î* in Welsh, e.g., *clîr* (clear, fr. M. E. "cler, cleer"), *dîr* (dear, M. E. "dere"), often heard in the expression, *dîr anwl!* (dear me!), where, as already mentioned, *anwl* is the literary *anwyl*, the Welsh equivalent of "dear"; *bîr* (beer, M. E. "bere"), *appîro* (to appear, M. E. "apperen").

3. The indefinite vowel sound heard in final syllables, and expressed by *a*, *e*, or *o*, becomes in Welsh a distinct and clear *ë*, e.g., *ficer* (a vicar), *gramer* (grammar), *licer* (liquor), *reict* (riot), *wagen* (wagon).

4. Final unaccented *e* sometimes becomes *i*; as in *wstid* (worsted), *sydyn*, also *syden* (sudden), so "friend" has become Welsh *ffrind*.

5. Accented *e* becomes *y* (with sound of *u* in English "but"), in *clwyfer*, N. W. *clwyfar* (clever), *trysor* (M. E. "tresor", treasure), *tryspas* (trespass), with verb *tryspäsu* (to trespass).

6. Sometimes again *e* becomes *a*; e.g., *carsimêr* (kerseymere), *diffrant* (different), *diffrans* (difference), *dransh* (a drench), *désant* (decent), *libart* (liberty), *nyrsari* (nursery, of trees), *presant* (present), *sêramoni* (ceremony), *tärier* (terrier), *transh* (a trench).

### I.

1. In a large number of monosyllables *i* is kept unchanged e.g., *ffit*, *pîn*, *tîn*, fr. "fit", etc.

2. In accented syllables *i* becomes in Welsh *y* (= *u* in Eng-

lish "but"); *consydro* (to consider), *hysio* (to hiss), *dylyfro* (to deliver), *mynud* (minute), *syfil* (civil).

3. Final *i* in dissyllabic or polysyllabic words becomes *e*; *ffäfret* (favourite), *garlleg* (garlic), *marnes* (varnish), *ysgarmes* (M. E. "scarmishe").

4. The diphthongal sound of *i* in monosyllables and accented syllables is retained; *ffeil* (file), *ffeindio* (find), *ffaino* (to fine), *lcin* (a line), *seidir* (cider), etc.

### O.

1. When under the accent, *o* is generally shortened, whether followed by one or more consonants, e. g., *cölsyn* (a live coal), *cöst* ("cost" and "coast"), *cöeso* (to coax), *nöbl* (noble), *nöted* (noted, excellent), *nötis* (notice), *pöst* (post), *pötsker* (poacher, also a bungler), *rhöst* (roast), *spört* (sport), etc., etc.

"Close", the adjective, becomes *clös*, but the noun "close" (a yard), becomes *clôs*.

2. Very often *o* becomes *w*—

(a) in accented syllables, e. g., *bwteyn* (bodkin), *cwmpas* (compass), *cwshero* (to conjure), *cwstab* (constable), *cwter* (a gutter, M. E. "gotere"), *mwngc* (a monk), *mwngci* (monkey), *rhwsin* (rosin), *swnd* (M. E. "soud", sand).

(b) in final unaccented syllables, e. g., *ceisbwl* (M. E. "cache-pole"), *ffashwn* (fashion), *hörswn* (whoreson), *cwestiwn* (question), *randwm* (random), *samwn* (salmon).

Such forms as *bäcwn*, *barwn*, *cwstwm*, *galwn*, *hanswm*, etc., were probably borrowed from M. E. forms, "bacun", "barun", "custume", "galun", "handsun", rather than from the modified forms in *o*. In *was-bwnt* (waist-band), the *a* first became *o* (*wasbont*, which is also heard), and this *o* then became *w*.

3. Analogously the diphthong *oi* became in Welsh *wy* in numerous forms, such as *lwyn* (loin), *pryut* (point), *pwytel* (a pencil, fr. "pointel"), *prwynto* (to point), *appwynto* (to ap-

point), *pwyntrodyn* ("point-thread", of a saddler or shoemaker), *spwylo* (to spoil), etc.

4. Diphthong *ou*, *ow*, becomes *w*, e. g., *crwner* ("crowner", coroner), *dormws* (dormouse), *fflŵr* (flour), *malws* (mallows), *hwsing* (housing), *pŵd* (pout).

5. Conversely *o* sometimes becomes *ow* (= *ou* in English "out"), e. g., *bowl* (bolt), *howlder* (holder), *powsi* ("posy", a bouquet of flowers), *rowli-powli* (a roly-polly), etc.

### U.

1. In words borrowed at an early period, *u* has become *w* in Welsh; e. g., *bwudel* (M. E. "bundel"), *brwsh* (M. E. "brusche"), *clŵb* (club), *clwmsi* (clumsy), *dŵl* (dull), *dwst* (dust), *drŵm* (drum), *grwmblan* (to grumble), *hwster* (huckster), *hŵmian* (M. E. "hummen"), *lŵc* (luck), *lwmp* (lump), *mwsslin* (muslin), and many others.

2. In words more recently introduced, having the sound of *u* in "but", that vowel is represented by its equivalent *y* in Welsh, e. g., *bynnen* (a bun), *byrsto* (to burst), *lysti* (lusty), *nymbro* (to number), *nŷrsari* ("nursery" of trees and shrubs). So "London" is colloquially *Llynden*; "business" is hardened into *bysnes*.

3. Unaccented *u* sometimes becomes *i*, e. g., *coris* (chorus), *regilato* (to regulate), *régilar* (regular), etc.

4. Diphthongal *u* is practically retained, and may be represented by *iw*, e. g., *ciwr* (cure), *ciwrat*, *ciwrad* (curate), *diw* (due), *diwti* (duty), *ffliw* (flue), *ffliwt* (flute), *sivr* (sure), *piwr* (pure).

5. The *u* in justice (a magistrate), becomes *e*; "*Jestis o pês*" is sometimes heard as representing "Justice of the Peace."

### ASSIMILATION.

The assimilation of vowels is carried out to a large extent in Welsh, as well in borrowed as in native words. It may be distinguished into two kinds:—

1. A vowel in a succeeding syllable is assimilated to the one going before it :

*a* : *shambar* (chamber), *calap* (gallop), *lantar* (lantern), *plastar* (plaister), *stapal* (a staple, fr. M. E. "stapel"), *acadami* (academy), *galari* (gallery).

*e* : *mētel* (metal), *penneth* or *penneth* (a penknife). We also often hear from elderly people *pengeth*, carrying us back to the time when the *k* was sounded in the English word.

*i* : *cripil* (cripple, fr. M. E. "cripel"), *mistir* (master, fr. "mister"), *ffidil* (M. E. "fidel"), *shinshir* (ginger), *swifil* (swivel), *sicir* (M. E. "siker").

*o* : *bordor* (border), *coffor* (coffer), *copper* (copper), *clofor* (clover), *ordor* (order), *prōpor* (proper), *sobor* (sober), etc., etc.

*u=w* : *bwtshwr* (butcher), *clwstwr* (cluster), *cwpwrt*, *cwpwrld* or *cwbwrt* (cupboard), *mawstwr* (a great noise, fr. "muster"), *swclwn* (a foal, fr. "suckling").

Even where no written change would take place, a perceptible modification in pronunciation is effected, as in the word *doctor*, which in the mouth of a Welsh-speaking native has the last *o* nearly or quite as distinct as the first, not vague as in English.

N.B.—A vowel is sometimes assimilated in the same way to the last element of a preceding diphthong, e. g., *seidwr* (cider), *powdwr* (powder), *sowldiwr* (soldier).

Sometimes again we find a backward-working assimilation, as in *catecism* (catechism).

2. An assimilated vowel is inserted in the succeeding syllable :—

*a* : *Abal* (able, literary form is *abl*), *stabal* (stable, literary form *ystabl* ; *ystafell*, a room, is from the same root, but borrowed from the Latin).

*e* : *Berem* (barm, fr. M. E. "berm"), *helem* (a cornstack, from "helm", probably on account of its shape). So the literary form *sengl* (single), and *cenngl* (a girth, fr. Latin *cingula*), are colloquially *shengel* and *cenngel* (or *cingel*).

*i*: *Cilyn* (a kiln), *simpil* or *shimpil* (poorly, ailing; also mean, shabby, fr. "simple").

*o*: *Storom* (storm).

*u, w*: *Cŵpwl* (couple, a pair), *bŵcwl* (a buckle), *ffwrwm* (a bench, a form), *nwngewl* (uncle, fr. "nuncle", arising from "mine uncle", *Lear* i, 4, 117), *plŵmws* (plums), *trwbwl* (trouble).

### THE CONSONANTS.

I. THE SURD MUTES, *P, C, K, T*.—In native words, and words borrowed from Latin at an early period, the surd mutes, when vowel-flanked, or final preceded by a vowel, have very generally been modified into their corresponding sonants, and when preceded by *l* or *r* have been *aspirated*. In borrowed English words the former change has been only partially carried out, the latter not at all.

1. *P*, has become *b*: (*a*) *mediol*, *llabed* (lappet), *tebot* (teapot), *rhymblo* (rumple), *hobbo* and *hoppo* (hop).

(*β*) *Final*: *pîb*: O. E. pipe.

2. *C, k*, have become *g*: (*a*) *medial*, *bégwans* (the Beacons), *clogyn* (cloak), *êgo* (echo), *légo* (leak).

(*β*) *Final*: *câg* and *câgen* (cake), *háfog*<sup>1</sup> (havock), *câmrig* (cambric), *bôncag* (pancake).

(*γ*) Before *l*: *triagl*, O. E. triacle (but we now hear often *trécl*, fr. "treacle").

3. *T*, has become *d*: (*a*) *final*, *ffiled* (fillet), *ffôrffed* (forfeit), *ewshed*<sup>2</sup> (gusset), *gwâsgod* (waistcoat), and many others.

(*β*) *Medial*: *rediciw* (reticule), *sadin* (satin, by old people).

(*γ*) Before *n* and *l*: *cod'n* (cotton, but often *cot'n*), *cecl* (kettle, also *ctl*).

The plural of *ffiled* is *ffilëti*, and the verb fr. *ffôrffed* is *ffôrffëtu*, the surd remaining after the *short accented* vowel.

<sup>1</sup> I think it is borrowed by Welsh. We had the word, however, in the form *hebog*, = Ir. *sebac* (hawk).

<sup>2</sup> There is no doubt whatever that it is borrowed in Welsh.

If the vowel is lengthened, the sonant is used. So we have the plurals *pocêdi* (pockets), *blangeêdi* (blankets), *bwecêdi* (buckets), etc., etc.

4. After *r* and *l*, *c*, *k* are not aspirated: *Care* (cark), *clerc* (clerk), *mare* (mark), *core* (cork).

Thus we have *shalc* (chalk), besides the older form of the same word *calch* (lime) fr. the Latin.

So *ffore* (fork), besides *fforch*.

5. *T* is not aspirated after *r*, e.g.: *Cwrt* (court), *ewart* (quart), *tarten* (tart, by the side of a native form *torth*, a loaf).

6. *Qu* becomes *chw* in many words in North Wales, but never in South. Thus we find N. W. *chward*, *chwarter*, etc., against S. W. *cward*, *cwarter*, etc.

The *u* has been dropped after *q* in the words *quay*, *quote*, *quotation*, which are represented by colloquial *cci*, *côto*, *cota-shwn*. Cf. Gk. *κοδραντης*, fr. "quadrans."

7. *C* before *t* is sometimes lost or assimilated, e.g., *ffattri* (factory), *cáritor* (character), *gysát*, N. Wales (exact).

8. *C* before *l* disappears in *spectal*, *spectol* (spectacles).

9. *T* after *s* is lost or assimilated: *Iffasno* (fasten), *gwasgod* (waistcoat), *tesment*, will (testament), *pasbort* (pasteboard), *possel*, N. W. (O. E. "postel").

*Ts* becomes *tsh* under the influence of the thin vowels, *e*, *i*, in carrots (*garetsh*, *garetshyn*), courtesy (*ewrtshi* and *cwtshi*, cf. Scot. *curchie*).

10. *T* after *n*, and before *s*, is lost: *cyrens* (currants).

11. *T* after *s* appears to become *g* in *trysglen* (throstle) as *gwisg* (Latin *vestis*), *gwasg* (waist).

12. *T* is inserted after *s* in *ffalst* (wily), fr. English *false* (or was the *t* inserted as an English provincialism before the word was borrowed?)

13. The dental spirant *th* is represented by *d* in *drufa* ("thrive").

II. THE SONANT MUTES, *B*, *D*, *G*.—1. In a number of instances the sonants have undergone provection, thus:—

(*a*) *B* has become *p* in Welsh *pastwn* (baston)<sup>1</sup>, *padll* (battle, occasionally in the mouth of old people), *plŷcyn* (block), *pledren* (bladder), *potel* (O. E. botel), *powns* (bounce), *pwshyn* (bunch), *prês* (brass).

(*β*) *D* has become *t* in *tesni*<sup>2</sup> (fortune, fr. "destiny"), *tracht* (a drink, fr. "draught", borrowed while the guttural was yet sounded in England); *trŷpyn* (drop); *tŵco* (to duck, dive); *tŵcio* (to dock).

(*γ*) *G* has become *c* in *calapo* (gallop), *cŵl* (goal), *cranul* (grand), *cwshed* (gusset), *cwter* (gutter).

2. *B, d, g* are changed into their corresponding surds, before another surd.

*B*: "Crab", plural "crabs", gives *crŷpsyn* (a small crab-apple, also a stingy fellow).

*D*: "Bodkin" becomes *butcin*.

*G*: "Rag", "rags", gives *rhâcs*, pl., *rhŷcsyn*, s.; "rogues", gives *rhŷcsyn* (a rogue); "clogs", gives *clŵcs*, pl., *clŵcsen*, s.

Also "odds" becomes *ŵts*, as in *Beth yw'r ŵts?* (What does it matter?) *Dim ŵts* (no matter).

3. *B* has been dropped in *camrig*, fr. "cambric", which I have heard from old people. On the contrary,

4. *B* has been inserted in *wmbredd* (great quantity), which I think is a corruption of O. E. *unwŷde* (enormous). But we often hear *wmredd* without the *b*.

5. *D* has not generally been aspirated by a following *r* in borrowed English words. Cf. *cardio* (to card), *cordyn* (a cord). But we have *mwrddwr*, fr. "murder", and *cyffyrddus* (comfortable), fr. "comfort", through an intermediate *cyffyrddus*. So possibly *bord* (a table), is a borrowed form of board, M. E. "bord", while *bwrdl* may represent the older Celtic form of the root.

<sup>1</sup> This may be a Celtic root, as we have *bas* in Breton, with the same meaning.

<sup>2</sup> *Dweyl tesni* (to tell one's fortune).

6. *D* final after *n* and *r* often becomes *t*; e. g., *cwbwrt*, also *cupwrth* (cupboard), *hasart* (hazard), *meilart* (mallard), *mwstart* (mustard), *saffjart* (safeguard, for riding).

Less frequently after *n*: *wasbont*, *wasbwnt* (waistband), *punt* (O. E. "pond").

7. *D* final after a vowel sometimes becomes *t*. *Solit* (solid, constantly), *stiwpit* (stupid).

*D* is assimilated in the word *coppis*, fr. "codpiece."

8. The soft dental spirant *dh* disappears from O. E. *fcorðling*, which gave *ffyrting* (literary), and *ffyrlling*, *ffrylling* (colloquial), a farthing.

### III. THE NASALS, *M*, *N*, *Ng*.

#### *M*.

1. *M*, vowel-flanked, is not aspirated, as in many native and Latin borrowed words.

2. *M* has become *b* in the word *ffwlbert* (polecat, fr. M. E. "fulmart").

3. *M* is assimilated to *f* in *cyffyrddus* (comfortable, fr. "comfort").

#### *N*.

1. *N* final (*a*) preceded by a vowel, becomes *m* in *bōtwm*, *bŵtwm*, *cōtwm* (M. E. "cotoun,-une"), *llātwm* (latoun), *pām* (pane, of glass), *placm*, also *placn* (plain, clear), *plām* (plane, for carpenters), *rheswm* (M. E. "resûn").

(*β*) *N* final becomes *ng* in the corruption of English coffin *coffing*, pl. *coffingau*.

(*γ*) *N* final is lost in *crimsi* (M. E. "crimosin"), *shěspi* or *shěspin* (shoespin), *lantar*, also *lantarn* (lantern), but restored in plural *lanterni*.

2. *N* after *m* is lost in "chimney", which gives *shĭmie*, plural *shimcië*.

3. *N* is introduced after *r* in *pinshwrn*, *trinshwrn*, *sishwrn*



(fr. "pincer-s", "trencher", "scissor-s"), and the *r* is generally dropped in pronunciation, leaving *pinshwn*, etc., etc.

### *Ng.*

1. *Ng* becomes *g* in the syncopated form *magnel* (cannon), fr. "mangonel".

2. *Ng* final often becomes *n* (as in too colloquial English); e.g., *bredin* (braiding), *eöcin* (cocking, a cockfight), *ffeirins* (fairings), *gaddrins* (gatherings, in a dress), *leinin* (lining), *sacín* (sacking, in old-fashioned beds), *swclín* (suckling, a foal), *trimins* (trimmings), etc., etc.

### IV. THE LIQUIDS, *L*, *R*.

1. Initial *l* is aspirated in *llābed* (lappet), *llampren* (lamprey), *llātwn* (latŭn, M. E.), *llöe*, a pen (lock), *llofft*, upper floor (loft). Very many others are not aspirated.

2. *L* after *r* becomes *ll'* in *garlleg*, fr. "garlic", and *ffyrlling*, fr. *ffyrlling*, fr. "feordling".

3. *L* final is dropped in *possib* (colloquial, the literary form is *possibl*) and *ewnstab*, fr. "possible" and "constable"; the plural of the latter is *ewnstebli*.

*L* final is dropped after a vowel in *réliciw*, fr. "reticule".

4. *L* before *t* occasionally<sup>1</sup> is replaced by *w*; e.g., *bowt*, but the literary form is *boltt* (bolt), *powtis* and *powltis* (poultice), *sowdro* (solder).

### *R.*

1. *R* initial regularly becomes *rh* in all words that have been used familiarly for any length of time, e.g., rasp, rent, rest (remainder), rock, roll, become *rhasp*, *rhent*, *rhest*, *rhoc*, *rhöl*.

2. *R* tends to disappear before *b*, *d*, *t*, *ch* (sharp palatal), and *s*; e.g., *riwbob* (rhubarb), *stífficat* (certificate), *tanced* (tancard), *pétris* (pertriche), *wstid* (worsted), *shitút* (surtout), *ewrtshi*, *cŭtshi* (courtesy), *pôtsh*, also *pörtsh*, vowel very short (porch).

<sup>1</sup> Regularly, of course *t*, *ld* give *llt*.

3. *R* before *n* final disappears in *pinshwn*, *sishwn*, *trinshwn* the more usually heard forms of *pinshwrn*, etc. (in which the final *n* is an accretion), fr. "pincer-s", "scissor-s", "trencher".

4. *R* is inserted after *ff* in the word *ffrwstian*, fr. "fustian".

5. In some words the initial *r* has been taken for the Welsh article 'r, contracted from *yr*. Thus *râser* (razor), has been often analysed into *yr âser*, resulting in such phrases as *yugaser i* (my razor). So "wristband" has been corrupted into *rhysbant*, and this resolved into 'r *hysbant* with plural *hysbantau*.

#### V. THE SPIRANT, *H*.

1. *H* is prefixed to initial *i* in the colloquial forms, *himp-yn*, fr. *imp*, *himpo* (to sprout, to imp). Also to *w* in *hwen*, fr. *wen*.

2. *H*<sup>1</sup> after a sonant mute changes it into a surd. *Bedchâs* gives *bettws*, a common place-name in Wales.

#### VI. THE LABIAL SPIRANTS, *F*, *V*, *W*.

##### *F*.

1. *F* becomes *w* in *breecast* (breakfast),<sup>2</sup> *piewarch* (M. E. "pik-forke", but possibly it is a native compound; note the aspiration of guttural after *r*).

2. *F* becomes *th* in *pengneth*, an old pronunciation of pen-knife, heard in the mouths of old people sometimes. So the *binfie* of the Oxford Glosses, from Lat. *beneficium*, has passed into *benthyg*.

##### *V*.

1. Initial *V* has become *m* in *mantes* (vantage), *mentro* (venture), *marnes* (varnish), *milen* (villain), *melved* (velvet).

<sup>1</sup> This force of *h* gives rise to a peculiar rule in Welsh alliterative poetry. According to the laws of assonance, certain consonant sounds at the beginning of a line must be answered by similar sounds at the end. But it is ruled that "a soft" (*i. e.*, sonant) consonant, strengthened by *h*, is equivalent to a "hard consonant", as in the line:

"Tan eiliad hwn a welir."

*t- n- l = dh- n -l.*

<sup>2</sup> So *ong-fetter* = *llypethyr*.

2. Initial *v* becomes *b* in *becso* (to grieve, fr. "vex"). Welsh words in *m* and *b* have the initial, in certain relations, regularly modified into *f* (*mh*, *bh*). As few native Welsh words begin in *f*, and as English *v* has the sound of Welsh *f*, the Welshman unconsciously regards English words in *v* as modified forms, and so, naturally, changes the *v* into *m* or *b*, in those relations which demand the radical.

So I have heard *vôte* transformed into *bôt*. The process is a natural one. *Bara* after *ei*, for example, becomes *fara*, *ei fara* (his bread). So a Welshman, speaking of *ei vote* (his vote), unconsciously assumes a radical *bôt*, and will perhaps say, *Y mae bôt ganto* (he has a vote). If he is innocent of any knowledge of English, he is very likely to say so.

### W.

1. Initial *w* is very frequently preceded by *g*, which of course is dropped whenever the "medial" form is required. *Gwäst* (waist), *gwarant* (warrant), *gwasgod* (waistcoat), *gwidw*<sup>1</sup> (widow), *gwidwar* (widower), etc., etc.

2. *W* has the effect of changing the more vague vowel sounds into a distinct *a*, cf. *gwidwar* (widower), *piewarch* (M. E. *pieforke*). So the sound of the first *a* in Welsh *gwarant* is very different from that in "warrant".

## VII. THE PALATALS *Ch*, *J*, *G* (soft).

### *Ch*.

This combination is variously represented. In *older* loan words it becomes *s* or *sh*, in *later* ones, *tsh*.

1. *Ch* vowel-flanked becomes *s*, e. g., *piscr* (O. E. "picher"), *petris* (O. E. "pertriche").

So M. E. "cachepol" is Welsh *ceisbwl*; but match, march, latchet, give *matshen*, *martsho*, *letshed*.

<sup>1</sup> This word exists in an older form, *gredwr* (fr. Latin *vidua* perhaps), which is the literary form, while *gwidw* is probably more common in colloquial speech.

2. *Ch* initial becomes *sh*. *Shale* (chalk), *shimie* (chimney), *shalens* (challenge), *shanel* (channel), *shawns* (chance<sup>1</sup>), *shibwlsyn* (chibolle-s). But now chaff, cheap, touch, are sounded *tshaff*, *tshêp*, *twtsh*, etc., etc.

*J, G* (soft).

1. *J* initial becomes *sh*: *Shân*, *Sian* (Jane), *shŭc* (jug), *shwrne* (M. E. *ournée*), *Shae*, *Shaei* (Jack-ie), *shibêdo*, verb (gibbet), *shinshir* (ginger), *shipswn-s* (gipsen, gipsy).

2. (a.) *G* final after a vowel<sup>2</sup> becomes *s*: *Mantes* (vantage), (pottage) *pötes*, *estrys* (estrige).

(β.) *G* final after *n* becomes *sh*: *mansh* (mange), *plwnsh* (plunge), *ffrensh*, (fringe, fr. M. E. 'frange'), *spwnsh* (O. E. sponge); challenge becomes *shalens*, by dissimilation.

(γ.) *G* final after *r* becomes *s*: *Shars* (charge).

3. *J* medial after *n* becomes *s*: *Consúrwr* (conjurer). Now, however, the *j* sound is more familiar than formerly, and *cwnjéro* becomes "conjure", *jŭg* (jug), and job, Jack, jockey, etc., are heard constantly.

## VIII. THE SIBILANTS, *S, Z, Sh*.

### *S*.

1. *S* initial or medial, when followed or preceded by *e* or *i*, tends, as in Irish, to become *sh*. Hence we find *bŭshi* (busy), *hŭsher* (hosier), *shĕspan* (saucepan), *shife*, M. E. "sive" (verb, *shifeio*), *shimpil* (simple), *shingeo* (sink).

2. *S* never becomes soft = *z* in Welsh. Hence M. E. "leyser" becomes *lĕser* or *lessor* (the *s* is quite hard and vowel short), *plĕser* (pleasure), etc.

3. *S* initial followed by other vowels, even *o*, often becomes *sh*: *shwto* (suit), *shitwt* (surtout), *shwr* (sure<sup>3</sup>), *short* (sort), *shöced*, or *söced* (socket); sock-s gives *shöcs*, *shöcsen*, *shöcas*, plural *-au*

<sup>1</sup> M. E. *chancee*.

<sup>2</sup> But cabbage is *cabetsh*, sing. *cabitsheu*.

<sup>3</sup> O. E. *sear*, *sar*. We hear also in Welsh sometimes *sŭr*, in which the *s* is pure and the diphthong has its own sound, as in *llŭr*.

*Sh.*

Curiously, *sh* final, even when preceded by *e* or *i*, often becomes *s*: *Marnes* (varnish), *twndis* (tundish), *ffrës* (fresh); *sh* is also heard in such words.

*Z.*

This letter is not known to Welsh, and in borrowed words it becomes *s*. *Sël* (zeal), *dăslo* (dazzle), *pyslo* (puzzle), *râser* (razor), etc.

But *z* is occasionally found in books, in words like *zêl*, fr. E. "zeal"; and ostentatious readers pronounce it as in English, but it is felt to be an importation.

*X.*

This compound is at times cut down to simple *s*, as in *esgus* (excuse), *testun* (text), and final, in *piccas* (pickaxe.)

## MANY CONSONANTS AVOIDED.

In borrowed English words, if more than two consonants come together, an effort is made to get rid of one of them. Thus:

1. *D* after *n*, and followed by another consonant, goes out or is assimilated. *Bamboes* (bandbox), *gwlfînsh* (goldfinch), *hangeyff* (handcuff), *hanswm* (handsome).

2. *B* and *P* after *m* also. Cambrie (*camrig*), company (*cwmpni*, and then *cwmni*).

3. Similarly we find "turnpike" metamorphosed into *tyrpeg*; "point-thread" into *pwytred*, and *pwytred-yn*; and by the help of metathesis, "mantel-piece" is worn down into *mamplis*.

## METATHESIS

In Welsh is carried out in a very systematic way; it comprises not only (1) simple transposition of a letter, but also (2) an exchange of position, and (3) an interchange at once of position and character.

1. Simple change of position, as *clasgu* for *casglu* (to gather).

2. Interchange of position between two consonants, as in *gofedd* for *goddef* (suffer), *wsnoth* for *wrthnos* (a week), *tangneidd* for *tangnefedd* (peace), *lláswyr* for *sallwyr* (a psalter).

3. Interchange of character as well as of position, as in *apcd* for *ateb* (to answer), *gwymed* for *gwynub* (face).

Here, it will be observed, *b* takes the place of *t*, and in so doing assumes the character (surd) of the dental, while the *t* becomes sonant, to answer the character of the letter it displaces. In the second example, likewise, the labial *b* is nasalised to *m*, having displaced the nasal dental *n*, which changes in turn to the *sonant* dental, as it takes the place of a sonant *b*.

These principles are applied also to borrowed words :

1. Transposition we have in *ffrylling* for *ffyrlling*, *shindris* for O. E. "sindirs" (scoria).

2. Exchange of position. *Comsinshwn*, fr. "consumption".

3. Interchange of position and character. *Mateyn* for "napkin", in which the labial *p* is nasalised to *m*, to take the place of the nasal *n*, and the latter changes to its corresponding surd *t*, to replace the surd *p*.

But of all words, that which undergoes the greatest changes is the Latin *beneficium*. In the Oxford Glosses it is *binfie* by assimilation; *benffie* by change of *ff* to *th*, noticed above (p.120), and modification of surd *e*, gives *benthig*, the present literary form. In colloquial speech this is often hardened into *bentig*. Then as initial *b* and *m* modify into *f* (see p. 20, under *V*, 2), the two radicals are occasionally mistaken one for the other. This gives us *mentig*. Lastly, by the third mode of metathesis just described, *mentig* becomes *mencid*. Thus we have *beneficium* slowly passing through the forms *benffie*, *benffig*, *benthig*, *bentig*, *mentig*, and *mencid*, where for the present ends its "strange eventful history".

## POPULAR ETYMOLOGIES.

In using many English words, the etymology of which is unknown to the speakers, fancy often exerts itself to find an origin for them. I can here only notice two or three by way of example. The popular etymology is sought sometimes in English, sometimes in Welsh. Thus, an "hostler" having to do with horses, the word is very commonly supposed to have been derived from the name of the animal, and pronounced accordingly, *horsler*. Again, among gatherers of "simples" I have often heard the plant-name "horehound" transformed into *yr O rownd* (the round O); and I have known the same ingenious fancy more poetically resolve the herb "valerian" into *yr efail arian* (the silver tongs).

Here, for the present, the writer is compelled to drop a subject which he had hoped to treat much more fully. What he may have to add must await a more favourable opportunity.

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## A PROGRESS THROUGH WALES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

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

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IN 1684 "the most potent and illustrious Prince Henry, Duke of Beaufort, Lord President of Wales, etc., made his progress towards the general visitation of his commands in the Principality of Wales". An account of this progress was written at the time by one Dinely, who accompanied the Duke, which after long remaining in manuscript was first printed for private circulation by order of the present Duke of Beaufort, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Baker. It contains many valuable and interesting topographical and other notices, and is illustrated by some very beautiful pen-and-ink sketches of castles, landscapes, churches, tombstones, and the like. Unfortunately, his time and attention seem to have been so taken up with historical and heraldic speculations and tombstone literature that it is only here and there we get glimpses of the people, their manners and condition. Written comparatively so soon after the conclusion of the Civil Wars, the book would naturally be supposed to contain numerous references to striking events which must have left deep impression in the towns and villages passed through and castles stayed at during the progress. These, however, are disappointingly few; so much so that it is difficult to assign a reason for the fact, unless it be that the writer was so keen an antiquarian that matters of recent history were of no account to him in comparison with ancient history, old castles, old churches, family seats, and genealo-



gies, or that his prudence was such that he thought it better, having regard to the object of the Duke's journey, to avoid touching upon such a delicate subject. We do find allusions to the Civil Wars, sometimes in words of his own, and sometimes in the words of others. His Royalist proclivities are observable in his way of describing them as "ye late time of Rebellion", as when he describes his visit at Worcester to the monument of "ye renowned Lawyer Littleton, of grey marble inlayd with brass heretofore, and pick't out in ye late times of Rebellion". But except that he accuses them of injuring tombs and defacing inscriptions in a few instances, nothing appears to show that he held any feelings of bitter resentment against the Parliamentarians. He calls Cromwell "the Usurper" in one or two instances, and gives tombstone inscriptions recording the loyalty of dead Cavaliers, and, if he met with any, omitted to note down similar inscriptions from the tombstones of Roundheads; but apart from this, and from his accusing the late usurper's soldiers of injuring a few monuments and defacing a few tombstone inscriptions, he nowhere indulges in any abuse of the Parliamentarians.

His historical notes and observations are for the most part derived from sources as accessible to-day as they were in his time, and they are, therefore, of no value to the searcher after fresh light in Welsh history. Not so his descriptions of the towns he passed through, his sketches of the existing buildings, his inscriptions, epitaphs, etc. These are extremely valuable, having regard to the changes wrought by time since he wrote. Some of the old buildings and monuments he sketched have disappeared entirely; since then others have been so altered as to be hardly recognisable; and of those that bear resemblance to what they were, few there are that have not been affected by the ravages of time.

From what he himself states, he seems to have written a

similar account to this relating to Ireland and France. It is to be hoped, if the manuscripts are at Badminton, that the Duke of Beaufort will have them printed in the same elegant style and under the same careful editorship as the present book. They cannot fail to be interesting.

The progress commenced on the 14th of July 1684. Having set out from Chelsea, they rested at Henley for the night,<sup>6</sup> and travelled to Worcester. Dinely finds much to interest him in the cathedral, and gives a sketch of Littleton's tomb, already referred to, and several epitaphs in Latin and English. His canon of selection in regard to the latter is not very exacting, as that of one Merry, an organist, buried outside the choir, witnesses. Perhaps some of the readers of *Y Cymmrodor*, acquainted with the cathedral, may be able to say whether it is still to be seen.

“Here lyes a merry organist pip'd out of breath,  
Merry was his life, and merry was his death.”

In his “Explication of Badges upon Prince Arthur's Monument”, he quotes from Camden's *Remains* as follows:—“The reason of Edward Langley's impress of the falcon in a fetterlock was an intimation that he was shut up from the hope of this kingdom when his brother John began to pretend to it. Whereupon, observing his sons to be looking upon this device sett up in a window, asked them what was Latin for such a horselock, whereat the young gentlemen considering, the father, sayd, ‘Well, if you cannot tell me I will tell you, ‘Hic, hæc, hoc taceatis,’ as advising them to be silent and quiet, and therewithal sayd, ‘Yett God knoweth what may come to pass hereafter.’” Commenting upon this, he says:—“Thence, perhaps, may proceed the usual caution to keep a secret which I have often heard in Worcestershire and elsewhere attended with these words, ‘Tace is Latin for an horselock’.”

Leaving Worcester they proceed to Ludlow, which, being

the place of holding the Great Council of Wales, of which the Duke was president, they entered in truly royal style. He gives a minute description of the grand procession and the order (twenty-three divisions) in which it entered Ludlow:—"This splendid cavalcade, attended with shouts and acclamations of the people, ringing of bells in ye neighbouring villages, various soundings of trumpets, beating of drums, and the continued neighing of horses, made a very agreeable confusion, ye latter noyse whereof calls to mind a verse of Mantuan—

‘Et procul hinnitu campus sonat omnis acuto;’

And the same author—

‘Tremulis hinnitibus ac̄r clangit.’”

They were received at the gate by the Bailiff and Corporation, “with great expressions of joy by the people, among which (during the time ye bells rang out) upon the cross of Ludlow’s steepest pinnacle sate one (name not given) of neere 60 years of age, with a drum, beating of a march which he continued from his Grace’s entry into the town until he came to the castle. In the principal part of the town, neer the high cross and publique fountain, his Grace was presented with a neat banquet of sweetmeats, consisting of half a dozen marchpanes and wines, after which those that attended his Grace had a reception at Ludlow Castle equal to his quality—

‘Regales epulæ mensis et Bacchus in auro  
Ponitur.’”

On the following day after “chappel” the Duke, in “his rich robes of presidency”, sat on the bench hearing the Chief Justice trying causes. It was, doubtless, with peculiar satisfaction he noted from a tombstone in “ye chappel called the Weever’s Chappel”, the following inscription on one Bowdler—

DEPOSITUM  
 GULIELMI BOWDLER  
 QUI PSEUDO-SANCTORM  
 CONSORTIO DEFATIGATUS  
 INTER VEROS ADMISSUS EST  
 AP. 4. A. DOM. MDCXXXV.

Montgomeryshire is the first Welsh county they enter. Here they "were very nobly entered at Powis Castle, though neither the Erle of Powis nor his Countess were there". A detailed description of the castle, and a memorial concerning the Lords of Powis, are given.

Passing through Denbighshire they are entertained at Chirk Castle. He notes, "in part of the dry ditch of the castle Sir Richard Middleton keepeth a living wolf, the present of ....."; and is struck with admiration of a garden he sees there, which he describes as "an admirable walled garden of trees, plants, flowers, and herbs of the greatest rarity, as well forreigne as of Great Britain, orrange and lemon trees, the sensitive plant, etc., where in a banquetting-house a collation of choice fruit and wines was lodg'd by the sayd Sir Richard Middleton to entertain his Grace. This place of pleasure would gratify not only the nicest florist (being an abode so perfect and finished that it characterizeth its master), but the most skilful arborists may satisfy their curiosity, there being scarce any outlandish rarity of a plant supportable in their northern country, but what is to be mett with here, so exact and neat is the said Sir Rd. Middleton."

In Flintshire the Duke was received with great respect and ceremony by Sir Roger Mostyn. The Militia of Flintshire consisted of five companies of foot. Sir Roger's company was composed of "his own servants, miners for lead, coal, etc., who deliver in their arms and liveries into Mostyn House, and are paid wages by him. . . . These, the old

colonel, Sir Roger, exercised in various figures before his Grace, which were performed with great exactitude". After which his Grace, extremely well satisfied, stopped on his way to see "ye famous well of St. Winifred"—which "miraculous spring, within less than a stone's cast from its source, keeps in employ two mills." They visit the lead and coal mines of Sir Roger, whom he designates "this great subject"; and afterwards were invited to an entertainment, at the close of which they fired a brass cannon erected by Sir Roger for the purpose, "even to the last cartridge of the noble baronet's ammunition." The foundries suggest to him lines from the *Fairy Queen*: "The dismall blackness of the founding houses more formidable than ye forges of iron workes belonging to ye Folyes in England, the utensils and workemen not onely of those places but of these, together with the labourers in the colepitts and colliers, very aptly insinuate about two or three paragraphs of a famous poet born in London, 1516, and buried in Westminster Anno 1598, neer ye door which leadeth to the new Palace Yard"—Edmund Spenser, Book II, canto vii, pp. 86 and 89. The lines he quotes commence with:—

"But when as Mammon saw his purpose mist,  
Him to untrap unwares another way he wist,

xxxv.

Thenceforward he him led, and shortly brought  
Unto another roome, whose dore forth right  
To him did open as it had bin taught,  
Therein an hundred raunges weren plight,  
And hundred furnaces all burning bright.  
By every furnace many fiends did bide,  
Deformed creatures horrible in sight;  
And every fiend his busy paines applide,  
To melt the silver metal ready to be tryde."

Etc., to end of verse xxxvii. By some means a drawing of "Llandhewibrevi" church, with a description thereof, has been interpolated into his account of the

progress through Carnarvonshire. His description is curious. It is as follows:—" *Llandhewibrevi*.—This is a fair church in Cardiganshire named Llandewy brevy, the etymology whereof in English is 'church David bellowing', from a very large ox, one of them which drew the stones for the building thereof, which had so large an head that the pith of one of its horns would equall in bigness a middle siz'd man's thigh, thence its addition *bellowing* is said to be derived. This pith I saw ; it is kept in a chest in the high chancel to show strangers. This hath been view'd also by several persons of quality and judges going circuit, as Sir Francis Mauley, etc., as the inhabitants here relate. As for this church, it hath no other manner of antiquity but itself, and an od kind of a long marble stone erect atte the entrance into the great west door marked A" (on his sketch), "which they would fain perswade you hath carried an inscription, but I can discern no footsteps thereof. It appears to me as if it had been pick'd with a pickaxe to create a fallacy, rather than ever to have borne any character."

The traditional account of the origin of the name differs from that which prevailed when Meyrick wrote his *History of Cardiganshire*, 1808, and which is given at pp. 266, 267, of that work. The tradition then common was to the effect that two oxen were employed to draw the stone to be used for the building of the church, and that the load being too ponderous, one died in its attempt to drag it forward. Upon this the other bellowed nine times, when the hill that before presented itself as an obstacle, divided, and this single ox was alone able to bring the stone to the site of the church. As to the pith, according to Bishop Gibson, it was shown in his time as the pith of a horn that had remained there since St. David's time.

In Conway churchyard he saw a tombstone of a woman who lived to be a mother of forty and two children by one

man. They cross the ferry to "Beaumorice". He gives a beautiful sketch of the church, and makes the remarkable statement that "there are said not to be three sectaries in the whole isle". This was probably the case, for according to Rees, *Hist. Nonc.*, p. 359, there was in 1742 no congregation of dissenters in the island. They put up on the 28th July at Gwidder, the house of Lord Willoughby, a sketch of which he took. There he saw the following inscription in Roman capitals, prophesying the building of the house ten years before it was intended to be built:—

" BRYNN GWEDIR GWELIR GOLE ADEILAD  
YWCH DOLYDD A CHAYRE  
BRYNN GWYCH ADAIL YN AILNE  
BRON WENN HENLLYS BRENHINLLE."

" HUGH BACH AP HOWELL AP  
SHENKYN A GANODD YR INGLYN  
UCHOD DENGMLYN EDD KYN  
AMCANYGWNEUTHUR YR  
ADEILAD HWNN."

"All the interpretation I could gett from gentlemen, both of North and South Wales (who differ in their language as wee in our English from those of the North), is this. The upper paragraph hath:—

'Gwidder Hill shall be seen spired above meadows and buildings;  
A fine hill, built second to Heaven.'

"The second paragraph hath the poet and prophet's name:—'Hugh Back, son of ap Howell son of ap Sienkyn, made the upper verse ten years before it was intended to be built.'"

"Lhanroust" church he describes as a very mean building, were it not for a neat "chappel" on the south side. He copied from a tombstone *verbatim* a long inscription, containing the pedigree of Sir Rd. Wynne of Gwydir.

"Opposite the south door of Llanroust church lieth

(through nastyness and neglect) the monument obscurely of Howell Coytmor, the son of Griffith Vychan, ye son of Griffith, Esq. The representation is of grey hard stone in armour and mail . . . . It is guirt with both sword and dagger, which gave occasion to a gentleman (not curious in antiquity and at first casting his eye), too apt to reflect on this brave nation (only perceiving the dagger next him), to revile and say our Welsh warrior wore this sword on the wrong side."

"The chief monument of remark here is the stone sepulchre of Llewellyn the Great. . . . On the sides were coats of arms of brass guilt and enamell'd; but these, for a little gain, escaped not the profane hands of the sacrilegious late rebels."

"Over the timber arch of the chancell, near the Rood Loft, lieth hid the ancient figure of the Crucifixion, as bigg as the life. This, I suppose, is shewn to none but the curious, and rarely to them."

They stayed that night at "Rulas", and on the following day the Duke inspected the Militia in a meadow near Bala, after which he went on his Progress to Mr. Vaughan's of "Lloyd-yarth, Lloydwerght, or Lloydwecht". The state of the roads at that time may be gathered from this:—"Hither from Bala, the nighest way, you are directed by guides, by reason of dangerous boggs in the passage, after the precipitous ascents and descents near Bala." He makes merry with the following Latin inscription carved in a beam at Rhywlas Hall:—

"ANNO REMYNI REGINE ELIZABETHN UN-  
DECIMO SEXTO: DEUM TIME."

Of which he says, "This last date, I believe, was design'd for as good Latin as the advice in the rear."

On the 2nd August, though it was no part of the designed progress, the Duke went twelve miles out of his way to pay



the inhabitants of Shrewsbury a visit, affording them an unexpected pleasure and surprise. The Mayor and Aldermen waited upon him in their formalities, and the town presented him with twenty dozen bottles of wine, and "twenty charges of sweetmeets". He visited the schools, the library, and the castle, during which "solemnity" the people expressed their joy by ringing the church bells. Late in the evening of the same day they came a second time to Ludlow, where they stayed two nights.

On Monday, the 4th August, they enter South Wales at Presteign. Here "a costly entertainment was provided aforehand by the loyall gentlemen of this county, where was plenty not onely of fforeign wine, but the best of their neighbouring vineyard, Herefordshire, sayd to have been a celebrated liquor in the English Court.

‘ De Wellingtona<sup>1</sup> vinum fæce lagena,  
 Quæ Carolo Caroli Cæsare prima fuit,  
 Com Hereff’s syder wel refin’d by time,  
 Which sacred Matie esteem’d the prime.’ ”

The Lord President crossed the Wye at Whitney Ford in his chariot on the 5th of August, and after dining at Hay proceeded to Brecon, where he met with a magnificent reception. On the next day the Earl of Worcester came over from Troy, his seat in Monmouthshire, amid the ringing of bells. After a public dinner, his Grace, the Earl of Worcester and other persons of quality, were made freemen, "which privilege was also bestowed upon some gentlemen of his Grace’s retinue, among which I (Dinely) was there sworn a burgess of Brecknock".

Our writer appears to have intended writing an introductory account of the College of Brecon, as a blank page appears in his MS. under that head. To the Priory Church

<sup>1</sup> "In the parish of Wellington and King’s Capel in ye county of Hereford is say’d to be the best syder of England."

are devoted a good many pages dealing with the numerous inscriptions he observed. The cloister he describes as fair. Its windows were even then much decayed from want of repair. At the head of the tombstone of . . . . Price and his lady, who were, since the dissolution, owners of the Priory, he saw a wooden monument belonging to the Games of Aberbran. There was "but one large figure left thereon, the rest was say'd to be burnt by ye usurper's soldiers."

Leaving Brecknockshire, they pass into Carmarthenshire, and passing through Llandoverly and Llandilofawr, of which names the sound of the former seems to have been too much for him, they arrive at Golden Grove, the seat of the Earl of Carbery. The celebrated drinking-horn is the subject of a sketch, and affords him an opportunity for branching off into a dissertation upon other historic drinking-horns, such as the horn of the Onager, "which was powerful to preserve those that drank in it that day from fire, poyson, or the sword", and the golden horn of P—— King of Denmark, and the horns of Cippus.

On the following day they entered the town of Carmarthen. On their entry they were attended by the Mayor and Aldermen in their scarlet gowns. The Recorder read a long address, which is given at length. In it the people of Carmarthen take pride to themselves that their loyalty had "been an antidote against the poison and infection of those treasonable doctrines and practices which in the late dismall times of Rebellion (like the frogs of Egypt) overspread the land", and that their vineyard "was of so admirable a mould that it never gave birth to any such monstrous productions as a sequestrator, or committee-man"—persons whom the address further variously designates as "Boars of the Forrest", and "Arbitrary and Republican Hoghen Moughens". The Rye House Plot of the previous year is thus referred to: "The same principle and conscience which (in

these dayes of desolation), when we were no longer able to resist, yett supported us to weather the tyranny and oppressions of these Arbitrary and Republican Hoghen Moghens, rather than renounce the cause of our Sovereign, kindled and inflamed in us the highest horror and indignation at the report of the late infernall and execrable conspiracy against His Majestie, his Royall Brother and the Government: a conspiracy that was equally complicated with ignorance and impiety, etc. . . . .” From Carmarthen they proceed to Cardiganshire, and the following is the description which the author gives of the condition of the people:—“The vulgar here are most miserable, as the rich are happy and high both to an extream. The poorer sort for bread eat oaten cakes, and drink beer small made of oaten malt. Some drink onely water for necessity. Those of estates have their tables well spread. French wines (clarets especially), plenty and good, at the rate of five pounds per hogshead, as I am informed. They have choice wines also of their own growth off the mountains, which the Welsh gentlewomen make of resberryes, and which abound in these parts. But as Usquebaugh is in the Kingdom of Ireland, so the celebrated liquor here is punch, which they make to a miracle.” The reputation for punch brewing which our author gives the Cardiganshire gentry has not, as far as I am aware, come down to these days, but the poverty of the common people is still great, and there are doubtless many now who from necessity only drink water.

On their way through Pembrokeshire they met with a curious reception at the village of Robeston, within five miles of Haverfordwest, which is thus described:—“They not onely exercised their three bells, but complimented his Grace att noonday, and a very warm time, with a fire of joy (in the road neer the church), called a bonfire, after their own interpretation, being part wood and part bones. This fire-

work, by reason of the bright shining of the sun thereon, became more obvious to the smell than sight, which good will of the villagers of Robeston caused some to versifie."

Its proximity to the churchyard, and the unusual character of its components, rather point to a sacrilegious origin for this bonfire, and though without more definite evidence it would, perhaps, be unfair to accuse the villagers of Robeston of an impious offering of the relics of their ancestors on the altar of their loyalty, it must be confessed that there is a suspiciously human look about the bones appearing on the picture of the blazing fire with which Mr. Dinely has embellished his description of the scene.

Returning from Pembrokeshire through Carmarthen town, they were entertained in a style compared with which their former reception was tame. The bells were rung, bonfires were lit, the people shouted, and the public conduit ran with wine, at which "the aforementioned necessary healths (the King's and the Duke's) were so often repeated that severall of the Carmartheners repaired the fires there by their *ſhatts* cravats, and canes".

They arrived at Swansea on Friday the 15th August, where their welcome was such as was to be expected from the chief town of his Grace's Seigniory of Gower. Bells were rung, great guns and chambers were fired from the publick places of the town and vessels in the harbour, and bonfires blazed. In the Corporation account books of this date there is an entry that Mr. Phillips, the Portreeve, from the public purse expended £27 7s. 2*d.* on wine, sugar, gunpowder, and drummers, to greet the arrival of his Grace of Beaufort in the town. As no sum is charged for bell-ringing, presumably it was done voluntarily, for it was agreed, with the consent of the parishioners, at Common Hall on June 7th, 1631:—"Imprimis the ringers for ther part is to have for everie peals ringing of half an hour longe the sum of eight pence."

On the morrow, the Duke, after inspecting various public works, visited the free school, "where his Grace had the patience to hear" three long addresses in choice Latin hexameters and prose, on the praiseworthiness of good living and the happiness attaching to the possession of wisdom, delivered by three of the sons of the poorer burgesses, for whose benefit the school was founded some ten years before by Bishop Gore. It is not unlikely that amongst the scholars was Beau Nash, who was then a boy about ten years of age, living at Swansea. Our author sees much to interest him in the old parish church, of which he gives a sketch. He fell into a very common error about the village of Oystermouth, of which he says:—"In view of this harbour of Swansea is Oystermouth, sayd to be the best bed of oysters in Great Britain." As a matter of fact there is not, and probably never has been, an oyster bed within some distance of the place. The origin of the name has, indeed, popularly been supposed to have something to do with the oysters which were formerly found in very great numbers in Swansea Bay, and of which even now considerable quantities are yearly sent to London. But whether of Scandinavian origin, as a local antiquary of repute would have it, or Celtic as is sometimes contended, it is certain the village owes nothing to the oysters of the neighbouring sea for its name, the early form of writing which was *Ostremuere*. It has already been stated that the Duke was possessed of the seigniory of Gower. As Lord of this seigniory, he would be a personage of the greatest power and importance in Swansea, apart from his office of Lord President of Wales. It is true his authority, like that of other Lords Marcher, had been considerably clipt by statute in the reign of Henry VIII, but there yet remained to him rights unusual in a subject. According to a survey of Elizabeth's reign, the Lord of this

Lordship Marcher had "jurisdiction royall in all poynts, triall for life, member and lands, taken away by statute, onely excepted; and the Lord thereof is to have wreck de mare, treasure trove, deodands, felons' goods, felons' lands, infangtheife, outfangtheife, tholl, themwaieffe, estrayes, sorke and sarke, kellagh and anchoradge in all his ports and creeks within the said Lordshipp". It may not be generally known that the estates of the Marquis of Worcester (the Duke of Beaufort's ancestor) in Glamorganshire, were given by Parliament to Oliver Cromwell, and with them of course these regal rights.

Swansea during the Civil Wars was several times in possession of either side, and it is difficult to say to which side it was most affected. Probably it is on this account that during the reception of the Duke at Swansea, nothing appears to have been said or done to revive recollection of "the late dismall times of Rebellion". The Duke himself does not seem to have been the kind of person to renew ancient animosities and open up old sores, for one of the commissioners he appointed two years later, in 1686, to survey his Manor of Kilvey, was Major-General Rowland Dawkin of Swansea, an active Parliamentarian, who held command at the bloody battle of St. Fagans in 1648, when 8,000 Royalists were defeated with slaughter so great that, according to local tradition, the River Ely was reddened with human blood.

They leave Swansea for Margam on Saturday, the 16th August, the cavalcade splitting up into two divisions, lest the great number should incommode his Grace's ferrying over. Those of less use to his Grace, amongst whom the author modestly numbers himself, crossed over the hills to Neath Abbey. The road followed by the Duke on crossing would be along the shores of Swansea Bay, and across a long tract of sandy burrows to the ferry across the Neath river

at Briton Ferry, and thence along the highway to Margam. A great part of his line of route would take him over sandy wastes piled up to such an extent, about the time of the reign of Queen Mary, that the frightened people got an Act passed in 1584, entitled "An Act touching Sea Sand in Glamorganshire", which authorised the appointment of commissioners for the purpose of devising schemes to meet their terrible enemy. Some disappointment must have been caused the people of Neath by reason of the Duke crossing over at Briton Ferry instead of coming through Neath; for thinking he was coming from Swansea by the old Roman road, and going to pass through their town, they went out to meet him, and when our author arrived on his way, he "found the roads and town bigg with number of people in expectation of his Grace's coming". The bells of Neath being rung gave him opportunity of entrance, without making so long a halt but that he could recover his company, and he profited by his chance to take down two tombstone inscriptions of no interest.

At Margam, the seat of Sir Edward Mansell, nothing was spared that "this noble place could afford". Open house was kept; and after his Grace had been entertained with the pastime of seeing a brace of bucks run down by three footmen, the tables were spread with a grand banquet, to which as many as came eat and drank as their appetites led them, without the Roman restraint of quantity, or the number of the guests. Of some of the guests he thinks little, for he says:—"I believe there were many here of Plautus his *Muscæ*, or again Horace his *Umbrae—locus est pluribus umbris*—people in the throng that had no manner of call to this splendid entertainment of Sir Edward Mansell." He has given a very beautiful sketch of Margam, which is valuable in view of the alterations which have been made since then. It would appear that at that time the

fortunes of the Mansell family were popularly connected with the condition of the gate-house of Margam, of which he says:—"The ancient gate-house before the court of the house remains unaltered, because of an old prophesie among the bards thus concerning it, and this family, viz., that as soon as this porch or gate-house shall be pulled down, this family shall decline and go to decay, *ideo quære.*" He is much struck with the deer he saw, which were of such extraordinary size and fatness as he had never before seen or heard of except in Ireland, in a superscription upon the bedroom of the Earl of Thomond in Deer Island, Clare, which chronicles the death of a hare in 1673, that had been cropt and turned out in 1656, and further notifies that in 1672 a buck was killed weighing 16 stone and 11 pounds. He himself in 1681 saw one killed weighing 15½ stone. Margam, although altered since the time of the Progress, has many finer things to boast of than it had at that time. I do not know whether the ancient gate-house has been altered. If so, the prophecy has been falsified, for the fortunes of the Mansell family have gone on improving, and show no indication of a change for the worse in the hands of the present representative, Mr. Talbot, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county.

From Margam, they made their way to Cowbridge, and though it was out of the way of his purposed journey, the Duke of Beaufort "was pleased to honour" Cardiff with his presence. The mayor, bailiffs, capital burgesses, and the best people of the town invited him to a collation, where they then voluntarily made a surrender of their charter, and prayed him to present it to the King. "Which ceremony, together with ye entertainment being performed with continuall ringing of bells, firing of great guns, and shouts and acclamations of the people, his Grace parted hence, and went



on to Ruperra, where he stay'd the guest of Sir Charles Kemys." This being the last day of this Progress for "the Cambro-Brittanick feasting, Sir Charles and his were so much the more frank and cheerfull by how much the Progressers were near their dismissal, every one being wont to close up his courtesie with so much more passion, as the last acts use to make the deeper impression." Lady Kemyss, "as a mark of her loyaltie and good affection bravely standing, challenged his Grace and seconds, the lords, knights, officers, and gentlemen present, with health to his Majesty and Royal Highness successively."

Not far from Kevenmably, he saw a tall oak then standing. "It is in height 70 feet, having no bow in the way to obstruct its being laudable timber; at above 60 foot whereof it carrieth about 3 foot diameter, rather more than less, and is in circumference about the butt near 7 yards." He took these measurements, not having a quadrant at hand, from the chaplain. He says the oak was a great favourite of Sir Charles Kemis, for the body whereof he was said to have refused five and forty jacobuses of English gold. On August the 19th they left Ruperra, and passing through Newport, Usk, and Monmouth, arrived at Troy. At Monmouth his Grace and most of the gentlemen who had attended the Progress, were made freemen of the Corporation, "myself not being left out." On Thursday, the 21st August, the Duke returned from Troy to Badminton, ending his Progress there.

Thus ends the account of the Progress. There is other matter of interest in the book which adds to its value, but is not strictly within the scope of the present paper. I am aware that both when in manuscript and since its publication, Dinely's account has been laid under contribution by different writers, such as Jones, the historian of Breconshire, and Nicholas, in his history of Glamorganshire county

families ; but as far as I have searched, I have not been able to find any summarised account of the Progress as a whole. Jones and Nicholas have only made extracts relating to their own particular subjects. No adequate idea of the taste and beauty with which Dinely's illustrations have been reproduced under the direction of Mr. Baker, can be gathered from such of the so-called copies of these engravings as appear in Jones. The book, as it has been got up, offers a perfect banquet to the antiquarian, and I feel I cannot, in the interest of all antiquaries, better conclude this paper than by reiterating the hope I expressed at its commencement, that if the account of those travels in Ireland and France, to which Dinely more than once refers, are in manuscript at Badminton, they will soon be published with the same care and taste as distinguishes the "Beaufort Progress".

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## WELSH FAIRY TALES.

BY PROFESSOR RHYS.

IN the two previous contributions to the *Cymmrodor*, the Fairy lore of the Principality was skimmed over very hastily and without much method; but I fear that, now I have to reproduce some of the things which I have since gleaned, there will be still less method. I hasten, however, to inform the general reader, in case he happens to be a member of our Society, that I do not now see any likelihood of my troubling him soon again with so lengthy a contribution as the present: he doubtless would feel, that, as soon as he has read a few of the tales, the rest seem to be familiar to him, and exceedingly tiresome. Still, it may be presumed that all men who are anxious to arrive at some idea as to the origin among us of the belief in Fairies, will agree that we should have as large and exhaustive a collection as possible of facts on which to work. If we can supply the data without stint, the student of anthropology may be trusted to discover their value for his inductions, and their place in the history of the human race.

In the course of the summer of 1882 I was a good deal in Wales, especially Carnarvonshire, and I made notes of a great many scraps of legends about the Fairies, and other bits of folklore. I will now string some of them together as I found them. I began at Trefriw, in Nant Conwy, where I came across an old man, born and bred there, called Morris Hughes. He appears to be about seventy years of age; he worked formerly as a slater, but now lives at Llanrwst, and tries to earn a livelihood by angling. He told me that

Fairies came a long while ago to Cowlyd Farm, near Cowlyd Lake, with a baby to dress, and asked to be admitted into the house, saying that they would pay well for it. Their request was granted, and they used to leave money behind them. One day the servant girl accidentally found they had also left some stuff they were in the habit of using in washing their children. She examined it, and, one of her eyes happening to itch, she rubbed it with the finger that had touched the stuff; so when she went to Llanrwst fair she saw the same Fairy folks there stealing cakes from a standing, and asked them why they did that. They asked with what eye she saw them; she put her hand to the eye, and one of them quickly rubbed it, so that she never saw any more of them. The Fairies were also very fond of bringing their children to be dressed in the houses between Trefriw and Llanrwst; and on the flat land bordering on the Conwy they used to dance, sing, and jollify every moonlight night. Evan Thomas, of 'Sgubor Gerrig, used to have money from them. He has been dead over sixty years: he had a sort of cowhouse on his land where the Fairies had shelter, and hence the pay.

Morris, when a boy, used to be warned by his parents to take care lest he should be stolen by the Fairies. He knew Thomas Williams, of Bryn Syllty, or, as he was commonly called, Twm Bryn Syllty, who was a changeling. He was a sharp, small man, afraid of nothing. He met his death some years ago by drowning near Eglwysfach, when he was about sixty-three years of age. There are relations of his about Llanrwst still, that is, relations of his mother, if, indeed, she was his mother ("os oedd hi yn fam iddo fo, yntê"). Lastly, Morris had a tale about a mermaid cast ashore by a storm near Conwy. She entreated the fishermen who found her to help her back into her native element; and on their refusing to comply she prayed them to place her tail at least in the

water. A very crude rhyme describes her dying of exposure to the cold, thus :—

“ Y forforwyn ar y traeth,  
Crio, gwaeddu 'n arw wnaeth,  
Ofn y deuai drycin dranoeth :  
Yr hin yn oer a rhewi wnaeth.”

“ The stranded mermaid on the beach  
Did sorely cry and sorely screech,  
Afraid to bide the morrow's breeze :  
The cold it came, and she did freeze.”

But before expiring, the mermaid cursed the people of Conwy to be always poor, and Conwy has ever since—so goes the tale—laboured under the curse, so that when a stranger happens to bring a sovereign there, the Conwy folk, in case silver is required, have to send across the water to Llansanffraid for change.

My next informant was John Duncan Maclaren, who was born in 1812, and lives at Trefriw. His father was a Scotchman, but Maclaren is in all other respects a Welshman. He also knew the 'Sgubor Gerrig people, and that Evan Thomas and Lowri his wife had exceeding great trouble to prevent their son Roger from being carried away by the *Tylwyth Teg*. For the Fairy maids were always trying to allure him away, and he was constantly finding Fairy money. The Fairy dance, and the playing and singing that accompanied it, used to take place in a field in front of his father's house ; but Lowri would never let her son go out after the sun had gone to his battlements (“ ar ol i'r haul fyn'd i gaera' ”): the most dangerous nights were those when the moon shone brightly, and a few pretty wreaths of mist adorned the meadows by the river. Maclaren had heard of a man, whom he called Sion Catrin of Ty'n Twll, finding a penny every day at the *pistyll* when he went there to fetch water. The flat land between Trefriw and Llanrwst had on it a great many Fairy rings, and some of them are, according to Maclaren, still to be seen.

There the *Tylwyth* used to dance, and when a young man got into one of the rings the Fairy damsels took him away; but he could be got out unharmed at the end of a year and a day, when he would be found dancing with them in the same ring: he must then be dextrously touched by some one of his friends with a piece of iron and dragged out at once. This is the way in which a young man whom my notes connect with a place called Bryn Glas, was recovered. He had gone out with a friend: he lost him, and wandered into a Fairy ring. He had new shoes on at the time, and his friends brought him out at the end of the interval of a year and a day; but he could not be made to understand that he had been there more than five minutes until he was asked to look at his new shoes, which were by that time in pieces. Maclaren had also something to say of the history and habitat of the Fairies. Those of Nant Conwy dress in green; and his mother, who died about sixty-two years ago, aged forty-seven, had told him that they lived seven years on the earth, seven years in the air, and seven years underground. He also had a mermaid tale, like one of those from South Wales. A fisherman from Llandrillo yn Rhos had caught a mermaid in his net. She asked to be set free, promising that she would, in case he complied, do him a kindness. He consented, and one fine day, a long while afterwards, she suddenly peeped out of the water near him, and shouted: *Sion Ifan, cwyd dy rwyda' a thyn tua'r lan.*—("John Evans, take up thy nets and make for the shore.") He obeyed, and almost immediately there was a terrible storm, in which many fishermen lost their lives. The river Conwy is the home of the mysterious Afange, and Maclaren says that its name used to be employed within his memory to frighten girls and children: so much was it still dreaded. Perhaps I ought to have stated that Maclaren is very fond of music, and that he told me of a gentleman at Conwy who

had taken down in writing a supposed Fairy tune. I have made enquiries of his son Mr. Hennessy Hughes, of Conwy; but his father's papers seem to have been lost, so that he cannot find the tune in question, though he has heard of it.

The same summer I fell in with Mr. Morris Evans, of Cerrig Man near Amlwch. He is a mining agent on the Gwydyr Estate in the Vale of the Conwy, but he is a native of the neighbourhood of Parys Mountain in Anglesey, where he acquired his knowledge of mining. He had heard Fairy tales from his grandmother, Grace Jones of Llwyn Ysgaw near Mynydd Mechell, between Amlwch and Holyhead. She died, nearly ninety years of age, over twenty years ago. She used to relate how she and others of her own age were wont in their youth to go out on bright moonlight nights to a spot near Llyn y Bwch. They seldom had to wait there long before they would hear exquisite music and behold a grand palace standing on the ground. The diminutive folks of Fairyland would then come forth to dance and frolic. The next morning the palace would be found gone, but the grandmother used to pick up Fairy money on the spot, and this went on regularly so long as she did not tell others of her luck. My informant, who is himself a man somewhat over fifty-two, tells me that at a place not far from Llyn y Bwch there were plenty of Fairy rings to be seen in the grass, and it is in them the Fairies were supposed to dance.

From Llanrwst I went up to see the late bard and antiquarian Gethin Jones. His house was prettily situated on the hillside on the left of the road as you approach the village of Penmachno. I was sorry to find that his memory had been considerably impaired by a paralytic stroke which he had suffered from not long before. However, from his room he pointed out to me a spot on the other side of the Machno called *Y Werddon*, which means "The Green Land," or still more literally "The Greenery." It was

well known for its green, grassy, Fairy rings formerly frequented by the *Tylwyth Teg*; and he said he could distinguish some of the rings even then from where he stood. The Werddon is on the Bennar, and the Bennar is the high-ground between Penmachno and Dolwyddelen. The spot in question is on the part nearest to the Conwy Falls. This name, *Y Werddon*, is liable to be confounded with *Iwerddon*, 'Ireland', which is commonly treated as if it began with the definite article, so that it is made into *Y Werddon* and *Werddon*. The Fairy *Werddon*, in the radical form *Gwerddon*, to my mind not only recalls the green isles called *Gwerddonau Llïon*, but also the saying, common in North Wales, that a person in great anxiety "sees the Werddon". Thus, for instance, a man who fails to return to his family at the hour expected, and believes them to be in great anxiety about him, expresses himself by saying that they will have "seen the Werddon on my account" ("mi fyddan' wedi gwel'd y Werddon am dana'i"). Is that Ireland, or is it the land of the Fairies, the other world in fact? If the latter, it might simply mean they will have died of anxiety; but I confess I have not so far been able to decide. I am not aware that the expression admits of any other form than the one I give; if it had, and if the Werddon were spoken of in some other way, that might possibly clear up the difficulty. If it refers to Ireland, it must imply that sighting Ireland is equivalent to going astray at sea, meaning in this sort of instance, getting out of one's senses; but the Welsh are not very much given to nautical expressions. Perhaps some one of the readers of the *Cymmrodor* can show the way out of this doubt.

In a previous contribution something was said, if I remember rightly, about Ffos 'Noddyn; but Mr. Gethin Jones told me that it was also called Glyn y Tylwyth Teg, which is very probable, as the English of it is now "the Fairy Glen." People on the Capel Garmon side used to see the *Tylwyth*



playing there, and descending into it gently and lightly without occasioning themselves the least harm. The Fairy Glen, doubtless, contained an entrance to the world below. This reminds one of the name of the pretty hollow running inland from the railway station at Bangor. Why should it be called Nant Uffern, or "The Hollow of Hell"? Can it be that there was a supposed entrance to the Fairy world somewhere there? Some member of the Menai Society ought to be able to throw light upon this point. In any case, I am quite certain that Welsh place-names involve allusions to the Fairies much oftener than has been hitherto supposed; and I should be inclined to cite as a further example Moel Eilio or Moel Eilian, from the personal name Eilian, to be mentioned presently. Moel Eilio is a mountain under which the Fairies were supposed to have great stores of treasures. But to return to Mr. Gethin Jones. I had almost forgotten that I have another instance of his in point. He showed me a passage in a paper which he wrote in Welsh some time ago on the antiquities of Yspty Ifan. He says that where the Serw joins the Conwy there is a cave, to which tradition asserts a harpist to have been allured by the *Tylwyth Teg*. He was, of course, not seen afterwards, but the echo of the music made by him and them on their harps is still to be heard a little lower down, under the field called to this day Gweirglodd y Telynorion, or "The Harpers' Meadow".

Mr. Gethin Jones also spoke to me of the lake called Llyn Pencraig, which was drained in hopes of finding lead underneath it, an expectation not altogether doomed to disappointment, and he informed me that its old name was Llyn Llifon; so the moor around it was called Gwaen Llifon. It appears to have been a large lake only in wet weather, and to have had no deep bed. The names connected with the spot are now Nant Gwaen Llifon and the Gwaith, or mine, of Gwaen Llifon: they are, I understand, within the township

of Trefriw. The name Llyn Llifon is of great interest when taken in connection with the Triadic account of the cataclysm called the Bursting of Llyn Llïon. Mr. Gethin Jones believed himself that Llyn Llïon was no other than Bala Lake, through which the Dee makes her way.

One day in August of the same year, I arrived at Dinas Station, and walked down to Llandwrog in order to see Dinas Dinlle, and to ascertain what traditions still existed there respecting Caer Arianrhod, Llew Llawgyffes, Dylan Eil ton, and other names that figure in the Mabinogi of Math ab Mathonwy. I called first on the schoolmaster, and he kindly took me to the clerk, Hugh Evans, a native of the neighbourhood of Llangefni, in Anglesey. He had often heard people talk of some women having once on a time come from Tregaranthreg to Cae'r 'Loda', a farm near the shore, to fetch food or water, and that when they looked back they beheld the town overflowed by the sea: the walls can still be seen at low water. Gwennan was the name of one of the women, and she was buried at the place now called Bedd Gwennan, or Gwennan's Grave. He had also heard the Fairy tales of Waenfawr and Nant y Bettws, related by the late Owen Williams of the former place. For instance, he had related to him the tale of the man who slept on a clump of rushes, and thought he was all the while in a magnificent mansion. Now I should explain that Tregaranthreg is to be seen from Dinas Dinlle as a rock not far from the shore, and visible when the tide is out. The Caranthreg which it implies is one of the modern forms to which Caer Arianrhod has been reduced; and to this has been prefixed a synonym of *caer*, namely, *tre'*, just as Carmarthen is frequently called *Tre' Garfyrdin*. Cae'r 'Loda' is explained as Cae yr Aelodau, or "The Field of the Limbs"; but I am sorry to say that I forgot to note the story explanatory of the name; it is given, I think, to a farm; and so is

Bedd Gwennan likewise the name of a farmhouse. The tenant of the latter, William Roberts, was at home when I visited the spot. He told me the same story, but with a variation: three sisters had come from Tre-gan-Anrheg to fetch provisions, when their city was overflowed. Gwen fled to the spot now called Bedd Gwennan, Elan to Tyddyn Elan or Elan's Farm, and Maelan to Rhos Maelan or Maelan's Moor: all three are names of places in the immediate neighbourhood.

From Dinas Dinlle I was directed across Lord Newborough's grounds at Glynllifon to Penygroes Station; but on my way I had an opportunity of questioning several of the men employed at Glynllifon. One of these was called William Thomas Solomon, a middle-aged, intelligent man, who works in the garden there. He said that the three women who escaped from the submerged town were sisters, and that he had learned in his infancy to call them Gwennan bi Dôn, Elan bi Dôn, and Maelan bi Dôn. Lastly, the name of the town, according to him, was Tre-gan Anthrod. I had the following forms of the name that day:—Tregar Anrheg, Tregar Anthreg, Tregan Anrheg, Tregan Anthreg, and Tregan, Anthrod. All these are attempts to reproduce what might be written Tre'-Gaer-Arianrhod. The modification of *nrh* into *nthr* is very common in North Wales, and Tregar Anrheg seems to have been fashioned on the supposition that the name had something to do with *anrheg*, "a gift." Tregar Anthrod is undoubtedly the Caer Arianrhod, or "fortress of Arianrhod", in the Mabinogi, and it is duly marked Caer Arianrhod in Speede's map at the spot where it should be. Now Arianrhod could hardly be called a lady of rude virtue, and it is the idea in the neighbourhood that the place was inundated on account of the wickedness of the inhabitants. So it would appear that Gwennan, Elan, and Maelan, Arianrhod's sisters, were the just ones allowed to escape. Arianrhod was probably drowned as the principal sinner in possession; but I did not

find, as I expected, that the crime which called for such an expiation was in this instance that of playing at cards on Sunday. In fact, this part of the legend does not seem to have been duly elaborated as yet. But I must now come back to Solomon's *bi Dôn*, which completely puzzles me. Arianrhod was daughter of Dôn, and so several other characters in the same Mabinogi were children of Dôn. But what is *bi Dôn*? I have noticed that all the Welsh antiquaries who take Don out of books invariably call him Dôn or Donn with a short *o*, which is quite wrong, and has saved me from being deceived once or twice: so I take it that *bi Dôn* is, as Solomon asserted, a local expression of which he did not know the meaning. I can only add, in default of a better explanation, that *bi Dôn* recalled to my mind what I had shortly before heard on my trip from Aberdaron to Bardsey Island. My wife and I, together with two friends, engaged a boat at the former place, but one of the men who were to row us, smuggled a boy of his aged four, into the boat, an incident which did not exactly add to the pleasures of that somewhat perilous trip amidst incomprehensible currents. But the Aberdaron boatmen always called that child *bi Donn*, which I took to have been a sort of imitation of an infantile pronunciation of "baby John", for his name was John, which Welsh infants as a rule first pronounce Donn—at any rate I remember the time when I did. This, applied to Gwennan bi Dôn, would imply that Solomon heard it as a piece of nursery lore when he was a child, and that it meant simply—Gwennan, baby or child of Dôn. But the whole difficulty must surely be one which a man well versed in the local varieties of the vernacular of Carnarvonshire could easily remove. However, I failed at the time to get any help in the matter. Lastly, the only trace of Dylan I could get was in the name of a small promontory, called variously by the Glynllifon men *Pwynt*

Maen Tylen, which was Solomon's pronunciation, and Pwynt Maen Dulan. It is also known, as I was given to understand, as Pwynt y Wig. I believe I have seen it given in maps as Maen Dylan Point.

Solomon told me the following Fairy tale, and he was afterwards kind enough to have it written down for me. I give it in his own words, as it is peculiar in some respects:—

“Mi 'r oedd gwr a gwraig yn byw yn y Garth Dorwen<sup>1</sup> ryw gyfnod maith yn ol, ag aethant i Gaer'narfon i gyflogi morwyn ar ddydd ffair G'langeuaf, ag yr oedd yn arferiad gan feibion a merched y pryd hyny i'r rhai oedd yn sefyll allan am lefydd aros yn top y maes presenol wrth boncan las oedd yn y fan y lle saif y Post-office presenol; aeth yr hen wr a'r hen wraig at y fan yma a gwelent eneth lan a gwallt melyn yn sefyll 'chydig o'r neilldu i bawb arall; aeth yr hen wraig ati a gofynodd i'r eneth oedd arni eisiau lle. Atebodd fod, ag felly cyflogwyd yr eneth yn ddioed a daeth i'w lle i'r amser penodedig. Mi fyddai yn arferiad yr adeg hyny o nyddu ar ol swper yn hirnos y gauaf, ag fe fyddai y forwyn yn myn'd i'r weirglodd i nyddu wrth oleu y lloer; ag fe fyddai tylwyth teg yn dwad ati hi i'r weirglodd i ganu a dawnsio. A ryw bryd yn y gwanwyn pan esdynodd y dydd diangodd Eilian gyd a'r tylwythion teg i ffwrdd, ag ni welwyd 'mo'ni mwyach. Mae y cae y gwelwyd hi ddiwethaf yn cael ei alw hyd y dydd heddyw yn Gae Eilian a'r weirglodd yn Weirglodd y Forwyn. Mi 'r oedd hen wraig y Garth Dorwen yn arfer rhoi gwragedd yn eu gwlaú, a byddai pawb yn cyrchu am dani o bob cyfeiriad; a rhyw bryd dyma wr boneddig ar ei geffyl at y drws ar noswaith loer-gan lleuad, a hithau yn g'lawio 'chydig ag yn niwl braidd,

<sup>1</sup> This is pronounced “Y Gath Dorwen”, but the people of the neighbourhood wish to explain away a farm name which could, strangely enough, only mean “the white-bellied cat”.

i'nol yr hen wraig at ei wraig; ag felly aeth yn sgil y gwr diarth ar gefn y march i Ros y Cowrt. Ar ganol y Rhos pryd hyny 'r oedd poncan lled uchel yn debyg i hen amddiffynfa a llawer o gerig mawrion ar ei phen a charnedd fawr o gerig yn yr ochor ogleddol iddi, ag mae hi i'w gwel'd hyd y dydd heddyw dan yr enw Bryn y Pibion. Pan gyrhaeddasan' y lle aethan' i ogo' fawr ag aethan' i 'stafell lle 'r oedd y wraig yn ei gwely, a'r lle crandia' a welodd yr hen wraig yrioed. Ag fe roth y wraig yn ei gwely ag aeth at y tan i drin y babi; ag ar ol iddi orphen dyna y gwr yn dod a photel i'r hen wraig i hiro llygaid y babi ag erfyn arni beidio a'i gyffwr' a'i llygaid ei hun. Ond ryw fodd ar ol rhoi y botel heibio fe ddaeth cosfa ar lygaid yr hen wraig a rhwbiodd ei llygaid â'r un bys ag oedd yn rhwbio llygaid y baban a gwelodd hefo 'r llygad hwnw y wraig yn gorfedd ar docyn o frwyn a rhedyn erinion mewn ogo' fawr o gerig mawr o bob tu iddi a 'chydig bach o dan mewn rhiw gornel a gwelodd mai Eilian oedd hi, ei hen forwyn, ag hefo 'r llygad arall yn gweld y lle crandia' a welodd yrioed. Ag yn mhen ychydig ar ol hyny aeth i'r farchnad i Gaer'narfon a gwelodd y gwr a gofynodd iddo—'Pa sud mae Eilian?' 'O y mae hi yn bur dda,' meddai wrth yr hen wraig, 'a phalygad yr ydych yn fy ngwel'd?' 'Hefo hwn,' meddai hithau. Cymerodd babwyren ag a'i tynodd allan ar unwaith."

"An old man and his wife lived at the Gath Dorwen in some period a long while ago. They went to Carnarvon to hire a servant-maid at the All-Hallows<sup>1</sup> fair; and it was the custom then for young men and women who stood out for places to station themselves at the top of the present Maes, by a little green eminence which was where the present

<sup>1</sup> The great hiring fairs in Wales are at the beginning of winter and of summer; or, as one would say in Welsh, at the Calends of winter and the Calends of May respectively.

post-office stands. The old man and his wife went to that spot, and saw there a lass with yellow hair, standing a little apart from all the others; the old woman went to her and asked her if she wanted a place. She replied that she did, and so she hired herself at once and came to her place at the time fixed. In those times it was customary during the long winter nights that spinning should be done after supper. Now the maid-servant would go to the meadow to spin by the light of the moon, and the *Tylwyth Teg* used to come to her to sing and dance. But some time in the spring, when the days had grown longer, Eilian escaped with the *Tylwyth Teg*, so that she was seen no more. The field where she was last seen is to this day called Eilian's Field, and the meadow is known as the Maid's Meadow. The old woman of Gath Dorwen was in the habit of putting ladies to bed, and she was in great request far and wide. Some time after (Eilian's escape) there came a gentleman on horseback to the door one night when the moon was full, while there was a slight rain and just a little mist, to fetch the old woman to his wife. So she rode off behind the stranger on his horse, and came to Rhos y Cowrt. Now, there was at that time in the centre of the *rhos* somewhat of a rising ground that looked like old earthworks, with many large stones on the top, and a large cairn of stones on the northern side: it is to be seen there to this day, and it goes by the name of Bryn y Pibion (? Hill of the Pipes). When they reached that spot, they entered a large cave, and they went into a room where the wife lay in her bed; it was the finest place the old woman had seen in her life. When she had successfully brought the wife to rest, she went near the fire to dress the baby; and when she had done, the husband came to the old woman with a bottle (of ointment) that she might anoint the baby's eyes; but he entreated her not to touch her own eyes with it. Somehow, after putting the bottle by, one of the old woman's

eyes happened to itch, and she rubbed it with the same finger that she had used to rub the baby's eyes. Then she saw with that eye that the wife lay on a bundle of rushes and withered ferns, in a large cave of big stones all round her, with a little fire in one corner of it; and she also saw that the lady was only Eilian her former servant-girl, whilst, with the other eye, she beheld the finest place she had ever seen. Not long afterwards the old midwife went to Carnarvon to market, when she saw the husband, and said to him, 'How is Eilian?' 'She is pretty well,' said he to the old woman, 'but with what eye do you see me?' 'With this one,' was the reply; and he took a bulrush and put her eye out at once."

That is exactly the tale, my informant tells me, as he heard it from his mother, who heard it from an old woman who lived at Gath Dorwen when his mother was a girl, about eighty-four years ago, as he guessed it to have been; but he has omitted one thing which he told me at Glyn Llifon, namely, that, when the servant-girl went out to the Fairies to spin, an enormous amount of spinning used to be done. I mention this as it reminds me of the tales of other nations, where the girl who cannot spin straw into gold is assisted by a Fairy, on certain conditions, which are afterwards found very inconvenient. It may be guessed that in the case of Eilian the conditions involved her becoming a Fairy's wife, and that she kept to them.

The same summer I happened to meet the Rev. Robert Hughes of Uwchlaw'r Ffynon, near Llaualhaiarn, a village on which Tre'r Ceiri, or the Town of the Giants, looks down in its primitive grimness from the top of one of the three prongs of the Eifl, or Rivals, as English people call them. The district is remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants, and Mr. Hughes counted fifteen farmers in his immediate neighbourhood whose average age was eighty-three; and four years previously the average age



of eighteen of them was no less than eighty-five. He himself was, when I met him, seventy-one years of age, and he considered that he represented the traditions of more than a century and a half, as he was a boy of twelve when one of his grandfathers died at the age of ninety-two: the age reached by one of his grandmothers was all but equal, while his father died only a few years ago, after nearly reaching his ninety-fifth birthday.

Story-telling was kept alive in the parish of Llanaelhaiarn by the institution known there as the *pilnos* or peeling night, when the neighbours met in one another's houses to spend the long winter evenings dressing hemp and carding wool, though I guess that a *pilnos* was originally the night when people met to *peel* rushes for rushlights. When they left these merry meetings they were ready, as Mr. Hughes says, to see anything. In fact, he gives an instance of some people coming from a *pilnos* across the mountain from Nant Gwrtheyrn to Llithfaen, and finding the Fairies singing and dancing with all their might; they were drawn in among them and found themselves left alone in the morning on the heather. Indeed, Mr. Hughes has seen the Fairies himself: it was on the Pwllheli road, as he was returning in the grey of the morning from the house of his *fiancée*, when he was twenty-seven. The Fairies he saw came along riding on wee horses; his recollection is that he now and then mastered his eyes and found the road quite clear, but the next moment the vision would return, and he thought he saw the diminutive cavalcade as plainly as possible. Similarly, a man of the name of Solomon Evans, when, thirty years ago, making his way home late at night through Glynllifon Park, found himself followed by quite a crowd of little creatures, which he described as being of the size of guinea pigs and covered with red and white spots. He was an ignorant man, who knew no better than to believe to the day of his death, some eight or nine years ago,

that they were demons. But good spirits too, who attend on good Calvinists, are believed in about Llanaelhaiarn. Morris Hughes of Cwm Coryn was the first Calvinistic Methodist at Llanaelhaiarn; he was great-grandfather to the wife of my informant; and he used to be followed by two pretty little yellow birds. He would call to them, "*Wryd, Wryd!*" and they would come and feed out of his hand, and when he was dying they came and flapped their wings against his window. This was testified to by John Thomas of Moelfre Bach, who was present at the time. Thomas died some twenty-five years ago, at the age of eighty-seven. I have heard this story from other people, but I do not know what to make of it, though I may add that the little birds are believed to have been angels.

Mr. Hughes told me a variety of things about Nant Gwrtheyrn, one of the spots where the Vortigern story is localized. The Nant is a sort of a *cul de sac* hollow opening to the sea at the foot of the Eifl. There is a rock there called the Farches, and the angle of the sea next to the old castle, which seems to be merely a mound, is called Y Llynclyn, or the whirlpool; and this is no doubt an important item in the localizing there of Vortigern's city. I was informed by Mr. Hughes that the grave of Olfyn is in this Nant, with an erased church close by: both are otherwise quite unknown to me. Coming away from this weird spot to the neighbourhood of Clynnog, one finds that the Pennardd of the Mabinogi of Math is now called Pennarth, and has on it a well known cromlech. Of course, I did not leave Mr. Hughes without asking him about Caer Arianrhod, and I found that he called it Tre-Gaer-Aurheg: he described it as a stony patch in the sea, and it can, he says, be reached on foot when the ebb is at its lowest in spring and autumn. The story he had heard about it when he was a boy at school with David Thomas, better known by his bardic name as *Dafydd Ddu o Eryri*, was the following:—

“Tregaer Anrheg was inhabited by a family of robbers, and among other things they killed and robbed a man at Glyn Iwrch, near the further wall of Glynnliffon Park: this completed the measure of their lawlessness. There was one woman, however, living with them at Tregaer Anrheg, who was not related to them, and as she went out one evening with her pitcher to fetch water, she heard a voice crying out — ‘*Dos i ben y bryn i wel’ d rhyfeddod,*’ that is, Go up the hill to see a wonder. She obeyed, and as soon as she got to the top of the hill, whereby was meant Dinas Dinlle, she beheld Tregaer Anrheg sinking in the sea.” As I have already wandered away from the Fairies I may add the following curious bit of legend which Mr. Hughes gave me: “When St. Beuno lived at Clynmog, he used to go regularly to preach at Llanddwyn on the opposite side of the water, which he always crossed on foot. But one Sunday he accidentally dropped his book of sermons into the water, and when he had failed to recover it a *gylfin-hir*, or curlew, came by, picked it up, and placed it on a stone out of the reach of the tide. The saint prayed for the protection and favour of the Creator for the *gylfin-hir*: it was granted, and so nobody ever knows where that bird makes its nest.”

One day in August of the same summer I went to have another look at the old inscribed stone at Gesail Gyfarch, near Tremadoc, and, instead of returning the same way, I walked across to Criccieth Station; but on my way I was directed to call at a farm-house called Llwyn y Mafon Uehaf, where I was to see Mr. Edward Llewelyn, a bachelor, then seventy-six years of age. He is a native of the neighbourhood, and has always lived in it; moreover, he has now been for some time blind. He had heard a good many Fairy tales. Among others he mentioned John Roberts, a slater from the Garn, as having one day, when there was a little mist and a drizzling rain, heard a crowd of Fairies talking together in great con-

fusion, near a sheepfold on Llwytmor mountain ; but he was too much afraid to look at them. He also told me of a man at Ystum Cegid, a farm not far off, having married a Fairy wife on condition that he was not to touch her with any kind of iron on pain of her leaving him for ever. Then came the usual accident in catching a horse in order to go to Carnarvon fair, and the immediate disappearance of the wife. At this point Mr. Llewelyn's sister interposed to the effect that the wife did once return and address her husband in the rhyme '*Os bydd anwyd ar fy mab,*' etc. Then Mr. Llewelyn enumerated several people who are of this family, among others a girl, who is, according to him, exactly like the Fairies. This made me ask what the Fairies are like, and he answered that they are small unprepossessing creatures, with yellow skin and black hair. Some of the men, however, whom he traced to a Fairy origin are by no means of this description. The term there for men of Fairy descent is *Belsiaid*, and they live mostly in the neighbouring parish of Pennant, where it would never do for me to go to collect Fairy tales, as I am told; and Mr. Llewelyn remembers the fighting that used to take place at the fairs at Penmorfa if the term *Belsiaid* once began to be used. Mr. Llewelyn was also acquainted with the tale of the midwife that went to a Fairy family, and how the thieving husband had deprived her of the use of one eye. He also spoke of the Fairies changing children, and how one of these changelings, supposed to be a baby, expressed himself to the effect that he had seen the acorn before the oak, and the egg before the chick, but never anybody who brewed ale in an egg shell. As to modes of getting rid of the changelings, a friend of Mr. Llewelyn's mentioned the story that one was once dropped into the Glaslyn river, near Beddgelert. The sort of children the Fairies liked were those that were unlike their own, that is, bairns whose hair was white, or inclined to yellow, and whose skin was fair. He had a great deal to say

of Ellis Bach of Nant Gwrtheyrn, who used to be considered a changeling. With the exception of this changing of children the Fairies seemed to have been on fairly good terms with the inhabitants, and to have been in the habit of borrowing from farm-houses a *padell* and *gradell* for baking. The *gradell* is a sort of flat iron, on which the dough is put, and the *padell* is the *patella* or pan put over it; they are still commonly used for baking in North Wales. Well, the Fairies used to borrow these two articles, and by way of payment to leave money on the hob at night. All over Lleyn the *Tylwyth* are represented as borrowing the *padell* a *gradell*. They seem to have never been strong in household furniture, especially articles made of iron. Mr. Llewelyn had heard that the reason why people do not see Fairies now-a-days is that they have been exorcised (“wedi eu hoffrymu”) for hundreds of years to come.

About the same time I was advised to try the memory of Miss Jane Williams, who lives at the Graig, Tremadoc: she was then, as I was told, seventy-five, very quick-witted, but not communicative to idlers. The most important information she had for me was to the effect that the *Tylwyth Teg* had been exorcised away (“wedi ’ffrymu”) and would not be back in *our* day. When she was about twelve she served at the Gelli between Tremadoc and Pont Aberglaslyn. Her master’s name was Sion Ifan, and his wife was a native of the neighbourhood of Carnarvon; she had lots of tales to tell them about the *Tylwyth*, how they changed children, how they allured men to the Fairy rings, and how their dupes returned after a time in a wretched state, with hardly any flesh on their bones. She heard her relate the tale of a man who married a Fairy, and how she left him; but before going away from her husband and children she asked the latter by name which they would like to have, a dirty cow-yard (*buches fudyrl*) or a clean cow-yard (*buches lân*). Some gave the right

answer, a dirty cow-yard, but some said a clean cow-yard; the lot of the latter was poverty, for they were to have no stock of cattle.

When I was staying at Pwllheli the same summer, I went out to the neighbouring village of Four Crosses, and found a native of the place who had heard a great many curious things from his mother. His name was Lewis Jones: he was at the time over eighty, and he had formerly been a saddler. Among other things, his mother often told him that her grandmother had frequently been with the Fairies, when the latter was a child. She lived at Plâs Du, and once she happened to be up near Carn Bentyrch when she saw them. She found that they resembled little children, playing in a brook that she had to cross. She was so delighted with them, and stayed so long with them, that a search was made for her, when she was found in the company of the Fairies. Another time, they met her as she was going on an errand across a large bog on a misty day, when there was a sort of a drizzle, which one might call either dew or rain, as it was not decidedly either, but something between them, such as the Welsh would call *gwllithwlau*, or "dew-rain". She loitered in their company until a search was made for her again. Lewis Jones related to me the story of the midwife—he pronounced it in Welsh "midwaith"—who attended on the Fairy. As in the other versions, she lost the sight of one eye in consequence of her discovering the gentleman Fairy thieving; but the fair at which this happened was held in this instance at Nefyn. He related also how a farmer at Pennant had wedded a Fairy called Bella. This tale proceeded like the other versions, and did not even omit the fighting at Penmorfa fair. He had likewise the tale about the two youths who had gone out to fetch some cattle, and came, while returning about dusk, across a party of Fairies dancing. The one was drawn into the circle, and the other was suspected

at length of having murdered him, until, at the suggestion of a wizard, he went to the same place at the end of a year and a day: then he found him dancing, and managed to get him out. He had been reduced to a mere skeleton, but he enquired at once if the cattle he was driving were far ahead. He had heard of a child changed by the Fairies when its mother had placed it in some hay while she worked at the harvest. She discovered he was not her own by brewing into an egg-shell, as usual. Then she refused to take any notice of him, and she soon found her own baby returned; but it looked much the worse for its sojourn in the land of the *Tylwyth Teg*.

My informant described to me Ellis Bach of Nant Gwrtheyrn, who died somewhat more than forty years ago. His father was a farmer there, and his children, both boys and girls, were like ordinary folks, excepting Ellis, who was deformed, his legs being so short that his body seemed only a few inches from the ground when he walked. His voice was also small and squeaky. However, he was very sharp, and could find his way among the rocks pretty well when he went in quest of his father's sheep and goats, of which there used to be plenty there formerly. Everybody believed Ellis to have been a changeling, and one saying of his is well known in that part of the country. When strangers visited Nant Gwrtheyrn, a thing which did not frequently happen, and when his parents asked them to their table, and pressed them to eat, he would squeak out drily, "*B'yta 'nyrna b'yta'r cwbul*", that is to say—"Eating that means eating all."

He told me further that the servant girls used formerly to take care to bring a supply of water indoors at the approach of night, that the Fairies might find plenty in which to bathe their children, and lest they should use the milk instead, if the water was wanting. Moreover, when they had been baking, they took care to leave the Fairies both

*padell* and *gradell*, that they might do their baking in the night. The latter used to pay for this kindness by leaving behind them a cake of Fairy bread and sometimes money on the hob. I have, however, not been able to learn anything about the quality or taste of this Fairy food.

He had also a great deal to say about the making of bonfires about the beginning of winter. A bonfire was always kindled on the farm called *Cromlech* on the eve of the Winter Calends, or *Nos Galan Gauaf*, as it is termed in Welsh; and the like were to be seen in abundance towards *Llithfaen*, *Carnguwch*, and *Llanaelhaiarn*, as well as on the *Merioneth* side of the bay. Besides fuel, each person present used to throw into the fire a small stone, with a mark whereby he should know it again. If he succeeded in finding the stone on the morrow, the year would be a lucky one for him, but the contrary if he failed to recover it. Those who assisted at the making of the bonfire watched until the flames were out, and then somebody would raise the usual cry, when each ran away for his life, lest he should be found last. This cry, which is a sort of equivalent, well known over *Carnarvonshire*, of the English saying, "The devil take the hindmost", was in Welsh—

" Yr hwch ddu gwta<sup>1</sup>  
A gipio'r ola ;"

that is to say, "May the black sow that has no tail seize the hindmost."

The cutty black sow is often alluded to now-a-days to frighten children in *Arfon*, and it is clearly the same creature that is described in some parts of *North Wales* as follows:—

" Hwch ddu gwta  
Ar bob camfa  
Yn nyddu a chardio  
Bob nos G'langaua."

" A cutty black sow  
On every stile,  
Spinning and carding  
Every All-Hallows Eve."

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<sup>1</sup> In *Carnarvonshire* there is no feminine *gota*, as in *South Wales*.



In Cardiganshire this is reduced to the words :—

“Nos Galan Gaua’  
Bwbach ar bob camfa.”

“On All-Hallow’s Eve  
A bogy on every stile.”

Welsh people speak of only three Calends—*calan-mai*, or the first of May; *calan-gauaf*, the Calends of Winter, or All-Hallows; and *Y Calan*, or the Calends *par excellence*, that is to say, the first day of January, which last is probably not Celtic. The other two most certainly are, and it is one of their peculiarities that all uncanny spirits and bogies are at liberty the night preceding each of them. The *Hwch ddu gwtu* is at large on All-Hallows Eve, and the Scotch Gaels have the name “Samhanach” for the All-Hallows demons, formed from the word *Samhain*, All-Hallows. The eve of the first of May may be supposed to have been the same, as may be gathered from the story of Rhiannon’s baby and of Teyrnon’s colt, both of which were stolen by undescribed demons that night—I allude to the Mabinogi of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed. What may be the meaning of the Saturnalia of all demons on the eve of these two calends I am quite unable to say.

At Nefyn I had some stories about the *Tylwyth Teg* from Lowri Hughes, the widow of John Hughes, who lives in a cottage at Pen Isa’r Dref, and is over seventy-four years of age. An aunt of hers, who knew a great many tales, had died about six years before my visit, at the advanced age of ninety-six. She used to relate to Lowri how the *Tylwyth* were in the habit of visiting ’Singrug, a house now in ruins on the land of Pen Isa’r Dref, and how they had a habit of borrowing a *padell* and *gradell* for baking; they paid for the loan of them by giving their owners a loaf. Her grandmother, who died not long ago at a very advanced age, remembered a time when she was milking in a corner of the land of Carn Bodüan, and how a little dog came to her and received a blow from her that sent it rolling away. Presently,

she added, the dog re-appeared with a lame man playing on a fiddle; but she gave them no milk. If she had done so, there was no knowing, she said, how much money she might have got. But, as it was, such singing and dancing were indulged in by the *Tylwyth* around the lame fiddler that she ran away as fast as her feet could carry her. Lowri's husband had also seen the *Tylwyth* at the break of day, near Madrun Mill, where they seem to have been holding a sort of conversazione; but presently one of them observed that he had heard the voice of the hen's man, *i.e.*, the cock, and off they went instantly. The Fairies were in the habit also of dancing and singing on the headland on which lie the old earthworks called Dinllaen. When they had played and enjoyed themselves enough, they used to lift a certain bit of sod and descend to their own land. My informant had also heard the midwife story, and she was aware that the Fairies changed people's children; in fact, she mentioned to me a farm-house not far off where there was a daughter of this origin then, not to mention that she knew all about Ellis Bach. Another woman whom I met near Porth Dinllaen said that the Dinllaen Fairies were only seen when the weather was a little misty.

At Nefyn, Mr. John Williams (*Alaw Lleyrn*) got from his mother the tale of the midwife. It stated that the latter lost the sight of her right eye at Nefyn fair, owing to the Fairy she recognized there pricking her eye with a green rush. During my visit to Aberdaron, my wife and I went to the top of Mynydd Anelog, and on the way up we passed a cottage, where an illiterate woman told us that the *Tylwyth Teg* formerly frequented the mountain when there was mist on it; that they changed people's children if they were left alone on the ground, and that the way to get the right child back was to leave the Fairy urchin without being touched or fed. She also said that, after baking, people left the *gradell* for the

Fairies to do their baking; they would then leave a cake behind them as pay. As for the Fairies just now, they have been exorcised (*wedi 'ffrymu*) for some length of time. Mrs. Williams, of Pwll Defaid, told me that the rock opposite, called Clip y Gylfin-hir on Bodwyddog mountain, a part of Mynydd y Rhiw, was the resort of the *Tylwyth Teg*, and that they revelled there when it was covered with mist; she added that a neighbouring farm, called Bodermod Isa', was well known at one time as a place where the Fairies came to do their baking. But the most remarkable tale I had at Aberdaron was from Evan Williams, a smith, who lives at Yr Ardd Las, on Rhos Hirwaun. If I remember rightly, he is a native of Llaniestyn, and what he told me relates to a farmer's wife who lived at the Nant, in that parish. Now this old lady was frequently visited by a Fairy who used to borrow *padell* and *gradell* from her. These she used to get, and she returned them, with a loaf borne on her head in acknowledgment. But one day she came to ask for the loan of her *troell bach*, or wheel for spinning flax. When handing her this, the farmer's wife wished to know her name, as she came so often, but she refused to tell her. However, she was watched at her spinning, and overheard singing to the whirr of the wheel:—

“Bychan a wyddai hi  
 Mai Sili go Dwt  
 Yw f'enw i,”

“Little did she know  
 That Silly the Natty  
 Is my name.”

This explains to some extent the *Sili Frit* sung by a Corwrion Fairy when she came out of the lake to spin. I had in vain tried to make out the meaning of that bit of legend. Since then I have also found the Llaniestyn rhyme a little varied at Llanberis; it was picked up there, I do not exactly know how, by my little girls this summer; and as they have heard it the words are:—

“ Bychan a wyddai hi  
 Mai Trwtyn-tratyn  
 Yw f'enw i.”

Here, instead of *Sili go Dwt* or *Sili Frit*, the name is *Trwtyn-tratyn*, which has no meaning so far as I know. This will at once remind one of the tale of Rumpelstiltchen; but it is clear that we have as yet only the merest fragment of the whole; but I have been utterly unable to get any more. So one cannot say whether it was very like the tale of Rumpelstiltchen: there is certainly one difference, which is at once patent, namely, that while the German R. was a male Fairy our Welsh S. is of the other sex. Probably, in the Llaniestin tale, the borrowing for baking had nothing to do with the spinning, for all Fairies in Lleyn borrow *padell* and *gradell*, while they do not usually appear to spin. Then may we suppose that the spinning was in this instance done for the farmer's wife on conditions which she was able to evade by discovering the Fairy helper's name? The smith told me another short tale, about a farmer who lived not long ago at Deunant, close to Aberdaron. The latter used, as is the wont of country people, to go out a few steps in front of his house every night to —— before going to bed; but once on a time, while he was standing there, a stranger stood by him and spoke to him, saying that he had no idea how he and his family were annoyed by him. The farmer asked how that could be, to which the stranger replied that his house was just below where they stood, and if he would only stand on his foot he would see that what he said was true. The farmer complying, put his foot on the other's foot, and then, he could clearly see that all the slops from his house went down the chimney of the other's house, which stood far below in a street he had never seen before. The Fairy then advised him to have his door in the other side of his house, and that if he did so his cattle would never suffer from the *clwy' byr*.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> It is also called *dolur byr*, or the “short disease”, but I have not succeeded in discovering the English term for it.

result was that the farmer obeyed, and had his door walled up and another made in the other side of the house: ever after he was a most prosperous man, and nobody was so successful as he in rearing stock in all that part of the country. To place the whole thing beyond the possibility of doubt, Evan Williams assured me that he had often seen the farmer's house with the front in the back. I mention this strange story in order to compare it in the matter of standing on the Fairy's foot with that of standing on a particular sod in South Wales in order to see the delectable country of Rhys Ddwfn's Children.

Soon afterwards I went to the neighbourhood of Abersoch and Llanengan, where I was lucky enough to find Professor Owen, of St. David's College, Lampeter, on a visit to his native place. He took me round to those of the inhabitants who were thought most likely to have tales to tell; but I found nothing about the Fairies except the usual story of their borrowing the griddle and pan, and of their changing children. However, one version I heard of the process of recovering the stolen child differs from all others known to me: it was given us by Margaret Edwards, of Pentre Bach, whose age was then eighty-seven. It was to the effect that the mother, who had been given a Fairy infant, was to place it on the floor, and that all those present in the house should throw a piece of iron at it. This she thought was done with the view of convincing the *Tylwyth Teg* of the intention to kill the changeling, and in order to induce them to bring the right child back. The plan was, we were told, always successful.

On the way to Abersoch I passed by an old-fashioned house which has all the appearance of having once been a place of considerable importance; and on being told that its name is Castellmarch, I began thinking of March ab Meirchion mentioned in the *Triads*. He, I had long been

convinced, ought to be the Welsh reflex of Labraidh Lore, or the Irish king with horse's ears; and the corresponding Greek character of Midas with ass's ears is so well known that I need not repeat it. So I undertook to question various people in the neighbourhood about the meaning of the name of Castellmarch. Most of them analysed it into Castell y March, the Castle of the Steed, and explained that the knight of the shire or some respectable obscurity kept his horses there. This treatment of the word is not very decidedly countenanced by the pronunciation, which makes the name into one word strongly accented on the middle syllable. It was further related to me how Castellmarch was once upon a time inhabited by a very wicked and cruel man, one of whose servants, after being very unkindly treated by him, ran away and went on board a man-of-war. Some time afterwards the man-of-war happened to be in Cardigan Bay, and the runaway servant persuaded the captain of the vessel to come and anchor in the Tudwal Roads, whence he further induced him to shell his old master's mansion; and the story is proved by the old bullets now and then found at Castellmarch. It has since been suggested to me that the bullets are evidence of an attack on the place during the Civil Wars, which is not improbable. But having got so far as to find that there was a wicked, cruel man associated with Castellmarch, I thought I should at once hear the item of tradition which I was fishing for; but not so, for it was not to be wormed out in a hurry. However, after tiring a very old man, whose memory was almost entirely gone, with my questions, and after he had in his turn tired me with answers of the kind I have already described, I ventured to put it to him whether he had never heard some very silly tale about the lord of Castellmarch to the effect that he was not quite like other men. "O yes", said he "they say that he had horse's ears, but I should never

have thought of repeating that to you." This is not a bad instance of the difficulty which one has in eliciting this sort of tradition from the people; and what must the difficulty be supposing the difficulties of language superadded, as in the case of a stranger? It is true that, as far as regards Castellmarch, nothing, as it happens, would have been lost if I had failed at Abersoch, for I got the same information later at Sam Fylltym; and after coming back to my books, and once more turning over the leaves of the *Brython*, I was delighted to find the tale there. It occurs at page 431 of the volume for 1860. It is given with several other interesting bits of antiquity, and at the end the editor has put "Edward Llwyd, 1693"; so I suppose the whole comes from papers which belonged to the great Llwyd. It is to the following effect:—

One of Arthur's warriors, whose name was March (or Parch) Amheirchion, was lord of Castellmarch in Lley. This man had horse's ears (like Midas), and lest anybody should know it, he used to kill every man he sought to shave his beard, for fear lest he should not be able to keep the secret; and on the spot where he was wont to bury the bodies there grew reeds, which somebody cut to make a pipe. The pipe would give no other sound but "March Amheirchion has horse's ears." When the knight heard this, he would probably have killed the innocent man on that account, if he did not himself fail to make the pipe produce any other sound. But after hearing where the reed had grown, he made no further effort to conceal either the murders or his ears.

Some time ago I was favoured with a short but interesting tale by Mr. Evan Lloyd Jones of Dinorwig near Llanberis. Mr. Lloyd Jones, I may here mention, published not long ago, in *Llais y Wlad* (Bangor, North Wales), and in the *Drych* (Utica, United States), a series of articles entitled

*Llen y Werin yn Sir Gaernarfon*, or the Folklore of Carnarvonshire. I happened to see it at a friend's house, and I found at once that the writer was passionately fond of antiquities, and in the habit of making use of the frequent opportunities he has in the Dinorwig quarries for gathering information as to what used to be believed by the people of Arfon and Anglesey. The tale about to be given relates to a lake called Marchlyn Mawr, or the Great Horse-Lake, for there are two lakes called Marchlyn; they lie near one another, between the Fronllwyd in the parish of Llandegai, and the Elidyr in the parishes of Llanddeiniolen and Llanberis. Mr. Lloyd Jones shall tell his tale in his own words:—

“Amgylchynir y Marchlyn Mawr gan greigiau erchyll yr olwg arnynt; a dywed traddodiad ddarfod i un o feibion y Rhiwen<sup>1</sup> unwaith tra yn cynorthwyo dafad oedd wedi syrthio i'r creigiau i ddod oddiyno, ddarganfod ogof anferth: aeth i fewn iddi a gwelodd ei bod yn llawn o drysorau ac arfau gwerthfawr; ond gan ei bod yn dechreu tywyllu a dringó i fynu yn orchwyl anhawdd hyd yn nod yn ngoleu'r dydd, aeth adref y noswaith honno, a boreu dranoeth ar lasiad y dydd cychwynodd eilwaith i'r ogof, ac heb lawer o drafferth daeth o hyd iddi: aeth i fewn, a dechreuodd edrych o'i amgylch ar y trysorau oedd yno:—Ar ganol yr ogof yr oedd bwrdd enfawr o aur pur, ac ar y bwrdd goron o aur a pherlau: deallodd yn y fan mai coron a thrysorau Arthur oeddynt—nesaodd at y bwrdd, a phan oedd yn estyn ei law i gymeryd gafael yn y goron dychrynwyd ef gan drwst erchyll, trwst megys mil o daranau yn ymrwygo uwch ei ben ac aeth yr holl le can dywyllled a'r afagddu. Ceisiodd ymbalfalu oddiyno gynted ag y gallai; pan lwyddodd i gyrhaedd i ganol y creigiau taflodd ei olwg ar y llyn, yr hwn oedd wedi ei gynhyrfu drwyddo a'i donnau brigwynion yn cael eu lluchio trwy ddanedd ysgythrog y creigiau hyd y man yr oedd efe yn

<sup>1</sup> This is pronounced *Rhiwan*, though probably made up of Rhiw-wen.



sefyll arno; ond tra yr oedd yn parhau i syllu ar ganol y llyn gwelai gwrwgl a thair o'r benywod prydfferthaf y disgynodd llygad unrhyw ddyn arnynt erioed ynddo yn cael ei rwyfo yn brysur tuag at enau yr ogof. Ond och! yr oedd golwg ofnadwy yr hwn oedd yn rhwyfo yn ddigon i beri iasau o fraw trwy y dyn cryfaf. Gallodd y llanc ryw fodd ddianc adref ond ni fu iechyd yn ei gyfansoddiad ar ol hyny a byddai hyd yn nod crybwyll enw y Marchlyn yu ei glywedigaeth yu ddigon i'w yru yn wallgof."

"The Marchlyn Mawr is surrounded by rocks terrible to look at, and tradition relates how one of the sons of the farmer of Rhiwen, once on a time, when helping a sheep that had fallen among the rocks to get away, discovered a tremendous cave there; he entered, and saw that it was full of treasures and arms of great value; but, as it was beginning to grow dark; and as clambering back was a difficult matter even in the light of day, he went home that evening, and next morning with the grey dawn he set out again for the cave, when he found it without much trouble. He entered and began to look about him at the treasures that were there. In the centre of the cave stood a huge table of pure gold, and on the table lay a crown of gold and pearls. He understood at once that they were the crown and treasures of Arthur. He approached the table, and as he stretched forth his hand to take hold of the crown, he was frightened by an awful noise, the noise, as it were, of a thousand thunders bursting over his head, and the whole place became as dark as Tartarus. He tried to grope and feel his way out as fast as he could. When he had succeeded in reaching to the middle of the rocks, he cast his eye on the lake, which had been stirred all through, with its white-crested waves dashed through the jagged teeth of the rocks, up to the spot on which he stood; but while he continued looking at the middle of the lake he beheld a coracle containing three

women, the fairest that the eye of man ever fell on. They were being quickly rowed to the mouth of the cave; and oh! the dread aspect of him who rowed was enough to send thrills of horror through the strongest of men. The youth was able somehow to escape home, but no health remained in his constitution after that, and even the mere mention of the Marchlyn in his hearing used to be enough to make him insane."

Mr. Lloyd Jones appends to the tale a note to the following effect:—There is a small eminence on the shore of the Marchlyn Mawr, in the parish of Llandegai, called Bryn Cwrwgl, or the Hill of the Coracle; and Ogof y Marchlyn, or the Marchlyn Cave, is a name familiar enough to everybody in these neighbourhoods. There were some—unless I ought to say that there still are some—who believed that there was abundance of treasure in the cave. Several young men from the quarries both of the Cae and of Dinorwig have been in the midst of the Marchlyn rocks, searching for the cave, and they succeeded in making their way into a cave. They came away, however, without the treasures. One old man, Robert Edwards (Iorwerth Sardis), used to tell me that he and several others had brought ropes from the quarry to go into the cave, but that they found no treasures. So far, I have given the substance of Mr. Jones's words, to which I would add the following statement, which I have from a native of Dinorwig:—About seventy years ago, when the gentry were robbing the poor of these districts of their houses and of the lands which the latter had enclosed out of the commons, an old woman called Sian William of the Garnedd was obliged to flee from her house with her baby—the latter was known later in life as the Rev. Robert Ellis of Ysgoldy—in her arms. It was in one of the Marchlyn caves that she found refuge for a day and night. Another kind of tale connected with the Marchlyn Mawr is recorded in the Powys-

land Club's *Collections, Hist. and Arch.*, vol. xv, p. 137, by the Rev. Elias Owen, to the effect that "a man who was fishing in the lake found himself enveloped in the clouds that had descended from the hills to the lake. A sudden gust of wind cleared a road through the mist that hung over the lake, and revealed to his sight a man busily engaged in thatching a stack. The man, or rather the Fairy, stood on a ladder. The stack and ladder rested on the surface of the lake".

Mr. E. S. Roberts of Llantysilio School, near Llangollen, has sent me some more bits of legends about the Fairies. He heard the following from Mr. Thomas Parry of Tan y Coed Farm, who had heard it from his father, the late Mr. Evan Parry, and the latter from Thomas Morris of Eglwyseg, who related it to him more than once:—Thomas Morris happened to be returning home from Llangollen very late on Saturday night in the middle of the summer, and by the time he reached near home the day had dawned, when he saw a number of the *Tylwyth Tey* with a dog walking about hither and thither on the declivity of the Eglwyseg Rocks which hung threateningly overhead. When he had looked at them for some minutes, he directed his steps towards them; but as they saw him approaching they hid themselves, as he thought, behind a large stone. On reaching the spot, he found under the stone a hole by which they had made their way into their subterranean home. So ends the tale as related to Mr. Roberts. It is remarkable, as speaking of the Fairies having a dog with them; but there are not wanting others which speak of their possessing horses and greyhounds, as all gentlemen were supposed to.

One of Mr. Roberts's tales is in point. I allude to one he has had from Mr. Hugh Francis of Holyhead House, Ruthin. He heard it from Robert Roberts of Amlwch, who has now been dead about thirty years:—About 105 years ago there

lived in the parish of Llandyfrydog, near Llanerchymedd, in Anglesey, a man named Ifan Gruffudd, whose cow happened to disappear one day. Ifan Gruffudd was greatly distressed, and he and his daughter walked up and down the whole neighbourhood in search of her. As they were coming back in the evening from their unsuccessful quest, they crossed the field called after the Dyfrydog Thief, or Cae Lleidr Dyfrydog, where they saw a great number of little men on ponies quickly galloping in a ring. They both drew nigh to look on; but Ifan Gruffudd's daughter, in her eagerness to behold the little knights more closely, got unawares within the circle in which their ponies galloped, and did not return to her father. The latter now forgot all about the loss of the cow, and spent some hours in searching for his daughter; but at last he had to go home without her, in the deepest sadness. A few days afterwards he went to Mynaddwyn to consult John Roberts, who was a magician of no mean reputation. The "wise man" told Ifan Gruffudd to be no longer sad, since he could get his daughter back at the very hour of the night of the anniversary of the time when he lost her. He would, in fact, then see her riding round in the company of the *Tylwyth Teg* he had seen on that memorable night. The father was to go there accompanied by four stalwart men, who were to aid him in the rescue of his daughter. He was to tie a strong rope round his waist, and by means of this his friends were to pull him out of the circle when he entered to seize his daughter. He went to the spot, and in due time he beheld his daughter riding round in great state. In he rushed and snatched her, and, thanks to his friends, he got her out of the Fairy ring before the little men had time to think of it. The first thing Ifan's daughter asked him was if he had found the cow, for she had not the slightest recollection of the time she had spent with the Fairies.

Whilst I am about it, I may as well go through Mr. Roberts's contributions. The next is also a tale related to him by Mr. Hugh Francis, and, like the last, it comes from Anglesey. Mr. Francis's great-grandfather was called Robert Francis, and he had a mill at Aberffraw about 100 years ago; and the substance of the following tale was often repeated in the hearing of Mr. Roberts's informant by his father and his grandfather:—In winter Robert Francis used to remain very late at work drying corn in his kiln. As it was needful to keep a steady fire going, he used to go backwards and forwards from the house, looking after it not unfrequently until it was two o'clock in the morning. Once on a time he happened to leave a cauldron full of water on the floor of the kiln, and great was his astonishment on returning to find two little people washing themselves in the water. He abstained from entering to disturb them, and went back to the house to tell his wife of it. "O", said she, "they are Fairies." He presently went back to the kiln and found that they were gone. He fancied they were man and wife. However, they had left the place very clean, and to crown all, he found a sum of money left by them to pay him, as he supposed, for the water and the use of the kiln. The ensuing night many more Fairies came to the kiln, for the visitors of the other night had brought their children with them; and the miller found them busy bathing them and looking very comfortable in the warm room where they were. The pay also that night was more considerable than the night before, as the visitors were more numerous. After this the miller never failed to leave a vessel full of water in the kiln every night, and the Fairies availed themselves of it for years, until, in fact, they took offence at the miller telling the neighbours of the presents of money which had been left him in the kiln. Thenceforth no Fairies were known to frequent the kiln belonging to the Aberffraw mill.

The last tale communicated to me by Mr. Roberts is the following, which he elicited from Margaret Davies, his house-keeper, by reading to her some of the Fairy legends published in the *Cymmrodor* a short while ago—probably the Corwrion series, one of which bears great resemblance to hers. Mrs. Davies, who is sixty-one years of age, says that when her parents, Edward and Ann Williams, lived at Rhoslydan, near Bryneglwys, in Yale, some seventy-five years ago, the servant-man happened one day in the spring to be ploughing in a field near the house. As he was turning his team back at the one end of the field, he heard some one calling out from the other end, “Y mae eisieu hoelen yn y pîl”, or “The peel wants a nail in it”; for *pîl* is the English *peel*, a name given to a sort of a shovel provided with a long handle for placing the loaves in the oven, and for getting them out again. When at length the ploughman had reached the end of the field whence he guessed the call to have proceeded, he there saw a small peel, together with a hammer and a nail, under the hedge. He saw that the peel required a nail to keep it together, and as everything necessary for mending it were there ready to hand, he did as it had been suggested. Then he followed at the plough-tail until he came round again to the same place, and there he this time saw a cake placed for him on the spot where he had previously found the peel and the other things, which had now disappeared. When the servant related this to his master, he told him at once that it was one of the *Tylwyth Teg* of that locality that had called out to him.

Early this year I had occasion to visit the well-known Hengwrt Library at Peniarth, and during my stay there Mr. Wynne very kindly took me to see some of the Llanegryn people who were most likely to have somewhat to say about the Fairies. Many of the inhabitants had heard of them, but they had no long tales about them. One man,

however, told me of a William Pritchard of Pentre Bach, near Llwyngwryl, who died at sixty, over eighty years ago; and of a Rhys Williams, the clerk of Llangelynin, how they were going home late at night from a cock-fight at Llanegryn, and how they came across the Fairies singing and dancing at a spot known as Gwastad Meirionydd. The two men were surrounded by the Fairies; they swore at the Fairies and took to their heels, but they were pursued as far as Clawdd Du. Also I was told that Elen Egryn, the authoress, some sixty years ago, of some poetry called *Telyn Egryn*, had also seen Fairies in her youth, when she used to go up the hills to look after her father's sheep. This happened near a little *nant* from which she could see the sea when the sun was in the act of sinking in it; then a lot of Fairies came out dancing and singing, and also crossing and recrossing the little brook. It was on the side of Rhiwfelen, and she thought the little folks came out of the brook somewhere. She had been scolded for talking about the Fairies, but she firmly believed in them to the end of her life. This was told me by William Williams the tailor, who is about sixty years of age; and also by Mr. Rowlands the ex-bailiff of Peniarth, who is about seventy-five. I was moreover much interested to discover at Llanegryn a bit of genuine water-kelpie story, which I shall not inflict on the reader now, though stories of that class are very rare in Wales.

During a brief but very pleasant sojourn at Llanover last May, I made some inquiries about the Fairies, and obtained the following account from William Williams, who now, in his seventieth year, works in Lady Llanover's garden. "I know of a family living a little way from here at——— or as they would now call it in English———, whose ancestors, four generations ago, used to be kind to *Bendith y Mamau*, and always welcomed their visits by leaving at night a basin full of bread and milk for them near the fire.

It always used to be eaten up before the family got up in the morning. But one night a naughty servant-man gave them instead of milk a basin full of——. They, on finding it out, threw it about the house and went away disgusted. But the servant watched in the house the following night. They found him out, and told him that he had made fools of them, and that in punishment for his crime there would always be a fool, *i.e.*, an idiot, in his family. As a matter of fact, there was one among his children afterwards, and there is one in the family now. They have always been in a bad way ever since, and they never prosper. The name of the man who originally offended the Fairies was ——; and the name of the present fool among his descendants is ——.” For evident reasons it is not desirable to publish the names. Williams spoke also of a sister to his mother, who acted as servant to his parents. There were, he said, ten stepping-stones between his father’s house and the well, and on every one of these stones his aunt used to have a penny every morning, until she made it known to others, when, of course, the pennies ceased coming. He did not know why the Fairies gave money to her, unless it was because she was a most tidy servant.

Another Llanover gardener remembered that the Fairies used to change children, and that a certain woman called Nani Fach in that neighbourhood was one of their offspring; and he had been told that there were Fairy rings in certain fields not far away in Llanover parish.

A third gardener, who is sixty-eight years of age, and is likewise in Lady Llanover’s employ, had heard it said that servant-girls about his home were wont to sweep the floor clean at night, and to throw crumbs of bread about on it before going to bed.

Lastly, Mrs. Gardner of Ty Uehaf, Llanover, who is ninety years of age, remembers having a field close to Capel



Newydd, near Blaen Afon, in Llanofor Uchaf, pointed out to her as containing Fairy rings; and she recollects hearing when she was a child that a man had got into one of them. He remained away from home, as they always did, she said, a whole year and a day; but she has forgotten how he was recovered. Then she went on to say that her father had often got up in the night to see that his horses were not taken out and ridden about the fields by *Bendith y Mamau*; for they were wont to ride people's horses late at night round the four corners of the fields, and thereby they often broke the horses' wind. This, she gave me to understand, was believed in the parish of Llanover and that part of the country very generally; but I suspect that her memory is not quite accurate on this point, and that the horses were supposed to be ridden not by *Bendith y Mamau*, but by a different class of beings, namely, by witches.

In the neighbourhood of Ystrad Meurig, between the Teivi and the Ystwyth basins, almost everybody can relate tales about the Fairies, but not much that is out of the ordinary run of such stories elsewhere. Among others, Isaac Davies, the smith living at Ystrad Meurig, had heard a great deal about Fairies, and he said that there were rings belonging to them in certain fields at Tan y Graig and at Llanafan. Where the rings were, there the Fairies danced until the ground became red and bare of grass. The Fairies were, according to him, all women, and they dressed like foreigners, in short cotton dresses, reaching only to the knee-joint. This description is somewhat peculiar, as the idea prevalent in the country around is, that the Fairy ladies had very long trains, and that they were very elegantly dressed; so that it is a common saying there that girls who dress in a better or more showy fashion than ordinary look like *Tylwyth Teg*, and the smith confessed he had often heard that said.

Another showed me a spot on the other side of the Teivi

where the *Tylwyth Teg* had a favourite spot for dancing; and at the neighbouring village of Swyddffynon, another meadow was pointed out as their resort on the farm of Dol Bydië (? Dol Beudâi). According to one account I had there, the Fairies dressed themselves in very long clothes, and when they danced they took hold of one another's enormous trains. Besides the usual tales as to men enticed into the ring and retained in Faery for a year and a day, and as to the Fairies' dread of *pren cerdingen*, or mountain ash, I had the midwife tale in two or three forms, differing more or less from the versions current in North Wales. For the most complete of them I am indebted to one of the young men studying at the Grammar School, Mr. D. Lledrodian Davies. It used to be related by an old woman who died some thirty years ago at the advanced age of about 100. She was Pàli, mother of old Rachel Evans, who died seven or eight years ago, when she was about eighty. The latter was a curious character, who sometimes sang *maswedd*, or rhymes of doubtful morality, and used to take the children of the village to see Fairy rings. She also used to see the *Tylwyth*, and had many tales to tell of them. But her mother, Pàli, had actually been called to attend at the confinement of one of them. The beginning of the tale is not very explicit; but, anyhow, Pàli one evening found herself face to face with the Fairy lady she was to attend upon. She appeared to be the wife of one of the princes of the country. She was held in great esteem, and lived in a very grand palace. Everything there had been arranged in the most beautiful and charming fashion. The wife was in her bed with nothing about her but white, and she fared sumptuously. In due time, when the baby had been born, the midwife had all the care connected with dressing it and attending on its mother. Pàli could see or hear nobody in the whole place but the mother and the baby. She had no idea who

attended on them, or who prepared all the things they required, for it was all done noiselessly and secretly. The mother was a charming person, of an excellent temper and easy to manage; but she could find no other people there. Morning and evening, as she finished washing the baby, Pali had a certain ointment given her to rub the baby with. She was charged not to touch it but with her hand, especially not to put any near her eyes. This was carried out for some time, but one day, as she was dressing the baby, her eyes happened to itch, and she rubbed them with her hand. Then at once she saw a great many wonders she had not before perceived; and the whole place assumed a new aspect to her. She said nothing, and in the course of the day she saw a great deal more. Among other things, she observed small men and small women going in and out, following a variety of occupations. But their movements were as light as the morning breeze. To move about was no trouble to them, and they brought things into the room with the greatest quickness. They prepared dainty food for the confined lady with the utmost order and skill, and the air of kindness and affection with which they served on her was truly remarkable. In the evening, as she was dressing the baby, the midwife said to the lady, "You have had a great many visitors to-day." To this she replied, "How do you know that? Have you been putting the ointment to your eyes?" Thereupon she jumped out of bed, and blew into her eyes, saying, "Now you will see no more." She never afterwards could see the Fairies, however much she tried, nor was the ointment entrusted to her after that day. According to another version I heard, she was told, on being found out, not to apply the ointment to her eyes any more. She promised she would not; but the narrator thought she broke that promise, as she continued to see the Fairies as long as she lived.

Mr. D. Ll. Davies has also a version like the North Wales ones. He obtained it from a woman of seventy-eight at Bronant, near Aberystwyth, who had heard it from one of her ancestors. According to her, the midwife went to the fair called Ffairrhos, which was held between Ystrad Meurig and Pont Rhyd Fendigaid. There she saw a great many of the *Tylwyth* very busily engaged, and among others the lady she had been attending upon. That being so, she walked up to her and saluted her. The Fairy lady angrily asked how she saw her, and spat in her face, which had the result of putting an end for ever to her power of seeing her or anybody of her race.

The same aged woman at Bronant has communicated to Mr. D. Ll. Davies another tale which differs from all those of the same kind that I happen to know of. On a certain day in the spring the farmer living at —— Mr. Davies does not remember the name of the farm—lost his calves; and the servant-man and the servant-girl went out to look for them, but as they were both crossing a marshy flat, the man suddenly missed the girl. He looked for her, and as he could not see her, he concluded that she was playing a trick on him. However, after much shouting and searching about the place, he began to think that she must have found her way home, so he turned back and asked if the girl had come in, when he found to his surprise that nobody knew anything of her there. The news of her being lost caused great excitement in the country around, since many suspected that he had put an end to her life for some reason or other, which some explained in this way, and some in another. But as nothing could be found out about her, the servant-man was taken into custody on the charge of having murdered her. He protested with all his heart, and no evidence could be produced that he had killed the girl. Now, as some had an idea that she had gone to the Fairies, it was resolved to

send to the "wise man" (*Y dyn hyspys*). This was done, and he found out that the missing girl was with the Fairies; the trial was delayed, and he gave the servant-man directions of the usual kind as to how to get her out. She was watched, at the end of the period of twelve months and a day, coming round in the dance in the Fairy ring at the place where she was lost, and she was successfully drawn out of the ring; but the servant-man had to be there in the same clothes as he had on when she left him. As soon as she was released and saw the servant she asked about the calves. On the way home she told her master, the servant-man, and the others, that she would stay with them until her master should strike her with iron, but they went their way home in great joy at having found her. One day, however, when her master was about to start from home, and whilst he was getting the horse and cart ready, he asked the girl to assist him, which she did willingly; but as he was bridling the horse, the bit touched the girl and she disappeared instantly, and was never seen from that day forth.

I cannot explain this story, unless we regard it as made up of pieces of two different stories which had originally nothing to do with one another, but consistency is not to be expected in such matters. Mr. D. Ll. Davies has kindly given me two more tales like the first part of the one I have last summarised, also one in which the missing person, a little boy, sent by his mother to fetch some barm for her, comes home of himself after being away a year or more playing with the *Tylwyth Teg*, whom he found to be very nice, pleasant people; they had been exceedingly kind to him, and they even allowed him to take the bottle with the barm home at the last. This was somewhere between Swydd-ffynon and Carmarthen.

Mr. D. Ll. Davies finds—what I have not found other evidence of—that it was a common idea among the old

people in Cardiganshire, that once you came across one of the Fairies you could not easily be rid of him; since the Fairies were little beings of a very devoted nature. Once a man had become friendly with one of them, the latter would be present with him almost everywhere he went, until it became a burden to him. However, popular belief did not include this item without another to neutralise it if necessary: so if one was determined to get rid of the Fairy companion, one had in the last resort only to throw a piece of rusty iron at him to be quit of him for ever. Nothing was a greater insult to them. But though the Fairies were not difficult to make friends of, they never forgave those who offended them; forgiveness was not an element in their nature. The general account my informant gives of the outward appearance of the Fairies as he finds them in the popular belief, is that they were a small handsome race, and that their women dressed gorgeously in white, while the men were content with garments of a dark grey colour, usually including knee-breeches. As might be expected, the descriptions differ very much in different neighbourhoods, and even in different tales from the same neighbourhood: this will surprise no one. It is in the night they came out, generally near water, to sing and dance, and also to steal whatever took their fancy; for thieving was always natural to them; but no one ever complained of it, as it was supposed to bring good luck.

Mr. Richard L. Davies, teacher of the Board School at Ystal y Fera, in the Tawe Valley, has been kind enough to write out for me a budget of ideas about the Cwm Tawe Fairies, as related to him by a native who took great delight in the traditions of his neighbourhood, John Davies (*Shon o'r Bont*), who was a storekeeper at Ystal y Fera. He died an old man about three years ago. I give his stories as transmitted to me by Mr. Davies, and the reader will find them a little hazy now and then, as when the Fairies are made into ordinary conjurer's devils:—

“ Rhywbeth rhyfedd yw yr hen Gastell yna (gan olygu Craig Ynisgeinon) yr wyf yn cofio yr amser pan y byddai yn ddychryn gan bobl i fyned yn agos ato—yn enwedig y nos, yr oedd yn dra pheryglus, rhag i ddyn gael ei gymeryd at Bendith eu Mamau. Fe ddywedir fod wmredd o'r rheiny yna, er na wn i pa le y maent yn cadw. 'Roedd yr hen bobl yn arferol o ddweyd fod pwll yn rhywle bron canol y Castell, tua llathen o led, ac yn bump neu chwech llath o ddyfnder, a chareg tua thair tynell o bwysau ar ei wyneb e', a bod ffordd dan y ddaear ganddynt o'r pwll hyny bob cam i ogof Tanyrogof, bron blaen y Cwm (yn agos i balas Adelina Patti, sef Castell Craignos), mai yno y maent yn treulio eu hamser yn y dydd, ac yn dyfod lawr yma i chwareu eu pranciau yn y nôs.

“ Mae ganddynt, medde nhw, ysgol aur, o un neu ddwy ar hugain o ffyn; ar hyd hono y maent yn tramwy i fyny ac i lawr. Mae ganddynt air bach, a dim ond i'r blaenaf ar yr ysgol ddywedyd y gair hyny, mae y gareg yn codi o honi ei hunan; a gair arall, ond i'r olaf wrth fyned i lawr ei ddywedyd, mae yn cauad ar eu hol.

“ Dywedir i was un o'r ffermydd cyfagos wrth chwilio am wningod yn y graig, ddygwydd dyweyd y gair pan ar bwys y gareg, iddi agor, ac iddo yntau i fyned i lawr yr ysgol, ond am na wyddai y gair i gauad ar ei ol, fe adnabu y tylwyth wrth y *draught* yn diffodd y canwyllau fod rhywbeth o le, daethant am ei draws, cymerasant ef attynt, a bu gyda hwynt yn byw ac yn bod am saith mlynedd; ymhen y saith mlynedd fe ddiangodd a llon'd ei het o *guineas* ganddo.

“ Yr oedd efe erbyn hyn wedi dysgu y ddau air, ac yn gwybod llawer am eu *cwtches* nhw. Fe ddywedodd hwn y cwbl wrth ffermwr o'r gym'dogaeth, fe aeth hwnw drachefn i lawr, ac yr oedd rhai yn dyweyd iddo ddyfod a thri llon'd cawnen halen o *guineas*, haner *guineas*, a darnau saith-achwech, oddiyno yr un diwrnod. Ond fe aeth yn rhy dra-

chwantus, ac fel llawer un trachwantus o'i flaen, bu ei bechod yn angeu iddo.

“ Ond fe aeth i lawr y bedwaredd waith yngwyll y nos, ond fe ddaeth y tylwyth am ei ben, ac ni welwyd byth o hono. Dywedir fod ei bedwar cwarter e' yn hongian mewn ystafell o dan y Castell, ond pwy fu yno i'w gweld nhw, wn i ddim.

“ Mae yn wir ei wala i'r ffarmwr crybwylledig i fyned ar goll, ac na chlybuwyd byth am dano, ac mor wir a hyny i'w dylwyth ddyfod yn abl iawn, bron ar unwaith yr amser hyny. A chi wyddoch gystal a finnau, eu bod nhw yn dywedyd fod ffyrdd tanddaearol ganddynt i ogofau Ystradfellte, yn agos i Benderyn. A dyna y Garn Goch ar y Drim (Onllwyn yn awr) maent yn dweyd fod cannoedd o dynelli o aur yn stor ganddynt yno; a chi glywsoch am y stori am un o'r Gethings yn myned yno i gloddio yn y Garn, ac iddo gael ei drawsffurfio gan y tylwyth i olwyn o dân, ac iddo fethu cael llonydd ganddynt, hyd nes iddo eu danfon i wneyd rhaff o *sand* !

“ Fe fu gynt hen fenyw, yn byw mewn ty bychan gerllaw i Ynisgeimon, ac yr oedd hi yn gallu rheibo, medde nhw, ac yr oedd sôn ei bod yn treulio saith diwrnod, saith awr, a saith mynyd gyda y tylwyth teg bob blwyddyn yn Ogof y Castell. Yr oedd y gred yn lled gyffredinol ei bod hi yn cael hyn a hyn o aur am bob plentyn a allai hi ladratta iddynt hwy, a doddi un o'i hen grithod hwy yn ei le: 'doedd hwnw byth yn cynnyddu. Y ffordd y byddai hi yn gwneyd oedd myned i'r tŷ dan yr esgus o ofyn cardod, a hen glogyn llwyddu mawr ar ei chefn, ac o dan hwn, un o blant Bendith y Mamau; a bob amser os byddai plentyn bach gwraig y tŷ yn y cawell, hi gymerai y swydd o siglo y cawell, a dim ond i'r fam droi ei chefn am fynydd neu ddwy, hi ddaflai y lledrith i'r cawell, ai ymaith a'r plentyn yn gyntaf byth y gallai hi. Fe fu plentyn gan ddyn o'r gym'dogaeth yn *lingran*, am flynyddau heb gynnyddu dim, a barn pawb oedd mai wedi cael ei newid gan yr hen wraig yr oedd; fe aeth tad y plentyn i



fygwth y gwr hysbys arni: fe ddaeth yr hen wraig yno am saith niwrnod i esgus *baddo* y bachgen bach mewn dwfr oer, a'r seithfed bore cyn ei bod yn oleu, hi a gas genad i fyned ag ef dan rhyw *bistyll*, medde hi, ond meddai'r cym'dogion, myned ag ef i newid a wnaeth. Ond, beth bynag, fe wellodd y plentyn fel cyw yr ŵydd o hyny i maes. Ond gorfu i fam e' wneyd cystal a llw wrth yr hen wraig, y gwnai ei *dicco* mewn dwfr oer bob bore droŷ gwarter blwyddyn, ac yn mhen y chwarter hyny 'doedd dim *brafach* plentyn yn y Cwm."

"That is a wonderful thing, that old castle there," he would say, pointing to the Ynys Geinon Rock. "I remember a time when people would be terrified to go near it, especially at night. There was considerable danger that one might be taken to *Bendith eu Mamau*. It is said that there are a great many of them there, though I know not where they abide. The old folks used to say that there was a pit somewhere about the middle of the Castle, about a yard wide and some five or six yards deep, with a stone about three tons in weight over the mouth of it, and that they had a passage underground from that pit all the way to the cave of Tan yr Ogof, near the top of the Cwm, that is, near Adelina Patti's residence at Craig y Nos Castle: there, it was said, they spent their time during the day, while they came down here to play their tricks at night. They have, they say, a gold ladder of one or two and twenty rungs, and it is along that they pass up and down. They have a little word; and it suffices if the foremost on the ladder merely utters that word, for the stone to rise of itself, while there is another word, which it suffices the hindmost in going down to utter so that the stone shuts behind them. It is said that a servant from one of the neighbouring farms, when looking for rabbits in the rock, happened to say the word as he stood near the stone, that it opened for him and that he went down the

ladder; but that because he was ignorant of the word to make it shut behind him, the Fairies found out by the draught putting their candles out that there was something wrong. So they came across him and took him with them. He remained living with them for seven years, but at the end of the seven years he escaped with his hat full of guineas. He had by this time learnt the two words, and got to know a good deal about the hiding places of their treasures. He told everything to a farmer in the neighbourhood, so the latter likewise went down, and some used to say that he brought thence thrice the fill of salt-chest of guineas, half-guineas, and seven-and-sixpenny pieces in one day. But he got too greedy, and like many a greedy one before him his crime proved his death; for he went down the fourth time in the dusk of the evening, when the Fairies came upon him, and he was never seen any more. It is said that his four quarters hang in a room under the Castle; but who has been there to see them I know not. It is true enough that the above-mentioned farmer got lost and that nothing was heard respecting him; and it is equally true that his family became very well to do almost at once at that time. You know as well as I do that they say that the Fairies have underground passages to the caves of Ystradfellte, near Penderyn. There is the Garn Goch also on the Drim (now called Onllwyn): they say there are hundreds of tons of gold accumulated by them there, and you have heard the story about one of the Gethings going thither to dig in the Garn, and how he [*sic*] was transformed by the Fairies into a wheel of fire, and that he could get no quiet from them until he sent them to manufacture a rope of sand!

“There was formerly an old woman living in a small house near Ynys Geinon; and she had the power of bewitching, people used to say: there was a rumour that she spent seven days, seven hours, and seven minutes with the Fairies

every year in the cave at the Castle. It was a pretty general belief that she got such and such a quantity of gold for every child she could steal for them, and that she put one of those old urchins of theirs in its place: the latter never grew at all. The way she used to do it was to enter people's houses with the excuse of asking for alms, having a large old dark-grey cloak on her back, and the cloak concealed one of the children of *Bendith eu Maman*. Whenever she found the little child of the good-woman of the house in its cradle, she would undertake the work of rocking the cradle, so that if the mother only turned her back for a minute or two, she would throw the sham child into the cradle and hurry away as fast as she could with the baby. A man in the neighbourhood had a child lingering for years without growing at all, and it was the opinion of all that it had been changed by the old woman. The father at length threatened to call in the aid of the 'wise man', when the old woman came there for seven days, pretending that it was in order to bathe the little boy in cold water; and on the seventh day she got permission to take him, before it was light, under a certain spout of water: so she said, but the neighbours said it was to change him. However that was, the boy from that time forth got on as fast as a gosling. But the mother had all but to take an oath to the old woman, that she would duck him in cold water every morning for three months, and by the end of that time there was no finer infant in the Cwm."

Mr. Davies has given me some account also of the annual pilgrimage to the Van mountains to see the Lake Lady: these are his words on the subject:—

"It has been the yearly custom (for generations as far as I can find) for young as well as many people further advanced in years to make a general sojourn in carts, gambos, and all kinds of vehicles, to Llyn y Van, in order to see the Water-Nymph (who appeared on one day only, viz., the first

Sunday in August). This nymph was said to have the lower part of her body resembling that of a dolphin, while the upper part was that of a beautiful lady: this anomalous form appeared on the first Sunday in August (if the lake should be without a ripple) and combed her tresses on the reflecting surface of the lake. The yearly peregrination to the abode of the Van deity is still kept up in this valley—Cwmtawe; but not to the extent that it used to formerly.”

Mr. Craigmryn Hughes has sent me another tale about the Fairies: it has to do with the parish of Llanfabon on the south-eastern border of Glamorgan. Many traditions cluster round the church of Llanfabon, beginning with its supposed building by Saint Mabon, but which of the Mabons of Welsh legend he was, is not very certain. Not very far is a place called Pant y Dawns or the Dance-Hollow; in allusion to the visits paid to the spot by *Bendith y Mamau*, as the Fairies are there called. In the same neighbourhood stand also the ruins of Castell y Nos or the Castle of the Night, which tradition represents as uninhabitable because it had been built of stones from Llanfabon church and on account of the ghosts that used to haunt it. However, one small portion of it was usually tenanted formerly by a ‘wise man’ or by a witch. In fact, the whole country round Llanfabon church teemed with Fairies, ghosts, and all kinds of uncanny creatures:—

“Mewn amaethdy ag sydd yn aros yn y plwyf a elwir Y Berthgron, trigianai gweddw ieuange, a’i phlentyn bychan. Yr oedd wedi colli ei gwr, a’i hunig gysur yn ei hamddifadrwydd a’i hunigrwydd oed Gruff, ei mab. Yr oedd ef yr amser hwn oddeutu tair blwydd oed, ac yn blentyn braf ar ei oedran. Yr oedd y plwyf, ar y pryd, yn orlawn o ‘Fendith y mamau’; ac, ar amser llawn lloer, byddent yn cadw dynion yn effro a’u cerddoriaeth hyd doriad gwawr. Rhai hynod ar gyfrif eu hagrwech oedd ‘Bendith’ Llanfabon,

ac yr un mor hynod ar gyfrif eu castiau. Lladrata plant o'r cawellau yn absenoldeb eu mamau, a denu dynion trwy eu swyno a cherddoraeth i ryw gors afiach a diffaith, a ymddangosai yn gryn ddifyrwech iddynt. Nid rhyfedd fod y mamau beunydd ar eu gwyliadwriaeth rhag ofn colli eu plant. Yr oedd y weddw o dan sylw yn hynod ofalus am ei mab, gymaint nes tynu rhai o'r cymydogion i ddywedyd wrthi ei bod yn rhy orofalus, ac y byddai i ryw *anlwe* orddiwes ei mab. Ond ni thalai unrhyw sylw i'w dywediadau. Ymddangosai fod ei holl hyfrydwech a'i chysur ynghyd a'i gobeithion yn cydgyfarfod yn ei mab. Modd bynag, un diwrnod, clywodd ryw lais cwynfanus yn codi o gym'dogaeth y beudy; ac rhag bod rhywbeth wedi digwydd i un o'r gwartheg rhedodd yn orwyllt tuag yno, gan adael y drws heb ei gau, a'i mab bychan yn y ty. Ond pwy a fedr ddesgrifio ei gofid ar ei gwaith yn dyfod i'r ty wrth weled eisiau ei mab? Chwiliodd bob man am dano, ond yn aflwyddianus. Oddentu machlud haul, wele lencyn bychan yn gwneuthur ei ymddangosiad o'i blaen, ac yn dywedyd, yn groyw, 'Mam!' Edrychodd y fam yn fanwl arno, a dywedodd, o'r diwedd, 'Nid fy mhlentyn i wyt ti?' 'Ië, yn sicr', atebai y bychan.

'Nid ymddangosai y fam yn foddlon, na'i bod yn credu mai ei phlentyn hi ydoedd. Yr oedd rhywbeth yn sisial yn barhaus wrthi mai nid ei mab hi ydoedd. Ond beth bynag, bu gyda hi am flwyddyn gyfan, ac nid ymddangosai ei fod yn cynyddu dim, tra yr oedd Gruff, ei mab hi, yn blentyn cynyddfawr iawn. Yr oedd y gwr bychan yn myned yn fwy hagr bob dydd hefyd. O'r diwedd penderfynodd fyned at y 'dyn hysbys', er cael rhyw wybodaeth a goleuni ar y mater. Yr oedd yn digwydd bod ar y pryd yn trigfanu yn Nghastell y Nos, wr ag oedd yn hynod ar gyfrif ei ymwybyddiaeth drwyadl o 'gyfrinion y fall'. Ar ol iddi osod ei hachos ger ei fron, ac yntau ei holi, sylwodd, 'Crimbil ydyw, ac y mae dy blentyn di gyd ar hen fendith yn rhywle; ond i ti ddilyn fy

nghyfarwyddiadau i yn ffyddlon a manwl, fe adferir dy blentyn i ti yn fuan. Yn awr, oddeutu canol dydd y foru, tor ŵy yn y canol, a thaffi un haner ymaith oddiwrthyt, a chadw y llall yn dy law, a dechreu gymysg ei gynwysiad yn ol a blaen. Cofia fod y gwr bychan gerllaw yn gwneuthur sylw o'r hyn ag a fyddi yn ei wneuthur. Ond cofia di a pheidio galw ei sylw—rhaid enill ei sylw at y weithred heb ei atw: ac odid fawr na ofyna i ti beth fyddi yn ei wneuthur. A dywed wrtho mai cymysg pastai'r fedel yr wyt. A rho wybod i mi beth fydd ei ateb.'

"Dychwelodd y wraig, a thranoeth dilynodd gyfarwyddyd y 'dyn cynil' i'r llythyren. Yr oedd y gwr bychan yn sefyll yn ei hynyl, ac yn sylwi arni yn fanwl. Yn mhen ychydig, gofynodd, 'Mam, beth 'i ch'i 'neuthur?' 'Cymysg pastai'r fedel, machgen i.' 'O felly. Mi glywais gan fy nhad, fe glywodd hwnw gan ei dad, a hwnw gan ei dad yntau, fod mesen cyn derwen, a derwen mewn dâr<sup>1</sup>; ond ni chlywais i, na gweled neb yn un man yn cymysg pastai'r fedel mewn masgal ŵy iar.' Sylwodd y wraig ei fod yn edrych yn hynod o sarug arni pan yn siarad, ac yr oedd hyny yn ychwanegu at eu hagrwech, nes ei wneuthur yn wrthun i'r pen.

"Y prydawn hwnw aeth y wraig at y 'dyn cynil' er ei hysbysu o'r hyn a lefarwyd gan y côr. 'O', ebai hwnw, 'un o'r hen *frîd* ydyw!' Yn awr, bydd y llawn lloer nesaf ym mhen pedwar diwrnod; mae yn rhaid i ti fyned i ben y pedair heol sydd yn cydgyfarfod wrth ben Rhyd y Gloch; am ddeuddeg o'r gloch y nos y bydd y lleuad yn llawn. Cofia guddio dy hun mewn man ag y cei lawn olwg ar benau

<sup>1</sup> *Dâr* is the Glamorgan pronunciation of what is written *daear*, "earth", just as *haearn*, "iron", is there made into *harn*. The dwarf's answer was doubtless in verse, with *dâr* and *iâr* to rhyme. I have enquired of Mr. Hughes, and he now gives me a more correct version of the words: "Mi glywais gan fy nhad ac yntau gan ei dad yntau, a hwnw gan ei dad yntau:—Fod mesen cyn derwen a'i phlanu mewn dâr: Ni chlywais yn unman am gymysg y bastai yn masgal wy iar."

y croesffyrdd, ac os gweli rywbeth a bair i ti gynhyrfu, cofia fod yn llonydd, ac ymatal rhag rhoddi ffrwyn i'th deimladau, neu fe ddystrywir y cynllun, ac ni chei dy fab yn ol byth.'

"Nis gwyddai y fam anffodus beth oedd i'w ddeall wrth ystori ryfedd y 'dyn cynil.' Yr oedd mewn cymaint o dywyllwch ag erioed. O'r diwedd daeth yr amser i ben; ac ar yr awr appwyntiedig yr oedd yn ymguddio yn ofalus tu cefn i lwyn mawr yn ymyl, o ba le y caffai olwg ar bob peth o gylech. Bu am hir amser yno yn gwyllo heb ddim i'w glywed na'i weled—dim ond dystawrwydd dwfn a phruddglwyfus yr haner nos yn teyrnasu. O'r diwedd clywai sain cerddoriaeth yn dynesu ati o hirbell. Nês, nês yr oedd y sain felusber yn dyfod o hyd; a gwrandawai lithai gyda dyddordeb arni. Cyn hir yr oedd yn ei hymyl, a dealodd mai gorymdaith o 'Fendith y mamau' oeddynt yn myned i rywle. Yr oeddynt yn ganoedd mewn rhif. Tua chanol yr orymdaith canfyddodd olygfa ag a drywanodd ei chalon, ac a berodd i'w gwaed sefyll yn ei rhedweliau. Yn cerdded rhwng pedwar o'r 'Bendith' yr oedd ei phlentyn bychan anwyl ei hun. Bu bron a llwyr anghofio ei hun, a llamu tuag ato er ei gipio ymaith oddiarnynt trwy drais os gallai. Ond pan ar neidio allan o'i hymguddfan i'r diben hwnw meddyliodd am gynghor y 'dyn cynil', sef y byddai i unrhyw gynhyrriad o'i heiddo ddystrywio y cwbl, ac na byddai iddi gael ei phlentyn yn ol bythi.

"Ar ol i'r orymdaith ddirwyn i'r pen, ac i sain eu cerddoriaeth ddystewi yn y pellder, daeth allan o'i hymguddfan, gan gyfeirio ei chamrau tua 'i chartref. Os oedd yn hiraethol o'r blaen ar ol ei mab, yr oedd yn llawer mwy erbyn hyn; a'i hadgasrwydd at y còr bychan oedd yn hawlio ei fod yn fab iddi wedi cynyddu yn fawr iawn, waith yr oedd yn sier yn awr yn ei meddwl mai un o'r hen *frîd* ydoedd. Nis gwyddai pa fodd i'w oddef am fynud yn lwy yn yr ùn ty a hi, chwaithach goddef iddo alw 'mam' arni hi. Ond beth bynag,

cafodd ddigon o ras ataliol i ymddwyn yn weddaidd at y gwr bychan hagr oedd gyda hi yn y tŷ. Drannoeth aeth ar ei hunion at y 'dyn cynil', i adrodd yr hyn yr oedd wedi bod yn llygad dyst o hono y noson gynt, ac i ofyn am gyfarwyddyd pellach. Yr oedd y 'gwr cynil' yn ei disgwyl, ac ar ei gwaith yn dyfod i'r ty adnabyddodd wrthi ei bod wedi gweled rhywbeth oedd wedi ei chyffroi. Adroddodd wrtho yr hyn ag oedd wedi ei ganfod ar ben y croesffyrdd; ac wedi iddo glywed hyny, agorodd lyfr mawr ag oedd ganddo, ac wedi hir syllu arno hysbysodd hi 'fod yn angenrheidiol iddi cyn cael ei phlentyn yn ol i gael iâr ddu heb un plufyn gwyn nac o un lliw arall arni, a'i lladd; ac ar ol ei lladd, ei gosod o flaen tan coed, pluf a chwbl, er ei phobi. Mor gynted ag y buasai yn ei gosod o flaen y tan, iddi gau pob twll a mynedfa yn yr adeilad ond un, a pheidio a dal sylw manwl ar ol y 'crimbil', hyd nes byddai y iâr yn ddigon, a'r pluf i syrthio ymaith oddiarni bob un, ac yna i edrych ym mha le yr oedd ef.'

"Er mor rhyfedd oedd cyfarwyddyd y 'gwr', penderfynodd ei gynyg; a thrannoeth aeth i chwilio yn mhlith y ieir oedd yno am un o'r desgrifiad angenrheidiol; ond er ei siomedigaeth methodd a chael yr un. Aeth o'r naill ffermdŷ i'r llall i ehwilio, ond ymddangosai ffawd fel yn gwgu arni—waith methodd a chael yr un. Pan ym mron digaloni gan ei haf-lwyddiant daeth ar draws un mewn amaethdy yng nghwr y plwyf, a phrynodd hi yn ddioedi. Ar ol dychwelyd adref, gosododd y tan mewn trefn, a lladdodd yr iâr, gan ei gosod o flaen y tan dysglaer a losgai ar yr alch. Pan yn edrych arni yn pobi, anghofiodd y 'crimbil' yn hollol, ac yr oedd wedi syrthio i rywfath o bruddlewyg, pryd y synwyd hi gan sain cerddoriaeth y tu allan i'r ty, yn debyg i'r hyn a glywodd ychydig nosweithiau cyn hyny ar ben y croesffyrdd. Yr oedd y pluf erbyn hyn wedi syrthio ymaith oddiar y iâr, ac erbyn edrych yr oedd y 'crimbil' wedi diflanu. Edrychai



y fam yn wyllt o'i deutu, ac er ei llawenydd clywai lais ei mab colledig yn galw arni y tu allan. Rhedodd i'w gyfarfod, gan ei goffeidio yn wresog; a phan ofynodd ym mha le yr oedd wedi bod cyhyd, nid oedd ganddo gyfrif yn y byd i'w rodidi ond mai yn gwrando ar ganu hyfryd yr oedd wedi bod. Yr oedd yn denu a threuliedig iawn ei wedd pan adferwyd ef. Dyna ystori 'Y Plentyn Colledig.'

"At a farmhouse still remaining in the parish of Llanfabon, which is called the Berth Gron, there lived once upon a time a young widow and her infant child. After losing her husband her only comfort in her bereavement and solitary state was young 'Griff', her son. He was about three years old and a fine child for his age. The parish was then crammed full of *Bendith y Mamau*, and when the moon was bright and full they were wont to keep people awake with their music till the break of day. The Fairies of Llanfabon were remarkable on account of their ugliness, and they were equally remarkable on account of the tricks they played. Stealing children from their cradles during the absence of their mothers, and luring men by means of their music into some pestilential and desolate bog, were things that seemed to afford them considerable amusement. It was no wonder then that mothers used to be daily on the watch lest they should lose their children. The widow alluded to was remarkably careful about her son, so much so, that it made some of the neighbours say that she was too anxious about him and that some misfortune would overtake her child. But she paid no attention to their words, as all her joy, her comfort, and her hopes appeared to meet together in her child. However, one day she heard a moaning voice ascending from near the cow-house, and lest anything had happened to the cattle, she ran there in a fright, leaving the door of the house open and her little son in the cradle. Who can describe her grief on her coming in and seeing that her son was missing? She searched every-

where for him but it was in vain. About sunset, behold a little lad making his appearance before her and saying to her quite distinctly 'Mother'. She looked minutely at him and said at last: 'Thou art not my child.' 'I am truly,' said the little one. But the mother did not seem satisfied about it, nor did she believe it was her child. Something whispered to her constantly, as it were, that it was not her son. However, he remained with her a whole year, but he did not seem to grow at all, whereas Griff her son was a very growing child. Besides, the little fellow was getting uglier every day. At last she resolved to go to the 'wise man', in order to have information and light on the matter. There happened then to be living at Castell y Nos (Castle of Night) a man who was remarkable for his thorough acquaintance with the secrets of the evil one. When she had laid her business before him and he had examined her, he addressed the following remark to her: 'It is a *crimbil*,<sup>1</sup> and thy own child is with those old *Bendith* somewhere, or other: if thou wilt follow my directions faithfully and minutely thy child will be restored to thee soon. Now, about noon to-morrow cut an egg through the middle, throw the one half away from thee but keep the other in thy hand, and proceed to begin to mix it backwards and forwards. See that the little fellow be present paying attention to what thou art doing, but take care not to call his attention to it—his attention must be drawn to it without calling to him—and very probably he will ask what thou wouldst be doing. Thou art to say that it is mixing a paste for the reapers that thou art. Let me know what he will then say.' The woman returned, and on the next day she followed the Cunning Man's<sup>2</sup> advice to the letter: the little fellow

<sup>1</sup> Applied in Glamorgan to a child that looks poorly and does not grow.

<sup>2</sup> In Cardiganshire a conjurer is called *dyn hysbys*, where *hysbys* (or, in older orthography, *hyspys*) means *informed*; it is the man who is

stood by her and watched her minutely ; presently he asked : ‘ Mother, what are you doing ? ’ ‘ Mixing a pasty for the reapers, my boy. ’ ‘ O, that is it. I heard from my father—he had heard it from his father and that one from his father—that an acorn was before the oak, and that the oak was in the earth : but I have neither heard nor seen anybody mixing the pasty for the reapers in an egg-shell. ’ The woman observed that he looked very cross as he spoke, and that it so added to his ugliness that it made him highly repulsive.

“ That afternoon the woman went to the Cunning Man in order to inform him of what the dwarf had said. ‘ O, ’ said he, ‘ he is of that old breed : now the next full moon will be in four days—thou must go where the four roads meet above Rhyd y Gloch,<sup>1</sup> at twelve o’clock the night the moon is full. Take care to hide thyself in a spot where thou canst see the

*informed* on matters which are dark to others ; but the word is also used of facts—*Y mae y peth yn hyspys* = “ the thing is known or manifest”. The word is divisible into *hy-spys*, which would be in Irish had it existed in the language, *so-sces* for an early *su-sqvst*, the related Irish words being *ad-ciu*, “ I see”, pass. preterite *ad-chess*, “ was seen”, and the like, in which *ci* and *ces* have been equated by Zimmer with the Sanskrit verb *caksh*, “ to see”, from a root *qcas*. The adjective *cynnil* applied to the *dyn hyspys* in Glamorgan means now, as a rule, “ economical” or “ thrifty”, but in this instance it would seem to have signified “ shrewd”, “ cunning”, or “ clever”, though it would probably come nearer the original meaning of the word to render it by “ smart”, for it is in Irish *conduail*, which is found applied to ingenious work, such as the ornamentation on the hilt of a sword.

<sup>1</sup> *Rhyd y Gloch* means the “ Ford of the Bell”, in allusion, as the story goes, to a silver bell that used in former ages to be at Llanwono Church. The people of Llanfabon took a liking to it, and one night a band of them stole it ; but as they were carrying it across the Taff the moon happened to make her appearance suddenly, and they, in their fright, taking it to be sunrise, dropped the bell in the bed of the river, so that nothing has ever been heard of it since. But for ages afterwards, and even at the present day indeed, nothing could rouse the natives of Llanfabon to greater fury than to hear the moon spoken of as the Llanfabon sun.

ends of the cross roads ; and shouldst thou see anything that would excite thee take care to be still and to restrain thyself from giving way to thy feelings, otherwise the scheme will be frustrated and thou wilt never have thy son back.' The unfortunate mother knew not what to make of the strange story of the Cunning Man : she was in the dark as much as ever. At last the time came, and by the appointed hour she had concealed herself carefully behind a large bush close by, whence she could see everything around. She remained there a long time watching ; but nothing was to be seen or heard, while the profound and melancholy silence of midnight dominated over all. At last she began to hear the sound of music approaching from afar : nearer and nearer the sweet sound continued to come, and she listened to it with rapt attention. Ere long it was close at hand, and she perceived that it was a procession of *Bendith y Mamau* going somewhere or other. They were hundreds in point of number, and about the middle of the procession she beheld a sight that pierced her heart and made the blood stop in her veins—walking between four of the *Bendith* she saw her own dear little child. She nearly forgot herself altogether, and was on the point of springing into the midst of them violently to snatch him from them if she could ; but when she was on the point of leaping out of her hiding-place for that purpose, she thought of the warning of the Cunning Man, that any disturbance on her part would frustrate all, and that she would never get her child back. When the procession had wound itself past, and the sound of the music had died away in the distance, she issued from her concealment and directed her steps homewards. Full of longing as she was for her son before, she was much more so now ; and her disgust at the little dwarf who claimed to be her son had very considerably grown, for she was now certain in her mind that he was one of the old breed. She knew not how

to endure him for a moment longer in the same house with her, much less his addressing her as 'mother'. However, she had enough restraining grace to behave becomingly towards the ugly little fellow that was with her in the house. On the morrow she went without delay to the Wise Man to relate what she had witnessed the previous night, and to seek further advice. The Cunning Man expected her, and as she entered he perceived by her looks that she had seen something that had disturbed her. She told him what she had beheld at the cross-roads, and when he had heard it he opened a big book which he had; then, after he had long pored over it he told her, that before she could get her child back it was necessary for her to find a black hen without a single white feather, or one of any other colour but black: this she was to place to bake before a wood<sup>1</sup> fire with her feathers and all intact. Moreover, as soon as she placed her before the fire, she was to close every hole and access to the building except one, and not to look very intently after the *crimbil* until the hen had been done enough and the feathers had fallen off her every one: then she might look where he was.

"Strange as the advice of the 'Man' sounded, she resolved to try it: so she went the next day to search among the hens for one of the requisite description; but to her disappointment she failed to find one. She then walked from one farmhouse to another in her search; but fortune appeared to scowl at her, as she seemed to fail in her object. When, however, she was nearly disheartened, she came across the kind of hen she wanted at a farm at the end of the parish. She bought her, and after returning home she arranged the fire and killed the hen, which she placed in front of the bright fire burning on the hearth. Whilst watching the hen baking she altogether forgot the *crimbil*; and she fell into a

<sup>1</sup> It was peat fires that were usual in those days even in Glamorgan.

sort of swoon, when she was astonished by the sound of music outside the house, similar to the music she had heard a few nights before at the cross roads. The feathers had by this time fallen off the hen, and when she came to look for the *crimbil* he had disappeared. The mother cast wild looks about the house, and to her joy she heard the voice of her lost son calling to her from outside. She ran to meet him, and embraced him fervently. But when she asked him where he had been so long, he had no account in the world to give but that he had been listening to pleasant music. He was very thin and worn in appearance when he was restored. Such is the story of the Lost Child."

My attention was called by a friend to some interesting verses on the Llynelys legend by Mr. John F. M. Dovaston, and the Rev. C. O. Kenyon of Moreton Vicarage has been kind enough to write them out for me. Mr. Dovaston belonged to that neighbourhood, and the Llynelys verses were published with other poems by the author in 1825. As they are probably inaccessible to most of the readers of the *Cymmrodor*, I have the kind permission of the author's representative for printing them here, as a not wholly inappropriate conclusion to this desultory collection of tales about the Fairies and other beings with which the imagination of our ancestors peopled their country. It need hardly be premised that *Alaric* in these verses is probably a fancy name, and not a part of the popular tradition; and as to Llynelys, it is a small lake of extraordinary depth, on the Welsh border near Oswestry. The name is very suggestive, as it means the sunken palace, and the story is that when the water is clear enough and the surface smooth, towers and chimneys may be seen at a great depth in the lake. This reminds one of the Corwrión tales; and both belong to a well-known category of legends about Welsh lakes, formerly believed to cover the sites of submerged cities. Trallwm, or

Trallwng, the Welsh name of Welshpool, is supposed to have much the same meaning, and it has been prophesied that the pool just below Powys Castle is some day to swallow up the whole of the town of Welshpool. Lastly, I may add a couplet which I often heard about Carmarthen when I was a child, to the following effect:—

“Caerfyrddin cei oer fore,  
Daear a'th lwnge, dw'r i'th le.”

“Carmarthen, cold thy morn shall be ;  
Earth gapes, and thou shalt be a sea.”

A great many more instances might doubtless be cited, but none of them are, as far as I know, like the Llynclys legend, the details of which are highly curious. It would be well, however, to ascertain how much is tradition and how much is of the poet's own creation in the following ballad:—

Clerk Willin he sat at King Alaric's board,  
And a cunning Clerk was he ;  
For he'd lived in the laud of Oxenford  
With the sons of Gramarie.

And they listen'd to the harps of the merry minstrells,  
And they looked on the banquet bright ;  
But of all that were there the young Queen so fair  
Shone brightest of all that night.

High glittered the crown on her graceful brow,  
'Twas with beryl and sapphire pearled ;  
And Roses entwreathed the rim beneath  
Where the Raven ringlets curled.

And they quaffed the red tide to the blooming Bride,  
And their goblets heaved on high ;  
But Clerk Willin took up no brimming cup,  
Nor joined in the jovial cry.

“Now Christ thee save, thou Clerk Willin,  
Why sit'st thou sad and low,  
And why dost thou pry with attentive eye  
So long on the west window ?”

“ I am watching the star that shines afar  
O'er the rocks of the Giant's Grave ;  
That sinking soon with the sharp-horned moon  
Will set on the western wave.”

Then, oh ! paler than the pale primrose  
Wax'd the cheeks of the fair Ladye ;  
And as she withdrew on the Clerk she threw,  
A glance of her angered eye.

“ Now, Christ thee save, thou King Alaric,  
Why gloomy bends thy brow ?  
And why athwart thy heavy eyelids  
Hangs silent sorrow now ?”

“ Oh, sad and dark, thou learned Clerk,  
Is my life with sorrow riven,  
And thus am I doomed with grief to be gloomed  
One night in every seven.

“ Then what though my splendid banquet-board  
With golden beakers shines,  
And friends fill up each costly cup  
With the mead and the racy wines.

“ One night in each week does my blooming Bride  
In grief from my Palace go,  
But what she does, or where she goes,  
I dare not seek to know.

“ One night in seven she leaves my bed,  
When the owls and the crickets cry ;  
And cold as a stone I lie all alone  
Till the day-star burns in the sky.

“ Then a thick slumber falls on my heavy eye-balls,  
And I start from a feverish sleep,  
And my blooming Bride I find at my side  
When the red sun 'gins to peep.

“ And though she has been all the night abroad  
In a thin, loose night-robe dressed,  
Oh, strange to be told, she is nothing cold,  
But glows with a warmth increased.



“ Nine summers nigh are now gone by,  
 And I thought it a blessed day  
 When my aged Bride I put aside  
 And took this Lady gay.

“ As a hunting I rode in the green forest,  
 Fair Blodwell’s rocks among,  
 By my side each day rode this Lady gay,  
 And sweetly thus she sung :—

“ “ Oh, take me to thy fair Palace,  
 Oh, take me for thy Queen,  
 And racy wine shall then be thine  
 As never a man has seen.

“ “ And never shall fail thy rich banquet,  
 And my beauty no change shall know,  
 Till within thy hall the flag-reeds tall  
 And the long green rushes grow.

“ “ Till instead of the cloth now spread on thy board,  
 And the goblets lin’d with gold,  
 The lilies of the pool spread their broad leaves cool,  
 And their chaliced flowers unfold.

“ “ But ere I become thy wedded wife,  
 Thou a solemn Oath must make,  
 And let hap whate’er thou must not dare  
 That solemn oath to break ;

“ “ That to leave thy bed unfollowed  
 To me ’tis freely given ;  
 And that none shall inquire where I retire  
 One night in every seven.’

“ Then I vowed I would put my old wife away,  
 As firm to the oath I swore ;  
 But mayhap she had heard of my cruel intent,  
 For I never beheld her more.

“ Yet no peace I find in the rich banquet,  
 And with peace is my bed unblest,  
 Though lies at my side no wrinkled Bride,  
 But the Maid of the Green Forest.”

Then Clerk Willin he cried to the troubled King,  
 "Thy peace can I repair,  
 If each year from your field ten beeves thou'lt yield  
 To the Monks of the White Minster.

"And peace shall preside in this fair palace,  
 And thy bed with peace be blest,  
 If to me thou'lt resign, with her racy wine,  
 The Maid of the Green Forest.

"For I can by a spell, that I dare not tell,  
 Relieve thy fettered fate ;  
 And I showed the young Queen my powers, I ween,  
 By a sign that I dare not repeat."

Then the King he complied to resign his Bride,  
 And each year on the Monks bestow  
 The tenth of 'what fed in his palace' green mead,  
 And of what in his vaults did flow.

Then Clerk Willin he took his clasped book  
 And did the fair Palace leave,  
 And arrivèd soon, ere set the moon,  
 On the rocks of the Giant's Grave.

By the mouth of a cavern, a bowshot beyond,  
 Clerk Willin he took his stand,  
 Which e'en at this day, as the villagers say,  
 Leads down to the Fairy land.

Though none now dare to adventure so far,  
 Yet many this day have averr'd,  
 They its windings did thread till over its head  
 The far Vyrnwy's stream they have heard.

Now soon did appear and enter there  
 A Maid right royally dressed,  
 Whose glittering crown in the moonbeam shone,—  
 'Twas the Maid of the Green Forest.

And while she was in did the Clerk begin  
 His spells of potent skill ;  
 While the rising blast sighed low as it passed  
 Through the stunted bush on the hill.

- Then he made that revokeless should be his word,  
 As thus to his Spirits he said :
- “ Let Peace be restored to King Alaric’s board,  
 And Peace be on his bed.
- “ And may I and the Monks of the White Minster  
 No other fare e’er know  
 Than what shall be fed in his Palace’ green mead,  
 And what from his vaults shall flow.
- “ And his Queen so fine be ever mine,  
 And no change let her form betide,  
 But through all her years be as now appears,  
 And ne’er let her leave my side.
- “ At the Cross near the Town of the White Minster,  
 To make her my own I swear ;  
 There let her be borne ere glimpse of morn,  
 And I’ll meet her and wed her there.”

And then as he swore, his Book he tore,  
 And hastened away from the Cave.  
 It was dark ; for the Moon it had long gone down,  
 And set in the Western wave.

It was dark as he passed the Palace so fair,  
 Nor ought did his sight engross,  
 Till he came to the Cross near the White Minster,  
 Yet called “ Clerk Willin’s Cross”.

Then he saw by the light of the torches bright  
 That strange Spirits there did hold  
 An Ogress grim that smiled on him,  
 And her rheumy eyeballs roll’d.

On her wrinkled chin stood the grey hairs thin,  
 And she close did her skin-lips squeeze ;  
 And thick on her brow did the grey hairs grow,  
 Like the moss of old orchard trees.

And she reached to the Clerk her bony finger,  
 On which was brightly seen,  
 And well was it known by its sparkling stone,  
 The ring of King Alaric’s Queen.

- “ Oh, take me to thy cloistered bed,  
To be thy bosom Guest,  
For I am the Wife thou art sworn to wed,  
The Maid of the Green Forest.
- “ An ugly Ogress now I am,  
Though thrice ten years agone  
In youthful pride the blooming Bride  
Of King Alaric I shone.
- “ But I found, as I my beauties lost,  
I lost his love as well,  
Till nine years since I charmed that Prince  
With this a Spirit's spell.
- “ That his eyes should delight in my beauty bright,  
Which never should lose its hue  
Till within his hall the flag-reeds tall  
And the long green rushes grew.
- “ And this spell was given if one night in seven,  
Ere the pale Moon set in the wave,  
I alone should go to the grim Ogo  
And an Ogress form receive.
- “ This night I sat late at the gay banquet,  
And just ere my task was done,  
Thy spells were said, and the pale Moon's head  
Was down to the West wave gone.
- “ Our power' is pass'd, our spells have clashed,  
No charm can our fate redress ;  
And a penitent now for life art thou,  
And I a grim Ogress.
- “ Thy spells were sure, for now peace secure  
Doth bless King Alaric's bed,  
And peace is restored at his banquet board—  
But it is the peace of the dead.
- “ For down went the King, and his Palace and all,  
And the waters now o'er it flow,  
And already in his hall do the flag-reeds tall,  
And the long green rushes grow.

“Then take thy Bride to thy cloistered bed,  
As by oath and by spell decreed,  
And nought be thy fare but the pike and the dare,  
And the water in which they feed.”

Still the villagers near, when the lake is clear,  
Show the towers of the Palace below,  
And of Croes-Willin<sup>1</sup> there will the traveller hear  
And the cave called the Grim Ogo.

And oft from our boat on a summer's eve  
Sweet music is heard to flow,  
As we push from the side of the Blue Lake's tide,  
Where the long green rushes grow.

And our banquet is spread on the boat's flat head,  
And our cool wine drawn from the hold,  
Where the lilies of the pool spread their broad leaves cool,  
And their chalice flowers unfold.

And we make good fare of the pike and the dare,  
And merrily laugh at the jest,  
How Clerk Willin was caught in his own dark plot,  
With the Maid of the Green Forest.

And quaffing the glass, we pray that each lass  
May each constant lover bless;  
And may Guests that would cheat a kind host of his Mate  
Be matched with a Grim Ogress.

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<sup>1</sup> The Welsh form is, I believe, Croes Wylan, the name of the base of what is supposed to have been an old cross a little out of Oswestry on the north side: and I am told that there is a farm called Tre' Wylan in the same neighbourhood.

## THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1883.

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THE National Eisteddfod of 1883 was held at Cardiff on the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th of August. It was presided over on the successive days by the Marquess of Bute, by Lord Aberdare, by the Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths, and by the Dean of Llandaff. The Marquess's Presidential Address we reproduce in these pages. The Gorsedd rites were carried out under the presidency of the venerable Clwydfardd.

A large number of prizes were awarded, a few only of which we are able to record here.

### IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROSE LITERATURE.

The prize of £100, offered by the National Eisteddfod Association, for an essay on "The History of Welsh Literature from the year 1300 to the year 1650", was not adjudicated upon at the Eisteddfod, but was afterwards awarded to Mr. Robert John Pryse (Gweirydd ap Rhys) under certain conditions.

The Rev. D. B. Richards, of Abersychan, gained the prize of twenty guineas offered by the Marquess of Bute for an essay on the promotion of healthy and rational recreation in populous extra-mural districts; and Mr. D. J. Rowland, of Merthyr, the second prize of ten guineas. To *Dewi Haran*, of Pontypridd, was awarded a prize of ten guineas for an essay on "The Old Squire of Llanharan."

The Rev. J. Jones of Mynyddislwyn, and Mr. E. J. Newell of Cardiff, gained the two prizes of twenty and ten guineas for essays on "Cymro-Celtic names of places still preserved in parts of Britain now inhabited by the Saxons."

Mr. D. Griffiths of Pontypool, the prize of five guineas for a "History of the Ancient Industries of Pontypool."

The Rev. J. R. Thomas of Narberth, that of ten guineas for a Welsh essay on "The Bearings of Recent Discoveries in Science on Revelation."

Mr. Robert John Pryse (Gweirydd ap Rhys), that of ten guineas for an essay on "The History and Characteristics of the Welsh Proverbs."

The first prize of £20 was given to Mr. Beriah Evans for his serial story, entitled "The Heir of Glynavon."

A prize of twenty guineas for an essay on "The Periodical Literature of Wales in the Present Century", was divided between Mr. Evan Lloyd Jones of Llanberis, and Mr. William Davies of Talybont, Cardiganshire; and one of fifteen guineas was awarded to Mr. John Williams of Newtown, for an essay on "The Coal Resources of South Wales and Monmouthshire."

#### IN THE DEPARTMENT OF POETRY.

The chair prize again was not awarded.

The prize of twenty guineas for a poem on "Llandaff" was divided between James Mullin, who wrote in English, and "Eidaf Hen", whose composition was in the Welsh language.

Dewi Wyn o Essyllt gained three prizes, for a poem on Sir Hugh Owen, for one on the Tower of Cardiff Castle, and for one in memory of the late Marquess of Bute.

A prize of twenty-five guineas for a pantomime libretto, offered by Mr. Fletcher, of the Cardiff Theatre, was awarded to Mr. David W. Edgar of London.

#### IN MUSICAL EXECUTION.

The great prize of £100 was won by the Penrhyn Quarries Choral Union, and the gold medal awarded to its conductor, Dr. Rogers.

A Dowlais choir won a smaller prize of £25 for its render-

ing of an anthem, and a similar prize in part-song competition, while the Ton Choir, from the Rhondda Valley, was successful in the competition for male voices.

The Cardiff string band, conducted by Mr. Edward Roberts, gained the prize in the orchestral competition.

Mr. Frederick Barker, aged twelve, a younger brother of Mr. John Thomas's well-known pupil, carried off both prizes in harp-playing.

#### IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ART.

The gold medal for the best work in competition was awarded to Mr. Milo Griffith for his terra-cotta bust; the silver medal to a young man of great promise, Mr. Edgar Thomas of Cardiff, for a crayon drawing from the east.

#### THE CYMMRODORION SECTION.

The meetings of the Cymmrodorion Section were held as follows in the Town Hall:—

Saturday, August 4th, 7 P.M. President—The Mayor of Cardiff. Inaugural Address—Mr. Lewis Morris, M.A.

Tuesday, August 7th, 9 A.M. (*Education Section*). President—Mrs. Hoggan, M.D. “The Future of Welsh Education, with special reference to the Education of Girls” (Miss E. P. Hughes). “The Past and Future of the Education of Girls” (The President).

Wednesday, August 8th, 9 A.M. (*Arts Section*). President—Mr. B. S. Marks. Opening Address (The President). “Welsh Musical History” (Mr. D. Emlyn Evans). “The Eisteddfod in its relation to Art” (Mr. Milo Griffith). “The True Higher Education, or Proportioned Culture” (Mr. W. Cave Thomas).

Thursday, August 9th, 9 A.M. (*Science Section*). President—Dr. Benj. Ward Richardson. Opening Address, “Science in Practical Life” (The President). “Hygiene” (Dr. Frederick T. Roberts).

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The Eisteddfod of 1884 will be held at Liverpool.



## Reviews of Books.

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ADGOF UWCH ANGHOF: Llythrau Lluaws o Brif Enwogion  
Cymru, Hen a Diweddar, casgledig gan Myrddin Fardd.  
Pen y Groes: Argraffwyd a Chyhoeddwyd gan G. LEWIS.  
1883.

THIS volume is emphatically the result of a "happy thought", which has, moreover, been very happily carried out. A collection of letters written by a number of the most prominent men of letters in Wales during the last century could hardly fail to be interesting, on whatever principle such a collection might be made. But the letters in the volume to which it is our pleasure now to call attention have more than a mere personal interest, as most of them bear reference to subjects closely connected with the literary and general intellectual life of the Principality during the various periods at which they were written.

The collection is a thoroughly catholic and representative one. It includes 224 letters by forty-nine writers, who range in point of time from "Llywelyn Sion o Langewydd" to the late Canon Williams; and in social position and sentiment from a Bishop of Llandaff to Twm o'r Nant. Among them we find such well-known and honoured names as Ab Ithel, Cynddelw, Dafydd ddu Eryri, Dr. W. O. Pughe, Eben Fardd, Gwallter Mechain, Glan Geirionydd, J. Blackwell, Llewelyn Ddu o Fôn, Nicander, Tegid, Thomas Stephens, etc. From the letters of these and others, it would be easy to make many interesting extracts; but we refrain, in the hope that many of our readers will get the volume for themselves. It would be amusing, were it not so pitiful, to

find (p. 165) the Bishop of Llandaff (Dr. Van Mildert, if we mistake not) writing to stop the printing of Tegid's edition of the Prayer Book (printed at the Clarendon Press for S.P.C.K.), because "so many errors are pointed out" in it by his lordship's examining chaplain, "a very excellent Welsh scholar"! That the Bishop should have known anything about the language of his diocese, was of course not to be expected; but we might have expected that even in those days a Welsh bishop would at least have been at the pains to learn who were "Welsh scholars" and who were not. Tegid's attainments, at least, might, one would think, have been known to his lordship, an ex-professor of Divinity at Oxford, where Tegid was not entirely unknown.

There is but little to be said by way of criticism. There are a number of misprints, but none, so far as we have observed, that the reader cannot correct for himself. There is something odd about the Latin on p. 2. The punctuation of letters is seldom very carefully attended to, and perhaps it would have been no breach of faith on the editor's part to have silently supplied or corrected the writers' punctuation where necessary. All the letters cannot, to be sure, be expected to be of equal interest; but the volume would have lost nothing by the omission of Letter ccxiv; and we should have been glad had Letter cxxx, by Eben Vardd, been left out.

It is due to the printer and publisher to say that he has done his work well. The book is well "got up", being printed in a good, readable type on toned paper, and very tastefully bound. We hope the Welsh reading public will appreciate the publisher's enterprise, and give the present volume such a reception as may encourage him to issue another of a similar character, for which the editor gives us to understand he has abundant material.

*Etudes Historiques Bretonnes.*

1. L'HISTORIA BRITONUM, attribuée à Nennius et L'HISTORIA BRITANNICA avant Geoffroi de Monmouth. Par ARTHUR DE LA BORDERIE, Membre de Comité des Travaux Historiques. Paris: H. Champion, Libraire, Quai Malaquais, 15; Londres: Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly, 15. M.DCCC.LXXX.III.

2. LES VÉRITABLES PROPHÉTIES DE MERLIN: Examen des poèmes bretons attribués à ce barde. [Same Author.]

The author of these two works is, we fear, not so well known in this country as he deserves to be. M. de la Borderie has been distinguished for years as a diligent and successful student of the history of Brittany, and has given to the world a series of valuable and interesting works as the fruit of his studies. More recently he has naturally been led to extend his investigations, and turn his attention to some of the obscure problems connected with the early history of the Brython in our own country. In 1873 he published a valuable work on the Saxon invasion of Britain, entitled *Les Bretons insulaires et les Anglo-Saxons du V<sup>e</sup> au VII<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, (Paris: Didier et Cie.) This work has a very interesting Appendix of some forty pages, on the *Mœurs et usages des anciens Bretons d'après les Bardes bretons du VI<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, in which the author sketches very happily and skilfully the social state of the Britons during the period of the *Cynveirdd*.

The first of the two works, the names of which stand at the head of our present notice, consists of two distinct yet closely connected *mémoires*. In the former the author undertakes to show that the *Historia Britonum* which goes under the name of Nennius, and has by some historians been assigned to

the seventh, by others to the eighth, century, is not earlier than the ninth; that it has little historical value; and is only important in a literary sense, as being the earliest form of the legends which were afterwards developed into that magnificent cycle of fictions, the Romances of the Round Table. In the second *mémoire* M. de la Borderie endeavours to trace the development of the traditions in a work which he regards as the connecting link between the *Historia Britonum* of the ninth century and the *Historia Regum Britannix* of Geoffrey of Monmouth of the twelfth century.

In the second work the author discusses at some length several of the poems attributed to Merlin, or Myrddin (which Stephens felt himself compelled to reject as spurious), and endeavours to establish their authenticity.

As we purpose returning to the subjects of these studies in a subsequent number, we shall now do no more than express our opinion that they are an important contribution to the literature of the subjects whereof they treat. They are models of patient investigation and close reasoning, and not only offer abundant proof of the author's great learning, but also show that he possesses historical acumen and critical power of no ordinary degree. We hope we shall soon be favoured with more of these valuable historic studies.

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## Notes and Queries.

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### NOTES.

THOMAS HUET, the translator of the Book of Revelation in Salesbury's Testament.—In Williams' *Eminent Welshmen*, and in *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymry* (p. 21), a slight mistake occurs in the account of this good man; and, as far as I have observed, the mistake has been copied in all our biographical works and magazine articles, whenever mention of him has been made. It is stated that he was "Rector of Cevnllys in Breconshire, and of Dissert in Radnorshire". There is no parish of Cevnllys in Breconshire; but Cevnllys is a parish, a hundred, and contributory borough in Radnorshire. The parish of Cevnllys, or Llanvihangel Cevnllys, is in the deanery of Maelienydd, or Melenydd, and is adjacent to Dissert, which Huet held together with it. *Llyfryddiaeth y Cymru* further states that he lived at "Aber Dihoeu", near Builth. The place meant is probably Aber Dihonwy, a farmhouse near Builth.

T. P.

A LINE IN *Englynion y Misocdd*.—In the stanza on the Month of April, among these well-known verses occurs the following line:—

"Gwael hydd chwareus clusthir,"

which Stephens (*Literature of the Kymry*, 2nd edition, p. 289) translates "Lean is the playful and long-eared stag". I venture to think that the line should be punctuated thus:—"Gwael hydd, chwareus clusthir", and that it means "Lean is the stag, playful is the hare". *Y glustiog*, the (long)-eared, as a name for the hare, is not uncommon, and is only a para-

phrase of the ordinary name *ysgyfarnog*, from *ysgyfarn*, an ear. Similarly, the term *auritus* in Latin is applied to the hare, not only as an adjective, e.g., *Auritosque sequi lepores* (Virgil, *Georgics*, i, 308), but also as a subst.; see Festus Avienus, *Phænomena Aratea*, l, 788.

The friskiness of the hare at this time is a matter of general observation; hence the common English proverb "Mad as a March hare", the difference in the month being due to the earlier advent of spring in England. T. P.

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QUERIES.

AUTHOR OF A WELSH DISTICH.—A page of "Notes and Queries", and also a section of "Correspondence", having been opened in *Y Cymmrodor*, I expected that many members of the Society would have contributed to the one and the other; but very few have done so, and I do not observe that any of the few "Queries" inserted have elicited replies. However, I send you one more query, hoping some one will reply to it. The two lines—

"Nos da i'r ynys dywell,  
Ni wn oes un ynys well,"

are generally attributed to Lewis Glyn Cothi, but in *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, p. 29 (Caermarthen, 1851), they are assigned to Llywelyn Goch ap Meuryg. Which poet is the true author? T. D.

CYMRIC REMAINS IN THE CRIMEA.—In the Rev. Owen Jones' *Cymru yn Hanesyddol, Parthedegol, a Bywgrahyddol* (Blackie, 1875), it is stated (s.v. *Hu Gadarn*, vol. i, p. 645), "y mae yn ffaith iddynt ddyfod o hyd i olion henafiaethol Cymreig yno, yn y rhyfel diweddaf yn y Crimea", it is a fact that Cymric archaeological remains were found there (in the Tauric Chersonese) during the last war in the Crimea. Can some reader of *Y Cymmrodor* inform me to what archaeological discoveries the writer refers? P. R.

GOWER, THE POET, A WELSHMAN.—In Williams' *Eminent Welshmen* (s.v. Gower, Henry, LL.D., p. 179), John Gower, the friend of Chaucer, is claimed "as a native of Wales": and the writer adds, "It is expressly stated on the title-page of the *Confessio Amantis*, printed in 1532, that he was a Welshman." Will some of your readers inform me whether this is so? Some of the *Cymmrodorion* are within reach of the British Museum and the Bodleian, and will perhaps transcribe for the *Cymmrodor* the title-page of the above-mentioned edition of *Confessio Amantis*.

F. R. T.

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## ERRATA.

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- P. 101, l. 8, *for* "I should have been", *read* "But I should".  
 ,, 13, ,, "the words of the translator", *read* "the words of my  
 translator".
- 102, 8, ,, "Eskimo", *read* "Esquimau".
- 103, 15, ,, "that *Scotia Irredenta*, the whole diocese", *read* "that  
*Scotia Irredenta*, the old diocese".  
 ,, 28, ,, "cut it off, and to a great extent", *read* "cut it off, to  
 a great extent".
- 104, 3, from bottom, *for* "the Cymric people almost in the land",  
*read*, "the Cymric people in the land".
- 105, 16, *for* "their strife", *read* "that their strife".  
 ,, 23, ,, "Colum Kille", *read* "Colum O'Neill".
- 108, 17, ,, "the learned even with a living lit.", *read* "the learned  
 with a living lit."  
 ,, 25, ,, "drowned in the nineteenth century English", *read*  
 "drowned in nineteenth".
- 109, 7, ,, "believe I", *read* "believe that I".
- 110, 1, ,, "separated from national", *read* "separates from such  
 national".  
 ,, 2, ,, "excitement", *read* "incitements."  
 ,, 6, ,, "homage upon the", *read* "homage upon that".  
 ,, 8, ,, "that epoch", *read* "the epoch".
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VOL. VI, PART III.

4  
DECEMBER 1883.

# REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

OF THE

Honourable

# Society of Commrodorion

FOR THE

*YEAR ENDING 9th NOVEMBER 1883.*

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PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY  
BY  
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REPORT  
OF  
THE COUNCIL OF THE  
**Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion,**  
*For the Year ending November 9th, 1883.*

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THE continued accession of new Members affords the best possible proof that the past twelve months have in no way lessened the position which the Society holds in public estimation.

The Society's numbers, which, at the close of last year, stood at 382, have now risen to 513, no less than 131 Members having been elected since the last Report.

It is a gratification to the Council that among these new Members are not only many of high eminence and distinguished position, but some whose names are known for their scientific attainments throughout the civilised world.

It is the pleasing duty of the Council to announce to the Members the generous donation of 100 guineas by the Marquess of Bute towards the funds of the Society.

The Council have been deprived of the assistance of two of their colleagues during the latter part of the year, viz., Mr. Hanbury Davies and Mr. St. John Hancock, who resigned their seats in consequence of going abroad.

The vacancies in the Council thus caused have not been filled up.

The Council have elected the following distinguished Members to the Office of Vice-President:—

The Right Hon. the EARL of JERSEY.  
 The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of LLANDAFF.  
 The Right Hon. LORD TREDEGAR.  
 Sir ROBERT A. CUNLIFFE, Bart., M.P.  
 Sir EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.  
 The Very Rev. the DEAN OF BANGOR.  
 W. FULLER MAITLAND, Esq., M.P.  
 WILLIAM RATHBONE, Esq., M.P.  
 STUART RENDEL, Esq., M.P.  
 JOHN ROBERTS, Esq., M.P.

The following Meetings have been held during the past year in London:—

February 22nd, Stephen Evans, Esq., J.P., in the chair.—The Inaugural Address of the Session was given by Judge B. T. Williams, Q.C.

April 12th, Mr. Charles J. Elton in the chair.—A paper on “The Relation of the Grail-legend with Celtic Popular Belief and Literature,” was read by Mr. Alfred Nutt.

April 26th, Capt. Edmund H. Verney, R.N., in the chair.—A paper on “Welsh Hymnology,” was read by the Rev. W. Glanffrwd Thomas, with Vocal Illustrations by Miss Annie Williams, Madame Martha Harries, accompanied by Mr. Walter Hughes.

May 3rd. — CONVERSAZIONE, with Exhibition of Works of Art. *Addresses*: By the Rev. John Davies, M.A., on “Sir William Jones”; by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., on “The Basques”; by Mr. John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwallia*), on “Music and the Eisteddfod,” with Musical Illustrations by Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Martha Harries, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Lucas Williams; Harp, Mr. John Thomas. *Exhibitors: Paintings and Water Colours*.—Mr. W. Cave Thomas, Mr. B. S. Marks. *Engravings*.—Mr. F. W. Rudler, F.R.S. *Sculpture*.—Mr. J. Milo Griffith and Mr. William Davies (*Mynorydd*). *Books, Manuscripts, etc.*—The Rev. John Davies, M.A., Canon Harford, Dr. Wynn-Williams, Mr. Bernard Quaritch.

May 10th, Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P., in the chair.—A Lecture on “Wales in the Great Ice Age,” with Illustrations, was given by Mr. F. W. Rudler, F.G.S.

May 17th, Mr. John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwallia*) in the chair.—A paper “On Music in the Welsh Border-land,” was read by Mr. Henry Leslie.

May 24th, Mr. Henry G. Allen, M.P., in the chair.—A Lecture on “Pembrokeshire,”\* was given by Judge B. T. Williams, Q.C.

November 16th.—The Annual General Meeting and Dinner.

At Cardiff, in connection with the National Eisteddfod:—

August 4th.—(President, the Mayor of Cardiff.)—The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. Lewis Morris, M.A.

August 7th.—Education Section. (President, Mrs. Hoggan, M.D.)—A paper on “The Past and Future of the Education of Girls,” was read by the President.—On “The Future of Welsh Education, with special reference to the Education of Girls,” by Miss E. P. Hughes.

August 8th.—Arts Section. (President, Mr. B. S. Marks.)—An Opening Address was delivered by the President.—A paper on “Welsh Musical History,” was read by Mr. D. Emyln Evans.—On “The Eisteddfod in its relation to Art,” by Mr. Milo Griffith.—On “The True Higher Education,” by Mr. W. Cave Thomas.

August 9th.—Science Section. (President, Dr. Benj. Ward Richardson.)—An Opening Address was given by the President.—A paper on “Hygiene,” was read by Dr. Frederick T. Roberts.

The Council beg to acknowledge the invaluable services of Mr. T. Marchant Williams and Mr. Cadwaladr Davies, to whose untiring work as Honorary Secretaries of the Cymmrodorion Section the great success of these Meetings during the past two years has been in a large measure due.

The following Publications have been issued:—

1. Y CYMMRODOR, Vol. V, Part 2.
2. Annual Report and Register of Members for the year ended November 9th, 1882.

\* To inaugurate a Series of Lectures, by different Members, on the Twelve Counties of Wales, and Monmouthshire.

3. THE GODODIN OF ANEURIN GWAWDRYDD, by the late Thomas Stephens. Third instalment.
4. YSTORIA DE CAROLO MAGNO, from the Red Book of Hergest. Transcribed by Mrs. John Rhys. Edited by Mr. Thomas Powel.
5. Y CYMMRODOR, Vol. VI, Part 1.

The following are in the press:—

1. Y CYMMRODOR, Vol. VI, Part 2.
2. Annual Report and Register of Members for the Year ended 9th November 1883.

The following are in preparation:—

1. Y CYMMRODOR, Vol. VI, Part 3.
2. THE GODODIN OF ANEURIN GWAWDRYDD. Concluding Part.
3. Y MARCHOG CRWYDRAD. The several Welsh translations of this curious romance, MSS. which afford most valuable examples of mediæval Welsh, and which exist in various dialects, will be printed side by side with the original English, from which they were translated. The transcription and editing of these MSS. have been most kindly undertaken by Mr. H. W. Lloyd and Mr. Egerton Phillimore.

In accordance with the laws made at the last General Meeting, the Council conferred the Cymmrodorion Medal upon a veteran of Welsh literature, the Rev. Wm. Rees, D.D. (Gwilym Hiraethog).

It will be a matter of deep grief to the Members to learn that the venerable recipient of the first Cymmrodorion Medal, whose appearance amongst us this evening, and whose formal investiture by our Chairman with his well-deserved honour was looked for by the Council, has been prevented from fulfilling his intention by the hand of death. He expired at his residence in Chester but two weeks back, having on the day of his death completed his eighty-first year.

The Council beg to refer the Members to the following paragraphs in last year's Report:—

“Under the will of the late Joseph Edwards, the Council has accepted, on behalf of the Society, his bequest of all his books, engravings, and manuscripts, and the casts of his own works.

“The books thus acquired by the Society number upwards of 1,000 volumes. The engravings form a large collection, and many of them are of high value. In addition, the legacy comprises the original models of the artist's own works, and his notes in explanation of their motives and significance.

“The Council has provided in Lonsdale Chambers temporary accommodation for the whole, with the exception of one model exceeding life-size, which has been presented to the Cardiff Free Library.

“The Council has appointed a Committee to consider the possibility of renting suitable chambers, to accommodate the Society's increasing property, and to enable it to be adequately utilised for the benefit of the Members.”

Acting upon the reports made on several successive occasions by the said Committee, the Council has finally authorised its Chairman, jointly with the Society's Treasurer, to enter into an agreement, on behalf of the Society, with the proprietors of Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane, to take the rooms numbered 21, 22, 23, on the second floor, at an annual rental of £75 a year.

The premises thus acquired form one large apartment, capable, by means of revolving shutters, of being divided into two rooms provided with separate entrances.

Here, under the supervision of Mr. Owen Lewis, Mr. William Davies, Mr. John Owens, and the other Members of the above-mentioned Committee, the works of art bequeathed by Mr. Joseph Edwards have been displayed in a manner which permits of their being examined by the Members.

The Committee is further engaged in arranging the books, engravings, and other property of the Society, for use and reference.

The efforts of the Council will now be devoted to the establishment, upon the nucleus already provided by the bequest of Mr. Edwards and the donations of other Members of the Society, of a permanent reference library of works relating to the language, literature, history, antiquities, and social condition of Wales.

The Council beg to remind Members how materially this aim will be advanced by the presentation on the part of Members of any duplicate copies of works of this nature that their libraries may contain. Any such books will be thankfully received, and duly acknowledged by the Council.

The Council have also under consideration a scheme by which the rooms may be made available as a reading-room by such town Members as are willing to pay a small extra sum to cover expenses. In any such privilege country Members will participate without further payment.

The Council beg to acknowledge the generous services of Mr. Owen Lewis, who, at the expenditure of great personal trouble, has superintended the completion and fitting up of these rooms. The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. Lewis for his assistance in this matter.

The following Presents have been received and duly acknowledged by the Council :—

*Powys-land Club Transactions*, by Mr. MORRIS C. JONES, F.S.A., Secretary, with all the back numbers.

*Journal of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland*, by the Rev. JAMES GRAVES, M.A., Honorary Secretary.

*Report of the Manchester Free Public Libraries*, by Mr. CHARLES W. SUTTON, Chief Librarian.

*Report of the Liverpool Free Public Libraries*, by Mr. P. COWELL, Librarian.

*The Gaelic Journal*, by the Rev. JOHN NOLAN, O.D.C., Honorary Secretary.

*The Gaelic Union: Object, Rules, and Report.*



- Initial Mutations in the living Celtic, Basque, Sardinian, and Italian Dialects*, by H. I. H. PRINCE LOUIS-LUCIEN BONAPARTE.
- Irish Copy Book*, by Mr. J. E. MAC-SWEENEY, Secretary.
- Irish Book*, I, II, III.
- The Pursuit of Diarmind and Grainne*, Parts 1, 2.
- Report of the Society for the Preservation of Irish*.
- Y Fauer Uchel*, by the Rev. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Chicago.
- The Cambrian*, an American Bi-Monthly Magazine, by Mr. THOMAS H. JONES (CODNANT), Ohio.
- Byegones*, with all the back numbers, by Mr. ASKEW ROBERTS, J. P.
- Co-Education at Different Ages*, by Mrs. FRANCES ELIZABETH HOGGAN, M. D.
- The Birds of Breconshire: On some so-called Fish-Eating Birds*, by Mr. E. CAMBRIDGE PHILLIPS.
- The Name Gwynedd in Welsh History*, by Mr. HOWARD M. JENKINS, Philadelphia.
- Declaration by Major-General Langhorn, and the rest of the Forces joined with him in Wales*, by Mr. J. D. FRANCIS.
- Ceinion Essyllt*, I, II, by DEWI WYN O ESSYLLT.
- Y Drych*, by Mr. T. J. GRIFFITHS, Proprietor, Utica, U.S.A.
- History of the Ancient Britons*, by Mr. THOMAS H. JONES, Ohio, U.S.A.
- “*Bowling Song*,” by Mr. HENRY BLACKWELL, New York.
- Welsh MSS. Society*, one volume, by Mr. J. IGNATIUS WILLIAMS.
- Y Bregeth Angladdol, gan y Parch.* DAVID ROBERTS, Wrexham.

The following gentlemen have promised papers for the ensuing session:—

- Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, M.A.  
 Canon THOMAS, M.A., F.S.A.  
 Rev. W. GLANFFRWD THOMAS.  
 Judge B. T. WILLIAMS, Q.C.  
 Mr. HOWEL W. LLOYD, M.A.  
 Mr. DAVID LEWIS.  
 Mr. CHARLES J. ELTON.  
 J. ROLAND PHILLIPS, Esq.  
 Prof. RHYS-DAVIDS.  
 Mr. W. CAVE THOMAS.  
 Dr. ISAMBARD OWEN, M.A.

The following Members of the Council retire under Rule 3, but are eligible for re-election :—

Mr. BRINLEY RICHARDS.  
Mr. OWEN ROBERTS.  
Mr. JOHN THOMAS.  
Dr. JOHN WILLIAMS.  
Mr. THOMAS HANCOCK.  
Rev. EVAN JONES.  
Mr. AVIET AGABEG.  
Mr. W. D. JEREMY.  
Mr. F. W. RUDLER.  
Rev. LLEWELLYN THOMAS.

There are, therefore, including the two vacancies already referred to, 12 Members of the Council to be elected for the ensuing year.

A Financial Statement is appended to this Report.

(Signed on behalf of the Council),

STEPHEN EVANS,  
*Chairman.*

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# THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION.

*Statement of Receipts and Payments,*

FROM 9TH NOVEMBER 1882, TO 9TH NOVEMBER 1883.

*Dr.*

	£	s.	d.
To Balance from last year	52	5	5
Subscriptions of past years	49	19	10
1883	308	2	0
" in advance for 1884	7	7	0
Donation by the Most Hon. the Marquess of Bute	365	8	10
Sale of back numbers of Publications, etc.	105	0	0
	18	19	6

*Cr.*

	£	s.	d.
By Printing, from 1st July 1881, to 9th Nov. 1882	187	9	2
"     "     10th Nov. 1882,	85	16	6
"     "     31st March 1883	273	5	8
Advertising	5	0	0
Purchase of MS.	10	0	0
Stationery	8	15	4
Lectures and Meetings	28	5	0
Rent and Insurance	43	0	0
Postages of Letters, Circulars and Publications, and Petty Expenses	59	4	3
Editor	26	5	0
Secretary	50	1	6
Balance	503	16	9
	37	17	0
	541	13	9

Examined and found correct,

HOWEL THOMAS, } *Auditors.*  
 E. W. DAVIES, }  
 H. LLOYD-ROBERTS, } *Treasurer.*  
 C. W. JONES, } *Sec.*

15th Nov. 1883.

## OFFICERS AND COUNCIL OF THE SOCIETY.

*For the Year ending 9th November 1883.*

---

### *President.*

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart., M.P.

### *Vice-Presidents.*

The Most Hon. The MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T.  
The Right Hon. The EARL OF JERSEY.  
The Right Hon. The Earl of POWIS.  
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of BANGOR  
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of BATH and WELLS  
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of ST. ASAPH  
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of ST. DAVID'S  
The Right Rev. The Lord Bishop of LLANDAFF  
The Right Hon. Lord TREDEGAR  
The Right Hon. Lord PENRHYN  
The Right Hon. Lord ABERDARE  
The Right Hon. Lord HARLECH  
The Right Hon. Lord TENNYSON  
The Right Hon. G. OSBORNE MORGAN, Q.C., M.P.  
The Right Rev. The Bishop of NEWPORT and MENEVA.  
The Right Rev. The Bishop of SHREWSBURY  
Sir ROBERT A. CUNLIFFE, Bart., M.P.  
Sir H. HUSSEY VIVIAN, Bart., M.P.  
Sir EDWARD J. REED, K.C.B., M.P.  
Sir WALTER MORGAN.  
W. CORNWALLIS-WEST, Esq., Lord Lieutenant, Co. Denbigh  
H. R. HUGHES, Esq., Lord Lieutenant, Co. of Flint  
The Very Rev. The Dean of BANGOR  
The Very Rev. The Dean of PETERBOROUGH  
The Very Rev. The Dean of LLANDAFF  
CHARLES BATH, Esq., Ffydne, Swansea  
RICHARD DAVIES, Esq., M.P.  
WILLIAM JONES, Esq. (*Gwrgant*)  
W. FULLER MAITLAND, Esq., M.P.  
LEWIS PUGH PUGH, Esq., M.P.  
Col. C. K. KEMEYS-TYNTE, J.P.  
MORGAN LLOYD, Esq., Q.C., M.P.  
LOVE JONES PARRY, Esq., M.P.  
J. H. PULESTON, Esq., M.P.

WILLIAM RATHBONE, Esq., M.P.  
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 HENRY RICHARD, Esq., M.P.  
 JOHN ROBERTS, Esq., M.P.  
 Captain EDMUND H. VERNEY, R.N.  
 B. T. WILLIAMS, Esq., Q.C.  
 GWILYM WILLIAMS, Esq., Pontypridd  
 CHARLES W. WILLIAMS WYNN, Esq.  
 WILLIAM R. W. WYNNE, Esq., Peniarth

*Honorary Members.*

H.I.H. Prince LOUIS-LUCIEN BONAPARTE  
 Professor COWELL, Cambridge  
 ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.  
 H. GAIDOZ, Paris

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