THE CONWAY

IN THE STEREOSCOPE.

DOWN THE LIÆDR. (p. 159.)

THE CONWAY

IN THE STEREOSCOPE.

ILLUSTRATED BY

ROGER FENTON, Esq., M.A.,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

With Notes, Descriptive and Historical,

BY

JAMES BRIDGE DAVIDSON, Esq., M.A.

"Eu Ner a volant,
A'u hiaith a gadwant,
Eu tir a gollant,
Ond gwyllt Walia."
Taliesin.

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PREFACE.

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All that was written about North Wales in years past—almost all that can be written now—is easily to be arranged under a few comprehensive titles. When we have enumerated the scenery, the natural history, the language, the manners, and the antiquities of the country, we have mentioned five heads which embrace nearly everything that can attract the attention of an English visitor. With the exception of some great engineering works, not especially connected with Wales itself, modern times have afforded no additional class of observations respecting a people who, for ages past, have shared our institutions, and are the fellow-subjects of our Crown and laws. If to the above be added the comprehensive articles of literature and history—subjects which can only be studied within the walls of some well-stocked library—the catalogue of divisions is com-

plete. In which of these trite subjects, the reader may perhaps inquire, can any novelty be found, when the Llanberis route is as well-worn as the Pilgrims' Path of yews was of old between Winchester and Canterbury, and the great iron high-road to Ireland runs through Conway at the foot of Penmaenmawr? We meet the inquiry by asking wherein lies the main attraction of North Wales to the modern holiday tourist? Unquestionably in its scenery: and of that feature we here offer illustrations such as no experience has ever yet witnessed, and which a few years ago would have been deemed little less than miraculous for their beauty and accuracy. Our stereographic views are therefore the apology for once more bringing on the carpet a class of subjects with some or all of which every reader is familiar. Without such an excuse, neither the notes of a few days' excursion, though made purposely along the route indicated by the views, nor the materials which have been collected from tradition and history, could have been offered to the public. Every student or interested inquirer might readily have found them for himself.

There are, however, one or two points referred to

in these pages connected with the antiquarian view of Welsh subjects which strike the attention of every observer, as indicating quarters in which a change may be expected and a deficiency supplied. One of these is the remarkable impulse which has been recently given to Celtic researches by the 'Grammar' of Dr. Zeuss, followed by Dr. Prichard's treatise on the origin of the Celtic nations. From these publications a new era may be expected to commence in the treatment of this hitherto ill-understood branch of philology. A less gratifying subject of remark is the still imperfect state of our knowledge respecting the Myvyrian Archaiology, a national monument supposed to be of great importance, but the very value of which is permitted to remain unestimated amongst us. Respecting its interpretation, a sort of confession of incompetence seems to have been made; and whilst codes of the Welsh laws have been published by a Royal Commission, and the Iolo MSS. and the 'Lives of the Saints' have received all the attention they deserve, this, a not less important task, remains unaccomplished. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis* . . .

But a prospect of improvement in this state of

unenlightenment has been held out; and if, as anticipated, other ancient Welsh MSS. than those now existing should come to light, the future explorer, though he cannot hope to rival in distinctness the outlines we here give of the mountain sides and river banks of Gwynedd, may be able to pronounce with certainty on events in its history which are now only the scenes of a shifting and visionary romance.

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CHAPTER I.

In the autumn of last year, the stereographs which form the illustrations of this volume were taken by Mr. R. Fenton at the same time, and frequently from the same point of view, as those larger pictures which attracted so much attention in the Photographic Society's Exhibition of 1858–9. A series of proofs of these stereographs having come into my possession, I determined, in the course of a visit to North Wales in the spring of this year, to follow in Mr. Fenton's footsteps and examine for myself the spots he had selected for the subjects of his art. Many of them are places which are regularly visited by every tourist; others are in situations exclusively known to the artist or the angler. But, with few exceptions, all were equally new to me. I had

a few days of leisure, and an object which I felt would withdraw me a little from the beaten track of visitors, and, as in other matters, I knew that the search would incidentally afford as much interest as the thing sought for. In most instances I had not far to go to find the exact spot where my predecessor had planted his camera. The coign of the bridge, or the table of grey stone, of which he had availed himself, were soon detected. In other instances, a little wandering about amidst rocks and boulders was necessary before the precise angle of the stream or station on the heath was found which made every object fit into its proper place in the picture. But in every instance, sooner or later, I succeeded in tracing to a nicety the identity of every particular tree and rock, satisfying myself, if it had been necessary, of the minute precision of the whole detail. At the same time, I have endeavoured to collect together what associations of local history lay in my path, and by forming them into a consecutive narrative, I hope that an additional interest may be given to the stereographs. Readers unacquainted with these delightful valleys may discover how much picturesque beauty lies within seven or eight hours of London, in the course of a three days' ramble through North Wales; whilst others, to whom the

scenes are familiar, may, in some instances, learn for the first time the additional claims which they have upon their attention on other grounds. The abundance of guides and handbooks for every part of the tourist's world, seems to show that a desire for local information haunts every traveller, whether in the domestic range of our own island, or in more exciting scenes abroad, and to prove how legitimate an appendage even Welsh tradition may be to a series of views illustrative of part of the Principality. In the present instance, the area which has been traversed is somewhat confined, but it is full of legendary interest, and abounds with monuments which excite a stranger's curiosity. Accordingly, the subjects which I have introduced in these pages are closely allied to the route indicated by the illustrations, otherwise a much larger field of investigation might have been embraced. To Mr. Fenton's labours my own have been strictly subsidiary. My object has simply been to offer to the reader a brief account of one excursion, at least, by which scenery, highly attractive on paper, may conveniently be seen in the space of a few days, and at the same time provide some materials for the visitor's amusement out of the varied records of the past.

As in the old days of British and Saxon warfare,

so by the modern tourist, the approach to the mountain district of North Wales is made under the walls of Conway Castle. The river Conway, which here meets the sea, is the eastern boundary of the hilly range which furnished the Cymry with their last refuge and retreat. Other routes are from Bangor up the Nant Ffrancon valley to Capel Curig, or from Caernarvon through the Llanberis Pass, or also from Caernarvon through Beddgelert by a road which skirts the western limits of the same group of mountains. But the approach by Conway is the nearest to the district immediately under our notice, which may be very conveniently described as the tract embraced in the ancient community or *Cwmwd* of Nant-Conwy. It comprised* five parishes, namely, Pen-Machno, Dolwyddelan, Llanfihangel-y-Bettws, Llan Rhychwyn, and Trêvriw, and was watered by four streams, the Conway, and its three tributaries, the Llugwy, the Lledr, and the Machno. Each of these parishes has its share of illustration, and it will be remarked that each view includes a piece of water, and was taken on the banks of one of the above-named four rivers.

And first with regard to the Conway river itself. It flows for about thirty miles to the sea from its

* Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales, vol. ii. p. 615.

source in Llyn Gonwy, a good-sized lake (which rumour, however, much magnified in former days), situated in a very desolate tract of mountain country, in the south-west angle of Caernarvonshire.

Its path winds in a spiral direction from east and south to north-west, and finally from Bettws-y-Coed it flows directly due north to the sea. From near its source to its mouth it is the boundary between Caernarvonshire and Denbighshire (except for a short interval just below Trefriw). It receives its first main tributary from the east, not far from Pentre Voelas, but all the rest of any importance flow into it on the western side,—first the Machno, then the Lledr, and finally the Llugwy at Bettws-y-Coed. For about eleven miles, up to Trefriw, it is a tidal and navigable river: which gives occasion to Gough * to remark, that it is "probably one of the noblest streams in Europe for its length." The name is British, and is said to signify Cyn-gwy, the head, or chief river.

I will suppose, then, the tourist to have kept tryst with me under the walls of Conway Castle, having been conveyed thither probably by the Chester and Holyhead Railway, between which two towns Conway lies just halfway. If arriving from

* Camden, vol. ii. p. 557.

Chester, he has skirted the seashore, and passed the growing watering-places of Flint, Rhyl, and Abergele. Just outside the town of Conway he has left on the right the branch to Llandudno, a sea-side resort of considerable modern repute, lying on the promontory which terminates in the Great Orme's Head. He has then been whirled through the once-famed, but long-since eclipsed, railway tubular bridge, running side by side with the road suspension-bridge, and safely deposited within the still perfect ceinture of the walls of Conway.

Of this ancient town, with its castellated walls still entire, its picturesque fortress and double bridge, so much has been said both by writers and archæologists, that any lengthened detail of its peculiar features would be superfluous. Miss Costello has given full scope to a glowing fancy in her description of the ruins; and lately their antiquarian history has been reviewed at length by Mr. John Hicklin, of Chester.*

It may be observed however that, ages before the present town of Conway was fortified, or its magnificent castle built, the importance of the place as a post of military defence, on the road to Snowdon and Anglesea, was fully recognized. At Aberconwy,

* Journal of the British Archæological Association, vol. v. p. 298.

as the town is correctly called, by way of distinction from the river, the march of an invader might first be checked by the necessity of crossing the estuary. Here therefore, but on the opposite side of the creek to the present castle, stood the ancient fortress of Diganwy, much celebrated in the earlier history of Wales, and in some of the bardic poems. The site still bears the name of Castell Diganwy. Besides the fortress there was also an ancient city of Diganwy, but on which side of the river it stood is not very clear. Tacitus, in describing the conquests of Ostorius in Britain, speaks * of his marching against the Cangi, and obtaining easy submission from them. There is great reason to believe that the Cangi were a tribe of the Ordovices, who took their name from the Conway or its fortress. Ostorius was then marching from the Iceni in Norfolk and Suffolk, and soon after, having laid waste the lands of the Cangi, he reached the Irish Sea (*mare quod Hiberniam insulam aspectat*).† Ptolemy has also a "Canganorum promontorium" somewhere in North Wales, which would correspond, on this hypothesis, with the Great Orme's Head. It is usually supposed to designate the Braich-y-pwll at the extremity of Caernarvonshire. The

* Ann. xii. 32. † *Ibid.*

name given by the same geographer to the Conway river is Tœsobis.*

Of Roman occupation there are no traces at Conway; their station on the river having been a few miles higher up, at Caerhûn. But it has often been supposed that the British pearls, of which mention is made by the classic authors, were found in this river. The reason for this opinion is perhaps to be traced to the accident of great notoriety having been given to the Conway pearl-fishery, from the circumstance of Sir R. Wynne having presented a large Conway pearl to the Queen of Charles II., which thereupon became, and perhaps continues to be, an ornament of the British crown. It is to be observed, however, that in no one of the ancient writers referred to is there any allusion to pearls being found in any particular part of the island. Suetonius, in the life of Julius Cæsar (c. 47), states that one of his chief objects in the invasion of Britain was the hope of obtaining possession of the pearl-fishery. It is added, that he used to compare their size, frequently by poising them in his hand (*amplitudinem conferentem, interdum suâ manu exegisse pondus*); from which it would seem that their weight was considerable. Pliny, in an equally cele-

* Ptol. ii. 3, § 2.

CAERHÛN, (p. 20.)

brated passage,* says, "It is certain that small, discoloured pearls are found in Britain: since the Emperor Julius wished it to be understood that the breastplate (*thoracem*) which he dedicated and placed in the temple of Venus Genitrix, was made of British pearls." Solinus explains the above expression as to the Emperor's wish, by the fact of his having placed an inscription below to that effect. The testimony of Tacitus is the same as to the quality of the British pearls. After describing the other productions of Britain, he adds:—"The Ocean also produces pearls, but brownish and dusky (*subfusca ac liventia*). Some persons think this is owing to want of skill in those who collect them; for in the Red Sea the pearl-shells are torn from the rock whilst the fish are alive and gasping; whereas in Britain they are picked up just as they happen to be thrown on the shore. I can more readily believe, however, that natural beauty is deficient in the pearl, than that the lust of gain is wanting to ourselves."† Ælian ‡ says that the pearl found in the western ocean, where Britain is situated, is of a more golden tint but of a less brilliant lustre.

In these passages there is nothing to show that

* Nat. Hist. ix. 58. † Agricola, c. 18.

‡ De Nat. Animal. xv. 8.

the Roman-British pearls were not found on the southern coasts of the island, with which the Romans were certainly better acquainted than with those of North Wales.

It may be further observed, that the pearl-producing shells of modern Britain are two: one of them a marine shell, the common mussel, *Mytilus edulis;* the other a freshwater mollusk, the *Unio margaritiferus,* or *Mya margaritifera* of Linnæus. Pearls from the common sea-mussel are found on all the coasts of the island; those formed by the *Unio margaritiferus* are generated chiefly in mountain streams. They are owing to a diseased or unquiet condition of the calcifying organ of the mollusk, called the mantle. In strict language, they are excrescences of the nacre, used by the animal for the lining of its shell. In the East, *vivaria,* or tanks of pearl-oysters are kept, and the living animal is irritated by the thrusting in of sticks, in order to make it deposit pearls. The same effect is produced in mountain freshets by the violence of the current when swollen by recent rain. This natural process is eloquently described by the late Hugh Miller, in one of his most entertaining works.* It is certain that large mussel-beds

* 'My Schools and Schoolmasters.'

exist at the present day at the mouth of the Conway; and that quantities of seed-pearls of a "brownish and dusky" hue, are still obtained from this fish, we have the authority of an anonymous writer, who describes the process.* He says that the mussels are brought to the shore in boat-loads. "On the shore is a rough and primitive boiling-apparatus, simply a fixed cauldron with fireplace underneath. The mussels are thrown in by bushels, boiled down, and mashed into a sort of pulp; the pearls are then without much difficulty got out, as they sink like a sediment to the bottom of the pan." "Sometimes," he adds, "one of a larger size and more silvery tint is found among the rest, but the common market price for these articles is from four shillings to four and sixpence an ounce." This statement is rather a confirmation of an opinion expressed by Professor Forbes,† that the pearls of Cæsar's breast-plate were obtained from the mussel and not from the *Unio*. It is highly probable that the latter shell is to be found in the upper parts of the Conway;‡ and that the large and valuable specimens referred to by old writers may have been thence obtained: but it

* Notes and Queries, 2nd series, vol. v. p. 400.

† History of British Mollusks, 1833.

‡ See the remarks of H. Lhuyd, in Gibson, cited in Gough's Camden, vol. ii. p. 558.

is certain that the great mass of the pearls which come into the local market are from marine mussels; and it seems they agree in colour with the description given by Tacitus and Pliny.

In 510, Diganwy Castle was the seat of Maelgwyn, a chieftain of North Wales, and the scene of various marvellous events in the history of Prince Elphin and his friend the bard Taliesin.* From that period the kings of North Wales made it their residence, until 810, in which year† the castle was destroyed by lightning, during the reign of Conan Tindaethwy. Thenceforward it seems to have been deserted, and nothing more is heard of it until the year 876, when, upon the death of Roderic the Great, the fatal step was taken of dividing Wales into three kingdoms. The northern portion, called Venedocia by the Romans, and Gwynedd by the Britons, fell to the lot of Anawrawd, the eldest of the three sons of Roderic, who fixed his seat of sovereignty at a place near Aberffraw, in Anglesey; thus abandoning a central and defensive position in a country which was already weakened by division. Still the Welsh mountains remained fastnesses of great strength; and, bounded on the east by the Conway, and on the south by the Glaslyn flowing into the

* See below, Chap. III. † Lhuyd's Breviary.

sea at Traeth Mawr, formed a tract of country admirably adapted for purposes of protection. We next read of Diganwy, which seems now to have fallen into the hands of the English, being taken and destroyed by Llywellyn the Great. In 1200, the Earl of Chester rebuilt the fortress ; but in King John's disastrous invasion of Wales it was again taken by Llywellyn. Afterwards, in 1245, it bore the name of Gannock, and was re-fortified by King Henry III.

In 1284 was commenced the building, the splendid ruins of which still exist, an enduring monument of the grandeur of Edward I. Whilst we survey them, we are equally struck with the exhition of power the monarch thought it necessary to present to the Welsh nation, the vastness of the means at his disposal, and the truly regal character of the mind which could have devised and reared such works in a remote and barbarous province. The same architect, Henry Ellerton, or De Elreton, was employed here, it is supposed, as at Caernarvon. On the spot where the castle now stands was formerly an abbey of Cistercian monks, founded by Llywellyn ap Iorweth in 1185 or 1186. Aberconway Abbey was transferred by Edward I. to Maynan, in Denbighshire, to make room for the castle. The in-

tended effect of these majestic buildings in overawing the Welsh, and binding their land in fetters, was not obtained at once. Soon afterwards, the royal founder was besieged within the walls of Conway by the people, and himself and his garrison nearly reduced by famine to surrender, until relieved by the arrival of a fleet with provisions. In 1399, Conway Castle was the rendezvous of troops assembled by command of King Richard II. against Bolingbroke, and hither that ill-fated sovereign found his way from Caernarvon, half-famished with hunger, and without common necessaries. Gray, in his celebrated poem, the 'Bard,' has not dwelt upon the circumstance of Conway being the scene of Richard's miseries: he speaks only of the magnificence of his reign, and the report of his having been starved to death.

> "Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
> A baleful smile upon their baffled guest."

Shakespeare, however, describes more nearly the state of the King's affairs, when he puts into the mouth of Scroop the following "ill tale, well told:"—

> "Whitebeards have armed their thin and hairless scalps
> Against thy Majesty; boys, with women's voices,
> Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.
The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell."*

Betrayed at length by treacherous promises of the Earl of Southampton, the King was induced to quit the stronghold of Conway, and was speedily taken captive at Penmaenrhos, about ten miles along the coast, and conveyed a prisoner to Flint Castle.

During the civil wars, Conway Castle was repaired and fortified by Dr. John Williams, Archbishop of York, at his own expense, for Charles I., at the King's personal request. This variously endowed prelate, who was a native of the town, and successively Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Proctor of the University, Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and Archbishop of York,† is one of the most distinguished of the Welsh worthies. At this period the castle was entrusted to the Archbishop's personal care, or of whomsoever he might appoint, till the expenses of repairing the ruins were repaid to him. Accordingly he made

* King Richard II., act iii. sc. 2.

† Fuller's Worthies, by Nuttall, vol. iii. p. 528.

his nephew, William Hookes, governor in 1643. The enthusiasm of the Welsh for the Royal cause is a well-known matter of history. A letter written in May, 1648, from the Parliamentary army, says: "Most of the enemies (Welsh) have in their hats a blue and white riband with this motto, 'We long to see our King.' The countries are universally bent against the Parliament."* But by one of those instances of despotic neglect which so often marred the Royal cause, the Archbishop was superseded by Prince Rupert, and the command of the castle given to Sir John Owen, a colonel in the King's army. The prelate thereupon took a step which has ever since made his character a subject of contest between rival political parties. Out of revenge he suddenly espoused the cause of the Commonwealth, and joining the force under Sir John Mytton, himself assisted in forcing the gates, by which he entered and took possession in the name of the Parliament. In the course of the action he was wounded in the neck. The Archbishop lived only a few months after the execution of the King, in January, 1649.

After the Restoration, Conway Castle was granted by King Charles II. to the Earl of Conway, who, in a spirit disgraceful alike to his loyalty and his

* Southey's Commonplace Book, vol. ii. p. 161.

LLYN-YR-AFRANC, OR BEAVER POOL, (p. 33.)

patriotism, dismantled the building, and embarked the iron, lead, timber, and other valuables on board a vessel bound for Ireland, under pretence of transferring them thither for the King's use. In the supplement to Pennant's 'Tour in Wales,'* is preserved a letter addressed by the Earl of Conway and Kilulta to his Majesty's Deputy-Lieutenant in North Wales, dated Rugby, Warwickshire, the 6th of October, 1665, which acknowledges that the dismantling of Conway Castle was by his order.

The building is situated in the south-east angle of the town, on a steep rock. The eight towers by which it was defended still remain, each surmounted by a turret; one of the towers having been rent asunder by some of the inhabitants of the town who were quarrying the foundation for slates. The upper part remaining entire, whilst the lower has partially fallen away, the ruin presents a striking appearance. The two towers which flanked the grand entrance were called the King's and Queen's towers, and in each there was a beautiful oriel window. It may be mentioned as a curious circumstance connected with the building of this castle, that the workmen were paid in money made of leather, as appears from the following statement:—

* Vol. ii. p. 278.

"King Edward I., his leathern money, bearing his name, stamp, and picture, which he used in the building of Carnarvon, Beaumarish, and Conway castles, to spare better bullion, were, since I can remember, preserved and kept in one of the towers of Carnarvon Castle."*

Within the ruins, what were once two spacious courts are now luxuriant meadows; the walls are covered by a thick drapery of ivy. The great hall, called the Hall of Llewellyn, is one hundred and thirty feet long, by thirty broad, and twenty high; lighted by six lancet-shaped windows, opening on the river, and three others looking into the court. The roof was supported by eight pointed arches, four of which remain. Here it is recorded that King Edward and Queen Eleanor kept high festival during one Christmas, attended by an immense retinue, whilst the vanquished Welshmen were writhing under a sense of their degradation, and the oppression to which they were obliged to submit. Owls, daws, and blackbirds, now make these lordly ruins their abode; and the ancient halls are vocal by day, and even by night, but with other notes than those of the minstrel and reveller.

The walls of Conway form a perfect circuit of

* History of Allchester, 1667.

the town, about a mile and a half in length. They are fifteen feet thick, castellated with twenty-four towers (none of which however appear on the north side), and are entered by four gates. The visitor will be interested also in the ancient Elizabethan mansion, called Plâs Mawr, built in the year 1585, by the Wynne family, which stands in the main street of the town, and presents the usual favourite characteristics of the style.

Mr. Hicklin, in the memoir above referred to, and also in his excellent 'Illustrated Handbook of North Wales,' has pronounced Conway Castle to be the scene of Gray's 'Bard.' This spot may perhaps suit the locality of the poem, which we take to be wholly fictitious, as well as any other. But there is one inconsistency at any rate, namely, that the minstrel who is placed by the poet on "a rock, frowning o'er Conway's foaming flood," could not, if he had stood on the site of the present castle, have been in view of "Snowdon's height," which he is described as contemplating. It would be difficult to find a rock on the banks of the Conway which would satisfy every condition presented by the poem.

The southward journey from Conway up the river may be performed either by the small steamboat

which plies daily to Trefriw and back, or by one of the two roads to Llanrwst which skirt the banks of the stream. In order to have the features of the country clearly before the eye, it should be recollected that the tourist is proceeding due south, up the stream; and if he takes the Trefriw road, the route we are following, he has the river on his left. Whichever of the above "three courses" he adopts, the first place of any importance which he will reach is Caerhûn, the subject of our first illustration. The ruin of an old "castell" close by the ferry, below Caerhûn, forms a conspicuous object on the bank, but has nothing of interest to detain the traveller.

Caerhûn, which is perhaps more correctly written Caer Rhûn,* is a village pleasantly situated on the western bank of the Conway, between that and the Trefriw road. It is not seen from the road till it has been passed, and then it appears among the trees on the left of our view. In the foreground a stream runs into the river, in which is a small island. The hills in the background are on the Denbighshire bank of the Conway, in the neighbourhood of Eglwys Bach. The verdure on both banks of the stream is here very attractive.

Caerhûn is acknowledged by antiquaries on all

* Pronounced as if written "Kyer Heen."

hands to be the site of the Roman station, Conovium, situated nearly midway between Varis (Bodvary, near Flint) and Segontium (Caer-Seiont, near Caernarvon). According to the Itinerary of Antoninus, it was distant twenty-four Roman (nearly twenty English) miles from the latter station, and nineteen Roman (between fifteen and sixteen English) from the former. There can be no doubt that the Latin name of the town was derived from the British appellation of the river "Conwy," upon which it was the only Roman station. Upon the word Conovium the learned Dr. Gale has a commentary, the elegant Latin of which may be thus rendered:—

"A river, which now bears the name of Conway, at the third milestone from its mouth, washes the ruined fragments of a town the name of which is now pronounced Caer Rhyn, instead of Caer Hyn, which means 'the old town.' The place appears to have been so called by way of contrast to the new town (Aberconway, Camd. p. 535), which was erected by Edward I. out of the spoils of this. Several bricks found at Conovium, and inscribed with the letters 'Leg. X.,' prove that the Tenth Legion was quartered here at some period or the other. Julius Cæsar took the Tenth Legion with him into Britain; but he also brought it back again into

Gaul; and no one has ever said that he penetrated thus far, or that this legion ever returned to our island. I suspect that the legion which left its name at Conovium was the Decima Antoniana, and that it was engaged under Ostorius against the Silures and the Ordovices. The bricks of Conovium testify that a Tenth Legion was stationed amongst the Ordovices; and that the Tenth Legion was called *Antoniana* is proved by a coin dug up in the neighbourhood of Maridunum (Caermarthen), a town belonging to the Dimetes, who were a tribe of the Silures. That the legion could not have made a lengthened stay in this country is apparent, not only from the profound silence respecting the fact amongst all historians, but because we know that it fought, under Vespasian, against the Jews, under the name of the Legio Fretensis and the Legio Decima Ferratensis, and that when Jerusalem was at length taken, it was left there as a garrison by Titus; where also it was found by Theodosius the Younger, when his power was on the wane. The anonymous author of Ravenna, writes Canubrium for Conovium. The town is distant twenty miles (Roman) only from Caernarvon."*

* Antonini Iter Britanniarum, commentariis illustratum Thomæ Gale, S.T.P., nuper Decani Ebor., 1702. p. 122.

The churchyard of the village apparently occupies the site of a Roman enclosure; and here the fragments of a sunk building, divided into two parts, have been found—probably the remains of a hypocaust. In this spot also was discovered a curious funnel of baked earth, which probably formed part of the same building.

Another relic of Roman occupation was found at Caerhûn, in the shape of a circular mass of copper, cast like a cake of bees'-wax, the produce no doubt of mines in the Snowdon range. This piece of metal was 42 lbs. in weight, 11 inches in diameter, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick. On the upper part was a deep concave impression, with the words "Socio Romæ," "To my partner at Rome,"—and across there were impressed obliquely the characters "Nat. sol." (qy. "Natio solvit"), intimating that the specimen was exempt from duty.*

But, besides these relics, there survive traces of the Roman roads that led to the station. Of these the most famous perhaps is the Sarn Helen (Sarn-y-lleng), or causeway of the legion, which led from Heiririmons (Tomen-y-mûr) to Conovium, through the village of Llanrhychwyn, but which cannot be traced nearer Caerhûn than the last-named place.

* Pennant, vol. i. p. 63; vol. ii. p. 322.

This road I shall have occasion to mention hereafter. Until the year 1845 no traces of the other Roman road, running from Chester to Caernarvon, could be found in this neighbourhood, and some question was raised as to the fact of Caerhûn being the ancient Conovium on that account. In that year, however, all doubts were set at rest. Three antiquaries, James Dearden, Esq., F.S.A., the Rev. Dr. Jones, Rector of Beaumaris, and H. Longueville Jones, Esq., undertook an expedition, in the course of which they were enabled to trace the Roman road from Caerhûn to Aber. They found it on the wild heath called Wann-y-groes, on the way to wards Bwlch-y-ddwyfaen. It is a raised turfen road, straight, of uniform ascent, formed of stones raised into an embankment and turfed over. Along its route they discovered two circles of stones, two carneddau, and other remains of older date, similar to that found on nearly all the adjoining hills.*

The village is believed to have taken its name from Rhûn, son of Maelgwyn, King of North Wales, who succeeded his father in A.D. 560, and changed the royal residence from Diganwy to this place,† which was hence called the Caer, or Fortress,

* Archæologia Cambrensis, 1st series, vol. i. p. 70.

† Warrington's History of Wales, p. 82.

THE LLYN-GLAS, OR BLUE LAKE, (p. 35.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

of Rhûn. Built on a slight elevation by the river's brink, it possessed no natural means of defence; and when the whole of the Snowdon district was systematically fortified, under Anawrawd, son of Roderick the Great, in A.D. 876, it became necessary to protect the road which passed through Caerhûn. A fort was accordingly erected at the pass of Bwlch-y-ddwyfaen, and another at Aber; but upon the final conquest of Wales, these works seem to have disappeared.

From Caerhûn upwards the valley of the Conway begins to expand and assume more dignified and pleasing features. The hills on either side rise to a commanding height, and the vale is filled with some of the richest pastures in North Wales. Keeping along the western bank of the river, the village of Llanbedr is passed, and an old cromlech may be discovered, with some search, near the mouth of a little stream which comes down a steep wooded glen, called Afon Porth-lwyd. This stream drains a lake about five or six miles up among the hills, called Llyn Eigiau; and four other rivulets are crossed before Llanrwst is reached, each of which, in the same manner, carries off the superfluous water of its own reservoir. One of these, Llyn Cwlyd, is of large size, and may be gained by a

path from Llanbedr over the hills to Capel Curig. Another, Llyn Geirionydd, is described in a future Chapter. At a bend in the road the tourist perceives the upright timbers of a half-built coasting-boat close adjoining the road, and is made acquainted with his approach to Trêfriw, which is the limit of the Conway navigation. Here there are lime-kilns, for burning the stone which is imported into the country; inasmuch as the district of Snowdon, throughout its rocky wildernesses, cannot produce a single bushel of lime, either for building purposes, or for the manure of its valleys. Here also is a small pier, where slates, hone-stones, and mineral ores are embarked for exportation, in return for coals and limestone.

From Trêfriw southwards the picturesque aspect of the valley continues to improve. The hills on the right become more precipitous, and at length appear clothed with timber as Gwydir is approached, the seat of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. In a small hamlet, near a turnpike-gate, a huge dyke of greenstone by the roadside, with a smooth upper surface sloping to the road, attracts the geologic eye, from the noble proportions of its mass.

Gwydir House, the ancient family seat of the

Wynnes, has an interest for the historian and antiquary no less than for the tourist. The former will be reminded of the learned historian of the Gwydir family, who has contributed so agreeably to Welsh literature; whilst in the name of the seat, the philologist will detect an allusion to an event far back in the gloom of medieval annals. Gwydir is said to be derived from "gwaed-dûr," or the "bloody land," in allusion to a battle fought here by Llywarch Hên, the bard, about the year 610. The old mansion of Gwydir was built by Sir John Wynne in 1604, and remained in possession of the family till 1678. Mary, daughter of Sir John Wynne, was the last of this great race. She married Robert Bertie, eldest son of the third Earl of Abington. In 1690 her husband was called to the House of Peers as Lord Willoughby d'Eresby. He succeeded to his father's title in 1701, and was afterwards created Marquis of Lindsay and Duke of Ancaster. The ducal title passed only to male heirs, but the barony of Willoughby d'Eresby descended to a daughter of the third Duke of Ancaster. The lady thus became not only baroness in her own right, but she held in her own person the office of Lord Great Chamberlain of England, which was executed by her husband Sir Peter Burrell, Knt. Through her the present Lord

Willoughby d'Eresby has become possessed of the Gwydir estates.

Immediately before reaching the park, a road to the left leads across the river to Llanrwst, about half a mile distant. A visit to this beautifully situated town does not fall strictly within our route, but the tourist can make his choice between resting here or at the more picturesque but less commodious village of Bettws-y-coed.

Llanrwst, which is in Derbyshire, contains about four thousand inhabitants, and is situated in a remarkably luxuriant portion of the Conway valley. Rich meadows, enclosed by hedgerows abounding in timber, surround the town, and render it a delightful object from all the surrounding hills. The name is derived from the patron saint, St. Gwrst, one of those obscure local celebrities, abounding in Wales and Cornwall, of whom little but the name is known. St. Gwrst, or St. Rystyd, is said to have been Bishop of London in the year 360. The old church of St. Gwrst was originally founded, it is said,* by Rhûn, otherwise Dunawt, son of Nevydd Hardd, to expiate the murder of his foster-son, Idwal, the infant heir of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales. A church was

* Pennant, 'Tour in Wales,' vol. ii. p. 143.

built here in 1160, replacing probably an older one, and on its site was raised the present structure in the fifteenth century. It contains a fine wooden screen and roof, brought hither from the abbey of Maynan, and various memorials of the Wynnes. Here also is shown a stone coffin, believed, with great reason, to be that of Llywellyn the Great, who married the Princess Joan, daughter of King John, and died in 1238. Of this chieftain the whole of the Conway district abounds in memorials. Llanrwst was formerly noted, says Mr. Hicklin,* for making harps; but the spinning of woollen yarn is now almost its sole manufacture. The bridge, built in 1636, after a design by Inigo Jones, who has sometimes been supposed, but erroneously, to have been a native of the town, has been always looked upon with great admiration. It is a handsome structure of three arches, and possesses a singular property, which is made the subject of experiment by almost every one who crosses it for the first time. When the central stone of the parapet is struck smartly with the fist, or with the body of a person striking violently against it, a vibration of the whole structure is distinctly felt. A mortuary chapel, attached to Gwydir House, and designed by the same architect, is also highly spoken of.

* Illustrated Handbook, p. 244.

What may possibly interest the visitor more than these not very prodigious "lions" of Llanrwst, is a small but very picturesque waterfall, called Rhaiadr-y-parc Mawr, which is to be seen in Nant Gwydir, a steep glen in the woods on the right-hand side of the road, near the Park. It is produced by a small rivulet falling over a rock of about one hundred feet high, and has often been studied by artists. There is also a chapel in Gwydir Woods, the situation of which is charmingly secluded. The road from Gwydir Park to Bettws increases in beauty to something approaching grandeur. On the right is a mountainous height, called Craig-y-gwalch,—the Crag of the Falcon,—the steep sides of which are covered by luxuriant woods, reaching up to the mountain village of Llanrhwchwyn. In the distance, soon appears the craggy height under which Bettws is situated, rounded off with a crest of white rocks at the summit, and densely clothed with vegetation down to its base. This abrupt barrier seems to close up the valley. In front of it the Llugwy comes in from the right, whilst the Conway has wound round it, on the opposite or eastern side. Thus Bettws-y-coed lies at the confluence of the two streams, and here we are, for the first time, introduced to features of scenery of a mountainous character.

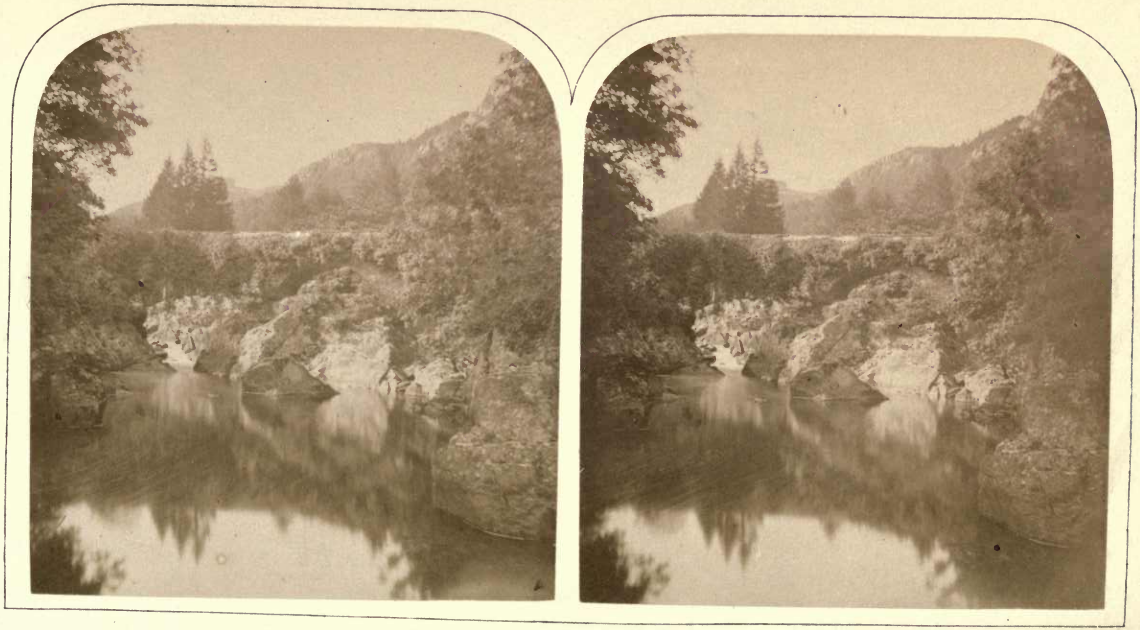
The entrance to this famous village, the yearly resort of the angler and the artist, is almost too familiar to every one by the efforts of our landscape painters to bear an attempt at description. Yet the numberless admiring tourists who have stood at the north or lower side of the Pont-y-pair, and feeling rather than seeing the stream as it flashes and thunders at their feet, have glanced across at the single row of white cottages opposite, from which the smoke curls up against masses of gardens, dark fir-plantations, woods, and wild shrubs, piled one over the other upon a steep ascent, crowned at last with a coronet of rocks, grey in sunlight, or gleaming-white in shade, and frequently wreathed with wisps of cloud, will not readily forget the impression made. Still it must be owned that the beauty of this situation, great as it is, would never have reached its present celebrity but for the productions of the artists who have made this place a rendezvous and camping-ground for years past. The peculiar convenience and varied charm of the place may not be recognized at first, but when its central position, sheltered aspect, and well-wooded mountain-ranges come to be realized, we are not surprised to find that the artists' conclusion is right after all, and that Bettws-y-coed is the

most attractive spot in North Wales. David Cox, who up to a year before his death used to pay annual visits to the village, was the first to make it classic ground, and he has been succeeded by a host of others,—Pettitts, Coles, Fripps, M'Kewans, Williamses, an array too long to enumerate,—who have caused the poet's prophetic boast,

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,"

to be fulfilled of such remote streams as the Lledr and the Llugwy.

Bettws possesses two inns, the 'Royal Oak' and another, but no large hotel. There are plenty of lodgings in the village, which are usually well filled. At the former of these hostelries, kept by Mrs. Roberts, the moderately equipped traveller will be sufficiently well entertained, as is shown by its being a favourite resort of the *habitués*, pictorial and piscatorial, of the neighbourhood. Here, as I believe is usually the case, I found a party of artists domiciled in the house, forming the permanent staple of a most agreeable society, which is continually varied by the arrival and departure of successive guests. I had happily preceded the immense influx of summer tourists who crowd the main roads and principal hotels to an extent which rather mars the contemplative enjoyment of natural beauty. The



PONT-Y-PAIR, (p. 37.)

weather was unusually brilliant, and rain beginning to be anxiously looked for by the farmers. So there was nothing to interfere with the pursuits of all the denizens of the 'Royal Oak.' Every evening brought a variety of new sketches, which were discussed and criticized in terms which, to the unlearned amateur, sound full of mystery, whilst a climb to the hills above the house, or a stroll by the Llugwy, the roar of which was to be heard at a short distance, wiled away the lingering hours of the spring twilight.

Skirting the base of the hill which overhangs Bettws, the road up the Conway again approaches the river, and at length crosses it at Waterloo Bridge, consisting of one arch of iron, 105 feet in span, and so called from its erection in the year in which Waterloo was fought, as testified by an inscription in open iron letters below the arch. After crossing the bridge, the old road keeps near the river, whilst the new causeway, constructed by Telford, the engineer, strikes off a little above it. We follow the former, and in about half a mile reach another bridge of a single arch, leading to the mouth of the Lledr valley.

From the first stone on the right-hand parapet of this bridge, our Stereograph No. 2 is taken, repre-

senting the Llyn-yr-afranc, or Beaver Pool. The spectator is looking down the Conway nearly due north. Before him is a broad, circular expanse, where the foaming Conway loves to lie at perfect rest after its prolonged turmoil amidst rocks and cataracts. On the left of our view is a wooded bank, in the middle of which the white object seen is nothing else than the wall of a road. Above the bank is a hill called Craig-glan-Conwy, and beyond are other hills in the direction of Bettws-y-coed. The river streams away to the left of the view, and immediately over it may be traced a farmhouse in the distance. The small trees in the middle distance, which look as if they were on an island, are really on the right bank of the river as the spectator stands, and the termination of the pool near them might at first be mistaken for the outlet of the stream. In the far distance are seen the Craig-y-gwalch and the hills above Gwydir.

The Beaver Pool abounds with fish; below the bridge, on the bank, are kept fishing-coracles; and above them, swinging on an arm suspended in the trees, hang rattling in the breeze the heavily weighted nets with which the stream is here searched. Its name is a literal translation of the old Welsh term, Llyn-yr-afranc; and has played an

important part in a controversy which has sometimes been raised, whether beavers ever existed in Wales within historic times. Nant Ffrancon, or the Beavers' Vale, was another proof of the affirmative, arising from nomenclature; and the much contested assertion of Giraldus Cambrensis, as to the existence of these animals in the Towey, was established when the laws of Howel Dha, of the tenth century, came to be examined. By those laws it was provided that the skins of beavers, martens, and stoats belonged to the king, whenever the animals were captured, in order to provide fur for his robes: and the price of a beaver's skin was, further, fixed at 10*s*.*

Turning at length from this beautiful sheet of water, we cross the bridge, and following the road once more up the stream on the right, in about half a mile's distance, arrive at another expanse of less size but of no less beauty than the Beaver Pool, and which forms the subject of Stereograph No. 3.

The Llyn Glas, or Blue Lake, one of the very many pieces of water in Wales which bear the name, is not strictly a lake, but, like the former, only a tranquil pause in the downward impulsive rush of the Conway river. Cradled in this basin, the waters of the river seem as if they had never

* Warrington, Hist. of Wales.

known what it was to seethe and roar, though they have just quitted one of the rockiest and most tortuous channels that is to be found on any Welsh river.

Looking at one of the views of the stereograph by itself, it might be supposed that the Llyn Glas is surrounded entirely by woods; but on applying the frame and combining the pictures, it will be found that there is a break in the middle of the scene, where the Conway enters the lake from the Fordd Nevin. Some vast boulders are scattered about at the mouth of the glen. Behind rises the bold hill called Bryn-y-ddinas, broken into charming play of light and shade. No one can hesitate to pronounce that ample justice has been done to the Llyn Glas in the highly effective photograph. On the spectator's right the Lledr descends into the main stream.

Having thus far traced the Conway in its upward path, it is time to return to Bettws, and examine the tributary which we have already passed, namely the Llugwy. Coming down from Capel Curig, this stream pursues a course of about twelve miles from its source, in the Ffynnon Llugwy, or Fountains of Llugwy, in a *Cwm* of the same name, which runs up between the spurs of the lofty mountain, Carnedd

Llewellyn. From its source to its junction with the Conway this river traverses some of the most famed and favourite haunts of the tourist in North Wales.

At present however we are concerned only with its descent into the Conway valley at Bettws. This it effects over a succession of precipitous rocks, the lowest being spanned by the Pont-y-pair, over which the traveller enters the village of Bettws. The scene is represented in Stereograph No. 4.

The mantling of ivy which covers this bridge renders it difficult to discern that it consists of four arches, the piers of which rest on natural foundations of rock, through and over which the stream, when swollen, breaks with tremendous violence and uproar, subsiding almost immediately afterwards into the quiet pool which is seen in front of the view. Beyond, in the distance, are the lofty cliffs which enclose the Llugwy valley on the north, bare and rocky at the top, and clothed with rich verdure and plantations as they approach the stream. Pont-y-pair is a well-known work of the Welsh mason Howel. The point from which the stereograph was taken may be found by scrambling down to the brink of the river by a steep path nearly opposite the Royal Oak inn.

As to the meaning of the word Bettws there is

some little difference amongst antiquaries. The common interpretation given to it is, "a station" halfway between hill and vale, and this is the meaning to be found, if we remember right, in Carlisle's 'Topographical Dictionary.' By others it has been supposed that Bettws is a corruption of the Saxon words Bede-house, from the fact of its manifest appropriation to ecclesiastical subjects. Thus, on the other side of Snowdon there is a parish called Bettws Garmon, which reads very plausibly as the Bede-house of Garmon, or St. Germanus. But it remains to be shown that Bettws is not, as would at first sight appear, a British word. The derivation of modern Welsh names from Saxon appellatives is always suspicious. It has been suggested* that the Bettwses may have been preceptories of the Templars and Hospitallers, of the latter of whom traces remain in the Yspytties, or Hospitals, which are not unfrequent in Wales.

Whether, however, the name of the village signify a 'station in the wood' or a 'bede-house of the wood,' the superior charms of its situation will, as I have said, ultimately commend themselves to every stranger. In the mountain tract just above the village, lies a small lake, Llyn-helsi, from the

* Arch. Cambr., part 1, vol. i. p. 291.

neighbourhood of which Moel Siabod forms a conspicuous feature, hiding from view Snowdon, which lies due west behind it. The vale of Llanrwst northwards is always a delightful scene, lying as it does due north and south, and consequently enjoying the utmost possible amount of sunlight, the effects of which it displays in endless variety.

The church at Bettws is a building of the simplest kind, without aisles, surmounted by a small bell-gable turret. In the walled churchyard are some fine timber-trees. The only memorial of interest is the altar-tomb under a low arch in the north wall, to the memory of Griffith, son of David Gôch, who was a natural son of Prince David, the brother of Llewellyn ap Gruffydd. An inscription no one side of the figure is, or was until lately, legible :—

"Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davyd Gôch.
Agnus Dei, miserere mei!"

As is well known, the hostility of David to his brother, whatever may have been the motives of his revenge, was the ultimate cause of the subjection of the Welsh nation to the ambition of Edward I., and of his own ruin. For six months after the death of Llewellyn he valiantly prolonged an unequal contest with England, but was ultimately betrayed by

his own countrymen. The fate of Prince David was as lamentable as his crime. The ancient and barbarous doom of the traitor, hanging, disembowelling, and quartering, was carried into effect with all its rigours, and the head of the Prince, crowned either with silver or a wreath of ivy, was exposed on the Tower of London, as if in mockery of the prophecies of the Welsh bards. This ferocious act of triumph must have stung the pride of the Welsh chieftains to the quick. Scarcely less a demonstration than this perhaps would have struck awe into so fierce an enemy; at any rate, the subsequent measures of the King were well calculated to lay the foundations of that concord between the two nations which for six centuries has never been disturbed.

FALLS OF THE LLUGWY, (p. 41.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

CHAPTER II.

The Llugwy valley is probably the best-known of any in North Wales, as the high-road from Bettws-y-coed to Bangor, through Capel Curig, accompanies it throughout its whole course from the junction of the river with the Conway to its source. The bridge of Pont-y-pair, which crosses the Llugwy at Bettws, has already been described. In order that the reader may be introduced to the next view, No. 5, he must suppose himself still in the village, and having crossed the bridge, and descended by the parapet at the north-east angle of the structure, to be standing on a platform of rocks worn smooth by the floods. He will then readily recognize the scene which has been designated the "Falls in the Llugwy." He is looking up the stream in a western direction, the houses on the left form part of the village of Bettws, and the clump of firs on the right are the same as those figured in the preceding stereograph, No. 4. The bed of the river at this point is

in fact a succession of rocky stairs down which the water breaks in cataracts. The bridge is built about halfway down the descent; thus in crossing the Pont-y-pair, the traveller sees the top of the fall on his right, on a level with the parapet, as in view No. 5; whilst on the left, at a great depth below, is seen the pool, which is represented in view No. 4. The effect of this peculiar arrangement, which certainly was as happily conceived by the old Welsh mason as it was boldly carried out, may be readily conceived. The bridge, in fact, spans the cataract in the middle of its descent.

In the visitors' book at the Royal Oak, conspicuous amongst a variety of productions of pen and pencil, more or less excellent, is an admirable drawing by an artist whose name has long since been distinguished in the world. He sketches a pursy Englishman in a carriage and four, tearing along at full speed down the road through Bettws—the postilions reeling on horseback with supernatural gravity in their faces—a footman in the dicky paying attentions to a lady's-maid—geese and pigs trundling out of the path of the vehicle—inside which the discriminating lord is alone and fast asleep, with the most inspiring scenery visible through the open windows. Upon travellers of this

quality the attractions of the Pont-y-pair are as much thrown away as upon the visitors of a century or two ago, who seem to have experienced nothing but terror and dismay amidst scenes which afford so much pleasure to a more cultivated and luxurious age. Scarcely less unfortunate are those who are bound for a week's ramble in a district which every one thinks it necessary to see once in his life, and who encounter nothing but the rolling mist and drenching rain which are too often the most lasting recollections of a Welsh tour. On this point the observation of those most deeply interested in the question, seems to show that of late years the Welsh climate has been much finer in spring than in September and October. The prevailing east winds in the early part of the year have swept the Welsh hills clear of the vapours which are so apt to cling about the mountain-sides.

It was a brilliant day, in the most delightful of months, when I set out from Bettws to investigate the bed of the Llugwy. After following for about two miles the road which skirts the left bank of the river, the country gently rising the whole way, the explorer strikes into a plantation of young firs to the right, near the farm of Pentre-du, where there are some wheel-tracks of miners, the road making

a bend to the southward. The roar of the stream becomes gradually more audible, and at length the white walls of its channel are seen gleaming through the underwood. On reaching the edge, a gorge of rocks and loose stones is seen, through which the river winds, crossed by what seems at first to be a single stem of pine, with a slender rail attached. This is the "Miners' Bridge" represented in our Stereograph No. 6. The point of view of Mr. Fenton's picture is reached by descending to the bank near the lower end of the bridge, and ascending the stream for a few yards. The spectator will then easily find the exact spot from which, looking backward nearly due west, the charming prospect here represented lies before him. The rocks on the left are *in situ*, and so are many in the bed of the stream; amongst the rest, the mass upon which the lower end of the bridge rests. Others are boulders brought down by heavy floods, or possibly by glacial action. Right and left are young woods of fir and timber trees which fringe the banks of the Llugwy for several miles above Bettws. In the distance are the hills on the north bank, where the river bends away to the right. The Miners' Bridge itself, when examined, is found to consist of four or five fir-poles, squared a little at the ends,

which rest on either bank, and bound together so as to make a path of two or three trees' breadth. A rail is supported by two uprights. Altogether the passage is of a frail and giddy character, and the height at the upper end can be scarcely less than forty feet, below which the stream frets itself a channel. At the lower end the logs are chained and clamped to the stone with an iron bar, to prevent their being swept away by the floods. Just at this spot the valley is crossed by a vein of felstone; all the surrounding banks being of the rock technically called Caradoc, or Bala, in the lower Silurian system.

When the spectator has sufficiently inspected the Miners' Bridge from the point of view given in No. 6, he should turn directly round, and will then have before him the scene depicted in No. 7, called "Rocks in the Llugwy." He is now looking up the stream instead of down. The scene is favourable for photographic illustration, and strongly characteristic of this part of the valley. The rounded forms of the nearer masses of stone stand out with effect against the more distant cliffs, and the tops of the young timber woods, of the firs, and of the distant hills, form a pleasing combination of lines. It will be remarked that the streams were all low

when the stereographs were taken. And there can be no doubt that at times of high flood, after rain, they present a much grander appearance. When I saw them, the water was even shallower than at the time of Mr. Fenton's visit. The brilliant weather and strong sunlight, however, made ample amends for the shrunken state of the water. An effect also was perceptible which the stereograph has failed to render. The dark or lower side of the huge boulder on the left was irradiated by a perpetual flow of rippling bands of sunlight reflected from the wavelets below. It may easily be conceived that the light and life-giving properties of the solar beam are thus, by a bountiful provision of Nature, conveyed in successive pulsations to the minute living occupants of the hoary rock. The same beautiful and not uncommon appearance has been imitated with great success, I have been informed, by Mr. Cole, Jun., in one of his recent studies from this neighbourhood. The presence of so large a *bloc perché* as this in the vale of the Llugwy River, cannot for one moment be witnessed without exciting speculation as to the agency which brought it thither. It is not *in situ*, for the bed of the river consists of the stratified felstone. There is no steep mountain-side from which it could have rolled, and

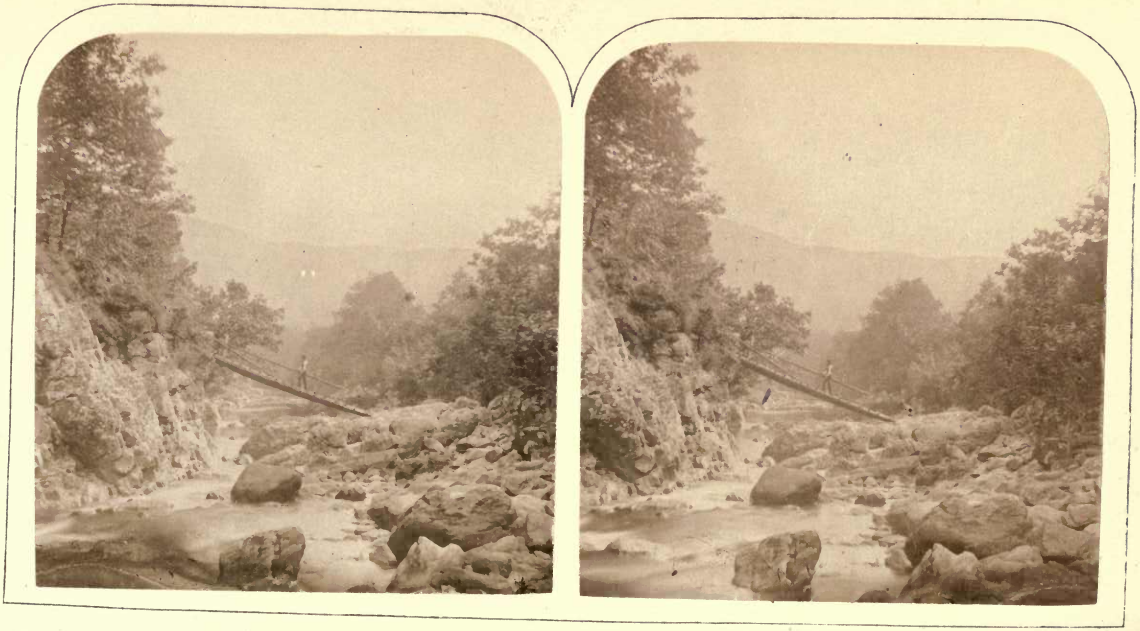
it seems difficult to imagine that the river in its highest floods could have swept along so ponderous a mass. One practicable suggestion that remains is, that it was transported by a river of ice, traces of which may perhaps be found on the wall of rocks on the left of the following view. The decision of this question must be left to the practised eye of a geologist. A passage of Humboldt* may be here noted, in which, speaking of "erratic blocks," the great naturalist says:—"The dissemination of these blocks has been the subject of much discussion; it has been attributed to glaciers and to floating masses of ice: *but I am inclined to ascribe it rather* to the impetuous flow of waters from reservoirs in which they had been long detained, and from which they were set free by the elevation of mountain chains. It is a point which will probably long continue undecided, and to which I only incidentally allude."

In order to reach what we have called the "Pool on the Llugwy," No. 8, it is necessary to descend the stream again to a position a few yards below the Miners' Bridge, where the channel opens, and the view down the stream is closed by the woods which clothe the bank as the Llugwy

* Cosmos, 4th edition, vol. i. p. 274.

bends to the right. The exquisite pencilling and varied lighting of this view must commend it to every eye. Here we may observe that the stratification of the felstone is very perceptible, and on the bed where the spectator stands there are two sets of parallel veins intersecting horizontally at an angle of 55°. On the left bank the dip of the stratum is also distinctly marked. The faint line in the distance indicates the outline of the mountainous region in the parish of Llanrhwchwyn. The details are lost in the present view; but the whole of the hillside is broken up into alternate meadows and copses, remarkable no less for their verdure than their charming contrast.

Having exhausted the attractions of this part of the Llugwy, returning to the road, the tourist will be tempted to go higher, and see the most celebrated feature of this part of the country, the Rhaiadr-y-wennol, or "Swallow Fall." This is the most celebrated of the Welsh cataracts. The Pistyll-rhaiadr, in the valley of Mochnant, in Denbighshire, is much larger, the fall there being down an almost perpendicular black crag of 240 feet in height; and the three waterfalls near Dolgelley are remarkable from their close vicinity to each other; but for an assemblage of picturesque qualities, none can match



MINERS' BRIDGE, ON THE LLUGWY, (p. 44.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

the "Swallow Fall." It must be borne in mind however that a previous course of recent heavy rain is absolutely necessary to bring out the full grandeur of the scene. In the sunny hours favourable to photographers and holiday tourists, the Swallow moults its feathers and becomes a very tame creature indeed. Still, at all times it ought to be seen by the traveller. It cannot well be missed: a path expressly made for visitors leads out of the road by a little gate in the wall, and down the precipitous bank of the Llugwy to the foot of the cataract, where from a rock when the water is low, or else from the shore, the full grandeur of the glancing sheet of white water is flung at once upon the eye, whilst the ear is satiated, but not wearied, with one of Nature's most majestic voices. The course of the fall is a tumbled flow, not a clear leap, and the channel winds slightly in its descent. The water at the top is in one body, but soon spreads, and is reflected back upon itself by contraction of the sides, as well as broken by upright masses of rock. The chasm then widens, and the water again expands like the tail of the bird from which it is named, being ridged up in the centre by the bed of the stream, and falling away at the sides. It is finally broken into several fans by central blocks of

stone. The tremble and sparkle of the water at the top of the cataract, as seen against the bright sky, is one of the most refreshing objects that can be witnessed on a sultry day. On either side the banks are wooded with luxuriant trees, vying with each other in graceful forms and foliage as they droop over the thundering and steaming flood. The ground is everywhere carpeted with moss, and the rocks clothed with lichens. The whole spot abounds with conditions favourable to vegetation, and this is a very important advantage, considering the too often barren aspect of Welsh views.

Immediately the wood is passed, which surrounds the Swallow Fall, the features of the country alter as the traveller proceeds towards Capel Curig. By degrees the trees become dwarfed, plantations give place to hungry-looking meadows; these in their turn yield to rock-strewn heaths and moors, succeeded at last by high-lying mountain-slopes, where the rock, breaking out into cliffs and upright crags, preponderates considerably over the vegetation, and finally extinguishes it altogether. At a turn in the road the noble mountain Moel Siabod appears on the left, and is a conspicuous object, till another bend to the right brings the traveller in sight of Capel Curig. The Llugwy is crossed once, and con-

tinues to be seen from the road, sometimes in broken cascades, at others gliding through alluvial lands or cradled in still pools. Capel Curig is the well-known resting-place for every traveller who makes the circuit of Snowdon. Here the three roads from Llanrwst, Bangor, and Llanberis meet; hence is the best ascent of Moel Siabod; here also the most favourite, and from the direction of Bettws the first, view the stranger gets of Snowdon; and finally, an hotel which cannot be surpassed in comfort by any in North Wales.

Referring here to my own wanderings, which at this point deviated considerably from the limits traced out by our stereographs, I may add that on proceeding to the top of Snowdon, it was my good fortune to find the walk from Capel Curig in the highest degree pleasant, and extremely favourable as to the view. The high-road conducts the pedestrian for about four miles to Pen-y-Gwryd, between the Llyniau Mymbyr, as the Capel Curig lakes are called, and the bleak ridge of the Cefn-y-capel. At this point the roads diverge, that to Beddgelert turning to the left, and the Llanberis pass opening on the right. Pen-y-gwryd possesses also a thriving and well-managed little hostelry, the accommodations of which are to be recommended, whilst its neigh-

bourhood to Snowdon and the Glyders is an attraction to mountain-climbers.*

The route to Snowdon from Pen-y-gwryd proceeds for about a mile along the high-road to Gorphwysfa, "the resting-place," in the middle of the Llanberis pass. The traveller has turned the sharp angle of Bwlch-y-Gwyddel, "Pass of the Gael, or Irishmen," —why so called it is now hopeless to inquire,— glances down into the lovely green valley of Nant Gwynant, and accustoms his eye to the forbidding aspect of a desolate, rock-encumbered valley on his left, where a small silver thread winds down amidst a wilderness of stone, to join the Glaslyn river. At Gorphwysfa there is a turning to the left, once indicated by a direction-post, which has long since been removed by some sagacious "guide." This path may be safely followed by any one, but *in clear weather only*. Even with the assistance of the

* Let the curious stranger by all means inspect the visitors' book at Pen-y-gwryd,—that is to say, if it be not, as I found on a second visit, sent away to Beddgelert, or elsewhere. He will find that some notabilities have been before him, and their contributions are an agreeable contrast to the astounding examples of fatuity one generally sees. There is a capital rhyming couplet in which one of the party describes himself as "qui montes lustravi perpendiculos;" the second, "qui pisces non cepi, sed pisciculos;" the third, "qui versus non feci, sed versiculos;" the fourth, as "qui jocos non edidi, nisi ridiculos," or to that effect.

Ordnance map, the prudence may be questioned of any stranger attempting to reach the top in misty weather without a companion. Following this path, a heath is crossed, and the track winding westward descends a little and makes the half-circuit of Llyn Teyern, a small tarn surrounded by fragments of greenstone and felspar of all sizes, and scattered in the wildest disorder. Most of these are "rollers" from the slopes above. Below on the shore of the lake is a row of cottages, cheaply built of solid stone and roofed with slate, but deserted and ruinous, with the appearance of never having been inhabited. Half a mile further of gentle ascent opens to the view the beautiful Llyn Llydaw, which is a mile in length, and presents a series of picturesque surprises by its indentations and islands. No one could possibly suggest a more attractive conformation of land and water. The south-west termination is bounded by one of the spurs of Snowdon, which encircles it half round in a vast bowl, the steep and barren sides of the ridge rising up sharply from the water to a commanding height, and presenting a sky-line of true mountain character. At one part of the lake the north-west and south-east shores approach each other, and here, in order to save the trouble of going round, a causeway of stones has

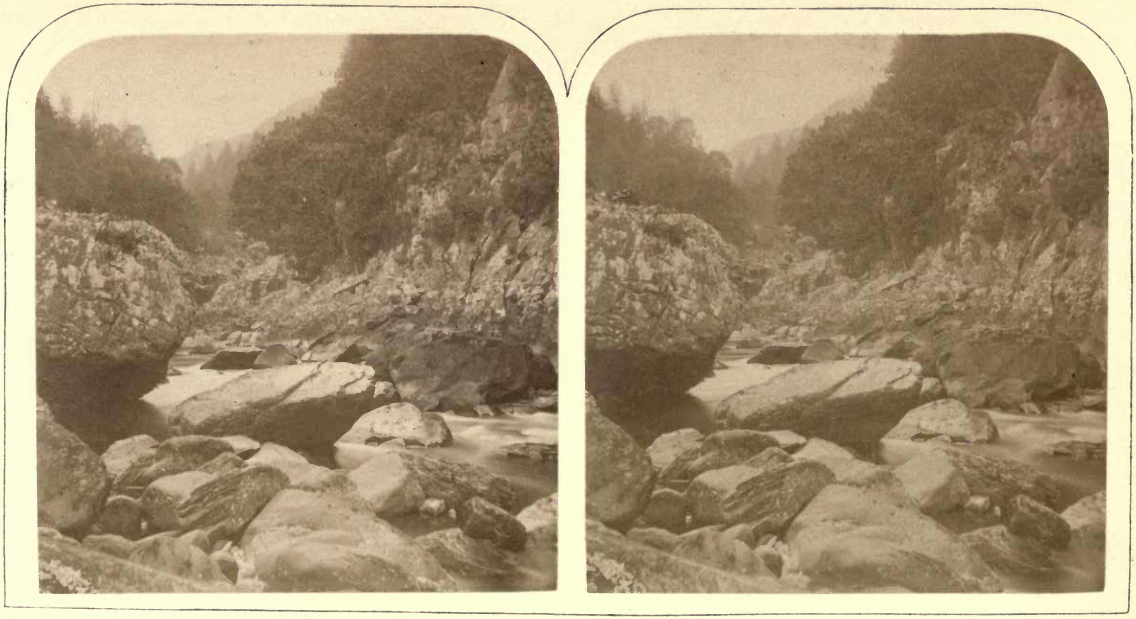
been made to carry the road across. This abbreviation of the route is welcome enough; but the lover of mountain scenery is disgusted to find that in order to shorten the labour of making the roadway, the workmen have drained away the water of the lake, and reduced its depth by several inches, thus leaving a margin of bare strand round the whole margin and the many islets.

Coasting Llyn Llydaw, an angle is turned, and the head of the valley appears, threaded by the small stream which feeds the lake. This is one of the grandest spectacles of the whole ascent. Immediately in front is a gigantic wall of cliff, terminating in the peak of Snowdon; to the right and left slope away the vast ridges which support it; and about halfway up appears a sort of ledge or break in the mountainous mass, where a third lake is found to be buoyed up in an amphitheatre of its own, perhaps more beautiful than either of the preceding. From a gap in this ledge the torrent winds down, and at the opening is seen a small wooden aqueduct on sloping timbers, carrying water to a mining-house. Up to this point the ascent is steep; wheels are abandoned, but sledges can still be dragged to the mill-house. Arrived here, we pass the building and find a third lake, the exquisite Glas (or "Blue")

Llyn. Along its shore a tramway runs, conveying to the mining-house the copper ore which is tunnelled out of the heart of Snowdon directly opposite. The Glas Llyn gives its name to the rivulet, which, passing through Llyn Gwynant and past Beddgelert, becomes a respectable river, and threading the famous bridge of Pont Aberglaslyn, reaches Cardigan Bay at the Traeth Mawr. The Glas Llyn is so completely encircled that a breeze seldom ruffles its waters, in which the shadows of the mountains lie steadily mirrored. The beauty of these reflections in the two upper lakes is often noticed by travellers as one of the most memorable effects presented throughout this marvellous valley. Almost the only sound I here noticed was the note of the cuckoo, a bird which seemed to abound in the whole neighbourhood.* At Capel Curig they were so near as to seem about to fly in at the windows; and by the side of the lakes, two were holding a conversation in monologue for half an hour together. At the higher end of the Glas Llyn the flank of the mountain be-

* Is it from the frequency of this bird in Wales that it is called the "Welsh Ambassador"? See Middleton's play of 'A Trick to catch the Old One,' act iv. sc. 5. A writer in 'Notes and Queries,' 1st series, vol. i. p. 406, suggests that the word "Welsh" in this phrase merely means "strange," being derived from the Anglo-Saxon "wealh," a stranger.

comes precipitous, and rises in one clear wall from the shore of the lake to the summit. A miners' path is found which leads a quarter of the way up, and the rest is accomplished by a succession of steep zigzags. Three-quarters of an hour will bring an ordinary walker over this the steepest part of the ascent. By the side of the path are several large gullies and deep holes where a false step would be dangerous. The path also is so little distinguishable from the barren calcareous soil—a mixture of sand, slate, and stone—that it may well be missed, though without risk to an experienced climber, who would then have to pick his own way, at a much greater expenditure of labour, to the top of the ridge. Arrived here, the peak of Snowdon is still a quarter of a mile to the left. To one, like myself, emerging from comparative twilight on the eastern side to the full blaze of a glowing spring evening, the unexpected change of situation is almost magical. Everything to the west of the mountain was steeped in the most searching sunlight; from contemplating a few yards of brown rock in a darkish glen, the eye roamed over a vast expanse of mountains, moors, and lakes; Caernarvonshire lay mapped out in perspective at the feet, Anglesey seemed to float in the Irish Sea, shaded with misty



ROCKS IN THE LLUGWY, (p. 45.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

tints of dissolved colour wrinkled with bays and rivers, and studded with silver lakes; and the intricate structure of the mountain chains around began to resolve themselves into an intelligible system. The ridge which is reached by this path terminates towards the east in the Crib-y-ddysgyll, a sort of rival peak to Snowdon, and is continued to the Crib Gôch, a flank of the mountain so called from its red stains, which glow with the colour of red-hot iron in the sun. The remaining ascent of the peak, called Y Wyddfa, or "The Conspicuous," is easy. Here the Llanberis route joins, and the track is well worn by the endless pilgrimages of tourists. At the actual summit, the view opens to the north-east and south-west, hitherto hidden by the path along which the ascent is made. As I saw it, the view to the northward was at first bounded by the Irish Sea; towards sunset the mountains in Man became visible. The coast of Ireland was not in sight. No large town can be seen from Snowdon. Conway, Bangor, Beaumaris, Caernarvon, are all hidden by intervening heights; the Menai Strait however points out the locality of the last-mentioned towns. Towards the south-west the projecting portion of Caernarvonshire, crowded with rugged mountains, separates the bays of Caer-

narvon and Cardigan. To the south, Cader Idris closes the scene. Turning eastward, the whole track from Capel Curig is foreshortened into a tortuous scroll; the "Blue Lake" lies below at a tremendous depth, gleaming like a bright eye-glance shot up to the summit. At a lower level the Llyn Llydaw reposes in its no longer brimming basin; and further down are seen the green valleys of Nant-y-Gwryd and Nant Gwynant. On the east, the huge Glyders and the Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewellyn preclude any very distant view. The effect of this scene has been often described, but by no one, as it seems to me, more forcibly than by Talfourd, in his 'Vacation Rambles,' when he speaks of the highest peak being reared up to the heavens by five or six gigantic arms in the shape of the massive ridges which serve as buttresses to the central pile. For hours it may well engage the study of the visitor, whose powers of mental combination are somewhat tried in order to reconcile the appearance of the mountain as seen from below with the magnificent projection of its inclined surfaces as viewed from the top. The evening however closes; the sun stoops lower into a bank of cloud over Caernarvon Bay, the outer shores of Anglesea darken, and a deeper purple begins to fringe the

frowning brow of Crib Gôch. A stray party of late travellers make their appearance, having left their companions lower down on the hill. They had all been challenged, it appeared, to the top, by an enterprising young lady, and two only had accepted. Whilst we were gazing at the view, a light cloud came hurrying across the summit, like one of Milton's "embryon atoms." Spreading its yellow and purple wings, it wrapped the hill for a few seconds in mist, a few heavy drops fell, and all was clear. The airy visitor was already far away on its wind-bound errand. Our visitors reluctantly left the splendid panorama, and I was left to make the acquaintance of John Roberts, who is not unknown to fame as the excellent warden of the Snowdon Hotel, and to discover the comforts he had been able to assemble in a stout wooden hut, 3,500 feet above the blue water we could trace below. There were no beds as yet (14th May); but the resources of the cabin were by no means contemptible—a fire, benches, rugs, and the eatable and drinkable accessories of a bivouac.

Throughout the night the wind was high, but steady, and never in gusts as in the mountains below: it is also softer than at lower elevations. It is stated that no ill effects from exposure to the wind are ever felt on the top of the mountain, even

after the most violent exertion. At length, after an interval of comparative cold,—the darkest portion also of a night which was little more than twilight all through,—a purpling of the sky, and of the misty region toward the east, showed the approach of morning. A few of the nearer lakes became visible, but almost every valley was filled with white puffs of mist. The sun at length broke through a bank of clouds, and was barred with their horizontal streaks of crimson and gold for some time. The lifelike appearance of the sea, in contrast to the still lakes, gave an agreeable freshness to the scene. At length the giant shadow of Snowdon began to make itself seen, and stretching away towards Caernarvon, slowly contracted and wheeled round with the sun. At the same time a general move was apparent in the congregation of vapours. Like a flock of birds, all began to rise together, catching the golden light on their emerald sides, steaming up as from a solfatara, and hiding the mountain-peaks between which they had been cradled. Amongst the most distant there visible, were the Wrekin, Cader Idris, and the Yorkshire hills. This glorious vision continued till the distant country became entirely concealed from view, whilst the neighbouring lakes and valleys continued as clear as ever.

I left the summit before the sun became powerful, after a friendly parting with my companion, who remained to dispense the hospitalities of the Snowdon Hotel to future arrivals. Of the several ascents, that by Pen-y-gwryd is said to be the grandest, and that by Llanberis the easiest, the fact being that the abundance of travellers, and a very slight acquaintance with mountain walking, render an error almost impossible. The fatal accidents which happened to the Rev. Mr. Starr and to two strangers this summer, occurred at night; and even these arose from unusual mistakes and want of care. The sharp edge along which the Beddgelert route runs for a short distance, and which was considered dangerous in high winds, has been protected by a wall of rough stones. A fourth approach, from "The Snowdon Guide," near Llyn Cwellyn, is said to be not safe, from the number of bogs close adjoining. In the summer season the sleeping accommodation is more complete. The common saying, that from the look of the beds it would seem as if every visitor slept with his boots on, is a not improbable thing at first sight. But the imputation has not deterred some very distinguished people from making use of them. In the holiday times, a night-scene in the Snowdon huts is described to be an animated but some-

what promiscuous piece of entertainment, particularly when the miners and their wives make a party, and dance by moonlight on the little platform which has been laid down in front of the huts.

From Snowdon an excellent continuation of the mountain ramble may be made by crossing the road at Gorphwysfa, and visiting the solitary and romantic Llyn-y-cwm-ffynnon just behind it, which feeds the stream that descends to the Capel Curig lakes, and joins the Llugwy at that spot. Thence there is a path, for which a guide of some sort (easily found at Gorphwysfa) may be necessary, to the top of the Glyder-fawr, or Great Glyder, where a remarkable assemblage of fantastic rocks has given rise to many wild conjectures as to their origin. They are figured and described in Pennant. Thence a turn to the left leads to the Twll-dû, or Devil's Kitchen, a tremendous chasm, the outlet of a small lake, surrounded by rocks which are split into a thousand different shapes. This spot is much recommended to the lovers of the marvellous, from the field it offers to the play of untrained imaginations, and the legends attached to it. We give one in the following words of Miss Costello:—

"This neighbourhood is the chosen abode of demons and strange monsters, and once upon a time,

it is said, a hunter, pursuing the chase in the valleys between these mountains, saw suddenly, perched on a rock, an extraordinary animal, such as had never before been beheld. It was hunched like a buffalo, and was covered with tufts of hair which shone like gold. The daring hunter pursued it over every obstacle, till he had nearly reached the Twll-dû, where he overtook and slew it; but he gained little by his exploit, for the animal bellowed so loud that the rocks split in all directions; and neither the huntsman nor his prey was seen afterwards."

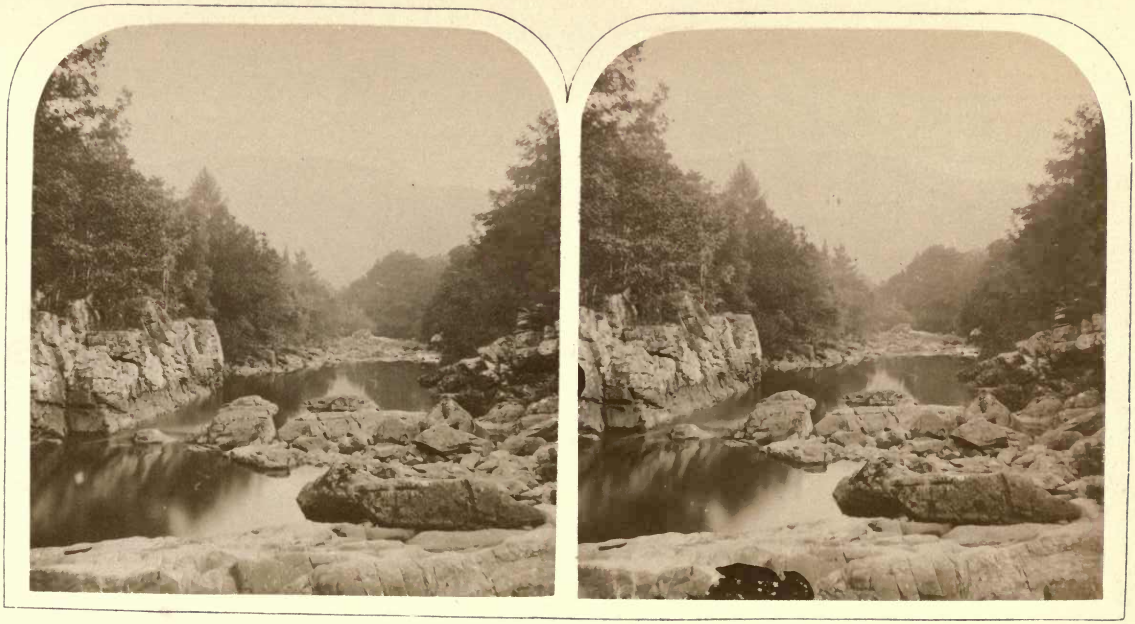
How or where this strange story originated we are not informed: another fable however which accompanies it, about the one-eyed fish in the lake, is to be found in Gough's Camden, and by him, no doubt, was taken from Giraldus, who, in his account of Archbishop Baldwin's tour, expressly notes this marvel of monoculous fish, as also of a floating island, in one of the Snowdon lakes.

The legend attached to Llyn Idwal, situated in Cwm Idwal, immediately below the Twll-dû, has some higher pretensions to historic truth. Here, it is said that Idwal, son of Owen Gwynedd, one of the kings of North Wales, was drowned by the hand of his foster-father, Dunawt, to whom he had been entrusted to be nurtured. The tradition survives

in connection also with the foundation of Llanrwst church.*

The descent is now easy to the point where the discharged waters of Lake Ogwen enter Nant Ffrancon, a spot surrounded by vast and solitary mountains. At the higher end of Lake Ogwen is a watershed line, near a place called Wern-go-uchaf. Here the Ogwen and the Llugwy rise near each other, and running at first side by side, from the flanks of Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewellyn, turn at length in opposite directions, the former threading Nant Ffrancon towards Bangor, the latter flowing inland to Capel Curig. In each the river-system is the same: first there is a lake, or Llyn, situated in a hollow of the hills, called a Cwm. The waters overflowing reach a lower level, where they either accumulate into a new lake, or, depositing the *débris* they have collected from above, gradually form an alluvial valley, called an Afon. Thus Cwm Llugwy, Ffynnon Llugwy, and Afon Llugwy are found in regular succession. Not unfrequently the river is called after the lake, as in the case of the Glaslyn, which flows from the side of Snowdon; and of the Ogwen, which is so called after it has left the lake of that name. Before

* See *ante*, Chap. I.



POOL ON THE LLUGWY, (p. 47.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

reaching the lake, it is the Lloer. Of the ascent of either of those two commanding heights, the Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewellyn, I have no experience to offer. Mr. Longueville Jones * says that there are three ascents, one from Capel Curig, a second from Llanrwst, and a third and best from the Ogwen valley. The same authority states that, if any carneddau ever existed on these mountains, they have been destroyed or covered by the piles of the Ordnance survey. The very slight acquaintance with the meanings of Welsh appellatives which is acquired in the course of a few visits to Wales, soon convinces every stranger of their remarkable appropriateness. The origin and meaning of many of our Saxon names of towns and places are lost, but in Wales proper names are almost always an index and a definition.

In referring to the attempts made by various writers to convey in language some description of the Welsh scenery as it appears, and of the emotions it excites, the simile of Serjeant Talfourd has been already mentioned. His remark was applicable, of course, to clear weather. If on the other hand we look for a narrative of an ascent of Snowdon in mist, the description by Pennant, in his 'Tour in Wales,'

* Arch. Cambr.

gives as vivid a conception as can perhaps be found. The passage is too long for insertion: but he speaks of the idea of numbers of deep abysses "concealed by a thick smoke which was furiously circulating round the mountain." The result of what he says may raise a doubt whether the grandeur of a tempestuous day on Snowdon does not vie with the beauty of the prospect on a clear one. Few tourists, however, will hesitate in giving preference to the latter; and the effects of baffled curiosity are so tantalizing, that it is a common thing for strangers in North Wales to repeat their visits to the summit day after day, in the hope that the next prospect may be finer than any they have yet seen. Not many however are favoured with a view of the Wicklow mountains, and still fewer can boast of having seen the tors of Dartmoor.

If from the enthusiastic descriptions of the moderns, who repeat in every key the same notes of admiration, we turn, out of curiosity, to the tourists of a century back, we shall find a very different state of things. The father of authentic Welsh history, Giraldus de Barri, in his 'Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin,' seems to have been too much engrossed with superstitious and other marvels to pay attention to natural characteristics. Nor indeed

had the taste for such observations arisen at that date. The oldest and most curious of these productions is a book first published in 1738, under the title of a 'Collection of Welsh Travels and Memoirs of Wales.' It was printed and sold by John Torbuck, a bookseller in Clare Court, near Drury Lane, who, in the titlepage of the second edition, in 1741, is described as "a mighty lover of Welch travels." This same John Torbuck, it appears from a note to the dedication of the second edition, was confined in Newgate in the year 1740, for publishing the Debates of the House of Lords and Commons.*

Returning to the Welsh book, the collection consists of four humorous tracts on matters relating to the Principality. The first is entitled, 'The Briton Describ'd; or a Journey thro' Wales. Being a plain relation of D——n S——t's Journey to that ancient Kingdom, and remarkable Passages that occurr'd in the Way.' It is almost needless to say that in the lives of Dean Swift, no reference is to be found to any journey to Wales undertaken about this time: and the style of this tract, though it re-

* It appears, nevertheless, that the issue of Mr. Torbuck's "collections" and "impartial history" of the proceedings in Parliament, from 1668 to 1742, in twenty-two volumes, was continued without interruption, and with "general good reception" on the part of the public, during the years 1741 and 1742.

minds one of some of Swift's grosser compositions, is immeasurably inferior in style and intelligence to the acknowledged writings of the Dean. It is, no doubt, the work of a plagiarist, who assumed, under an innuendo, the name of the great writer of the day, even in his lifetime.

The following extract, from the dedication, may be taken as a specimen of this production :—

"A Taphy is observed to be a *trickish* Animal, that hath a Vein of *Jackpuddinism* running through all his Actions, and therefore I thought it not improper to sprinkle here and there some of the *Blue Jacket,* and to *Merry-Andrew* my Progress a little as I went with jocund Observations, that the *History* might be agreeable to the *Matter* it treats of. So that if a *Welshman* is a *Jest,* as all the world account him a living *Pun,* a walking *Conundrum,* and a breathing *Witticism,* then have I made one Joke upon another." Accordingly the book is full of buffoonery and trifling adventure, told in a manner which imitates Swift's coarseness without his wit. The writer says he had the honour to be employed in a negotiation between an English gentleman and the "Ancient Britons," and further observes that he was entrusted with "a Message, a little tiny Errand, to be delivered by Word of Mouth, together

with a Letter to be deliver'd into the Hands of one of the most reverend Taphies." The first edition is dedicated to Sir R. Wenman, of Caswell Park, Oxfordshire, a country seat now in ruin, and once the residence of Sir F. Wenman, who was the bosom friend of Lord Falkland. The second edition, or reprint, in 1741, is inscribed to "William Mydleton, Esq., high sheriff of Denbighshire." Towards the conclusion the writer pays a kind of unwilling tribute to the beauties of the country :—"If it should chance to be our lot to set our feet on this soil a second time, we shall venture to present a second view of it; for 't is pity such a rare sight as Wales should want a *Trumpet*, nay, and a *Fool* too, to proclaim and expose it to the World."

The next tract purports to be a trip to North Wales by a barrister, who bitterly laments his ill fortune in being condemned to accompany one of the judges on a Welsh circuit. This is about the same date as the pretended journey of Dean Swift. The supposed author is made to proclaim his professional sorrows thus frankly to the world :—

"I know not by what Fatality it came to pass that I was brought up to the Study of the Law : but surely the Importunity of others had a greater Hand in it than any Inclination of my own ; for I was ever

of Opinion, a young Barrister, without an Estate, (my Case) made as awkward a Figure as a Dancing-Master in the Habit of a Non-Con Parson, in regard such rarely get their Bread, till they have lost their Teeth to eat it. However, being call'd to the Bar, I began to Consider what Way I might best settle myself into Business with the least Certainty of Expense and the greatest Probability of Advantage. Amongst all the numerous Projects that filled my Head, I could think of none like going a *Welsh* Circuit." He proceeds to say that happening one day to dine at a Welsh judge's house, he meets some attorneys who speak of their native country, Wales, as the true land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. Thither, therefore, he betakes himself; but soon discovers that the fine air of the region is far more calculated to raise an appetite than to find means of supplying it. He calls the wild mountains and wildernesses of Wales, the "fag-end of Creation," and the "rubbish of Noah's ark," and says it looks like a world made by chance. When you journey there you have to take the clouds by the way: a tree is considered as great a marvel as a blazing star, or an African monster; there are no green things but leeks; the people live on goat's flesh, which they call rock venison, and the horses

subsist half a week upon the juice of a flint: with much more in the same vein, showing that the mournful vaticinations of modern legal practitioners had their faithful counterpart in the days of the second George. Our traveller proceeds to Dinas Mowddy, where he gives a description of a reception of the judge by the mayor, in the uppermost room of a house, which had nevertheless a clay floor, and was hung with a tapestry of spiders' webs. In the same room was the "porridge-pot;" two beds were at the upper end, a goat and two pigs at the lower, and a fire-place in the middle. The description of Dolgelly, where the assizes, or "grand sessions," were held, is in the same exaggerated and strained style, showing the sort of humour that was appreciated and admired at the time.

A 'Funeral Sermon, by a Welsh Parson,' which follows, is in the main a satire upon the Welsh mode of pronouncing English. The volume concludes with the 'Muscipula, or Mouse-trap,' a serio-comic poem, written in Latin, by E. Holdsworthy, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and made English by Samuel Cobb, M.A., late of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Torbuck's "collection" is a curiosity, the last of the assemblage being decidedly the best both as respects decency and literary ability.

Soon after this date, the jocular fashion of dealing with Welsh subjects seems to have died out. The jests about "Diggon Comrague," and "Dim Sarsnick," became as vulgar and silly as the "Nong tong paw" of our nursery rhymes. A series of works began to make their appearance, in which the separate existence of the Welsh as a nation differing in manners and language from the English is still kept up, but some virtues are allowed to these once formidable enemies of the English name, and some admiration is expressed for the wonders of the country. The 'Letters from Snowdon,' published in 1770, and again in 1777, acknowledge, that with all their faults, the Welsh men are brave, and the Welsh women virtuous, at least after marriage. The writer not unhappily combats the charge* of promiscuous concubinage brought by Giraldus, whom he styles "false" and "infamous," referring to the Welsh laws. He scouts the idea of the word 'Kymry' being derived from 'Cimbri,' whilst he agrees that 'Wallia' and 'Wales' are derived from the Saxon 'Wealh,' a stranger. In the latter opinion, at any rate, he will be borne out

* The error of Giraldus may be pardoned, since it was, no doubt, founded upon a mistaken view of the undoubted immemorial customs of Welsh courtship.

ROCKS IN THE LLEDR, (p. 117.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

by modern opinion. Not so, however, when he praises the natives for being "unembarrassed with the pedantry of learning, and the disgusting forms of politeness," as shown by their habits of singing, dancing, and drinking for days and weeks together, and by a lover's boasting to his mistress of the quantity of strong ale he can drink; nor when he speaks of having seen Scotland from the top of Snowdon; nor of the best way of composing differences between a monarch and his people, "not by vain, ineffectual petitions, but by the sword. Petition," he says, "is a word coined among slaves, unknown to the ancient Britons." Whether owing to these peculiar views of politics and social matters, or not, the author of 'Letters from Snowdon' was a considerable favourite in his time.

In 1774, Mr. Windham, of Salisbury, published a Tour through Monmouthshire and Wales. His work betrays a more cultivated intelligence than the preceding. He was the first to remove the prejudice that the Welsh roads were impassable, the inns intolerable, and the people insolent and brutish. He complains, however, of the drinking habits of the peasantry, and says that "a heavy glutinous ale has charms enough to debauch the sense of the whole Principality." At this time it

was the practice to keep in every house a horn, or other enormous utensil, which was filled with *cwrw*, or strong ale, and set before each guest, to be emptied at a draught. The custom of a number of idle persons going about from house to house, in affected imitation of the old bards, with harps, etc., which had been long complained of as an intolerable nuisance, was becoming abated. Mr. Windham heard only one harp, and in that instance both the instrument and voice were perfectly pleasing.

About the same time appeared Mr. Cradock's 'Account of some of the most Romantic parts of North Wales.' The author apologizes for intruding on the public with such a homely subject, on the ground that he is a Welshman. Like the barrister, he entered Wales by Welshpool, and visited Dinas Mowddy and Dolgelly, equally with him disgusted with the squalor and miserable accommodation of the two latter places. He ascends Snowdon, compares the Pont Aberglaslyn to the "last approach to the mansion of Pluto through the regions of Despair;" speaks of "savages" at Bettws Garmon, "lapping their oatmeal and milk, with swine attendant at the table;" and refers to the subjects which were the topics of travellers of that day; such as the bleeding moss, which gave rise to the super-

stition about St. Winifred at Holywell; the legend of the floating island, the Druids, the Bards, and the appearance of Caernarvonshire resembling the "fragment of a demolished world."

At length, in 1778, was published Pennant's celebrated 'Tour in Wales,' which is marvellous alike for the extent as for the accuracy of its information; and which gave a completely new turn to English ideas respecting the Welsh people and their history. It is still the most valuable of all the old guide-books on the subject.*

A few years later appeared 'A Month's Tour in North Wales and Dublin,' chiefly remarkable for personal incidents; and in 1793 a more elaborate and lengthened 'Collection of Welsh Tours,' embodying much of what is to be found in the preceding works, with additions; condensing information for the express use of travellers, and forming the germ of the regular modern guide-book.

Mr. Aikin, in 1797, wrote principally on the mineralogy, botany, and scenery of Wales; Skrine's

* Horace Walpole's anecdote here recurs to the recollection. He relates, that Pennant, though an admirable tourist, was disposed to be quarrelsome over his cups. One evening, a disputant became unusually annoying, and Pennant, starting from his chair, gave chase to him through the streets of Chester, without either wig or hat. This adventure was styled, Pennant's 'Tour in Chester.'

tour in the following year is chiefly marked by fluent descriptions of remarkable objects interesting to travellers of fashion. The Rev. Mr. Warner's two 'Walks in Wales,' in 1798 and 1799, abound with anecdotes of personal adventure, told with a gaiety that lends a charm to the most trifling incidents. Shortly afterwards appeared Evans's Tour, in 1800; Hutton's 'Remarks on North Wales,' in 1803; and Bingley's 'Tour in North Wales,' in the following year. The last-named work, in two volumes, besides a mass of valuable information chiefly of an historic and antiquarian character, has the best essay on modern Welsh music, both as to harps and harpers. About the same time were published, for the use of tourists, 'The Cambrian Directory,' in 1800; and 'The Cambrian Traveller's Guide,' in 1808, which last work is the most complete repertory of the information then extant about Wales which had yet appeared. Few modern works can approach this admirable compilation in the extent of its researches, which comprise the rudiments of Welsh grammar, and copious accounts of the history, antiquities, and botany of Wales.

In the year 1806, another Tour appeared, in the 'Collection of Modern and Cotemporary Voyages,' from the pen of Dr. Mavor; and, varied as are the

peculiarities and excellences of former writers, this treatise certainly bears away the bell for the ease and felicity of its descriptions. Some passages are not consistent with modern delicacy, but a livelier and at the same time more natural picture of Welsh manners, and the adventures of a traveller in days when a journey in Wales was more of an enterprise than an expedition to Egypt is now, cannot be met with in any work of the period.

Of late years, Wales has become the annual resort of hundreds of tourists, for whom condensed information is to be found in Parry's 'Cambrian Mirror,' Mr. Hicklin's Handbook, already referred to, and Black's 'Edinburgh Guide.'* This influx of strangers, who leave no traces behind them, has little or no effect upon the habits of the Welsh people. Their gradual but perceptible change is due to other causes. Education and railways have done their best to absorb the Principality into Saxon England: but the features of the country which we have endeavoured to illustrate must always present the same attractions to the stranger.

* Mr. Parry informs us, in his 'Cambrian Mirror,' p. 223, that the admired song, 'Jenny Jones,' was composed by Mr. Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris during a stay at Capel Curig, and set to a native melody.

Subjoined is a table of the comparative heights of the mountains above-mentioned, with others in the North Wales district:—

	Feet.		Feet.
Snowdon	3,571	Plynlymmon	2,463
Carnedd Llewellyn	3,469	Moelwyn	2,390
Carnedd Dafydd	3,427	Craig Gôch	2,350
Y Glyder Fawr	3,300	Rhinog Fawr	2,345
Aran Mowddwy	2,955	Aran-y-Gessel	2,224
Cader Idris	2,914	Cader Berwyn	2,107
Moel Siabod	2,878	Gyrn Gôch	1,723
Arenig	2,809	Penmaenmawr	1,540
Cader Fronwen	2,563		

CHAPTER III.

On my return from Capel Curig to Bettws I was induced to vary the usual route by a desire to visit a spot marked in the maps as Bedd-Taliesin, and situated at the lower or north end of the Llyn Geirionydd. I accordingly kept the road as far as the bridge over the Llugwy, and then turning to the left, was soon in the heart of an elevated and desolate tract of country, part of the extensive parish of Llanrhwchwyn.

This district lies in the angle formed by the Llugwy and Conway, and commands not only fine views of the surrounding mountains on the west and south-west, but occasional refreshing glimpses of the green valleys of the above-named rivers. The whole tract abounds in springs, which accumulate into numerous llyns, and then dash madly down into the vales below, filling rocky glens with glancing lights and prattling sounds, and tumbling over many a picturesque mill half-hidden in waving foli-

age. An abundance of minerals on the eastern limit towards Gwydir and the Craig-y-gwalch gives employment in that neighbourhood to a considerable population. Llyn Geirionydd, with which the name of Taliesin is associated, lies about two miles either way from the Conway and Llugwy. It is a small narrow lake, about three-quarters of a mile long, lying north and south. On the east bank it is approached by sloping meadows; on the west an abrupt hill, Mynydd Daulyn, rises to a considerable height, of the barren character so common in Wales. At the lower or northern end of the lake, where the waters escape to join the Conway at Trêfriw, is the mound and enclosure still called, though incorrectly, the Bedd-Taliesin. To this spot the stranger's attention is drawn by a stone pillar surmounted by a small cross, which has been erected by Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, to mark the site of the bard's supposed residence. The pillar is on a stone pedestal, at the top of a mound of large, unhewn rocks, partially overgrown with grass and shrubs, resembling an ordinary carnedd, and on the north side are the traces of a dwelling.

Standing on the spot where an ancient poet, of great fame, the most illustrious of an illustrious order, traditionally lived, and looking round at the

PONT-Y-LLEDR, (p. 118.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve

same mountains, streams, and meadows that must repeatedly have filled his eye, we shall seek in vain for any particular source of inspiration in the immediate neighbourhood of his dwelling. But we are seized with a strong curiosity to know what can be, without credulity, believed respecting so celebrated a person. It cannot be denied that his identity lies shrouded in a luminous haze of myth and mystery. His very existence, like Homer's, has been denied. Under the influence of historic doubts, his individuality is merged in that general throng of aged venerable seers, enveloped in sky-blue robes, and holding harps strung with human hair, with which the imagination is so familiar. Out of the varied materials furnished by the writings of Taliesin, and the traditions and Mabinogi respecting him, to extract the facts of his life is a critical problem, which may perhaps be solved; but the truth of the result is not likely to be confirmed from any new independent source. The following brief sketch of these traditions and of the Mabinogi, or nursery tale which was constructed out of them, may serve to show what was the character of the Welsh national mind during the imaginative epoch of its history.

Sometime in the sixth century, there reigned on the seacoast of Meirionydd, a King named Gwyddno

Garanhir, whose possessions included many parishes and flourishing towns, and were protected by dykes from the inroads of the sea. As these were constantly threatened by the waves, the care of them was entrusted to Seithenyn, the son of Seithyn Saidi, King of Dyved, who was one of the King's chief counsellors, but a drunkard. In an evil hour Seithenyn neglected his charge, and whilst he passed the night in carousal, the sea burst in, and overwhelmed the whole country. Gwyddno Garanhir and his son barely escaped with life and the loss of the whole kingdom, except one small tract of land: the submerged country being the present Cardigan Bay.* In his difficulties the King was obliged to rely for the support of his household on the produce of a fishing-weir constructed on the coast, between the Dyfi and Aberystwith, and which he was accustomed to draw every May-day eve. On one of these occasions, Elphin, the king's son, being much embarrassed, obtained leave from his father to draw the weir for himself, as the value of the fish caught had never as yet amounted to less than £100. When the hour arrived, Elphin hastened to

* Traces of the embankments where this inundation took place are stated to have been visible some few years since (Cambro-Briton, vol. i. p. 362).

possess himself of the expected treasure, but found nothing in the weir except a leathern bag on one of the poles. Upon this, one of the keepers remarked, "Prince, you have never been unlucky till tonight; for you have destroyed even the virtues of this weir, which has hitherto produced the worth of £100 every May-day eve." "Perhaps," said Elphin, proceeding to examine the bag, "there may be something worth £100 here." It was opened, and inside was found a beautiful living infant, the radiance of whose forehead particularly struck the bystanders. "Tal-iesin!" exclaimed the weir-keeper, "what a beaming forehead!" "Taliesin" (or "Fair-front") "then be his name," said Elphin. Thereupon the infant bard, from his ark of leather, addresses to Elphin an ode, traditionally known as the 'Consolations of Elphin.' In this poem, which is still extant, and in the Myvyrian Archaiology is classed with the works assigned to Taliesin, the bard accosts his patron as "Prince, blest with virtue and genius." He bids him "dry his tears: the weir of Gwyddno had never supplied so rich a treasure before. Though he (Taliesin) was weak, he was marvellously endowed. From the depths of the sea, from the heights of the mountains, God could supply blessings to man. Though he was tossed to and

fro like a weed in the waters, he could be more valuable to Elphin than hundreds of salmon; though he rested low in his leathern couch, his tongue was inspired; and whilst Elphin had him near, he need fear nothing from his enemies."

The story goes on to say that Elphin took his discovery home; and, being asked what he had found, replied, "Something better than fish." "What is that?" said his father. "A bard," replied Elphin. "A bard," said the father; "of what use can he be to you, my son?" Taliesin thereupon exclaimed, "He will be of more use to him than all your fishing has been to you." Astonished at this remark, the King addressed the infant: "What, can you speak, young as you are?" "All the wisdom in the world," replied Taliesin, "dwells within my breast. I know both that which has been, and that which shall be." This oracular announcement closed the conference; the child was carefully educated by the prince, and from that hour the fortunes of Elphin prospered. By magical arts practised at the court of Maelgwyn, king of Gwynedd, Taliesin, whilst yet a child, was enabled to prove the superior virtue of his patron's wife, to free Elphin himself from captivity, and to establish his own reputation as being qualified to instruct the universe.

The Mabinogi of Taliesin, founded on the above, takes up the story at a different point. It describes the witch Keridwen as being married to Tegid Voel, a man of gentle lineage, who lived in the midst of the Llyn Tegid. She had two sons, Morvran and Avagddu, and a beautiful daughter named Creirwy. Avagddu was the most ill-favoured man in the world, and his mother, fearing that by reason of his ugliness he might not be admitted among men of noble birth, as Arthur's Round Table had been just instituted, resolved to boil a cauldron of inspiration and science for her son. So she prepared the cauldron, and set it boiling so that it should not cease for a year and a day, and thus the three blessed drops might be distilled. She also put Gwion Bach, the son of Gwreang of Llanfin in Caereinion in Powys to stir the cauldron, and a blind man named Morda to kindle the fire, so that the boiling should not cease. During her absence, culling herbs and making incantations, the cauldron bursts, and the three drops fall upon the finger of little Gwion. By reason of the heat he puts his finger to his mouth, and immediately the three marvellous drops are tasted he foresees everything that is to come. He therefore flies from Keridwen: she returning, at first reproaches Morda, and strikes

him so that one of his eyes falls out upon his cheek; but presently acknowledges her injustice, and sets out to pursue little Gwion. He sees her, and turns himself into a hare; she follows as a greyhound. He runs towards a river and becomes a fish; she chases him as an otter under the water until he is fain to turn himself into a bird. She, as a hawk, pursues him through the air. Just as she is about to stoop upon him, and he is in fear of death, he espies a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, he drops among the wheat, and turns himself into one of the grains. Then she transforms herself into a high-crested black hen, and scratching out the grain of wheat with her feet, swallows little Gwion, and bears him for nine months. When she was delivered of him, she could not find it in her heart to kill him, on account of his beauty; so she wrapped him in a leathern bag, and threw him into the sea on the 29th of April. On the following eve he was found in the weir of Gwyddno Garanhir.

In allusion to these transmigrations, which bear a suspicious resemblance to a story in the Arabian Nights, Taliesin, amongst other wonders at the Court of Maelgwyn, is made, in the Mabinogi, to give the following account of himself. It is almost needless to say that this poem, at any rate, can

never be seriously assigned to the era of the actual Taliesin.

First I have been formed a comely person.
In the court of Keridwen I have done penance.
Though little, I was seen, placidly received.
I was great as the floor of the place to which I was led.
I have been a prized defence, the sweet Muse the cause ;
And by law, without speech have I been liberated
By a smiling black old hag ; when irritated,
Dreadful her claim when pursued.
I have fled with vigour ; I have fled as a frog ;
I have fled in the semblance of a crow, scarcely finding rest ;
I have fled vehemently, I have fled as a chain ;
I have fled as a roe into an entangled thicket ;
I have fled as a wolf-cub ; I have fled as a wolf in a wilderness ;
I have fled as a thrush of portending language ;
I have fled as a fox used to concurrent bounds of quirks ;
I have fled as a martin, which did not avail ;
I have fled as a squirrel, that vainly hides ;
I have fled as a stag's antler, of ruddy course ;
I have fled as iron in a glowing fire ;
I have fled as a spear-head, of woe to such as had a wish for it ;
I have fled as a fierce bull bitterly fighting ;
I have fled as a bristly boar seen in a ravine
I have fled as a white grain of pure whea
In the skirt of a hempen sheet entangled,
That seemed of the size of a mare's foal,
That is filling like a ship on the waters ;
Into a dark leathern bag I was thrown,
And on a boundless sea I was sent adrift.
Which was to me an omen of being tenderly nursed,
And the Lord of Heaven then set me at liberty.
Primary chief bard am I to Elphin,
And my original country is the region of the summer stars

Joannes the diviner called me Merddhin,
At length every king will call me Taliesin.
I was with my Lord in the highest sphere,
On the fall of Lucifer into the depth of hell.
I have borne a banner before Alexander;
I know the name of the stars of the north and the south;
I have been on the galaxy at the throne of the Distributor;
I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain;
I conveyed the divine Spirit to the level of the vale of Hebron;
I was in the court of Don * before the birth of Gwdion; †
I was instructor to Eli and Enoch;
I was at the place of crucifixion of the merciful Son of God;
I have been loquacious prior to being gifted with speech;
I have been winged by the genius of the splendid crosier;
I have been for three periods in the court of Arianrod; ‡
I have been the chief director of the work of the tower of Nimrod;
I am a wonder whose origin is not known.
I have been in the ark with Noah and Alpha;
I have seen the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrha;
I was in Africa before the foundation of Rome;
I am now come here to the remains of Troia.
I have been with my Lord in the manger of the ass;
I strengthened heroes through the waters of Jordan;
I have been in the firmament with Mary Magdalene;
I have suffered hunger for the Son of the Virgin.
I have obtained the muse from the cauldron of Keridwen;
I have been bard of the harp to Lleon of Lochlin.
I have been on the White Hill in the court of Kynvelin
In stocks and fetters for a day and a year;
I have been a teacher to the whole universe;
I shall be until the day of doom on the face of the earth;
My body it will not be known whether flesh or fish.

* Cassiopeia. † The Galaxy.
‡ The Northern Crown.

I have been in an easy chair above the ecliptic,
And this revolves between three elements;
There was I for nine months in the womb of the hag Keridwen;
I was originally little Gwion, but at length I am Taliesin.*

Such is an outline of the story which, as far as it forms part of the Mabinogi of Taliesin, is by far the most interesting of all the Welsh metrical romances. "It was composed," says Mr. Stephens,† "together with the 'Consolations of Elphin,' and the mystical address above, by Thomas ab Einion Offeiriad, who flourished about 1260." Both poems are included in the Myvyrian Archaiology, among the works ascribed to Taliesin himself; but Mr. Stephens has abundantly pointed out that the rhetorical style and elaborate antithesis of the longer poem is quite inconsistent with the style of any composition that can be ascribed to the sixth century.

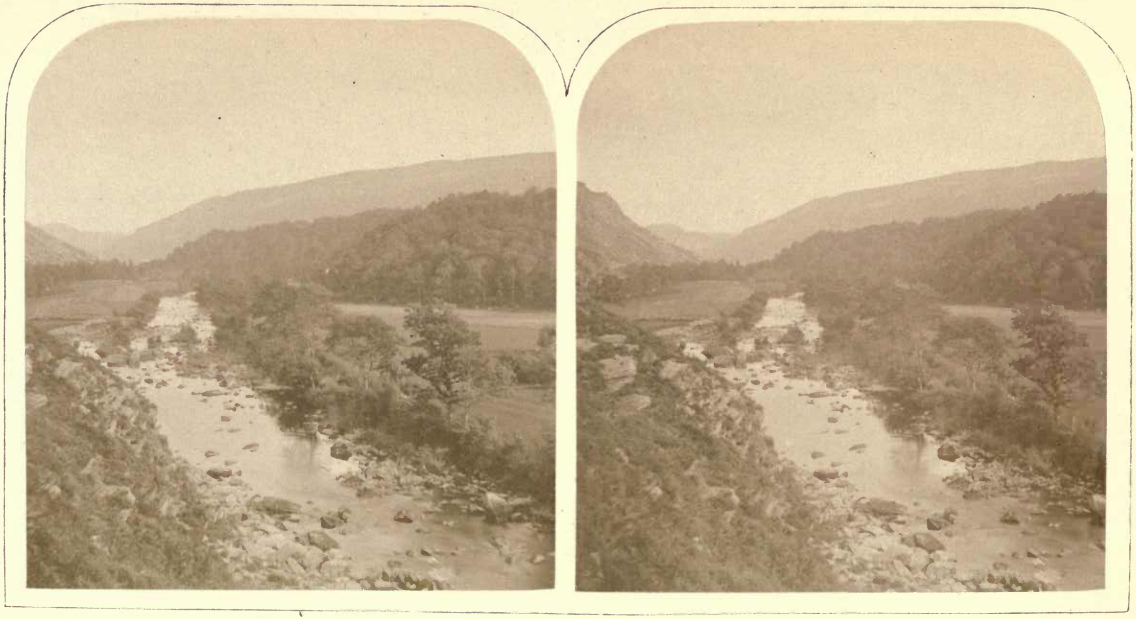
The real, as opposed to the mythical Taliesin, is believed to have been born in the earlier half of the sixth century, and to have begun to flourish about the year 520. There is some reason to think that Cumberland was his birthplace. Others say he was the son of St. Henwg of Caerleon-upon-Usk. It is unquestioned that he was a scholar in

* Translated in Stephens's 'Literature of the Kymry,' p. 187.

† Literature of the Kymry, p. 283.

the seminary of the celebrated St. Catwg, called the Wise, who was first Abbot of Llangarvon. The school of St. Catwg seems to have been at Llanveithin. According to the practice, not uncommon among the youth of those times, of making a circuit of the various "bangors," or colleges, then existing in Wales, Taliesin seems to have changed his tutor and place of education. Another tradition fixes him with St. Illtyd, from whom the church of Llan-Illtyd, since Llantwit Major, in Glamorganshire, was named. At one or both of these places, Gildas, the ancient monkish writer, surnamed the "Querulous," and Aneurin, the bard, were his fellow-disciples. The following anecdote is recorded of a conversation between the first-mentioned teacher and his two celebrated pupils. "Who is the richest man?" asked St. Catwg. Gildas replied, "He who covets not the possessions of his neighbour." "And who is the poorest?" continued the Saint. "He who dares not enjoy his fortune," replied Taliesin. On his pupil leaving him, the Abbot, embracing him, is said to have offered him the following sententious advice:—

"My son, before you speak, consider, first, of what you are speaking; secondly, how you are speaking; thirdly, to whom you speak; fourthly,



GLYN-LLEDR, (p. 118.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

the subject of your speech; next, what will be the effect of what you say; then, of what advantage your words will be to the person you are addressing; finally, who may be listening whilst you speak. Above all, shape your words to a nicety before you utter them: so shall no evil be the result of what you have said."

"Thus," says M. de la Villemarqué, "was trained the muse which was destined to enthral by its melodious numbers the British land of its birth."

The next event in Taliesin's life was his being taken captive by pirates from Ireland, whilst he was fishing in a coracle. Having contrived to escape from the kidnappers by means of the same frail boat, he was cast ashore in his craft of expanded leather, near the mouth of the Devi, and this is the circumstance which is alleged to have been the foundation of the story of the discovery of Elphin at the weir. After this adventure, Taliesin became official domestic bard to Urien, king of Rheged, to whom many of his odes and poems are addressed. Urien was the son of Kynvarc the Aged. The seat of his government is not certainly known;*

* Somewhere between the Humber and the Clyde, says Mr. S. Turner (Hist. of Anglo-Saxons, vol. i. p. 298). Mr. Stephens discovers the identity of Rheged with the Roman station and (anciently)

but whether situated in Lancashire or in Glamorganshire, it became the object of warlike attack by Ida, king of the Angles. He is designated in the language of the poets as the Flamddwyn, the Flame-bearer. The bard Taliesin relates, that on a Saturday, in the year 547, the invaders hastened, in four divisions, to surround Godden and Rheged. "They tinged," he says, "with blue the wings of the morning, when they met the ashen messengers of pain."* The battle lasted from sunrise to sunset. Taliesin was at first stationed at the head of Urien's forces, to inflame their valour by his chants; and afterwards retired to an eminence to watch and describe the progress of the victory. Another conflict with Ida, at the mound of Gwenystrad, he thus describes:—

"The men of Britain came in a body to Gwenystrad to offer battle; neither the fields nor the woods afforded protection to their enemies, when they came

harbour of Rhigo-dunum, or Ribchester, in Lancashire (Arch. Camb., new series, vol. ii. p. 262). The Iolo MSS., on the other hand, place Rheged at Gower, in Glamorganshire, and state that the kingdom was expressly created in order to be bestowed upon Urien, for his gallantry in expelling the Irish under Caian Wyddell, who had invaded the country, and held it for eight years (Arch. Camb. Suppl. 1850, p. 17, by Rev. W. Basil Jones, M.A.).

* Camb. Register, vol. i. p. 403, alluding possibly to the dress of the bards who were present with the armies.

in their fury like the roaring wave rushing in its might to cover the beach. I have seen brave men in the army, and after the battle in the morning the mangled flesh. I saw the place where the shout was given, and where three ranks of men fell, and the crimson gore covered the ground. In Gwenystrad was seen a fort, assailed by the laborious toil of warriors. In the pass of the fort have I seen men dyed with red, who have dropped their arms; they jointly fell on the ground when they lost the day; their hands were on the crucifix, and horror was in the pale faces of the dead warriors."*

Urien of Rheged was celebrated not only by Taliesin, but by Llywarch Hên, another of the ancient, as distinguished from the medieval bards, and who himself had a principality in Argoed. The writings of this poet, though not so modulated, are more nervous than those of Taliesin. The following is part of the passage in which reference is made to Urien :—

"An eagle to his foe in his thrust, brave as generous
In the angry warfare, certain of victory,
Was Urien, ardent in his grasp.
I bear by my side a head ;

* Myvyrian Archaiology, p. 52.

The head of Urien !*
The courteous leader of his army ;
But on his white bosom the raven is feeding.
I bear a head that supported me !
Is there any known but he welcomed ?
Woe to my hand !
Where is he that feasted me ?
I bear a head from the mountain,
The lips foaming with blood.
Woe to Rheged from this day ! †

Owen, son of Urien, was another theme of Taliesin's song, as he was also of Aneurin's, the friend of Taliesin. After the death of Urien, Taliesin continued to hold the same honourable office under the son as under the father ; but in the year 582 Owen also was slain, not however until, by his sword, Flamddwyn, the "Flame-bearer," had perished. Owen's requiem was sung by the poet, who stood to him in the relation, not only of chief bard, but of personal friend. He describes a surprise of the Saxon host by the British chief. "The

* It is almost superfluous to remind the reader of the lines of Lord Macaulay :—

"On the right went Romulus
With arms to the elbows red,
And in his hand a broadsword,
And on the blade a head—
The head of fierce Amulius," etc.

Prophecy of Capys.

† Turner, vol. i. p. 303.

army," he says, "of the Angles was slumbering with a torch in its eyes,* when Owen surprised it: all those who did not flee at the moment were treated worse than captives. Owen chased them as a pack of wolves chases sheep; he gave away their horses freely to those who asked him; so long as he wore the crown, the stern tribute was not paid in the presence of his soul,—of the soul of Owen, son of Urien. May the Lord look with compassion upon his necessities!"

After the year 580, when the British power was finally broken, and the Welsh retired to their "stony paradise," Taliesin took up his abode on the shores of Llyn Geirionydd, inspiring the dying hopes of the British with prophecies like that which appears on our titlepage, and which is still chanted with delight by Welsh peasants:—

"Their Lord they will praise,
Their language preserve,
Their country lose,
Except wild Wales;
Till the destined period of their triumph revolves,
Then the Britons will obtain
The crown of their land,
And the strange people
Will vanish away."

* Alluding to Flamddwyn. See however another rendering in Lady C. Guest's Mabinogion, i. 90.

Strictly as the former part of this prediction has been verified, the latter portion yet remains to be accomplished.

Taliesin, though he lived at Lake Geirionydd, did not die there. In his later years, persecuted and in poverty, he seems to have abandoned Wales. One legend describes him as pouring out his indignation upon his persecutors, and especially upon Maelgwyn, king of Gwynedd, by foretelling the arrival of a frightful spectre, called the Vad Velen, which afterwards came to Rhos, and depopulated the country with yellow pestilence. To avoid the plague, Maelgwyn retired from his castle at Deganwy to the church at Llanrhos, there hoping to escape danger by taking sanctuary; but impelled by curiosity, so runs the wild legend, he looked out through the keyhole of the door, caught the infection, and died, fulfilling Taliesin's prediction :—

"A most strange creature will come
From the sea marsh of Rhianedd,
As a punishment of iniquity
On Maelgwyn Gwynedd;
His hair and his teeth
And his eyes being as gold;
And this will bring destruction
Upon Maelgwyn Gwynedd."*

* Mabinogion, iii. 399.

To this period also is assigned the beautiful "Ode to the Wind," attributed to Taliesin, from which the following lines are an extract :—

"Discover thou what is
The strong creature from before the Flood,
Without flesh, without bone,
Without vein, without blood,
Without head, without feet ;
It will neither be older nor younger
Than at the beginning.
Great God ! how the sea whitens
When first it comes !
Great are its gusts
When it comes from the south ;
Great are its evaporations
When it strikes our coasts ;
It is in the field, it is in the wood,
Without hand and without foot,
Without signs of old-age,
Though it be coeval
With the five ages or periods ;
And older still,
Though they be numberless years," etc.

The composition is even more attractive when found in its actual position in the tale.*

Taliesin is said to have retired at last to the promontory of Rhuys, in Brittany, whither his friend and co-disciple Gildas had preceded him some years before, to join their master, St. Catwg.

* Mabinogion, vol. iii. p. 377.

Another tradition asserts that he entered the monastic community of Llanhenwg, at Caerlleon-upon-Usk.* But the story which is best supported by local evidence is, that he spent his declining years in the neighbourhood of Llanganfelin, a parish situated in the north-western angle of Cardiganshire. On the main road between Machynlleth and Aberystwith, a small village still bears his name, and a mound, situated about a mile to the east of the road, is called Bedd-Taliesin, perhaps more correctly than at Llyn Geirionydd.†

The much disputed question of the genuineness of the poems commonly ascribed to the four ancient bards of Britain, Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hên, and Merddhin, must be considered to be still *sub judice*. In 1803, Mr. Sharon Turner broke ground in the discussion, with his 'Vindication of the Ancient British Poems,' and the arguments contained in that treatise have never been controverted. A reaction has set in, after the over-scepticism of half a century ago, in favour of the high antiquity of

* Mabinogion, vol. iii. p. 391.

† The principal authorities on the subject of Taliesin are Pennant's 'Tour in Wales,' vol. ii. p. 147; Mrs. Llewellyn's translations in the Arch. Cambr., part i. vol. i. p. 274; Lady C. Guest's 'Mabinogion,' vol. iii. p. 356; De la Villemarqué's 'Poèmes de Bardes Bretons,' intr. p. xl.; Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons.'

some of these compositions, and the historical existence, in the sixth century, of their alleged authors. Mr. Turner has been followed by Mr. Stephens in his 'Literature of the Kymry,' and by a critic who is beyond the suspicion of national partiality, M. Hersart de la Villemarqué. The two first-mentioned works, followed by 'Les Bardes Bretons,' seem to establish the conclusion that between the years 500 and 600 A.D., the above-mentioned four poets lived and flourished, and that of the compositions attributed to them, *some at least* are genuine. The task which remains is of a more difficult character, namely, to separate what is old from what is new, to detect interpolations, and to weigh the nice arguments that turn upon doubtful text, rhythm, metre, and the use of particular words and letters, —philological problems which are within the reach of very few scholars. Mr. Stephens, in the work so often cited, and in his papers published in the 'Archæologia Cambrensis,'* indicates the nature of these investigations. When it is remembered that Llywarch Hên, whose supposed works are extant, was the cotemporary of ARTHUR of mythical memory, and actually served under him at the battle of

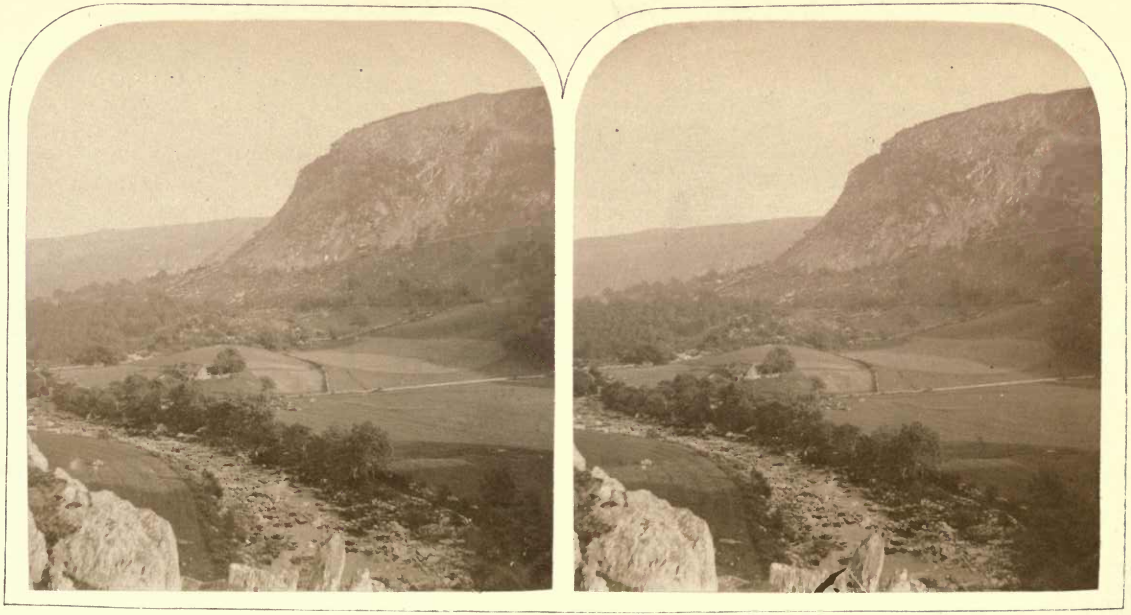
* New Series, vol. ii. pp. 149 *et seq.*

Longborth,* where the red Geraint, son of Erbin, "the valiant warrior of the woody region of Devonshire," was slain in a contest with the Saxons in 530, the historical question becomes one of no mean importance.

One of the latest English writers on this subject is Mr. Nash, whose treatise on 'Taliesin, or the Bards and Druids of Britain,' was published last year. Following up the line of criticism adopted by Mr. Stephens and his predecessors, and apparently struck with the announcement of Zeuss, in the 'Grammatica Celtica,' that there is no *known* Welsh MS. extant of earlier date than the end of the eighth century, Mr. Nash brings arguments to support the extreme view, that *all* the poems attributed to Taliesin are compositions of not earlier than the tenth century; many of them of still later date. He deduces this mainly from the absence of any coeval MSS., and from internal evidence furnished by the structure and language of the poems themselves.

He is at once, however, met by the very reasonable hypothesis that the bards of the tenth and twelfth centuries, some of whom unquestionably *did*

* Variously explained to be Portsmouth, or Langport in Somersetshire.



VIEW IN GLYN-LLEDR, (p. 119.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

compose certain mythical compositions (as those in the Mabinogi) which they assigned to Taliesin, may yet, without exercising powers of pure invention, have drawn upon a stock of genuine traditional poems of several centuries before, and worked them up into the shape in which we now see them. Mr. Nash, however, goes so far as to question even this. From the conflicting statements purporting to be historical, which have come down to us respecting Taliesin, he seems to draw a conclusion against his ever having existed at all; at least, so the passage at p. 40 may be understood:—"These considerations lead us to hesitate in admitting the claims of Taliesin as an undoubted historical bard of the sixth century." But the fact of there being a number of inconsistent traditions respecting a supposed poet, rather leads to the belief that he did exist than that he did not. Mr. Nash points out certain difficulties in connecting the eminent bard celebrated by the twelfth century poets with the friend and follower of Urien Rhegid. And, it must be owned, there is great force in the observation, which must occur to every reader, that on a perusal of the alleged poems of Taliesin, which are relied on by Mr. Stephens as ancient and genuine, there is nothing to show any vast superiority of genius: they are rather

inferior than otherwise to the so-called remains of Llywarch Hên and Merddhin. But when Mr. Nash observes that if the position of Taliesin, as the bard of Urien Rhegid, had been known to the twelfth century bards, and if his genuine poems had obtained amongst them, *it is highly improbable* that the romancers should have connected him with adventures six centuries earlier, most readers, I think, will dissent entirely from his conclusion. On the contrary, to connect him with adventures six centuries earlier, seems precisely what the romancers would have done.

Nor does much weight appear to attach to the argument *ex silentio*, that the song of the battle of Argoed Llwyvain was not, in spite of the tradition, the work of Taliesin, because his name is not mentioned by the bard Cynddelw in his reference to that poem. The silence of Geoffrey of Monmouth is an argument of the same character. Will Mr. Nash make no allowance, on the other hand, for the losses which must in all probability have occurred in poetry of the sixth century, supposing it to have existed?

The strong part of Mr. Nash's critical review rests upon the internal evidence, as to which the means of forming a judgment are still imperfect; but with the candour of a true investigator, he admits

(p. 46) the difficulty there is in getting over the passage of the Gododin which refers to Taliesin.* He acknowledges (p. 40) that the tenth and twelfth century bards deal with Taliesin as if he had an historical existence; and though he does not refer to the point, he probably would not reject the strong evidence—strong at least as to the existence, if not as to the antiquity of Taliesin—which depends upon local tradition.

It is to be remarked, however, that Zeuss himself, upon whose observations Mr. Nash's views seem in a great measure founded, never questions for one moment the existence or the antiquity of Taliesin. In the preface to the 'Grammatica Celtica,' the Doctor says:—"In an appendix to this work I have subjoined all the Oxford glosses, together with those of the Luxembourg MS., with a commentary. *For these are ancient, genuine records,* preserved in codices coeval with the earlier period of the Welsh language. Had there been a large number of these extant, as there is of the Irish glosses, *a restoration of the ancient Welsh poems in their primitive and genuine form could easily have been made.*" Again, in the Appendix, he re-

* In short, unless this passage be explained away, the antiquity of Taliesin and of the Gododin must stand or fall together.

marks :—" When the same construction of connected composition is to be found, both in the second æra of the Welsh language and in the first, as exists in the ancient Irish records, who can doubt that this construction is of most ancient origin, and that it was of use amongst the old poets whose names are celebrated amongst the Welsh, Aneurin and Taliesin ?" And even where he comments upon the absence of coeval MSS., and observes that the Gododin, for example, has been transcribed in a more modern orthography, sometimes by ignorant hands, who have altered and interpolated the original, he yet expressly says, " All these are ancient." I allude to these expressions merely to show that the mere absence of contemporary writings is not of itself sufficient to lay the ghosts of Taliesin and his brother bards of the sixth century.

Where however it is conceived that Mr. Nash has done good service, is in the onslaught he has made against the wild theories about Druidism and Neo-Druidism which have been adopted by the Rev. Edward Davies, the Ven. Archdeacon of Cardigan, and the Hon. Algernon Herbert. Not merely that the writings attributed to Taliesin contain allusions to Druidical worship,—a statement which it would be difficult to disprove,—but that they are an elabo-

rate exposition of a pagan mythology, national and of Eastern origin; and that after Christianity had taken root in this island a frightful relapse took place into the worship of Mithras, one of the results of which was the construction of Stonehenge by a body of Neo-Druidical* Christians, are historical tenets so monstrous, that sentence cannot be too severely passed upon them. To this extent there are few who will not accept Mr. Nash's conclusions: and as to the question of the sixth-century bards, his work is at least a valuable accession. It is a searching review of the authorities, and adds another step to the ascent which will be scaled in the course of time. When jealous owners of Welsh MSS. consent to unlock their cabinets, and the hidden treasures of their own history are thought worthy of notice by Englishmen who leave to a German professor the opportunity of first publishing Celtic documents of high antiquity preserved at Oxford, and when all the Celtic records, old and new, are exposed to a competent criticism, every doubt will be dispelled. In the mean time, the lovers of the wild accents of the ancient British muse will probably rest satisfied with her present credentials.

* 'Cyclops Christianus,' by the Hon. Algernon Herbert.

Llywarch Hên is best known to us by his misfortunes, and the pathetic strains in which he describes them. He mourns for Urien, he bewails the son of Cynddelw, he denounces in burning words the treachery of some fugitives. "God, the Creator," he exclaims, "why didst thou form a coward?"—but his wailings reach the highest note of despair when he comes to speak of Gwenn, the best-beloved of his twenty-four sons.

"Four-and-twenty sons I have had
Wearing the golden chain, leaders of armies;
Gwenn was the best of them.

"Four-and-twenty sons there were to me
Wearing the golden chain, leaders of battle;
Gwenn was the best son of his father.

"Four-and-twenty sons to me have been
Wearing the golden chain, and leading princes;
Compared with Gwenn, they were but striplings."

Gwenn fell in the wars that were then raging between the Saxons and the Prince of Powys. His father describes him as having perished at the ford of Morlas, and alludes to his burial "under the sod." Singular to relate, modern discovery has furnished what appears to be a complete confirmation of the ancient bard's narrative. The Morlas, as it is still called, flows down a ravine called Craig-

nant, and joins the Ceiriog near Chirk, in Denbighshire. Close adjoining this ravine is a farm called Tyn-y-rhyd, and on the farm is a tumulus about 150 yards to the south-east of the ravine, on the edge of Offa's Dyke, called Gorsedd Wenn. In March, 1850, this tumulus was opened by some members of the Cambrian Archæological Association, and after considerable search, they found deposited there the remains of a skeleton, which must have belonged to a man six feet seven inches high, buried with the greatest care, and accompanied by bones of the sheep and deer. Taking into consideration the resemblance of names, the force of tradition, the site and the dimensions of the skeleton, the circumstantial proof seems irresistible that this was no other than the tomb of Gwenn, the son of the Welsh bard.* Llywarch Hên is said to have died at the age of 150 years, A.D. 646, having survived all his twenty-four sons.

Aneurin, who may be considered the patriarch of the sixth century bards, as indicated by his position in the Archaiology, is said to have died in A.D. 570. In his great poem, the celebrated Gododin, he describes the battle of Cattraeth, waged between the

* See the particulars of this discovery fully described by Mr. W. Wynne Ffoulkes, in the Arch. Camb. for 1851, 2nd series, vol. iii. p. 9.

inhabitants of Deira and Bernicia and the British tribes, with destructive results to the latter. The elucidation of this mysterious composition has fallen to the lot of a competent scholar, the Rev. John Williams (ap Ithel), rector of Llanymowddhy, whose edition was published at Llandovery, in 1852.

Merddhyn Gwyllt, Sylvestris, or "The Wild," as he was called in distinction to Merddhyn Emrhys, or Ambrosius, is distinguished by the "sæva indignatio" which rages through his verse, a temper consistent with his savage and secluded manner of life. The readers of Milman will remember his introduction in 'Samor:'—

> "Came it from earth or air, yon savage shape,
> His garb, if garb it be, of shaggy hair
> Close folding o'er his dusky limbs, his locks
> And waving matted beard like cypress-boughs
> Or bleak heath swaying to the midnight storm?
> Came he from yon dark wood?" (ii. 397.)

Returning however to the topographical source of our diversion, the Lake Geirionydd, it remains to be added that the locality has still further claims upon historical interest. Mr. Stephens says, "This place seems to possess some strong fascination for, and certainly derives much celebrity from the bards. Llywarch ap Llewellyn appears to have resided

there, and the chair-bard of Rhuddlan has long been endeared to his countrymen by the cognomen of Iehan Glan Geirionydd."* It seems to have been the Castalia of North Wales—the Aganippe, of which the Snowdon mountains were the Helicon. Llywarch ap Llewellyn, who flourished from 1160 to 1220, was one of the finest of the more modern order of bards. He has left thirty-two poems. His address to Llewellyn ap Iorwerth begins with the following invocation :—

"May Christ, the Creator and Governor of the hosts of heaven and earth,
Defend me from all disasters!
May I, through his assistance, be prudent and discreet,
Ere I come to my narrow habitation! †
Christ, the son of God, will give me the gift of song,
To extol my prince, who giveth the warlike shout with joy;
Christ, who hath formed me of the four elements,

---

* Arch. Camb., 2nd series, vol. ii. p. 263.

† Compare Cædmon's celebrated 'Speech of Death,' *circ.* 650 :—

"For thee was a house built
Ere thou wert born,
For thee was a mould shapen
Ere thou of [thy] mother camest.
Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death holds the key.
Loathly is that earth-home,
And grim to dwell in," etc.

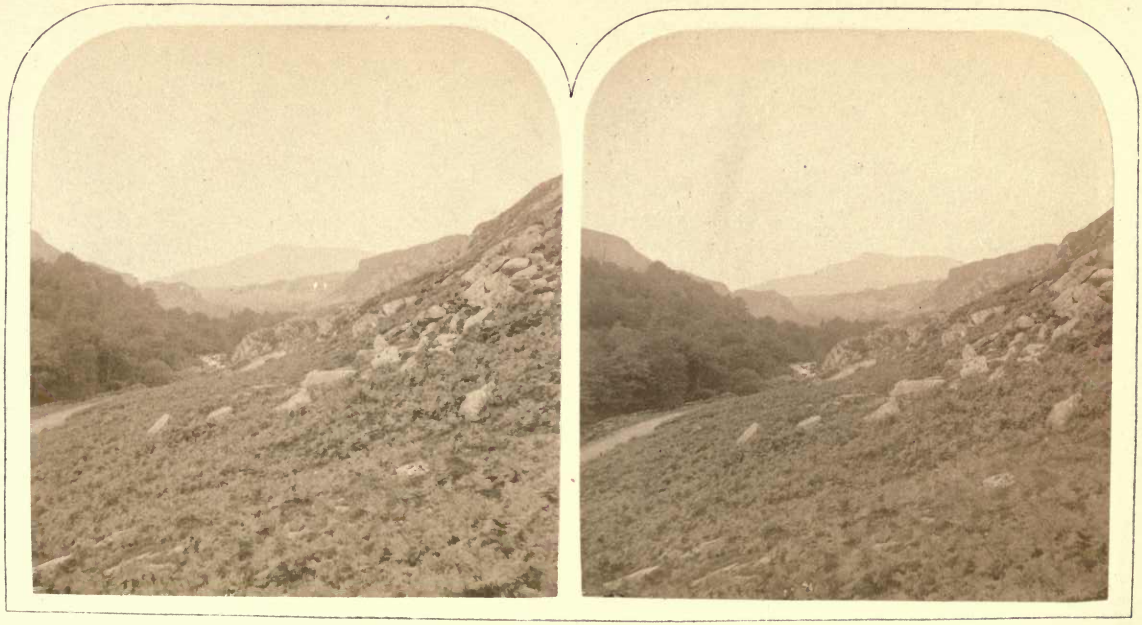
And hath endowed me with the deep and wonderful gift of poetry.
Llewellyn is the ruler of Britain and her armour."*

The passage in which he alludes to his residence is in the following address to Rhys Gryg, Prince of South Wales :—

"Christ, Creator, Emperor, who owns us ;
Christ the mysterious, pillar of peace ;
Christ, son of Mary, who causest our pure nobility ;
Sensible in the detection of untruth,
Crowned Jesus, watch over me !
From Keirionydd I have bent my steps,
And first will I go to the palace of the South,
To the skilful ruler of kingdoms,
Rhys the son of Rhys of violent course," etc.†

It is impossible to refer, however briefly, to the writings of the bards, without repeating the often expressed regret that a complete English translation of the Myvyrian Archaiology has not been attempted. From the Gododin of Aneurin, down to the elegy of Gruffydd ap Yr Ynad Coch upon Prince Llewellyn ap Gruffydd in the thirteenth century, the great mass yet remains unrefined by the fire of criticism, and unillumined (except in a few detached portions) by the inheritors of the traditions and language of the Kymry.

* Stephens, 'Literature of the Kymry,' p. 138.
† Stephens, 'Literature of the Kymry,' p. 149.



MOEL SIABOD, (p. 126.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

No nobler monument to the ancestral glories of a nation exists in literature, than the collection of works which bears the name of the Myvyrian Archaiology; and to the honour of its compilers be it said, it was achieved principally through the exertions of a Welshman of obscure birth, without the advantages of a learned education. The genius of Owen Jones of Myvyr triumphed over all obstacles, and, as M. de la Villemarqué has observed, it was not, as might have been expected, to the Crown or government of the country,—not to any university or learned body, any wealthy peer or ardent scholar of Britain, but to the enlightened labours of a peasant, that we owe this repertory of Welsh literature. It now forms the basis of all research into the antiquities of Wales; it throws much light upon history; but to all except Welsh scholars it remains a sealed book. From the beginning to the end, the hand of the censor and of the interpreter are urgently needed. The growing taste for British antiquities, and the gradual extinction of all feelings of animosity and jealousy between the learned of both nations, lead to the hope that this work may be some day accomplished.

Welsh poetry reached its culminating point at the end of the thirteenth century; and by many

critics its finest production is deemed to be the elegy on Llewellyn above referred to. A short specimen must suffice :—

"The heroic chief was slain by the hand of a stranger,
And the privilege of his age was not respected.
Candle of sovereignty, powerful lion of Gwynedd,
Whom the chair of honour so greatly became !
Alas, his death ! wide Britain mourns the fall of her supporter.
Oh, the lion is slain who was our talisman and armour !
Many a slippery tear sails down the cheek,
Many a wounded side is red with gore,
Many a foot is bathed in blood,
Many a widow mourns her partner lost,
Many a mind is heavily troubled,
Many a son grieves over a father slain,
Many an old grey town is deserted,
Many will be ruined by yonder deed."*

The faults of the twelfth century bards are found to consist in diffuseness and over-wrought ingenuity, where sense and meaning are sacrificed to the observance of arbitrary and difficult rules of composition—a sure sign of degeneracy. Only in rare instances is a varied range of ideas along with the repetition, or refrain, of the song sustained with true poetical fervour throughout. The ode to the Hirlâs Horn, by Owen Kyveiliog, Prince of Powys,

* 'Literature of the Kymry,' p. 389.

in 1160, is a celebrated instance of success in the choral manner of ode-writing. It is translated by Pennant, and also in the notes to 'Madoc.' The lover of English song will remember how happily the rhythmic flow and bursts of exultation of Prince Owen's muse have been imitated by a modern poet, who writes :—

"Fill high, fill high the Hirlas-horn,
Brimmed with sunlight, like the morn!
Deep, and vast, and fit to drown
All the troubles of a crown;
Deep, and vast, and crowned with mead,
'T is a cup for kings indeed;
Full of courage, full of worth,
Making man a god on earth!
Warriors, heroes, Cambrian-born,
Drink,—from the Hirlas-horn!

"Hide with foam the golden tip;
Make it rich for a prince's lip!
Here's to the fame of Roderick dead!
Bards, why do your harps not shed
Music? Come, a mighty draught
To dead Roderick's name be quaffed;
Tell us all the hero won,
All he did, from sun to sun!
Bards and heroes, Cambrian-born,
Drink,—from the Hirlas-horn!

"Fill the horn to Madoc's name,
First in the mighty race of fame;
Eagle-hearted, eagle-eyed,
All hearts shuddered when he died!

Yet, why so, for Tudor rose
Like a lion on our foes;
Like the wild, storm-smitten ocean,
When he puts his strength in motion!
Come, brave spirits, Cambrian-born,
Drink,—from the Hirlas-horn!

"Cambrian people,—Cambrian mountains,
Back into your wizard fountains
(Where the Druid seers are dwelling)
Shout unto the crowned Llewellyn!
Patriot! Hero! Monarch! Friend!
Wreathed with virtues without end!
First of men 'tween Earth and Sky!
The sword and shield of Liberty!
Drink, all spirits, Cambrian-born,
Drink to the good, great, crowned Llewellyn!
Drink,—from the Hirlas-horn!"

This actual horn is still preserved among the archives of Penrhyn Castle.

Another equally celebrated poem, of a later date, is the ode to Myfanwy Vychan, or "The Little," a renowned beauty of Dinas Brân, in the vale of Llangollen. The author was Howel ap Einion Llygliw, the "high-born Hoel" of Gray, who flourished from 1330 to 1371. The lovely Myfanwy is described as fairer than the cherry-blossom; her hair is finer than the gossamer threads of the spider's web, and her lengthened white form is seen through her thin blue veil. The enlivening effect of a cherry orchard in

full bloom seems not to have been thrown away upon the courtly Welsh bard; though neglected, as we are told, by English artists, till Mr. Ruskin put a certain question to the painters, and the walls of the Academy of 1859 furnished the reply. It should be added, however, that Southey renders 'apple' for 'cherry' blossom, in his translation of the ode.*

From this period the nationality of Welsh verse was gradually lost. Henry Vaughan, of Brecon, wrote in English, and rivalled George Herbert in the tenderness and devoutness of his strains. The more celebrated Goronwy Owen, on the other hand, composed his epigrams in Latin, and achieved, though not without reproach, the title of the "British Martial," amongst the learned of all nations.

Having mused an hour by the banks of Llyn Geirionydd, picnicked on Bedd-Taliesin, sketched, or fished in the lake, as he may have been piscatorially advised, the tourist should not fail to visit the secluded church of Llanrhwchwyn. There is nothing of archaic interest about the building; but the lych-gate of the churchyard, six remarkably fine yew-trees, and the rural serenity of the spot, are features which will amply repay him. The rude structure of the church has given rise to a tradition that neither

* See notes to 'Madoc,' i. 10.

saw nor plane was used in its construction. From thence the hill-path winds down amid cottages of miners, abounding in bees and flowers, past a large slate-quarry, and through noble woods, down to Nant-y-Gwydir, with its waterfall, and the fruitful valley of the Conway above and around Llanrwst. Here, as every local association deserves reviving, he may be reminded of the tradition that the church of Trefriw is said to have been built by Llywellyn to aid his princess, who before had to "foot it,"* when in an interesting condition, by the path he is descending, from her residence in the valley to the mountain church. As for the patron saint, his merits are as much lost to fame as his Kymric name is beyond the efforts of Saxon articulation.

The valley of the Lledr, which enters that of the Conway at the Llyn Glas, is the next which comes under our notice. In order to reach it, the route from Bettws-y-Coed, over Waterloo and the Beaver bridges, must be repeated. If the left bank of the stream be then followed as far as the Llyn-Glas, the Lledr will be found on the right, flowing from west to east, in a parallel direction to the Llugwy. Immediately after leaving the junction of the two rivers, the explorer arrives at a spot

* Pennant, 'Tour,' vol. ii. p. 146.

where massive rocks, of fantastic form, are piled up in pyramids on the rocky bed of the stream, to an extent quite disproportionate to the body of water discharged by the current, and again excite the utmost surprise at their discovery in such a situation. Their general appearance is admirably indicated in Stereograph No. 9,—"Rocks in the Lledr." In this instance it is probable that the whole bed of stone is *in situ*. The central mass, which seems at first sight to have been a detached fragment brought down from above, is perhaps only a portion of the stratum in its original position, which has been partially worn away at the base, and has slightly toppled over. The dip of the whole layer is very perceptible; the stratum is tilted up on edge, the apparent angle of inclination with the horizon at this point of view being 62°. A small group of young oaks beautifully relieves the grey rock; behind them is a dark fir, and a ploughed field forms a background to both. Against the sky is seen the Bryn-y-ddinas, the same round hill which appears in the view of the Llyn-Glas. Between the huge rocks, the now shrunken Lledr creeps about in a thousand winding channels.

The whole extent of this favourite stream is not more than ten miles, from its springs under Moel

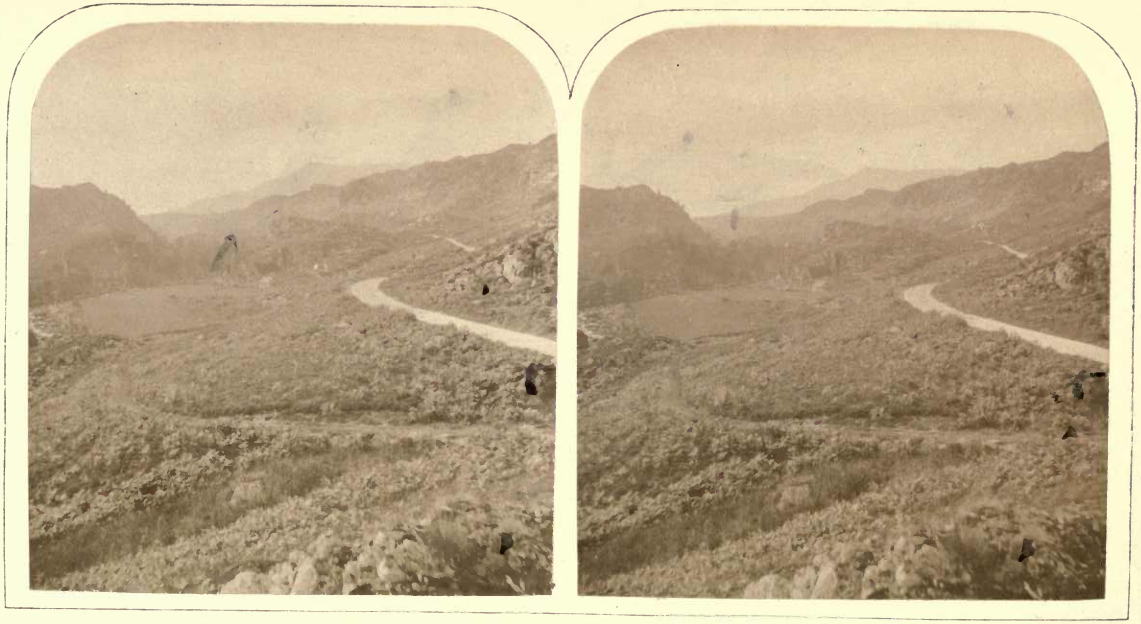
Siabod to its junction with the Conway. Its main source is a large double lake, called Llyniau-du-waunedd, the 'Blackwater Pools.' Of all the Conway streams, it is the most continuously beautiful; at every turn new varieties of the same leading features present themselves, and the observer is literally embarrassed by the profusion that awaits his choice. Immediately above our last view, within a few yards, is the "Pont-y-Lledr," a bridge of two arches, which is represented in Stereograph No. 10. One of the arches is nearly hidden by foliage, and the other is mantled by luxuriant festoons of ivy. Underneath the latter may be seen at a distance the same bed of rock which was figured in the last stereograph, and in the distance is perceptible the same range of hills on the eastern bank of the Conway. The point of view is close adjoining the road.

Proceeding for about a mile up the valley, a spot is reached where the hills retire, and a considerable breadth of fertile alluvial land is occupied by two or three farms. This open part of the vale is called 'Glyn Lledr,' and is represented in Stereograph No. 11. A farm-house of the same name lies on the right; on the left is the road up the valley; and in the remote distance appear the hills which bound the Conway valley. The distinguishing features of

this view are the long reach of silvery water stretching eastward, and the fantastic forms assumed by the broken felspathic rocks cropping out on the left. With the fragments of this disintegrated *stratum* the whole valley and stream below are studded. The semicircle of woods enhances the beauty of this view.

Standing on the same elevated mound from which the last view was taken, and looking up the Glyn Lledr, the beautiful scene represented in Stereograph No. 12 is before the eye. This is the first of the series which gives the aspect of the valley looking westwards. On the right is the road, on the left the descending stream. Far in the distance, the lofty Moel Siabod rears its venerable crest. In the middle of the view a small barn is seen, and above it a high cliff of rocks, from which one of the subsequent views, Stereograph No. 14, was taken. The higher part of the vale, as may be here seen, abounds in luxuriant vegetation. The foreground is a carpet of heath and moss; the dark stain across it, which is striking from its singularity, I noticed to be a patch of smooth grass of a brighter green than the rest. Here and there amongst the fern, a few young oak and fir trees are struggling upwards under difficulties.

The distance traversed from the mouth of the valley to this spot is scarcely over a mile, though from the varied features of the scenery it appears much further. Here the pedestrian can, if so disposed, avail himself of the hospitalities of the Fish Inn, a small roadside hostelry, of a class not uncommon in the favourite parts of Wales, in which homely but cleanly accommodation, in the shape of lodgings is to be had for any length of time, at reasonable charges.



TAN ALDRACH, (p. 127.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

CHAPTER IV.

Sunlight, which is so important to the comfort of the tourist, so essential to the studies of the painter, becomes to a photographer a primary, indispensable condition of success. Very light variations in the quantity of sunshine, or in the time of exposure, produce unexpected effects in the rendering of scenery. In the case before us, where the spectator is supposed to be conducted by degrees up the vale of the Lledr, the relative heights of Moel Siabod above the horizon will generally indicate its remoteness or nearness,—in other words, the position of the observer in the valley. But the same distance does not always produce an equal degree of clearness. From the spot where the view No. 12 was taken, the peak of Moel Siabod is distant a little over 4 miles; from the position of the spectator in No. 13, it was slightly over $3\frac{3}{4}$; and from the island, No. 15, about $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the latter, though much nearer, the crest of the mountain is scarcely

if at all visible. Again, in the view No. 8, on the Llugwy, the distant hill is certainly under a mile, and its surface is diversified by fields and woods; all of which detail is lost. The last picture has not been too long exposed to the sun, nor does there appear to have been any difference in the materials; the defect can arise only from the quality of the light, in which there is not sufficient intensity to diversify the tints on the paper, though the differences of colour may be marked enough to affect the retina, and sufficient to break up into forest and meadow what in the stereograph appears only a uniform blank stain. Practically it will be found that this form of photography ceases to give outlines at an average distance of four miles, and begins to become faint in rendering full details at one. The eye, in its appreciation of delicate varieties of colour, is of course vastly more comprehensive than this, and therefore painting, which is an imitation of a scene as viewed by the eye, can justly extend itself beyond the limits of a sun-picture. But outline, or a sharp defined limit between two shades of colour, fails at a distance of four miles, as proved by the stereoscope. At that distance therefore, and beyond it, it follows that no defined line ought to appear in a landscape painting descriptive

of a scene in the climate of Wales. Anything beyond must be left to intermingled transparent tints, one melting gradually into the next. But limited as are the capacities of photography with regard to *distance,* its powers when directed to objects within 1500 yards of the spectator are quite unapproachable as to minuteness of detail. In this respect, the correctness and multiplicity of the lines, and in many cases the play of light and shade, are such as no human hand can hope to emulate. One not unfrequently hears from landscape painters complaints as to the want of effect in a photograph, which they attribute to poverty or inaccuracy of outline. Nothing can be more mistaken than this: the photograph *must be* correct, if not mathematically, owing to the aberration of the lens, yet practically for anything that the eye can detect. The stronger effect that is sought for is due wholly to the play of colour, and can never be legitimately attained by exaggerated lines. As examples of multiplicity we may instance the broken light on the hill Bryn-y-ddinas, in the views 3 and 9, and the shading of the woods in the former, the Llyn-Glas.

In the Falls of the Llugwy, again, No. 5, and in view No. 8, the modelling of the rocks is nothing short of endless in its intricacy, and gratifies the

eye far more than any effort of the pencil. This is Nature reflected, the other a mere resemblance, wonderful very often from the patience and skill that has been brought to the task, but even then full of shortcomings. We praise the attempt to "describe the indescribable," not from the success of the artist, but from the ingenuity and pains he takes to delude our eyes for a moment. "It is not perfect," as Dr. Johnson said of the lady preaching, "but, like a dog walking on its hind legs, we are surprised to see it done at all." One school attempts to approach the "infinite variety" of its model, in one way, by dashing in a quantity of scribble which is to do service for grass or leaves or weather-stains or rocks; another, with a painful laboriousness, by individualizing every leaf, stone, and blade of grass: but in vain. The boldest composer, and the most conscientious copyist, must give way alike before the truth-telling photograph, which extends the boundaries of art indefinitely in one direction, whilst it corrects its aberrations in another. It is not too much to say, that until an artist has obtained an expression of his own, a special mode of communicating with other minds by the peculiar handling of his pencil, all attempts to render the detail of Nature are useless, except as preparatory to the

attainment of the idealism which every intelligent student aims at. Photography, when used by an *artist*, can never be anything else than the handmaid of art; but to the *draughtsman* who neglects its suggestions, it will assuredly become a stern master and an infallible judge.

Our views of the Conway therefore do not pretend to give any adequate idea of the splendid effects produced by air, sunshine, and shadow, when large mountain masses are presented to view at considerable distances, whilst it must be acknowledged that these form a large share of the peculiar attractions of Welsh landscape. No one can visit our galleries without seeing repeated attempts to imitate the effect of a lofty precipice or mountain side, itself in shadow, looming through a beam of strong sunlight, or of a crest of broken rocks with the light shining full upon it, illuminating every crevice, and raising to its highest pitch the colour of all the vegetation around it.

These splendid appearances of Nature cannot be reproduced in stereographic slides; but there is a class of landscapes of another kind. A large school of painters devote themselves to the wooded banks or rocky beds of the mountain rivers of Wales, with an ardour and success that is yearly

becoming more appreciated by the observers of art. These painstaking students are to be found by the tourist planted under snug tents in some leafy dell, or perched upon huge crags amidst foaming falls and the unceasing roar of waters, not unaccompanied by rivals of the fair sex, who share with them the shelter of the tent, or arrange themselves with studious care and in distracting attitudes in stony niches overhanging the stream. The scenes which occupy the pencils of these students are entirely within the range of the camera, and many a favourite resort of the sketcher and the angler is to be found in this series, not indeed clothed in its "festal robes" of colour, but truthfully drawn, broadly and minutely shaded, and varied with all the endless developments of nature.

The view of Moel Siabod, Stereograph No. 13, I found without much difficulty. A few yards past the Fish Inn, on the right of the road, is a steep bank, covered with dead and decaying fern, where a convenient piece of rock enabled Mr. Fenton to plant his camera. The character of the view is not dissimilar from that of the last. On the left is the road, and further below winds the Lledr along its rocky path. Immediately in the centre of the view, between the river and the road, may be remarked a bold group

of rocks, one of those features which lend to the scene a mountainous character, and heightens and dignifies the pastoral charms of the Lledr valley. Every desirable feature of landscape is combined in harmonious proportions. The distant mountain is not oppressively conspicuous; the rocks are of majestic forms, and weather-worn by the storms of centuries, but softened by the presence of majestic woods, and of a stream that glitters among them "like a chain of diamonds,"* whilst the hillsides are clothed almost to the summits with ferns and mosses.

In the next Stereograph, No. 14, the position is reversed, and we are looking down the river. The picture is named "Tan-aldrach," from the name of the farm-house half-hidden among trees on the left. The nearer buildings, so exquisitely pencilled in the stereoscope, are some cottages and a barn belonging to the farm. It was not without a lengthened search that I found the point of view of this very effective picture. At length, however, at the top of a remarkable outcrop of high rock, between the road and river, where the stratum was tilted completely on one end, forming the very curious ap-

* See some eloquent descriptions of the scenery of the Lledr and Llugwy valleys after heavy rain, in a series of papers, 'The Sketcher in Wales,' communicated to the 'Leisure Hour' for 1858.

pearance visible in the foreground, I discovered the exact locality. Grey splinters of stone project upright out of a surface of smooth turf, like a set of huge teeth, and serve to throw back into the middle distance the stream which murmurs in its rock-encumbered bed far below. I threw myself on the mossy carpet which was spread between the prisms of felstone, and compared the delicate shading of the sun-stain with the natural scene. The ploughed field below was tinged with the bright green of young wheat just springing, and in the middle of it a detached rock was very conspicuous, seen in the picture just above the grey mass on the left. At the foot of the mountainous escarpment on the right may be noticed the line of *débris* which unites its base with the valley in a graceful curve,* contrasting strongly with the depressed line of the distant heights. This peculiar and unpleasing outline suggests at once to the geologist the presence of a large "fault," which here extends across the valley for some miles in a north and south direction.

An examination of geological maps shows a group of at least six parallel faults crossing the Lledr valley at short intervals, of which the highest,

* The reader need not be reminded of the elaborate disquisition on this feature in vol. iv. of 'Modern Painters.'

passing close to the village of Dolwydellan, is of great length, extending from Lake Geirionydd to near Ffestiniog. The effect of these disruptions on the future destinies of the country is very remarkable. They become the pathways of rivers, or the receptacles of long, narrow lakes; they often determine the course of roads, and in many instances furnish points of defence, as in the instance of Tomen-y-mûr (Heiririmons).

The geological features of the Lledr valley on the whole present very little variety. The main body of the neighbouring land is of the Lower Silurian order, Caradoc or Llandeilo, with occasional patches of contemporaneous felstone. Sir R. Murchison, in his recent condensed edition of 'Siluria,' speaking of the igneous rocks and slates of Wales, briefly alludes to districts resembling this in terms which, geologically significant, convey but little meaning to unscientific ears.* It must be acknowledged that the language of science is scarcely rich and varied enough to describe the diversified forms of this series; whilst from their intermingled position, it is equally difficult to indicate on maps the exact boundaries between the intrusive volcanic rocks, such as greenstone, from what are called the contem-

* 'Siluria,' pp. 86–93.

poraneous igneous rocks, as porphyries, felspar, etc. Nor is it easy to conceive the process by which these vast masses came to present themselves as they do, passing from stratified to unstratified forms, from the hardest rock to the loosest shingle, from stone to slate and clay, and back again almost without an interval. In the investigation of this subject, the great authority is the geological survey prepared by Professor Ramsay and Mr. Selwyn, with the sections illustrative of the same districts. The position taken up by Sir R. Murchison in the 'Siluria,' is well known to be that of establishing the connection of the North Wales, or as it was called, the "Cambrian" system of Professor Sedgwick, with that of the district which he himself first explored and named. Whether the Cambrian system is or is not destined to be ultimately resolved into the Silurian, the researches of both the explorers we have named can never be forgotten. Sir R. Murchison, by immortalizing the name of the "Silures," has completely reversed the proud sentence of Ostorius, who once boasted, "Ut quondam Sugambri excisi, et in Gallias trajecti forent, ita Silurum nomen penitùs extinguendum."*

About a quarter of a mile further on, a deep ra-

* Tac. Ann. xii. 39.

ISLAND IN THE LLEDR, (p. 131.)

vine is passed, through which the Lledr, even when considerably diminished, passes with a dull roaring sound, and the banks are lined with beautiful young timber-trees. The road and river then approach close to each other, and again diverge. At the latter point is the new feature which is presented in Stereograph No. 15, the "Island in the Lledr." Here the waters of the stream, having "agreed to differ" for a short period, reunite, forming a central mound which is entirely hidden by luxuriant woods. The trees are principally oak, with a few alders. Unfortunately, as we have already noticed, Moel Siabod, which ought to appear on the right, is invisible in this picture, otherwise the commanding appearance of the peak would be found to add considerably to the effect. From the road this river-island is distinctly seen.

A few yards further on a more interesting object becomes visible, in the shape of the celebrated Pont-y-pant, a bridge which has been remarked upon by every writer on Wales. Like the Pont-y-pair, No. 4, it rests upon piers which are built, as opportunity offers, upon rocky masses lying in the bed of the stream. There are however no arches in the Pont-y-pant, and the road is supported on transverse beams. The first sight of this extraordinary struc-

ture, standing in an unexpected position, arrests the eye in a way that cannot be forgotten.

The upward ascent of the road is admirably represented in Stereograph No. 16, and scale is indicated by the figure. Just at the entrance of the bridge, Mr. Fenton's carriage may be observed, with a figure in front of it. The whole distance between the spectators and the bridge is a tolerably steep incline, and as I surveyed the vast expanse of fragments among which the Lledr was winding, I endeavoured to imagine it after a flood, where the whole steep becomes one tumbled sheet of broken foam, and the hills around tremble with the descending shock. The aspect at that time was as different as can be conceived. The grey stones grew hot in the sunshine, as the river crept amongst them, but the empty channel spoke of the presence, at former periods, of its active and irresistible forces.

Pont-y-pant, the 'Bridge of the Hollow,' is so called from its position in the valley. How long it has been built it would be hard to say, but it is remarkable that it stands at the precise spot where the famous Sarn-Helen first approaches the Lledr. From the traces which remain, it seems evident that this celebrated road led from Heiririmons in Merionethshire to Conovium or Caerhûn, and it may be

still found in the hills leading in a tolerably straight line as far as the valley of the Llugwy. Coming from the south, it enters the Lledr valley at Dolwyddelan, where it crossed the stream and skirts the side of it, where the present road now runs, as far as Pont-y-pant. There it ascends the bank on the right of our view, and again strikes across the hills to the Llugwy valley, a mile above Bettws. This portion of the road I traversed more than once, and fancied I found, in the solid stone conduits imbedded in the road, sometimes consisting of one block, and placed there to direct the rain to the side of the path, some traces of the work of the first masters of Britain.

The origin of the name of this road is still a philological question. Does it mean Sarn-y-lleng, the 'Road of the Legion,' or Sarn-Helen, from having been made by the Empress Helena? In favour of the former derivation we may compare Caergwrle, meaning Caer-gawr-lleng, the 'Fortress of the Great Legion,' 'Gawr Lleng' being the name by which the Twentieth Legion (stationed at Caergwrle) was known among the British.* On the other hand it is noticed

* 'Illustrated Handbook,' p. 111. So also the Welsh name of Chester was Caerlleon-gawr, "which seems to indicate its having been the station of the Twentieth Legion, called Legio Vicesima Va-

that by the side of *another* Roman road (not the Sarn-Helen), leading under Moelwyn, towards Pont Aberglaslyn, there are springs, called Ffynnon-Helen. To this spot an old fanciful legend is attached, that they are caused by the tears which the Empress Helena shed on being told of the death of her son. But may not these also be Ffynnon-y-lleng—'Fountains of the Legion'? Another spot, actually by the side of the Sarn-Helen, is called Rhyd-yr-Helen, or the 'Ford of Helen,' to which a similar remark may be applied. And is it probable that a Roman empress would have given her name to a road?

If it be granted, however, that local traces of an empress Helen are to be found in North Wales, to whom do they refer? Sir R. Hoare, in his edition of Giraldus, follows older writers by declaring in favour of Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who was even believed to have been born in Britain: this in spite of the authority of Gibbon, who decides that Constantine was born at Naissus in Dacia. The other Helena was the wife of the Emperor Maximus, who is said—and the possibility is admitted by Gibbon—to have been the daughter

lens Victrix, the word 'gawr' being nearly equivalent to 'valens.'" (Mabinogion, vol. i. p. 28.)

of Eudda, a wealthy lord of Caernarvonshire. On the whole the etymon of "Sarn-y-lleng" has the decided preference, and with this view we must pronounce the opinion that the Empress Helen made and gave her name to the road, to be a groundless conceit.

Following this delightful mountain path on one occasion from Bettws, on arriving above the Pont-y-pair, I found the whole valley above the bridge, in which are situated the village and castle of Dolwyddelan, stretched out before my view. Every object was steeped in the brilliant light of the May sun. Not a sound was audible except at intervals the faint whisper of the wind, the occasional chirp of a mountain bird, or the distant bleat of a sheep calling to its lamb. Long slopes of heathery moor rising one over another, were overlooked by wild, weather-beaten mountains, and held in the hollows formed by their bases a delightful tract of verdure. In the middle of this valley several rocky mounds rise like excrescences, covered with wood, round which the river winds with a silvery gleam. Near them are a few scattered houses. Every broken cleft and water-worn channel on the sides of Moel Siabod was brought into vivid light and shade, yet blended together in indescribable

softness by the intervening air. Fertility and barrenness, neglect and cultivation, are combined in a scene like this; heights of difficult access, furrowed by savage ravines above, are grouped in the same picture with cradles of human life below. For what purpose, we are tempted to ask, was this profusion of barren matter spread out over the earth's surface, and piled up in masses towards heaven? Only in some secondary manner, it would seem, for the uses of man, although over nearly the whole extent of it, a lower life in a thousand different shapes exists, or is brooding in bird and insect, weed and flower.

The paramount purpose for which the Creigiau-yr-Eyri, as they were called, were employed—that of national salvation—has passed away; but monuments of feudal power and military defence still remain in the valley before us. If the reader will turn again to the view of Pont-y-pant, and examine the distance closely, he will detect between the piers of the bridge a considerable reach of the Lledr, terminated at length by a scaur of rock gleaming out among young woods which throw their shadows over the velvet of the adjoining slope. This is a new style of scenery to any which has before appeared in this valley: and it is frequently repeated as one proceeds higher. Here the vale of Dolwy-

ddelan may be said strictly to begin, and for a mile onwards the hills are less precipitous, the valley wider and richer, and the general aspect of the vegetation more genial. Dolwyddelan is a scattered village, remarkable for nothing but a little old church, with an inscription in it, recording some marvellous instance of fecundity and longevity, and a large new meeting-house, which is filled every Sunday with enthusiastic worshipers from all the neighbouring hills. The superior thrift and prosperity of this place I found to be mainly owing to the recent opening, or rather re-opening, of a neighbouring slate-quarry belonging to Lord Willoughby. A bridge is here thrown across the Lledr, at the spot where the Sarn-Helen strikes up among the hills to the left. Here also a large stream joins the Lledr. About a mile further up stands the castle of the Dolwyddelan, which from its history has given a celebrity to the district; and on the way to it are passed the remarkable mounds of rock covered with underwood, which were conspicuous from the hills above the Pont-y-pant.

High above the valley, on a steep bank, stands the present tower of Dolwyddelan, a modern restoration, in very plain and good style, of one of the ancient fortresses. There were originally two towers,

standing within a stone's-throw of each other. The appearance of the ruins in 1778 may be gathered from the view in Pennant. One tower measured forty feet by twenty-five; the other thirty-two feet by twenty. Both had three floors; a small court separated them. Arrived at the base of the present building, the stranger is struck by the remarkable height of the doorway above the ground, reminding him of the position of the entrances in the round towers of Ireland. It has to be reached by a long ladder of steps. Inside, the building consists of little else than four walls roofed over, and a staircase. From the parapet is a considerable prospect over a country of singular wildness. On the north Moel Siabod overtops everything, distant about two miles. No adjoining mountain presents a finer outline than this: near the summit may be distinctly seen the scoop, or hollow, in the cone where a small tarn, the Llyn-y-foel, lies cradled in the arms of the giant.

Southey, in 'Madoc,' has availed himself of the historic incidents connected with this spot. Referring to one of his heroes, he describes, in remarkably faithful terms,

> "That valley, o'er whose crags and sprinkled trees
> And winding stream, so oft his eye has loved
> To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,
> From Dolwyddelan's tower."—*Madoc*, i. 10.

PONT-Y-PANT, (p. 132.)

The prominent historical circumstance connected with the place is, that Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, surnamed the Great, whose character has been as much admired as his misfortunes are pitied, was, in all probability, born in the keep. From the situation of the doorway, the remains of some of the old masonry, and tradition, antiquaries have been disposed to date the erection so far back as the year 500; the era of the celebrated Maelgwyn, king of Gwynedd. For nearly three hundred years, however, little or nothing is heard of Dolwyddelan Castle. In surveying this interval, we pass, in the seventh century, the age of Cadwaladyr, who is treated by Caradoc of Llangarvan and Humphrey Lhuyd as the first of the Welsh princes (properly so called). The retirement of this king to Rome, and his assumption of orders there, have doubtless contributed to give him a factitious merit amongst monastic writers. In 780 we note the construction of Offa's Dyke from Chester to Caerleon, followed by the disastrous battle of Rhyddlan Marsh. In the next century, A.D. 835, came the ignominious decree by Egbert, King of Wessex, forbidding any Welshman to cross the dyke under pain of death.

The West Saxons in this instance had penetrated as far as Snowdon, and taken possession of

Mona, thence for the first time called Anglesey.* Eight years afterwards, a more memorable epoch commences, under Roderick the Great, who by marrying an heiress of South Wales united all Cambria under his sway. At the death of this great chieftain, the kingdom was left to his three sons, of whom Anawrawd the eldest reigned in Gwynedd; Cadelh, the second son, ruled over Deheubarth (South Wales), and was seated at Dinas-Vawr, on the Towy, in Caermarthenshire; and Powys was held by the third son, Mervyn, whose capital was Mathraval, in Montgomeryshire. English power was already beginning to make itself felt in the heart of Wales. Even in the time of Roderick, tribute had been paid to an English sovereign: and after his death and the division of the country, it became still more exposed to aggression. North Wales was naturally the place of refuge in the last resort; and to quote the words of Warrington,† "The valour of the people, and in general the public virtue of their princes, the natural situation of the country of Snowdon, a range of mountains extending from one sea to the other, and guarded by two rivers discharging themselves into the sea

* Warrington's 'History of Wales,' p. 138.

† *Ibid.*, p. 154.

at Traeth Mawr and Cynwy, or Conway, formed a rampart exceedingly strong, over which the Welsh usually retreated when pressed by the English arms. The principal defiles were secured by fortifications: the castle of Deganwy was placed opposite to the water of the Conway; that of Caerhûn was situated at the pass of Bwlch-y-ddyfaen, with a fort at Aber; in the south was Dolwyddelan Castle; a watch-tower was placed at Nant-Ffrancon; Dolbadarn Castle at Nant-peris, and the fort of Kidom fixed at Nant-Tal-y-llyn. Traeth Mawr was guarded by Harlech and Criccieth castles; there was a watch-tower at Castel Gyfarch and fort at a Dolbenmaen." From this period Dolwyddelan, in the southern frontier of Gwynedd, became a place of importance. In 940 the superior genius of Howel Dda (the Good), the famed Welsh lawgiver, for a brief period united the sceptre of Wales in one person, and without hostility; but gradually the incursions of a powerful enemy extended themselves. In 961 we hear of the remarkable commutation by King Edgar of the money tribute anciently payable by the kings of North Wales to three hundred wolves' heads annually. Combats with the Danes, in which the Welsh were victorious, succeeded these struggles with the Saxons; and in 981, we find Duke Alfred of Mercia, who had

invaded South Wales, defeated by the joint efforts of Howel, King of Gwynedd, and Einion, son of Owen, Prince of Deheubarth.

During the next hundred and fifty years Welsh history is a confused scene of intestine warfare: of conspiracies against the native princes; of assassinations, inroads and incursions. Chiefs are found alternately combining against Danish, English, and domestic foes; and then turning their arms against each other; whilst for many remarkable actions it is impossible, in the scanty gloom of their annals, to find any assignable motive. In 1063, Wales was, for the first time, completely overrun by the English under the superior skill of Harold, a general in the employment of the Earl of Chester, and in high favour with King Edward the Confessor. Gruffydd ap Llewellyn, the King of Gwynedd, had fled the country, and Harold was enabled to signalize his victory by erecting stone pillars in Wales, with the Latin inscription,—"Hîc fuit victor Haroldus."* It was in the reign of this Gruffydd that Fleance, son of the Banquo who was slain by Macbeth, and whose historical existence is almost lost in his ideal character as the ghostly visitant of his murderer, fled to the court of Gwynedd. Here, tradition adds, he became ena-

* Warrington, p. 223.

moured of Nêst, the daughter or sister of the King, and from their illicit connection sprang the youth Walter, who, after killing one of his companions for reproaching him with his illegitimacy, escaped to England, entered the train of Queen Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling, and was finally appointed lord steward of Scotland. From this office he and his descendants are said to have taken the name of Stuart, and from this root, Welsh chroniclers assert, sprang the royal line of that name, and many other branches of illustrious families in Scotland.*

To many of the events recorded in these dark and bloody times, historians cannot allude except in terms of strong disgust. Stories of treacherous plots, cruel murders, and hideous mutilations, succeed each other with frightful regularity; and it is marvellous to find, in such an age, that a king of North Wales, Gruffydd ap Cynan, was able to extend his reign to a period of fifty years. Upon his death, in 1137, Owen Gwynedd succeeded to the sovereignty. He was attacked by King Henry II., and in 1157 all the castles and fortresses in the country were nominally ceded to the conqueror. Peace, however, was concluded in the following year; and in 1167 Owen Gwynedd died.

* Warrington, p. 227.

The eldest son of King Owen was Iorwerth Drwyndwn, signifying in plain Saxon, "Edward with the broken nose." His personal defect disqualified him, in the eyes of the Welsh, from succeeding to power, and a district was accordingly assigned to him as an inferior but independent prince. This district included the cantrefs or hundreds of Nant-Conwy, and of Ardudwy in the north-west of Merionethshire. The prince's residence was at Dolwyddelan Castle; and here, with every probability, it may be assumed that his eldest son, Llewellyn the Great, was born.* The sovereignty of Gwynedd was assumed by Dafydd, the second son of Owen by another wife. Here the romance of Madoc comes in as a poetical embellishment of the dry bones of history. It appears that Howel, who was a natural son of the late king, and a famous bard, had obtained precarious possession of the throne immediately after Owen's death. This usurper the lawful successor Dafydd had attacked and killed. Iorwerth, whom we have seen settled at Dolwyddelan, was next assailed, driven from his dwelling, pursued to Pennant Melangel in Merionethshire, where he had taken sanctuary, and there murdered. Allusion to this crime is made in the opening chapter of Madoc. Another brother,

* 'History of the Gwedir Family,' p. 7.

Rodri, lord of Anglesey, was imprisoned by the fierce Dafydd. At this stage of affairs, Madoc, another natural son of Owen Gwynedd, seeing the fall and murder of two of his brothers, and the imprisonment of a third, resolved, in despair, to quit his country, and find a nobler field for his ambition elsewhere. The romance states that he struck land and settled on the southern branches of the Missouri river. It is perhaps needless to add, that no Welsh Indians have ever been found at the mouth of this river; but the tradition has furnished Southey with the groundwork of a lengthy and erudite poem, the incidents of which are made up from Welsh and Mexican history combined.

Upon the death of the fratricide Dafydd, in 1194, the much vaunted age of Welsh glory commenced under Llewellyn the Great. This able chieftain gained the concession of all the Welsh princes, and in 1203 obtained the hand of Joan, a daughter of King John by a lady of the house of Ferrars. This alliance was naturally distasteful to the Welsh, and stories to the discredit of the princess were eagerly repeated by the bards. Of this character is the romantic legend first published by Pennant,* relating the attachment of the lady to a young English

* Tour in Wales, vol. i.

knight, named William de Breos, then staying at her husband's court. Their intimacy, so runs the tale, was suspected; and one morning an attendant of the king, who hated the English, having met the princess as if by accident, found her absorbed in a mournful reverie. He disarmed her reserve by playing some plaintive airs on the harp, and then put to her the following question:—

"Diccyn, doccyn, gwraig Llywellyn,
Beth a roit ti am weled Gwilym?"

"Tell me, wife of Llewellyn, what would you give for a sight of your William?"

The princess eagerly replied:—

"Cymru, Lloegr, y Llywellyn,
Y rown i gyd am weled Gwilym."*

"Wales, England, and Llewellyn, all would I give to behold my William."

The harper bitterly smiled and pointed to a neighbouring wood, where, at a place called Wern Grogedig, grew a lofty tree, from the branches of

* The English lady may perhaps be credited with a knowledge of so much Welsh as these two lines contain: especially if Llewellyn had engaged her in the course of tuition afterwards employed by King Henry V. with Katherine of France.

which a form was hanging, which the princess only too soon recognized to be that of the unfortunate William de Broes. The place of his burial is still traditionally called Caer Gwilym Dhu.

Notwithstanding this legend, it is historically true that Joan continued to live happily with her husband; and sometimes contrived to appease the warfare that raged between her father and husband. Dafydd, son of the princess, was Llewellyn's favourite child, and upon the father's death-bed he gave Dafydd preference in the succession over the elder and more warlike Gruffydd. When the princess died, in 1237, a splendid monument was erected to her memory by her husband, at a monastery of Dominican friars at Llanvoes near Beaumaris, which was afterwards destroyed at the Reformation.*

Upon the report of the murder of twenty-eight of Llewellyn's hostages by King John, the Welsh king proceeded to attack him in all his castles between the Dee and Conway, and succeeded in freeing North Wales, for a time, from the English yoke. Successive defeats and victories followed, but on the whole the Welsh were decidedly masters of their country at the death of Llewellyn, in 1238.

Dafydd, son of the "Great" king of Wales, suc-

* Hicklin, 'Illustrated Handbook,' pp. 4, 5.

ceeded his father in 1240; and died six years afterwards, having sustained an invasion under King Henry III., who penetrated as far as Diganwy and rebuilt the fortress with great care and cost. To him succeeded his nephews, Owen and Llewellyn, sons of Gruffydd, who had been killed in 1244, whilst endeavouring to escape from the Tower of London. In 1255, Llewellyn-ap-Gruffydd became sole king, and for nearly thirty years sustained a long unavailing struggle against the arms of England. When King Edward I., on his accession, demanded homage from Llewellyn, the latter did not deny the obligation, but excused himself on various pretexts. Thus a shadow of right was afforded to the English monarch, who at once proceeded to attack his vassal in the mountain fortress of Snowdon. At this time Llewellyn was also opposed by Meredydd-ap-Rhys, king of South Wales, and his own brothers, Owen and Dafydd, whose patrimony he is said to have withheld, were his keenest enemies. Under these circumstances a complete victory was obtained, and Llewellyn had to purchase peace by the cession of all castles between the Dee and Conway, retaining only Anglesea, and paying a fee-rent to the English crown. At the same time, his bride, the Lady Elinor de Montfort, who had been inter-

DOUBLE BRIDGE ON THE MACHNO, (p. 162.)

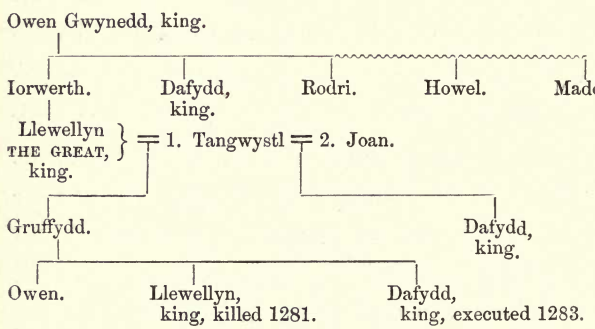
cepted on her voyage, and detained by King Edward, was restored to him. The tribute was afterwards remitted, and other concessions were made to the Welsh chieftain with an ostentatious generosity on the part of the conqueror. But the insolence of the royal officers, particularly of the justiciary, Clifford, again aroused the vengeance and pride of Llewellyn, who was joined this time by his brother Dafydd; and a general revolt of the whole Principality took place, accompanied by acts of gross barbarity. Edward marched into the heart of Wales with an army, which, continually advancing, reached Anglesey a second time; where a large portion of the royal forces, having been separated from the main body by the Menai Strait, were completely destroyed. This and other partial checks were however as nothing, compared with the loss of Llewellyn himself, who, whilst he was proceeding to South Wales to summon other chieftains to his aid, fell in with a body of the English forces near Builth, under Edward Mortimer; and the Welsh king, in some casual encounter, was slain by an English knight, named Adam de Francton.*

The fall of Dafydd, who prolonged the contest for six months longer, was much more tragical. His

* The following is a table of the leading members of the reigning

cruel sentence of death has been already alluded to. He and his wife and children were carried in chains to the castle of Rhyddlan, and condemned, by a parliament at Shrewsbury, first, to be dragged by a horse to the place of execution, because he was a traitor to the King, who had made him a knight; secondly, there to be hanged, because he had murdered several knights in Hawarden Castle; thirdly, to have his hands burned, because he had done the deed on Palm Sunday; fourthly, to be quartered, and have his limbs hung up in different places, because he had conspired the king's death: a ferocious sentence, but fulfilled to the letter.* An-

family of North Wales, immediately prior to its extinction by the English arms:—



* The cities of York and Winchester contended with a savage eagerness for the prince's right shoulder. Winchester succeeded; and the remaining quarters were sent to York, Bristol, and Northampton. (Warrington, p. 522.)

other severe campaign amongst the 'Crags of the Eagles' was necessary, before the subjugation of the Welsh nation was complete. Then, at length, under Madoc, its last champion, the brilliant flame of patriotism was finally quenched. The country was laid waste, and the principal chieftains slain; but we are glad to believe that the extreme atrocity handed down by tradition—the murder of the bards by King Edward—has no foundation in historic truth. Then also were erected the four great castles of Caernarvon, Conway, Beaumaris, and Harlech, before the vast proportions of which the towers of Dolwyddelan speedily dwindled down into a petty fastness, often the resort of robbers and outlaws. From the investigations of Dr. O. O. Roberts, of Bangor, however, it would seem that this fortress was the last to give in before the arms of Edward I. The date of its reduction is said to correspond with the capture of Prince Dafydd, brother of Llewellyn.*

For the subsequent fortunes of Dolwyddelan Castle we are indebted to the curious history of the Gwedir family, by Sir John Wynne.†

In the beginning of Edward IV.'s reign, it was

* Parry's 'Cambrian Mirror,' p. 222.

† Sir John was the first baronet; he was born in 1553.

the residence of Howel ap Ievan ap Rhys Gethin, captain of the country, and an outlaw. This man found a rival in David ap Ienkin, "who," says the author, "contended with him for the sovereignty of the country; and, being superior, in the end drew a draught for him,* and took him in his bed at Penanmen, with his concubine, performing by craft what he could not by force, and brought him to Conway Castle." Afterwards David ap Ienkin became too weak for his enemy, and was compelled to fly to Ireland, but returning in the summer-time, "dispersed here and there among his friends, lurking by day and walking in the night, for fear of his adversaries." His followers were clad in green, which gave occasion to the country-people to say they were the fairies, and so escape out of their way.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century the whole of this district was a waste. The Welsh were still treated by the English as barbarians, no Welshman was allowed to hold the smallest public office in his native country, and foreign garrisons were maintained in the towns. Fifteen years afterwards the wars of the Roses broke out; and David ap Ienkin, being of the Lancastrian faction, continued to defend himself in his rocky lair of Carreg-y-

* Query, laid a snare for him?

Gwalch,* resisting the efforts of King Edward's captains to dislodge him, until Earl Herbert either expelled or slew him.

We next learn that in the third year of King Henry VII. a grant of Dolwyddelan Castle was made to Ralph Berkinnet, of the county of Chester, Knight, Chamberlain of North Wales. Sir John Wynne proceeds to say that his great-grandfather, Meredith ap Ievan ap Robert, being minded to return to his inheritance at Eivionedd, found there was nothing there but killing and fighting, and thereupon purchased the lease of Dolwyddelan Castle from the executors of Sir John Berkinnet, and thither removed his dwelling. The castle was then in part habitable. This was in the beginning of Henry VII.'s reign. Being questioned by his friends why he meant to leave his ancient house and habitation, and to dwell in Nant-Conway, "swarming with thieves and bondmen (debtors ?), whereof there are many in the King's lordship and towns in that hundred," Meredith answered "that he should find elbow-room in that vast country among the bondmen, and that he had rather fight with outlaws and thieves than with his own blood

* *Ante*, p. 30. A cave, Yr Ogof, was some years since pointed out as the resort of banditti in this district.

and kindred, for if he lived in his own house in Eivionedd, he must either kill his own kinsmen, or be killed by them." The hundred of Eivionedd extended along the north-west of Traeth Mawr, and such was the state of irritation in which the gentry there lived, that they would dispute, says Sir John Wynne, "for no other quarrel but for the mastery of the country, and for the first good-morrow." The progress of a feud between two rival families is then described with some remarkable circumstances. The scenes, though revolting, furnish a vivid picture of the times.

A certain Howel ap Madoc Vaughan had received in a fray a deadly wound on the head. Being down, his mother, *being present*, clapped her hand on his head, meaning to ward the stroke, and had half her hand and three of her fingers cut off at the blow. Sir John Wynne's uncle told him that his father, hearing of the affray, but not of his cousin Howel's death, for he lived several days, sent him, *being a child*, to see how his cousin did. He, coming to Berkin, found him laid in his bed, and his wounded men in great number lying in a *cocherie*,* above the degree near the high table, in the breadth of his

* A long, boarded pallet-bed, inclined to the edge of a room, on which servants usually slept.

hall, all gored and wallowing in their own blood. He likewise saw the gentleman's milch-kine brought to the hall door, and their milk carried hot from the kine to the wounded men, by them to be drunk for the restoring of their blood. Howel Vaughan, on his death-bed, said "that the quarrel should never be ended while his mother lived and looked upon her hand: which was true indeed; but after her death the feud was compounded for."

The following particulars are added respecting Dolwyddelan:—"After Meredith (Sir J. Wynne's grandfather) had lived certain years at Dolwyddelan Castle, he built the house at Penanmen, being the principal best ground in Dolwyddelan, and also, within certain years after, he removed the church of Dolwyddelan from a place called Bryn-y-bedd (the hill of the grave), to the place where it now is, being part of the possessions of the priory of Beddgelert. He also there new-built the same as it is now, one cross-chapel excepted, which my uncle Robert Wynne built. It should seem, by the glass window there, that it was built in the year 1512; but whether it was in that year glazed, which might be done long after the building of the church, I am uncertain.*

* Sir J. Wynne's residence, Gwydir, built in 1555, was so called from its having been the first glazed house in the country, "Gwydr" signifying "*vitrum*," "glass," or "glazed."

The church, which is very strongly built, the castle, and his house of Penanmen, stand three-square, like a trivet, either a mile distant from the other. Questioning with my uncle, what should move him to demolish the old church, which stood in a thicket, and build it in a plain, stronger and greater than it was before, his answer was, he had reason for the same, because the country was wild, and he might be oppressed by his enemies on the sudden in that woody country; it therefore stood him in a policy to have a diverse place of retreat. Certain it was, that he durst not go to church on a Sunday from his house of Penanmen, but he must leave the same guarded with men, and have the doors sure barred and bolted, and a watchman to stand at Carreg-y-big during divine service, being a rock whereon he might see both the church and the house, and raise the cry if the house was assaulted. He durst not, though he was guarded with twenty tall archers, make known when he went to church or elsewhere, or go or come the same way through the woods and narrow places, but he should be laid for. This was in the beginning of his time."

To the above I have only to add that Dolwyddelan has ever since continued in the possession of the owners of Gwydir; and it is, I believe, the present

Lord Willoughby d'Eresby who has lately made the restoration above alluded to.

It is vain that the stranger seeks now for the strong house of Penanmen, founded by Sir John Wynne's valiant ancestor; but the valley down which the stream (not the Lledr, but its tributary,) comes at Dolwyddelan Bridge, and up which the Sarn-Helen passes, is called Cwm-Penanmen, and at the head of the valley is the Moel Penanmen. Somewhere on this mountain, then, was the house, and hereabouts would fall a point equidistant a mile from the castle and the church. It may be remarked that one of the isolated rocky and woody knolls, which are a peculiar feature of this valley, situated at the foot of the tower, is called a "Tomen," and bears some traces of having been fortified.

The best view of this valley is from the southern side, where the full breadth of the majestic Moel Siabod, "the bending mountain," is spread before the eye. It has often been observed that the presence of a mountain in a scene makes itself felt, as though it were a living existence, such is the effect which the exceptional forms of nature are destined to produce on the fancy. But with respect to this particular hill, at all hours and in all seasons, whether glowing with the purple light of evening, or

gilded by passing sun-gleams, or slowly assembling the vapours to its grey flanks, or mantled with their snow, its clear, grand outlines, taken in connection with the forms around, render it, on the whole, a more effective subject for the pencil than Snowdon itself. It is difficult to draw distinctions in degrees of picturesque effect, but the appearance of Moel Siabod, either from the Lledr or the Llugwy Valley, but particularly from the former, will in many respects rival the famed group of Snowdon from Capel Curig. The former, too, has the additional advantage of combining a fertile valley and a more populous village, where several large slate-quarries afford employment to the inhabitants.

At Dolwyddelan I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Burnett, the obliging captain of the Tyn-y-bryn Quarry, on whose recommendation I passed the night at the village, with the prospect of visiting with him the scene of his labours on the following morning.

POOL ON THE MACHNO, (p. 163.)

Photographed by R. Fenton, and published by Lovell Reeve.

CHAPTER V.

Before our photographic route quits the valley of the Lledr altogether, the attention of the reader must be once more recalled to the Stereograph No. 16, the Pont-y-pant. If he will suppose the camera of the artist planted on the pier of the bridge where the roadside wall joins the parapet, and directed to the spot where he is supposed to be standing, he will then perceive the line along which the next Stereograph, No. 17, "Down the Lledr," was taken. The two scenes are precisely reversed, and the bank, road, wall, rocks and river, visible in the former, are presented in exact counterpart in the latter. Even the row of upright flag-stones in the foreground of No. 16 may be seen in the distance in No. 17, where the road enters the copse. As in the former view, the higher part of the valley towards Dolwyddelan appears beyond the bridge, so in the second a long reach of the Lledr unfolds itself, up which our route has advanced, having left

on the southern bank the range of hills above Tan-Aldrach, already portrayed in Stereograph No. 14. Like all the rest of the series which look down the stream, the aspect is from west to east, and in the far distance are the Denbighshire hills.

Having gazed his last at this rocky defile, to which a remarkable parallel exists in another cataract on the Llugwy, on the way from Bettws to Capel Curig, by the roadside below Pont-gyfyng, the reader is invited once more to the scattered village of Dol-wyddelan.

In the morning I accompanied Mr. Burnett to Tyn-y-bryn, where, at five o'clock, the process of slate-quarrying was in the fullest activity. The quarry is of small size, but the mass of slate presented to view in one face is said to be the largest in North Wales. The favourable aspect and convenient position of this quarry give it considerable advantages, which were heightened on this occasion by the fine weather. Accordingly, the work-people were in the highest spirits; their families thriving on the new source of wealth opened amongst them, and the benevolent "captain" everywhere welcomed with benedictions. Of all quarrying, that of slate seems to be the neatest and most engaging to the workman, from the constant

exercise of skill requisite in slicing the rock from its bed, or splitting and squaring it into the sizes familiar to commerce. Hone-stones are found also in the bed of a stream close by. From the entrance of Tyn-y-bryn quarry, looking northwards across the valley, the peak of Snowdon appears behind Moel Siabod, and presents the grandest combination of mountain scenery which the valley can boast.

Crossing the river later in the day, we were struck with the exquisite clearness of the stream, in which two little girls, of six and eight years old, with flame-coloured hair and bare legs, were sturdily wading, and turning over the stones in search of young trout. The unusual scene would have kindled the fancy of those of our figure painters who insist strongly upon the beauty of colour, as well of form and expression, in their groups of Welsh and Irish peasantry.

From this village to Penmachno the path winds over a wild heath, when it is traced with difficulty, the same background of mountain already mentioned displaying itself in ever-varying splendour. At length a deep valley is reached, one of the innumerable Glas Cwms of Wales, and at its mouth, where a similar defile enters from the east, lies the

village, neither picturesque nor cleanly, but possessing remains of antiquity in the shape of some rambling old wooden houses, fast falling to decay.

Passing to the left, and descending the valley, the Machno is found to be entirely without picturesque interest for a mile or two, till it crosses a deeply-bedded vein of felstone rock, and its whole character is suddenly changed. From being a slow-winding, alluvial stream, its banks become steep and wooded, the stream begins to murmur amidst its obstructions, and the scene depicted in Stereograph No. 18 is at length reached—the celebrated "Double Bridge."

Such is the sparkling effect of this sun-picture as here displayed, that it requires no slight effort to trace amidst its scattered lights what are the real elements of the scene. Still an effort must be made to guide the eye of the spectator to its component features. The view is taken from the water-side, looking upwards and westwards. Out of the stained and weather-worn crags on the right, a twisted oak sapling, covered with ivy, stretches across the pool, and rests one of its arms on the bridge itself. Behind its lowest branch may be faintly traced the outline of a thin, dark arch, which is here flung across the ravine. The shadow in the water is more distinct

than the object itself. This frail passage is no longer used, the pathway to it on either side being walled up. Beyond and underneath it, the second bridge will at length be detected, springing in like manner from abutments of rock on either side, and marked by waving matted boughs of ivy, seen against the sun-lit bank in the distance. Nothing else than a stereograph can adequately describe the distribution of softened and interfused light which irradiates every projecting peak of this chasm, steeping its recesses in blackest darkness, and throwing half-tints upon all the intermediate surfaces. Nor will the peculiar forms of the rocks be unnoticed, with the patches of moss that stain their white texture, seeming ready to break out into a swarm of grotesque shapes and weird faces. We now see the authority which Nature herself has furnished for the imaginative scenes given by one of our modern painters—Mr. Pettitt—who represents this, or a similar wild glen, lighted by the moon, and peopled with throngs of fairies.

Turning and proceeding down the stream for a few paces, the spectator arrives at the scene we have called "Pool on the Machno," Stereograph No. 19. Rock, river, and wood here seem to arrange themselves expressly for picturesque effect. The

dark foliage on the left is oak, as are also the distant trees. In the middle distance on the left is a group of alder. The Machno proceeds hence for a few yards in a more tranquil channel to meet the Conway at the celebrated "Pandy Mill," a spot renowned throughout the district for its beauty. Here the ground flanking both rivers rises abruptly, and some fine timber-trees surround the buildings of the mill. Water-mills in Wales, Cumberland, and all mountain districts, are the surest introductions to a combination of picturesque beauties; and to this rule Pandy Mill is no exception. Some search, however, is necessary before a good view can be obtained of the mill-house, owing to the abundance of foliage, at least in May. Immediately after passing the mill, the Machno falls into the Conway, and thus our circuit has been almost completed, from the Llyn-glas up the Lledr, thence down the Machno, to within a mile of the same spot. This mile of the Conway river, however, so far as my acquaintance with it extends, contains more remarkable features than the whole of the rest of the stream.

In the higher parts of the Conway there is, judging from report, little to interest the tourist. The district traversed by the stream, furnishes a memorial of the crusades in the names Yspytty Ievan and

Hafod Evan, a parish and village, through which the river flows. The Yspytty Ievan, a Welsh rendering of the appellation Hospital or Hospitium of St. John, shows that the parish and the adjoining Hafod, or summer residence, belonged to the celebrated Knights of that Order. The social effect of this military tenure upon the morals of the country is graphically described by Sir John Wynne :—

"From the town of Conway to Bala, and from Nant-Conway to Denbigh (when wars did happen to cease in the county adjoining to Nant-Conway), there was continually fostered a wasps' nest, which troubled the whole country. I mean a lordship belonging to St. John of Jerusalem, called Yspytty Ievan, a large thing which had privilege of sanctuary. This peculiar jurisdiction, not governed by the King's laws, became a receptacle of thieves and murderers, who, safely being warranted there by law, made the place thoroughly peopled. No spot within twenty miles was safe from their incursions and robberies, and what they got within their limits was their own."*

The Hospitallers were suppressed, and with their fall the vales of Nant-Conway may be supposed to have recovered their prosperity, until a fresh ca-

* History of the Gwedir Family, p. 133.

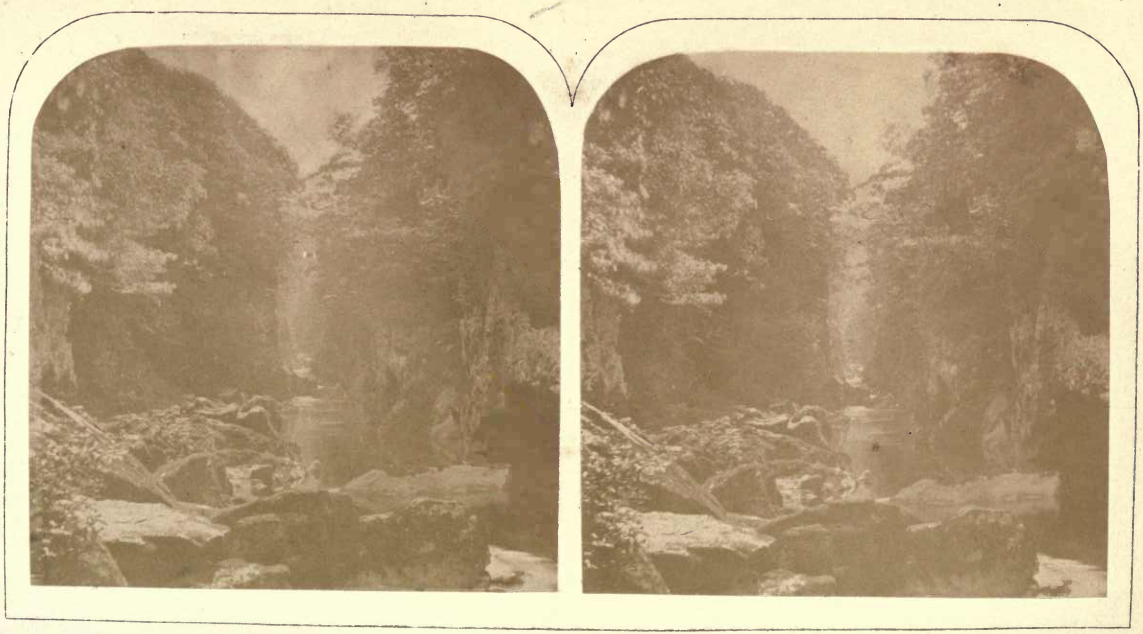
lamity fell upon the district about the year 1400, the age of Owen Glendwr's insurrection.

"All the whole country then was but a forest, rough and spacious as it is still, but then waste of inhabitants, and all overgrown with woods. For Owen Glendwr's wars, beginning in *anno* 1400, continued fifteen years, which brought such a desolation that green grass grew upon the market-place of Llanrwst, called Bryn-y-botoen, and the deer fled into the churchyard, as it is reported. This desolation arose from Owen Glendwr's policy to bring all things to waste, that the English should find no strength nor resting-place."*

Since that period, nothing has occurred to renew these scenes of devastation, and the valley presents all those evidences of long undisturbed security, which are peculiar to our island.

Immediately after the Conway has received the waters of the Machno, it commences that succession of descents much celebrated as the Conway Falls—in which the body of water is large for Wales—the cataract much broken, and the banks of the river become solid walls of white and grey rock, to the edges of which steep meadows slope down, or more frequently plantations of large timber-trees.

* History of the Gwedir Family.



FORDD NEVIN, (p. 167.)

Through these woods, on the west side of the stream, winds a road, gradually descending from the Machno Valley to the Pont-y-Lledr, along which the roar of the cataract may be heard at intervals with striking effect. On the opposite or eastern side, is the old road from Bettws to Cernioge, and above it Telford's celebrated causeway, seaming the side of the hill with a double band. A few young trees clothe the stony sides of the cliff, below are meadows, and finally at the bottom the densely-wooded margins of the river.

Within a few hundred yards of the Pont-y-Lledr, the channel commences which is represented in our last illustration, Stereograph No. 20, called the For (qy. Fordd) Nevin.* Its opening may be distinctly seen from the Penmachno road. The Conway here winds from its downward course a little to the east, or right; and, in the middle of the channel, turns again to the west, debouching at length into the Llyn Glas, as seen in Stereograph No. 3, above. In conveying an idea of this marvellous scene, words can add little to the impression which is produced by the stereograph. The view is taken from the bend in the middle of the channel. The spectator will not

* The words are written as pronounced. The meaning I cannot explain, nor has the name been met with in any map or book.

fail to perceive that an hour has been chosen when the sun was shining directly down the chasm, illuminating its recesses and perpetuating their outlines imperishably in the camera. The dreamy effect of these warm, soft, intermingled and half absorbed lights, occupying every degree in a scale of which the dark hollows form the base, and the flashing water, grey rocks, and glancing oak-leaves are the high points,—will also be appreciated :

> "The silver moon, into that winding dell,
> With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
> Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;
> A green and glowing light, like that which drops
> From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,
> When Earth over her face Night's mantle wraps ;
> Between the severed mountains lay on high,
> Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky."*

Descending to minute particulars, it will be seen that two rocks in the middle distance are worn by the stream precisely in the same shape, showing the line where a vein of softer material has occurred in the stratification. Again, the remark must be repeated that what is here seen is a mere residuum of that irresistible flood which is sometimes hurled down this contracted gorge, powerful enough, it is presumed, to carry with it blocks of felstone of con-

* 'Witch of Atlas,' stanza xxxix.

siderable size. These are deposited immediately on the right of where the spectator is supposed to be standing; for in the view before us only the upper half of the channel is seen. Below this, to the Llyn Glas, the bed is completely blocked with angular masses, piled up in white and grey prisms, like the fragments in the Mer de Glace. These huge boulders I conclude to be portions of the stratum which have not been removed far from their original position, but have simply sunk down by their own weight, when the stream had carried away the softer earthy particles below and around them. The appearance at the mouth is indicated in the distance of Stereograph No. 3, and will be distinctly seen under a magnifying glass. The ordinary loneliness of the scene is effectually dispelled in summer by a troop of artists, who take up various positions on the rocks, and enliven their labours with occasional chants, and other vocal efforts more or less amusing.

Thus far the special points of interest attracting to the Conway river have been exhausted; but as the visitor to Bettws-y-coed will occasionally wish to survey the valley from some neighbouring height, he cannot do better than devote half a day to ascending the high ground on the eastern or Denbigh-

shire side of the river, towards Capel Garmon. Here, also, if he has ever indulged in an archaic turn of study, he will be gratified with inspecting one of the most elaborate of the pre-historic monuments of North Wales.

This remarkable relic combines in its single structure all the various forms which are to be found of the same epoch elsewhere. It is a tumulus, or carnedd, containing in its interior a chambered tomb or double cromlech; and, from its peculiar construction, throws much light upon those so-called Druidical remains, which, by their occurrence in wild districts and their unfamiliar look, startle the senses like a revelation from an unknown world.

The monument is a few yards south of the farm-house of Tyn-y-coed, an estate belonging to C. G. W. Wynne, Esq., of Voelas. A footpath from the farm-house runs close by. It is marked in the Ordnance map as a "Cromlech," but the people call it Yr Ogof, "the Cave," and the field on which it stands Caer Ogof, "the Cave enclosure." From instances where this word occurs in connection with cromlechs, it is plain, not only that the term "Ogof" was applied to a tomb, but that the cromlechs were sometimes devoted, perhaps amongst other uses, to that of sepulture.

In the description of this remarkable tomb I am assisted by the very full particulars given by Mr. J. Evans, in the 'Archæologia Cambrensis'* for 1856, and the engraved ground-plan which accompanies that article. Enough remains of the object to enable one with tolerable certainty to pronounce on its construction and appearance when perfect. At a distance all that could be seen would be a large mound or carnedd, resembling one of the topes represented as existing on the plains of India. At the southern side of the mound, which was of an oval form, and longer in the east and west axis than in the other, would be found the entrance, formed by two upright stones set edgewise, leading down a few steps into a low passage fourteen feet long, opening into a cell. The passage is two feet wide at the entrance and end, and a little broader in the centre, and was probably not more than three feet high. Arrived at the central cell, which is an oval chamber of 11 feet by 6 feet 6 inches, further openings are found on the right and left into two larger cells, the former circular, 8 feet 10 inches in diameter; the other, towards the west, oval, 14 feet 2 inches by 12 feet 2 inches. These cells and the passage leading to them were all paved. The whole,

* 3rd series, vol. ii. p. 91.

formerly imbedded in the mound, is now open to the sky, except the western or large cell, which is covered by a single lozenge-shaped flat stone. This, consequently, is the only part of the relic which can be strictly called a "cromlech," a form which it exactly resembles, only that the supporting stones are surrounded to near the top with the earth of the tumulus; the huge block lying only a few inches above the surface. This monolith is 14 feet 7 inches in length, 12 feet 2 inches broad, and about 15 inches thick, and is supposed to exceed in superficial measure any cromlech stone in Wales.

Originally the whole of the cells and passage were covered; but all the rest of the slabs have disappeared within memory. Only the walls remain, and they are perhaps the most instructive part of the structure. They consist of upright stones, four on each side of the entrance passage, five in the middle cell, seven in the eastern chamber, and nine in the western. Behind the upright slabs, so as to close their interstices, is built up a wall of thin stones, laid with remarkable closeness and regularity. In the eastern cell, this wall is carried above the tops of the uprights to the surface, giving to the compartment the appearance of a shallow well. In the middle, directly fronting the entrance, is an

upright slab, and at right-angles to it, connecting it with the north wall, another, forming together the shape of a T. This may have been merely to assist in supporting the roof; or it had significance in serving to divide the chambers. The average height of the whole seems to have been about five feet; under the great slab it is six. The entrance could only be effected by creeping in on the hands and knees.

In its present condition, a large portion of the carnedd, or outside pile of stones, has been removed for building purposes, and the heap is now half reduced in size. Traces of an attempt to destroy the great covering stone by blasting are to be found in the shape of a small hole drilled through the centre, and a saucer-like cavity in the lower surface: so that modern destructives have proved themselves infinitely more barbarous than the primitive architect who constructed the tomb. Some years ago the compartment under the stone was converted into a stable, by clearing out the side of the carnedd to the west, throwing down the end-stone, and fitting in a framed window. A door was also provided, and a stone manger. All these have since been removed.

In November 1853, the whole monument was

carefully inspected by Mr. Wynne and a party from Voelas, and since that time its further destruction has been checked. Mr. Wynne has also enclosed the whole tumulus within a wall.

A sepulchre similar to this in several of its main features was discovered on the Cotswold Hills, and was described by Mr. Freeman, at Ruthin, 1854. There were the following peculiarities in common: —a long gallery with two chambers (essentially cromlechs) at the sides; walls of large stones filled up with layers of small ones in the interstices; the entrance low, and leading to a chamber branching off into others. In short, both these tombs resemble the sort of cromlech built over a cave which in Fosbroke* is considered to be the work of the Danes and cognate northern nations. That this monument is of British, not Danish origin, no one, I suppose, can entertain a doubt. It is equally clear that it was a sepulchre, the flat stone being, with great probability, an altar upon which captives were sacrificed.

Dr. Lukis, treating of Celtic remains generally, has precisely described this sort of monument in his 'Observations on Celtic Monuments,' cited in the interesting work of a recent tourist.†

* Antiquities, ed. of 1840, p. 775.

† Jephson, 'Tour in Brittany,' p. 200.

The Doctor speaks of it as an "agglomeration of dolmens," meaning by the word "dolmen" what English antiquaries usually call a "cromlech." In France it is vulgarly called a *cercle* or *chambre de fées*. It is to be observed that Dr. Lukis gives to the collected group the name of "cromlech," which is entirely opposed to the traditions of our antiquaries. There can be no question that "cromlech" is a Cambro-British word, signifying a flat, concave, or sloping stone; consequently, its application to a nest of chambers is inappropriate, and violates the rule of "quod semper, ubique, ab omnibus," which prevails on this question amongst English authorities. The use of the word "dolmen," as applied to a single stone supported on two or three others, is no doubt justified by the Brezonec derivation of "daul-" or "taul-maen," signifying a table-stone. But "dolmen," in Cambro-British, has another signification; here it means a "holed" or "ring-stone," through which it was the custom to pass sick or maimed persons, from belief in the curative efficacy of the process. Such was also the superstition of the "groaning-cheese," which was first broken on the day of an infant's birth, and sufficiently consumed to admit of the child being passed through it.*

* If these remarks appear trivial, it can only be urged that

"Dol," in Welsh, means not only a "vale," but a "cup-handle," "scissors-ring," etc.

Differing, however, as we may from Dr. Lukis's nomenclature, it is impossible to resist his conclusion that these Cyclopean piles were intended mainly for purposes of sepulture, and, in some instances, for those of sacrifice also. The Capel Garmon tomb was doubtless rifled years ago, and all traces of its contents have disappeared.

A short distance north of this curious relic, the tourist will find the farmhouse of Maes-y-garnedd, famous for a battle which took place here in the twelfth century, celebrated by the Welsh bard Gwalchmai, who took part in the struggle. The farm buildings are surrounded by a grove of lofty sycamores and holly. The Carreg-y-lleng close by furnishes a faint trace of Roman occupation.

anything which bears upon the relations between the Brezonec or Armorican dialect, and the old Cambrian, is full of interest for the modern cultivators of Welsh traditions. We learn that a remarkable and highly interesting proof of the identity of the Armorican and Welsh tongues was given at a late Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, where two gentlemen from Brittany, MM. Rio and De la Villemarqué, attended the festival by the order and at the expense of the French Government. It is impossible, says a spectator, to describe the surprise, the delight, the enthusiasm which was excited, when M. De la Villemarqué recited in Armorican a short-poem, composed for the occasion, which every one present perfectly understood.—Arch. Camb. for 1846, i. p. 176.

Capel Garmon church, like most of those in the neighbourhood, is a plain building without ornament or remains of interest, but its name recalls events of the first importance in the history of the British Christian Church.

Leaving the obscure questions respecting the existence of Lucius, Llenver Mawr, a Silurian chieftain in the second century, who was permitted by the Romans to reign in Gwent and Morganwg, and who is supposed to have protected and fostered Christianity, there is the evidence of Giraldus to show that during the persecution of Diocletian in 304, the metropolitan See of Wales was fixed at Caerlleon-upon-Usk. At the close of the same century was born the Cambro-Briton, Morgan, whose name, under its Latin synonym of PELAGIUS, or the "sea-born," was destined to the bad eminence it still maintains in the annals of heresy. Pelagius seems to have studied at Rome *circa* 400, and to have promulgated his tenets a few years afterwards. No less than thirty Councils are related to have met to condemn the Pelagian doctrines, whilst its spread in Britain was encountered by foreign assistance. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus of Troyes, at the request of the orthodox Britons, were invited from France, and at the Synod of Verulam in 429

discomfited the Pelagians with complete triumph. At this time certain Pagan Saxons, who had found their way to the island on a vagrant excursion, before the invasion commonly assigned to Hengist and Horsa, with some Picts attacked the Britons, and the assistance of Germanus and Lupus was called in to engage the temporal foe. Whereupon followed the event celebrated as "the Halleluiatic Victory." The bishops repaired to the camp, and met the enemy at Maes-garmon, or the field of Germanus, about a mile west of the town of Mold, in Flintshire. The Britons, according to the account of Constantius, had erected a church of wattles in which to receive the rite of baptism, and though hastily constructed in a camp, it was fitted up, says the writer, like that of a city. The army, "wet with baptism," advanced; the people, fervent in faith, and neglecting the protection of arms, awaited the assistance of the Deity. The enemy approached, when Germanus, having placed himself at the head of the Britons, and posted them in a hollow dale, gave directions that at a given signal they should all shout "Hallelujah" three times, which was faithfully obeyed. The Pagans, surprised at the suddenness of the sound, fled, and many were drowned in the stream. "Thus," says Fuller, "a bloodless

victory was gotten, without sword drawn, consisting of no fight, but a fright and a flight; and that *Hallelujah*, the song of the saints before victory achieved, was here the forerunner and procurer of victory."* That this narrative should have obtained credence amongst the other inventions of monkish fancy, with which the sources of British history are infected, is not surprising. But there is a remarkable feature, that the supernatural element is not prominently brought out in the story. It is involved in the circumstance of the flight of the barbarians upon the sudden shout of the sacred word, but it is kept down so as not too violently to shock the incredulous. In our day, the field of Maes Garmon, the ancient foundation of Bangor Garmon, and the existing hill-churches of Bettws Garmon (near Caernarvon), and Capel Garmon, are the most reliable witnesses of the eminence and success of a Gallican bishop amongst the mountaineers of Gwynedd.

From this time Wales became divided into parishes, and the overthrow of pagan superstition advanced, aided, it is said, by the efforts of missionaries from Ireland, the family of the celebrated Brychan, to whom so many churches in Brecknock-

* Chronicles of the Ancient British Church, [by T. J. Yeowell, Esq.,] p. 69.

shire are dedicated.* The district to which these pages particularly refer was no doubt included in the ancient See of Bangor, founded, according to tradition, by Maelgwyn Gwynedd in 522. This was the epoch of Gildas, of Catwg, and Bishop David, when colleges were founded in great numbers throughout Wales. In 603 or 617 occurred the battle of Chester, followed by the destruction of the monastery of Bangor, and the cruel massacre of its members. But these gloomy periods were undoubtedly succeeded by an era of some vitality among the Cambro-Britons. We learn that at the end of the eighth century, a bishop of Bangor, Elfod, assumed the title of Archbishop of Gwynedd, and in that capacity prevailed on the people of North Wales to adopt the Romish cycle relative to the observance of Easter. In this he was opposed by the bishops of Llandaff and Menevia. With the death of Elfod, the metropolitical claims of Bangor were dropped, and the primacy was restored to St. David's.† The disputes about Easter however did not cease, as appears from Ussher; and it is moreover clear, that a British as distinct from a Saxon church existed in Wales until the twelfth century.

* Rees, 'Lives of the Welsh Saints,' p. 157.

† 'Chronicles of the Ancient British Church,' p. 121.

In the year 1115, when King Henry I. nominally reduced Wales into a province, he appointed Bernard, a Norman, as suffragan bishop of St. David's. Bernard laid claim to independent authority on the part of the See; but after an argument at three Councils, Pope Innocent III. decided against him, and St. David's with other Welsh bishoprics has ever since been subject to the jurisdiction of Canterbury.

A curious circumstance, related in after-years, seems to show that in Wales, as in other remote parts of the island, and in Ireland, pagan rites continued, in spite of Christianity, to linger on for centuries. At the Reformation, when religious zeal had broken out into popular license, and the destructive instincts of the vulgar were directed against every building and object "abused," as Foxe says, "with pilgrimages or offerings of any idolatry;" he adds, that "among divers other of these foul idols, there went also, in the same reckoning, a certain old idolatrous image in Wales, named Darvell Gatheren, which in the month of May, 1538, was brought up to London and burned in Smithfield; with which idol also was burned at the same time and hanged for treason, Friar Forrest."* At the execution of

* 'Acts and Monuments,' ed. 1846, v. 179.

this unfortunate man, who was tortured with frightful barbarity for denying the King's supremacy, a scaffold, we are told, was prepared for the king's privy council and nobles of the realm, to sit upon him and grant him pardon if he recanted. The occasion was further improved by a sermon preached by Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester. The particulars of the horrid scene are alluded to only to show that an opportunity was also taken to cast not-undeserved ridicule upon Welsh traditions. It seems there had been an old prophecy that this image was to set a whole forest on fire, and by the burning of Friar Forrest at the same stake, the saying acquired a punning fulfilment. This jest, according to Foxe's narrative, was the point of the whole entertainment. Upon the gallows were set, "in great letters," the following verses :—

"David Garvell Gatharn,
As saith the Welshmen,
Fetched outlaws out of hell;
Now is he come with spear and shield
In harness to burn in Smithfield,
For in Wales he may not dwell."

With similar doggrel respecting Forrest. The same lines occur in a poem called "Fantasie of Idolatry," a string of fifty stanzas, related to have been col-

lected by some of the "pert and quick wits" of the family of the Secretary Cromwell.

The meaning of the name "David Garvell Gatheren," elsewhere called "Delver Gathaene," must be left to Welsh scholars to pronounce:* but from the expression of Foxe, "any idolatry," and the fact of the image being decked out "in harness," with spear and shield, it seems highly probable that it was of pagan origin. Mercury was, of course, the Roman deity to whom, if to any, the mysterious task would be assigned of "fetching outlaws out of hell."

The obscure records of the earlier Welsh church do little to lighten the modern difficulties arising from the conflict of language in the administration of Wales. That the old British Church had its native preachers, educated in its own colleges, is evident; but how the transition was worked out,—whether Welsh divines acquired English, or how, if at all, English pastors were enabled to officiate in the Welsh parishes, is not so clearly apparent. Until late years the necessary condition of being able to speak the language was never imposed upon English incumbents in Wales; and since then the trying question has arisen—in how many cases is it

* "Garvell" in Welsh signifies "perceptive" or "perspicacious."

possible for any other than a native to acquire the necessary proficiency to address a Welsh audience? The distinguished examples furnished by the instances of the late Bishop Coplestone and of the present Bishop of St. David's are supposed to be very rare. And whilst the cottages in Wales contain no other than Welsh books, and every public announcement in the towns is placarded in a frightful array of syllables that dismay the English stranger, we cannot help thinking of the impediments that must lie in the way of religious instruction, and even of the administration of justice in English. Another generation may see a change, when the effect of teaching English in the schools has been matured; but how imperfectly this system has been carried out the Reports of the Commissioners too clearly show. Slowly indeed will the result be effected, when the natural instinct of the people retains the language on one side, and on the other the tastes and interests of the educated forbid an extinction of the British tongue, even in its modern dress. As an historical language it can never perish,—as a spoken dialect it is not likely to die out whilst it is read,—and that it will long continue to be printed, the increasing number of writers and publishers in Welsh seems to ensure. For that

books make readers may be assumed, in this instance at any rate, to be true. Nor are the two *desiderata* at all conflicting. If every native of Wales could speak English, there would still be no fear of the Welsh language being lost.

In the studies of scholars, probably, it will occupy a higher place than hitherto. The labours of philologists, from Edward Lhuyd—the patriarch of this branch of learning—down to Dr. Zeuss, have been devoted with constantly increasing energy to the subject; and lately the greatest step of all has been taken by Dr. Prichard, who, in his work on the 'Origin of the Celtic Nations,' has firmly established the truth that the Celtic tongue is so far allied in its radical elements with the Slavonian, the German, and the Pelasgic branches, that it may certainly be pronounced to have a common origin with them in their ancient Asiatic fount. This he proves both historically and by actual comparison with Sanscrit roots and combinations, in a treatise which, accompanied by the learned notes of Dr. Latham, exhausts what is known on this hitherto debated question.

With this, the latest contribution to our Welsh knowledge, the present collection of extracts may well be brought to a close. The reader who has accompanied me thus far may possibly think that I

have somewhat diverged from the path of our stereoscopic views, though a cromlech and a church of St. Germanus may exist to justify a short plunge into antiquities and church history. Be this as it may, let him mount the Denbighshire bank of the Conway and survey the valley from one of its elevated points before he condemns the excursion in a picturesque point of view. At the foot of the ancient tomb, which bears traces of an antiquity of perhaps two thousand years, he will survey, stretching north and south, one of the most varied and charming of the Welsh valleys. Immediately in front, the cleft in the opposite range of hills shows where the Llugwy descends from Capel Curig; further to the left, a similar break indicates the entrance of the Lledr in the same direction from Dolwyddelan; between them, Moel Siabod rears its peak, exactly covering that of Snowdon to the west; but around these points, as we know, the whole of the ancient Gwynedd lies encircled, and it is not difficult to call up to the imagination the whole area of North Wales, lying between the Conway and the sea, rich in its historical associations and its unbroken traditions. Not a hoary mountain or ruined fortress throughout this ancient battle-field of races, but has its appropriate legend, from the shattered towers of

Conway to the sea-beaten domain of Gwyddno Garanhir in Cardigan Bay; from the Dinas Brân, where Myfanwy Vychan's beauty was hymned by a princely harp in the vale of Llangollen, to the eagle turrets of Caernarvon. To the tourist who visits this region for the first time, I have no better wish to offer than the same bright atmosphere as that in which these stereographs were taken and the scenes they represent revisited; and if, like myself, he should visit them for the most part alone, I can desire him no better amusement than the records of the departed kings and poets, churchmen and writers, whose memory I have endeavoured here and there to recall, in passing over the scenes of their history or the fields of their labours.

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MR. REEVE'S

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